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J. T. SUNDERLAND, EDITOR

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ARTICLES.

PAGE

After the Readjustment, What? *Henry T. Secrist* ... 211
Agnosticism, Science, Religion. *Giles B. Stebbins* ... 110
American Unitarian Association ... 497
American Unitarian Association. *Grindall Reynolds* ... 118
Anniversaries, Boston ... 302
A. U. A., Report of the Directors of the. *Grindall Reynolds* ... 304
Azores, Sunrise off the. *Frederick B. Mott* ... 461

Badger, Henry C. *William W. Badger* ... 464
Beauty: Its Relation to Life and Religion. *George W. Buckley* ... 356, 402, 451, 550
Blair, The late Governor, of Michigan. *W. D. Harriman* ... 407
Boston May Meetings, It was said at the ... 311
Boston Unitarian Club, First Meeting of the ... 498
Brooke, Stopford Augustus, The Writings of. *Ursula Tannenforst* ... 197
Brooks, Phillips, Frederick Robertson and. *Ursula Tannenforst* ... 256
Bryant, William Cullen. *W. D. Harriman* ... 540
Bryant Centennial Celebration ... 553
Bryant, the Scholar, Journalist and Orator *B. A. Hindsdale* ... 554
Bryant's Place in American Literature. *Isaac N. Demmon* ... 557

California, A Glimpse of. *J. T. Sunderland* ... 252
Chant, Mrs. Ormiston, A Letter from ... 419
Chicago Letter. *Celia P. Woolley.* 30, 75, 121, 174, 221
Christ, Salvation through. *J. S. Lee* ... 155
Christ, What we owe to. *S. Fletcher Williams* 354
Christianity and Unitarianism. *Charles G. Ames* ... 366
Christianity and Universal Religion. *Stopford W. Brooke* ... 397
Christianity in India ... 123
Church and the Layman, The. *Rev. Minot J. Savage* ... 308
Confession of Faith, A ... 169
Confucius and the Chinese. *George W. Cutter* 358
Cordner, John ... 349
Correction, A ... 373
Council of the Conference, Report of the ... 490
Council, Address to the Churches from the New 492
Curtis, Hon. George William, and the National Unitarian Conference ... 491

Daniel, Who wrote the Book of? *Samuel Davidson* ... 28
"Das Blut ist das Leben." *Walter Storrs Bigelow* ... 166
Douglass, Fred, and the Negro Race of the South. *W. D. H.* ... 21
Drummond's "Ascent of Man." *G. B. Stebbins* 445

Editorial Notes. 34, 80, 126, 177, 225, 273, 324, 375, 422, 469, 518, 564
Egypt, Sacred Songs of Ancient. *L. D. Burdick* 106
Eight Children in a Dungeon. *J. F. Thompson* 266
Europe, Glimpses of. *M. J. Savage* ... 441

PAGE

Europe, A Last Glimpse of. *M. J. Savage* ... 505
Evolution. I. Its Limitations. *A. C. Grier* ... 150
Evolution. II. Is it a Failure? *E. P. Powell* ... 152

Fellowship of Truth. *G. W. Buckley* ... 158
French Preacher, A. *Martha Perry Lowe* ... 446

Generous Faith, A ... 497
Glance at Two New English Books, A. *S. Fletcher Williams* ... 413
God, Has Satan Conquered? *J. S. Thompson* ... 453
Gounod, Charles. *J. T. Sunderland* ... 409
Great Law, A. *E. P. Powell* ... 515
Guilds. *B. R. Bulkeley.* 38, 85, 131, 181, 229, 276, 328, 378, 425, 473, 522, 568

Hemans, Felicia, A Poet of "Sweetness and Light." *Ursula Tannenforst* ... 502, 543
Hemenway, Mary A. *Edward E. Hale* ... 265
"Higher Criticism." *S. F. Williams* ... 615
Hoar, Hon. George F., Address of the President of the National Conference ... 486
Holmes's, Oliver Wendell, Creed of Life. *Samuel B. Stewart* ... 494
Hunting, Sylvan Stanley. *Leon A. Harvey* ... 350

India, Unitarian Movement in North-eastern. *Hajom Kissor Singh* ... 76

Japanese and Christianity. *Kinza Riuge M. Hirai* ... 219
Jesus in Literature. *E. P. Powell* ... 68
Jesus, Life and Lives of. *George A. Thayer* ... 55
Jewish Messiah and his Times, The. *Samuel Davidson, D.D.* ... 215
Jews and Hittites. *Felix von Lyschan* ... 400
Jottings ... 432

Kidd's "Social Evolution." *E. P. Powell* ... 448
King's Chapel, In. *Henry C. Badger* ... 114

Learned, John Calvin. *John Snyder* ... 24
Lessons from Life. *W. D. Simonds* ... 20
Liberal Religious Societies, First American Congress of. *R. F. Johonnot* ... 312
Liberal Congress, A? or a New Liberal Sect? ... 315
"Liberal Congress, A? or a New Liberal Sect?" *A. N. Alcott* ... 403
Liberal Religious Congress, A Notable ... 459
Literary Notes. 41, 88, 135, 185, 233, 279, 332, 381, 427, 475, 523, 571
Liturgy, A New ... 117
Liturgy and Priesthood ... 547
London Letter, Our. *S. Fletcher Williams.* 22, 119, 171, 371, 512
Longfellow, The Prose Writings of. *W. D. Harriman* ... 296
Lost Opportunities. *Elisabeth P. Channing* ... 216

Martineau, Dr., upon the Christian Name ... 416
Meadville Semi-centennial, The ... 314
Military Drill in our Public Schools. *E. A. Coil* ... 360
Modern Saints. *David Swing* ... 204

National Conference, Our ... 456
National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches ... 431

PAGE

National Conference of Great Britain. *S. Fletcher Williams* 268
National Conference, Constitution of the. *Mary Grew* 271
National Conference, Proposed New Constitution for the. *J. T. Sunderland* 299, 369
National Conference, Proposed Revision of the Constitution of the 218
News from the Field. 44, 90, 138, 186, 234, 281, 334, 383, 429, 477, 525, 572

Old Testament as Literature, The. *James T. Bixby* 532
One Good Shot. *William W. Badger* 16
One in All, All in One. *W. H. James* 359
One Upward Look each Day. 33, 78, 125, 175, 223, 271, 322, 374, 420, 467, 517, 562

Palestine, In Tent and Saddle in. *T. G. Milsted* 258
Palestine and Syria, In Tent and Saddle in. *T. G. Milsted* 293
Parker, Theodore. *Silas Farrington* 8, 63, 102
Payne, Bishop, and the African Methodist Church. *Martha Perry Lowe* 167
Peabody, Elizabeth, and the Kindergarten Movement in Education. *J. T. Sunderland* 159
Perpetual Day. *T. G. Milsted* 462
Potter, William J. *O. B. F.* 29
Potter, William J. *George Kempton* 220
Prayer, True. *Henry C. Badger* 352
Profit-sharing 220
Publications received 331, 524

Religion and Politics. *S. W. Sample* 363, 394
Religious Belief, The Bases of. *Eliza R. Sunderland* 392
Resolutions adopted by the Conference 491
Resurrection, The. *Charles K. Whipple* 19
Reynolds, Grindall 464
Reynolds, Grindall. *Howard N. Brown* 500
Reviews and Magazines. 43, 89, 137, 186, 233, 333, 382

Robinson, the Late ex-Governor of Kansas. *Edward E. Hale* 438

Salvation Army, The. *C. G. Howland* 223
Savage, Rev. M. J., on the Atlantic 417
Sermonettes, Two. *Leverett R. Daniels* 213
Service the Law of Life. *J. W. Cook* 344
"Ships that pass in the Night." *G. S.* 414
Smith, Robertson. *John W. Chadwick* 263
Spencer, Herbert, as a Theologian. *James T. Bixby* 200, 246
Spirit, Types of the. *W. M. Bicknell* 320
Stebbins, Horatio 32
Study of Religions, The Value of a Comparative. *Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland* 11, 59
Stundists, or Russian Protestants, The. *C. Bonet-Maury* 5
Successful Preaching 288
Sunday-school, Better keep Rob in the. *Edward A. Horton* 560
Sunday-schools. *Edward A. Horton.* 36, 83, 129, 180, 228, 275, 327, 377, 424, 472, 520, 566
Swing, David. *J. T. Sunderland* 509

Temperance Notes. *C. F. Dole, G. H. Hosmer, Christopher R. Eliot.* 39, 87, 133, 183, 231, 279, 330, 380, 425, 522, 570
Temperance, The Duty of our Churches in Relation to. *Richard A. Armstrong* 317
Thebes and Baalbec. *T. G. Milsted* 347
Theology and the University. *A. B. Curtis* 14
Tyndall, John. *John C. Kimball* 70

PAGE

"Unitarian," The Origin of the Term 322
Unitarianism, The Larger 170
Unitarianism and Universalism. *Charles E. Perkins* 206
Unity Clubs. *George W. Cooke.* 86, 133, 183, 231, 278, 329, 474
Unseen Universe, The. *John Page Hopps* 389

Vacation Over! The Benefit. *O. J. F.* 467

What will remain? 341
Worship, A Simple Service for. *G. H. Badger* .. 74
Woman's Word and Work. *M. H. H.* 40, 87, 134, 184, 232

SERMONS.

All Things are Yours. *J. T. Sunderland* 433
Balance and Ballast in Character. *Rev. W. G. Eliot* 193
Belief in Immortality. *Rev. Leon A. Harvey* ... 97
City of the Soul, The. *Rev. Stopford A. Brooke* 337
Daily Bread. *Edward Everett Hale, D.D.* 385
Help from on High. *Rev. J. Coleman Adams* .. 240
Is Morality Enough? *Rev. Charles G. Ames* ... 1
Modern Readjustment of the Messiah Idea, The. *Rev. George H. Badger* 289
New Church and its Work, The. *Rev. Reed Stuart* 49
Prayer. *Rev. Albert Walkley* 529
Sympathy with the World. *David Swing, D.D.* 481
"What's in a Name?" *Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D.D.* 145

POETRY.

An die Astronomen 119
Battle Royal, The 480
Brother, Friend, Saviour. *Charles E. Perkins* 124
"Canst thou by Searching find out God?" *Mary Woodward Wetherbee* 323
Christmas. *Euretta A. Hoyles* 562
Christmas Melody, A. *Edward B. Payne* 543
Coming of Christmas Day. *Charles E. Perkins* 546
Death. *Hattie Tyng Griswold* 76
Easter Word, The. *William Brunton* 109
First Communion, The. *L. Ormiston Chant* ... 414
Gates of Gold. *Edward B. Payne* 218
Gentian, The. *Euretta A. Hoyles* 505
Growth of Truth, The. *William Brunton* 166
Heart's Song, A. *Albert Hardy* 24
Jesus. *Martha Perry Lowe.* 288
Kindness. *William Brunton* 384
Merry, Merry Christmas, The. *William Brunton* 532
Music. *William Brunton* 340
My Rosary. *Kate Whiting Patch* 118
November. *Hattie Tyng Griswold* 509
On the Wayside. *M. M. G* 256
Poppy Wreath, The. *Augusta Larned* 461
Psyche. *Mary Woodward Weatherbee* 215
Red, White, and Blue, The. *Charles E. Perkins* 316
Riches and Poverty. *Augusta Larned* 336
Saratoga, 1894. *Frederick B. Mott* 456
Sight and Faith. *Charles E. Perkins* 67
Song of the Farmer, The. *Charles E. Perkins* 451
Sunset. *William Brunton* 321
Thistle, The. *Charlotte Leech* 560
To the Nineteenth Century. *Edwin L. Miller* .. 29
Transformed. *Augusta Larned* 494
Trial and Temptation of St. Robert. *Henry C. Badger* 28
Trust. *Hattie Tyng Griswold* 171
Under the Violets. *O. W. Holmes* 549

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IS MORALITY ENOUGH?

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES, BOSTON, BY REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

"He hath shown thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—MICAH vi. 8.

"That they who believe in God may be careful to maintain [practise] good works."—TITUS iii. 8.

Is morality enough, or do we also need religion? Is religion enough, or do we also need morality? Let us first ask what we mean by the terms. Of course, either word can be so stretched as to cover all kinds of spiritual and practical goodness; but such is not the common usage. Morality is duty, accepted as a law of conduct; it is an inward principle governing outward action. We call a man moral when his outward life is correct, and when we suppose that he means to make it correct from honest motives.

Religion is supposed to lie deeper. It is man's instinctive feeling that his being is somehow connected with a world of invisible realities, that his life is held in a larger life, and that he belongs to a spiritual order. Morality calls him to do justly and love mercy: religion calls him to walk humbly with God. If morality puts him in right relations with his own body and with his fellow-men, religion puts him in a right attitude of reverence and dependence, obedience and trust toward the mysterious Power and Goodness which are over him and over all. Morality is provided for in the constitution of man, in his reason, conscience, and affections. Is not religion also provided for in his nature, his needs and aspirations?

In some men the moral sense, or the religious feeling, is strong: in others it is weak. And codes of morality differ among different peoples and in different periods of history. So do religious conceptions. But the varieties of plant life do not unsettle the science of botany: no more do these diversities disprove the fact that both morality and religion are proper to man.

William Mountford says, "No man ever did [intentional] wrong, feeling full faith in God the while." But many a man has done right without any thought of God at the time. And because both things are true, yet partly confused in many minds, it may be in order to say something about the relation between morality and religion. In our time, as in former times, two tendencies and two parties have appeared. In most of the churches the emphasis is placed upon religion. Among the better sort of people, outside the churches the emphasis is placed upon morality. Partly it is a question of words; partly it is the result of a misunderstanding; partly it comes of separating things that belong together. "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

In the early church there appeared a heresy called Antinomianism, or opposition to the law. It was a lawless religion; and the evil leaven has corrupted Christianity, more or less, ever since the days of the apostles. In its boldest and worst form it has led men to think that religion is enough without morality. In throwing overboard the ceremonial law of Moses, which was local and temporary, they threw overboard also the moral law, which is universal and eternal. Some of them argued that a converted man had no use for conscience: Christ had redeemed him, and he could no more be hurt or defiled by sin than gold could be damaged by mud. Others have held that no sin of the flesh could work injury to the spirit of man, because the spirit partakes of the divine nature. This

kind of Antinomianism was so gross that it could never bear the light of day.

A mischief much more wide-spread, because more respectable, has been caused by those narrow interpretations of religion which have made it consist in certain emotions, or in certain outward observances, or in believing certain doctrines. The feelings may be roused by the magnetism of the revivalist, or by glowing portrayals of the crucifixion, the agonies of death, the day of judgment, the glories of heaven, and the horrors of hell; and multitudes may be brought into the church through the door of excited imagination, with very slight appeal to reason or to conscience. One result will be a low type of religion, expending itself in insincere professions, in noisy zeal, in vulgar rant and whining cant.

The religion of outward forms is much more decorous and æsthetic; but it may not work any deeper. It is easy to persuade people that they are doing something for God, or something to secure salvation, when they go to church and share in the solemn services, or when they are affected by sacred music and impressive ceremonies, or when they fall into processions and go through beautifully ordered movements, or when they partake of sacraments and receive priestly benedictions.

I do not forget that religious feeling reaches out for fellowship, and seeks appropriate expression through outward forms. I do not disparage nor undervalue the means of spiritual culture, nor the orderly exercises of public and private worship. The church does right to supply all these; and there are few who do not need them for help and cheer and gracious reminder. Yet they are only means, never ends. And they are easily mistaken for religion itself: they are enacted with fatal facility by uncounted millions who are made no better. "This people draw nigh with their mouth, and honor me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." Even the priest at the altar may be self-deceived, as he handles the consecrated vessels and recites the sacred words. It is the same kind of mistake which a man and a woman might make by supposing the marriage ceremony could make them happily united without love in their hearts.

Then there is the religion of doctrinal beliefs and make-beliefs, in which Protestantism has gone to sad extremes. The hard and fast adhesion to a creed, even if the creed be wholly true, goes no further toward making a man a Christian than agreeing to a political platform does toward making him a patriot. There may be no serious objection to the creed or to the platform; but there is an objection to unreality, to black lies or white ones,—there is an objection to sham and humbug. "Lying is forbidden in this universe," as Carlyle says, gruffly; "lying means damnation in this universe." The faith that makes faithful—the faith that works by love, purifies the heart, and over-comes the world—is a much more thorough-going matter than mere assent to a body of beliefs. And there is an objection to every form of religiosity which turns men away from each other under the pretence of turning them to God.

"Serves best the Father he who most serves man,
And he who wrongs humanity wrongs Heaven."

It is said that Italian brigands ask the Virgin and the saints to prosper their enterprises of robbery; and on an island of the North Sea, prayers were formerly offered in the church that the winds of God would bring ships to wreck on their shores, that they might be enriched by the plunder.

I have heard Robert Collyer tell of a man he once knew in Chicago, who was frequently in prison for various misdemeanors; but, between his offences, he delighted in attending religious meetings, and had many "blessed seasons" of hymn-singing and prayer. A minister who has served the American Missionary Association among the freedmen of the South relates that on one occasion he thought it necessary to preach from the eighth commandment. After the sermon a venerable and saintly-faced man arose and protested: "Now, Brudder Stearns, if you want to talk to us about stealin' and such worldly subjects, jest take us on a week-day; but on the blessed Sabbath day do let us have a good time a-worshippin' the Lord we love." We smile at this utter divorce of religion from morality among ignorant blacks; but how could they have learned better from that kind of Christian teaching which saw no wrong in slaveholding itself? There is a great deal of

cultivated and fashionable worship which is better only in its grammar. How many churches there must be, of all names and in all parts of Christendom, where the devotional feeling would be disturbed by plain preaching against practical dishonesties, or against social exclusiveness and unbrotherliness, or against corrupt politics!

The fact that a man is a professor of religion ought to count much in his favor; it ought to give him a fair claim upon the confidence of his neighbors. But, to a sad extent, this is said not to be the case. Business men testify that professed Christians need watching, like other men; and not every church member can borrow money without giving other security than his own good faith. The old Antinomian heresy lurks in all those forms of Christianity which belittle morality, and which encourage men to hope for justification by a faith which does not materialize in good works. And when we consider the breaches of trust committed by professors, the public and private scandals in church circles, the amount of worldliness, selfishness, heartlessness, and frivolity among women who appear pious once a week, or the facility with which crooked politicians and traders, hard-handed and hard-hearted money-getters, smooth-faced liars, thieves, and libertines, can cover their wrong-doings by bringing their gifts to the altar, we shall not wonder that high-minded men, like the late George William Curtis, pleaded for "a little more mere morality."

I have spoken of some ways in which religion has been narrowly interpreted and administered. And many thoughtful and earnest people, living outside the church, but looking in, have been obliged to ask, What can religion do for a man? Perhaps it can make him sing and shout or pray; perhaps it can make him active and useful in an ecclesiastical organization; perhaps it can make him willing to wear a sectarian label or defend a doctrine. But what can it do for his character? All the churches admit that character is the main thing Why, then, may we not give our whole attention to character-building, and leave religion to take care of itself? Let us convert society into a training school of intelligent morality or ethical culture, say they; let us dismiss the word "religion," and go in for righteousness!

And "righteousness" is the one word which reconciles morality and religion. Righteousness is the great word of Old Testament and New. We read very little about religion, hardly anything about morality, but a great deal about righteousness. It is the perfection of human character. It is the perfection of God. What more can we need than to be *right*? But, then, we need to be *all* right,—right from centre to circumference. And to be wholly right is to be holy. So in righteousness we find the essence of morality and the essence of religion.

A right life, then, is all we need concern ourselves about. There can be nothing better in heaven. But a right life means more than the keeping up of appearances. It means more than conforming to good customs and fine manners. It means more than abstaining from cruelty and sensuality. I think it means more than doing justly and loving mercy. It means also walking humbly with God, or trying to conform in temper, spirit, and purpose to the perfect ideal. A right life means purity of motive, rectitude of principle, undivided allegiance to the highest law, holiness of heart, fidelity in the pursuit of truth and good; and then it means wise and worthy conduct as the outcome and evidence of this inward virtue.

The religion which does not produce morality is like the fig-tree which bore no fruit, but only leaves. The morality which does not spring from sincere devotion to goodness is without spiritual root, and can only resemble artificial flowers, fastened on by wires, and destitute of fragrance or vitality.

The test of religion is truth, self-fidelity, absolute honesty and sincerity; and the same is true of morality. They cannot exist apart. But religion vitalizes morality with a holy passion; it infuses spiritual force; it sweetens duty with joy, and deepens it with love of God and man. Morality without religion is cold and hard. Morality alone leads along the common level of respectable well-doing; but religion points upward, and gives us wings to rise. For religion depends on inspiration. It is the perpetual rebirth of the spirit, the implanting of a higher principle of life by the creative power.

Perhaps there is a difference of emphasis or of the point of view. In talking of morality, we think chiefly of the individual and his personal qualities; but, in talking of religion, we think chiefly of the individual and his qualities as related to the whole spiritual order,—as related to God and man collectively, or in the larger way. The sense of duty, which holds us to good behavior among our fellows, is immensely deepened and enriched by the feeling that they and we belong to a nobler order of beings, that human welfare includes something vastly higher than transient material good, and that we are all objects of regard and love to the Infinite Father of spirits. The deeper the root, the higher the tree: the deeper the religion, the higher the morality.

You will see why I am obliged to bring before my congregation some other subjects than social reform, political economy, and the conditions of physical welfare and comfort. A preacher, whom I highly honor, declares that Nationalism is the whole of his religion,—he feels the need of no other. To reconstruct society on the basis of justice, brotherhood, and industrial co-operation, as he believes, would bring in the universal reign of virtue and happiness. But what is to feed the sentiments of justice and brotherhood in human hearts ?

I can conceive of a state of society in which all men, women, and children would be sure of abundant food and all other bodily comforts, with little need of care or toil, yet living in selfishness and sensuality, with low aspirations, and dim visions of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Is it not written that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"? For his higher sustenance man must command the higher food. He must develop the rich resources of the soul within him, and of the spiritual universe which he is born to inhabit and to inherit. Justice and brotherhood will never come to stay until men and women see in each other the sons and daughters of God. In short, the better morality must rest upon a better religion; and that better religion must insist on the better morality.

"The spirit in which we act is the highest matter," says Goethe. Always the spirit is more than the action, and determines its real or inmost quality. Does not every man feel this to be true of his companions? "How are we to know what an individual is?" asks Amiel. He answers: "First of all, by his acts, but by something else, too,—something which is only perceived by intuition. Soul judges soul by elective affinity, reaching through and beyond both words and silence, looks and actions." Yes, deeper than conduct or speech are the vibrations of the man's spirit; and sometimes we seem to see a countenance behind the countenance, as we perceive features through a veil. But the veil remains. No man reads another's heart.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." This may mean that we all appear different from what we are: we put on disguises, and assume characters that are not wholly our own. This was the original meaning of "hypocrite," one who plays a part. It is said that humility consists in a willingness to pass for what we are, but that is just what few of us think we can afford. We pretend to knowledges and virtues which we do not have; and perhaps we have something to conceal. External appearances, therefore, cannot furnish an accurate test; and conduct alone is only a probable index to character.

We judge ourselves and are judged by the prevailing standard of society. We are self-complacent when all men speak well of us, and we wince under their censure or suspicion. But the religious spirit, taken at its best, will not let us off with the world's applause; and sometimes it braces the conscience for the sacrifice of the good opinion of mankind, that, like Jesus, we may do the things that are pleasing to the Father. It is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment; and, when we realize this, then we rise to that higher morality which merges into religion.

All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. He is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart; and continually He brings every word into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil. And when we bow before the throne that is high and white, when we submit our inmost life to the test of that perfection which we all acknowledge

as our own ideal, we feel the need of something more than the standard of correct conduct which secures us the respect and confidence of our fellow-men. It is religion, rather than morality, which commands, our allegiance to that Holy Will which is above all human rules of conduct. It is religion, rather than morality, which draws us into harmony with "the Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness."

I think we may agree in these general conclusions: The morality which has no religious root and the religion which bears no fruit of morality are both dangerous counterfeits. But, as we can only judge the tree by its fruits, we may safely take for granted that a good man is religious at heart, whether he knows it or not; and that a man of evil behavior is ungodly and atheistic at heart, whatever may be his professions. But we might use both words, "morality" and "religion," much more sparingly, and leave both our feelings and conduct to take care of themselves, if we would hold ourselves open to that fulness of life which comes as a perpetual inspiration to all who love, trust, and obey.

THE STUNDISTS, OR RUSSIAN PROTESTANTS.

For several months past such despatches as the following from St. Petersburg have appeared in French and English newspapers: "The Stundists of the district of Kaniev are fast returning into the bosom of the orthodox church: they ask forgiveness for having so long debarred themselves from the tender ministration of their priests." Or, again, "In the future new administrative measures will be taken against the heresy of Stundism. They will not be allowed to found schools, to keep orthodox servants, to be present at fairs and markets during holidays. All attempt on their part to propagate their doctrines will be severely punished. Their children will have to be baptized, and be placed under a guardianship composed of members of the clergy and orthodox people. The Stundists will also have separate burial."

These tidings of an official character are well made to excite our sympathies, especially to us French Protestants; for it is hardly a century and a half ago that we were treated in a like manner by Louis XIV. and Louis XV., as heretics, dangerous to the safety of the State. Many of our friends ask: Where do these Stundists come from? What are their beliefs and their moral principles? What have they done to incur the severity of the imperial government of Russia?

Such are the questions which I will try to answer, in as far as authentic information will allow. The name Stundist comes from the German word *Stunde*, which not only means hour, but also lesson, and was probably applied to the religious service of the Protestant colonists settled in the south of Russia. It was in these colonies, among the Little Russians in the neighborhood of Odessa, that Stundism had its birth about forty years ago. Catherine II., in order to populate the fertile but desert land of the Lower Dnieper (the Oukraine taken from Poland in 1773), and of the Lower Volga, called to it foreign colonists. Thousand of Germans, attracted by the allurement of free land, exempt from taxation for thirty years, came from the Palatinate and Würtemberg. Among them were a great many Moravians.

During the year 1774, 26,000 Germans emigrated to Russia. They settled in different provinces, where they were prosperous. Thanks to the wise edicts of the tolerant empress, they retained the use of the mother tongue and of their religion. These German colonists belonged to diverse Protestant sects; but the two largest sects were the Mennonites, or Anabaptists, and the Lutherans. During the first few generations they held themselves aloof from their Russian neighbors, and had, therefore, little influence over them. But one day, probably under the reign of Alexander II., the pastor of the village, Rohrbach, having pity for the poor Moujiks, neglected by their ignorant popes, invited a few peasants from a neighboring village to his Stunden. Knowing that all proselyting would be severely punished, he only talked to them, without any attempt to convert them. He was careful in telling them not to leave the orthodox church. But the influence of the example prevailed over all his advice. Astonished in seeing such comfort, good-nature, and prosperity among these colonists, the Moujiks felt

themselves drawn toward them. Finding in their Stunden the satisfaction of their religious aspirations which they did not find in their church with its complicated ritual and its expensive sacraments, they ceased going to mass, to depend on the pope for the sacraments, to pay the ecclesiastical dues, and formed, after the fashion of their neighbors, dissenting communities (Raskolniks). The Raskolniks are divided into two branches: those who have retained priests, and have created for themselves a sacerdotal hierarchy; the propovstsy, or those who have no priests. To the latter class belong our Stundists.

The Moujiks, with the practical inside of all farmers, began their reform by taking away the images of the virgin and saints which have their niches in every Russian house. They took them to the pope, telling him that they would no longer have any use for them. They no longer observed the many feast days of the orthodox church, and fast days; nor were their children baptized by the pope.

At the head of their community they placed an elder who presided at their services, which are very simple, consisting of prayer, Bible readings, and the singing of psalms and hymns, not in old Slavonic, which is the liturgical language of the Russian Church, but in Little Russian, the dialect of Southern Russia. This language, which on account of its harmony has been compared to the Provençal, and which, like it, has its poets and its popular songs, has been proscribed by the Russian government.

It is forbidden to print, to sell, or to possess books in the Little Russian dialect. The use of the local language has been one of the causes of the success in propagating the Stundist's religion. Another cause for success was the privilege of asking questions, and giving information upon the texts chosen for the service. We find similar Biblical conferences in vogue during the Calvinistic Reformation at Geneva, London, and Frankfort.

The Stundists are divided as to the sacraments and holidays. Some, like the Quakers, have suppressed them all, and call themselves the Evangelical Brotherhood. The others have preserved the sacraments of baptism and holy communion. Baptism is administered to adults only after a confession of faith.*

It is to the Russian Baptists that the following information has reference. They admit the fundamental doctrines of the Calvinistic Reformation. As in the times of Luther and Calvin, the duty of reading the Bible for daily strength and inspiration has developed among these people a taste for books. They all read, write, and have a knowledge of arithmetic. They are distinguished from the mass of Moujiks by their probity, their sobriety, their love of work and study. Says a proprietor of Kherson to Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu, "Since they have become heretics, I can only congratulate myself; for they no longer become intoxicated, or steal, and they keep their engagements."

The women Stundists have a strong consciousness of their moral dignity and ideas of independence. They consider themselves

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* La scène suivante décrite par un témoin oculaire donnera une juste idée de la cérémonie du baptême chez les Stundistes. La scène se passe, après mille environ de Kiew, sur le Dnieper, aux environs de Tcherny-Ostrow. Par une belle nuit de Mai, un starchil-bratj (oldest brother) se rendit dans une forêt parsemée d'étangs. On arriva vers minuit à une clairière, entourée de roseaux très-hauts, comme d'un rempart. 8 ou 10 hommes étaient blottis dans l'ombre. Quand ils aperçurent leur chef, ils s'avancèrent tout joyeux. Après avoir présenté les amis étrangers, l'Ancien prit la lanterne et commence le service divin. Il lut le chapitre vi. de St. Jean, puis prononça une prière, pleine de riches expériences, de tolérance, d'humilité, et d'amour. Ce qui fut le plus touchant, ce fut lorsqu'il pria pour les persécuteurs. La prière terminée, l'Ancien érige un jeune frère, qui était resté jusque-là à part, à genoux, Adam L——. . . . Il le conduisit à un petit étang, qui formait un baptistère naturel: là il immergea 3 fois le jeune homme au nom du Père, du Fils, et du St. Esprit. Tous les Stundistes l'entassaient debout, adressant au Ciel d'ardentes prières pour le néophyte, qui était là grelottant dans ses habits mouillés. Alors vint l'acte le plus émouvant. Un des assistants avait fait, au centre de la clairière, un mas de roseaux flétris. On y plaça une image de St. Nicholas, le thaumaturge, une de ces icônes à couleurs voyantes, comme en adorent les paysans dans leurs *izbas* (cottage), et qui appartenait à Adam. . . . "Donnez-lui la hachette," dit le Frère aîné à voix grasse, "et placez l'icône à terre." Adam, tout pâle et tremblant, saisit la hache. "Frappe là, homme! brise la en morceaux," cria le chef; et Adam fit voler l'icône en éclats. "Voilà comment sont leurs dieux," s'écriait le Frère aîné, ramassant les morceaux et les jetant sur le tas de roseaux. "Faisons un feu de cet objet. 'Avec une partie du bois,' dit le prophète Isaïe, 'on fait du feu et un dieu avec l'autre.' Et maintenant mettons le feu à ce faux dieu." Quelques minutes après l'image de St. Nicholas flambait, et les Stundistes en jetaient les cendres dans les flots du Dnieper.

as man's equal, not as his servant: whereas among the other Russians the patriarchal authority is still in vogue. According to our information, the morals of the Stundists are greatly superior to the general level of the Russian people. It must be owing to the rapid extension of Stundism in Russia that the orthodox clergy is taking measures of persecution which surpass the severity formerly used toward the Jews, and which recall the most atrocious proceedings of the Roman Inquisition.

We will now look for the causes which have provoked this persecution which for fifteen years has been going on against the Stundists.

We must not depend on the reports of the Holy Synod, which at times represents them as dangerous heretics, or, again, as an immoral people. Such calumnies have always been used by the intolerant and the fanatics against those who sever themselves from the official religion. The Stundists are neither greater heretics nor less moral than their German brothers, the Baptists.

The real cause is that they have left the orthodox church in order to form a free church, and thus be able to worship God in their own way. Their crime is the same as that of the Huguenots during the time of the Valois and Louis XIV., in that they refuse to profess the State religion, the religion of the Tsar.

But you will say that the Russian government has many Catholic, Lutheran, and Mussulman subjects, and it tolerates them all. It is true, but it is only in those provinces to which certain privileges have been granted by treaties. Even there the Russian government restrains from year to year the freedom of dissenting sects.

Children from a mixed marriage are baptized and brought up in the orthodox church, and all proselyting is severely punished. The Tsar, listening to the suggestions of M. Pobedonotsef, attorney for the Holy Synod, is fighting the progress of the Stunda with all his energies.

For several years past many of these unfortunate people have been condemned to deportation to Siberia or to the transcaucasian provinces near the Persian frontier. I will only speak of one instance, that of a Moujik by the name of Ignacius, a diligent and intelligent farmer, who had acquired one of the best farms in a village in the centre of the province. He had a wife and three children,—the wife a delicate woman, his children fine boys of ten, eight, and five years of age. They belonged to the Stundist community of the village, and followed with zeal the elder's exhortations, therefore their disgrace.

The bishop sent to the contaminated village a missionary, an energetic man, used to this sort of work, promising him a reward of twenty-five roubles for each heretic that he would bring back, and offering from five to ten roubles to every one who would retract. A few gave in, to threats or seduction; but seven Stundists, among whom was Ignacius, remained faithful to their convictions.

From that time on they were obliged to appear three times each week at court in a neighboring city, notwithstanding the harvest time, so that their harvest was lost.

As to Ignacius, pointed out as a dangerous ringleader, the judge, without any trial, had him put into a cage where he could neither stand nor sit. The cage was carried into the outhouse of the prison, where he remained for three days and three nights, exposed to the most deleterious odors. After an absurd trial the Stundists were condemned as heretics and dangerous rebels, to be exiled for life to the eastern extremity of Siberia. Then began a lamentable odyssey of one hundred days for these brave men and their families. They had to suffer from heat and cold, from privations of all sorts, and from illness. When they arrived at their destination, of the thirteen children whom they had taken with them, only five were living. Ignacius had lost his wife and one of his sons.

It is impossible not to be touched on hearing of such barbaric treatment inflicted on a people whose only crime was a desire to read the Bible and to worship God in their own way. We know of two members from the Society of Friends who, moved with pity for these Russian Protestants, have gone, in the middle of winter, to inquire into their misery and to bring them some relief. Their report was submitted to the Tsar two days before his departure for the Crimea, but it is not likely that it will be seriously considered.

Many of the representatives of our great

Protestant confessions—for example, the Evangelical Alliance—might follow the courageous example of the worthy descendants of William Penn and Joseph Allen, and make an appeal to the justice of the Tsar! May it please God, who holds in his hands the life of sovereigns and the destiny of empires, to incline the heart of the honest and magnanimous prince toward measures more in harmony with the tolerant spirit of our times!

If others are haunted by the remembrances of Philip II. and Torquemada, may the Tsar at least remember that he is the heir of the great Catherine, and the son of the generous Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs!

C. BONET-MAURY.

Paris.

THEODORE PARKER: *

BOY, STUDENT, AND COUNTRY MINISTER.

It is necessary for some years, perhaps a generation or two, to pass before a great man emerges clearly enough from the complications and the passions of his day to be rightly judged, and the real scope and effect of his life to be discerned. At that remove from him we shall see him more distinctly, and receive a juster impression of his personality, than when we were in the crowd, swaying and jostling round him.

I think we have reached such a moment for recalling the work and character of Theodore Parker. More than thirty years of silence stretch between us and the man who, in his day, was perhaps the best loved and the best hated of any man in America,—thirty years of silence, which heal so much, which forget so much, which illumine so much, which enlarge so much. Had he lived till now, he would only have been of the generation of Lord Tennyson, of Mr. Gladstone, and of others still playing an important part in the world.

He was born at Lexington, Mass., Aug. 14, 1810, the eleventh and last child of John and Hannah Parker, in the farm-house built by his great-great-grandfather. Four generations of plain, long-lived, diligent, God-fearing men had already inhabited it, and had led in it laborious, frugal, strenuous lives; compelled by the whole weight of nature and society round them to unremitting industry, to watchful inventiveness, to austere simplicity; but lives also sweetened by family affection and neighborly kindness; strong in self-respect and in the respect of the community, dignified by a sense of God and their relations to him, and enlarging at the horizon of this world into the boundless infinite beyond, earth ringed all around by eternity.

He has left a charming fragment of autobiography, descriptive of this home and its surroundings; and in his farewell letter to his Boston congregation he describes its effect on his development:—

"My early education was not costly, as men count expense by dollars: it was exceeding precious, as they might reckon it by its fitness to secure a development of natural powers. By father and mother, yes, even by brothers and sisters, great and unceasing care was taken to secure powers of observation; of voluntary attention, fixed, continuous, exact, which, despite of appearances, sees the fact just as it is, no more, no less; of memory, that holds all things firm as gravitation, and yet, like that, keeps them unmixed, not confusing the most delicate outline, and reproduces them at will, complete in the whole, and perfect in each part; much stress was also laid on judgment and inventive imagination. It was a great game they set me to play: it was also an advantage that the counters cost but little money, but were common things, picked up daily on a farm, in a kitchen, or a mechanic's thoughtful shop. But still more pains were taken with my moral and religious culture. In my earliest boyhood I was taught to respect the instinctive promptings of conscience, regarding it as 'the voice of God in the soul of man,' which must always be obeyed; to speak the truth without evasion or concealment; to love justice, and conform to it; to reverence merit in all men, and that regardless of their rank or reputation; and, above all things, I was taught to love and trust the dear God. I was taught self-reliance intellectual and moral; to investigate all things with my own eyes; carefully to

* This paper on Theodore Parker is one of a series of "Theological Essays" which are being issued in pamphlet form by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, London. We shall reprint it in three parts: 1. "Parker as Boy, Student, and Country Minister"; 2. "His work in Boston"; 3. "His Thought and his Influence."

form opinions for myself, and, while I believed them reasonable and just, to hold and defend them with modest firmness. Inquiry was encouraged in all directions."

As for what we ordinarily reckon schooling, he had so much as was accessible to any country boy in New England,—the winter term of the village school, his labor being needed on the farm in summer. An amazing memory, an insatiable appetite for learning, made acquisition of all kinds easy to him. Good books by great masters—the Bible, the Greek and Roman classics, the best English prose and verse — came into his hands. What was read at all was also studied, and not laid aside till well understood.

At seventeen he began to teach a winter school, still working on the farm in summer. It was the ordinary—and indeed, the only—way in which a young man could find means to pursue his studies. At twenty he entered Harvard College, keeping up with his class, and passing his examinations, by private study. Soon after, he left home, and began teaching in a private school in Boston. "It is twenty-one years to-day," he writes to a friend, in the last year of his life, "since I left my father's house and home, and sought a new one in Boston. A raw boy, with clothes made by a country tailor, coarse shoes, great hands, red lips, blue eyes, I went to serve in a private school at fifteen dollars a month and my board, where I was to teach Latin, Greek, subsequently French and Spanish (which I could read and write, though not speak), mathematics, and all sorts of philosophy. I was not twenty-one; and I hired a man at eleven dollars a month, for five months, to take my place at home, and do the farm-work. My father refused to accept this, but I insisted it would be unjust to treat me better than the other boys before me. I taught in the school six hours a day; from May to September, seven; but I always had from ten to twelve hours a day for my own private studies, out of school. Judge if I did not work. It makes my flesh creep to think how I used to work, and how much I learned that year, and the next four! Oh that I had known the art of life, or found some man or book to tell me how to live, to study, to take exercise." He next ventured on a school of his own, an entirely happy and successful venture, and in two years found he had funds enough to enter the Divinity School at Cambridge, then, as now, under the charge of Unitarians.

From his childhood he had looked forward to this. "In my early boyhood I *felt* I was to be a minister, and looked forward with eager longings to a work to which I still think my nature itself an 'effectual call,' certainly a deep one, and a continuous." "I found," he says, "excellent and earnest professors, who laid no yoke on my neck. Telling me what they thought they knew, they never pretended they had learned all that may be known or winnowed out all error from their creeds. Besides, there was leisure and unbounded freedom of research; and I could spend as many hours in the study as a mechanic in his shop or a farmer in his field."

When Theodore Parker entered the Divinity School, he had not gone farther on the road he was to travel then many of his fellow-students and teachers. The reaction against Calvinism, which had been going on in the New England churches since the beginning of the century, had, to a considerable extent, established itself. Controversy had of course accentuated the old doctrines: it had brought them out of the half-light in which they had been lying. They entered into the consciousness of even the thoughtful child, and forced it to judge them, perhaps prematurely. "In my earliest childhood," says Mr. Parker, "I made away with the ghastly doctrine of eternal damnation and a wrathful God. From my seventh year I have had no fear of God, only an ever-deepening love and trust." Later on the doctrine of the Trinity had gone the same road. The question of miracles had opened to him, not indeed in a general and absolute way, but as regarded the moral character, the value, the historical evidence, for very many of the miracles of both Old and New Testaments. Belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible had become impossible to him: even the *miraculous* inspiration of any part of it seemed doubtful.

Certainly, these are grave questions for a young mind to pronounce upon. Nevertheless, the same faculties which entitle it to say "yes" to them entitle it also to say "no." And the presumption of rejecting

these doctrines is no graver than the presumption of accepting them.

It need not be said that he was an ardent and indefatigable student. He studied the Bible with all the helps at his command, from the Jewish Rabbis and the Christian Fathers to the latest German scholars and critics. He studied the historical development of religion in the Hebrew and Christian line, and saw the growth of the great ecclesiastical doctrines which domineered over the world. As he found the Bible human, so the Church. "The miraculous, infallible Bible, the miraculous, infallible Church, disappeared, when closely looked at; and I found the fact of history quite different from the pretension of theology."

He studied the historical development of religion among other nations. He studied the metaphysics and psychology of religion, trying to find through his own consciousness, and that of other men, the basis of religion, what special element it was in human nature which produced these widespread results. The principle of authority being abandoned, what replaced it?

"I found," he says, "certain primal intuitions in human nature, which depend on no logical process of demonstration, but are rather facts of consciousness given by the instinctive action of human nature itself.

"I. The instinctive intuition of the divine, the consciousness that there is a God.

"II. The instinctive intuition of the just and right, a consciousness that there is a moral law independent of our will, which we ought to keep.

"III. The instinctive immortal, a consciousness that the essential element of man, the principle of individuality, never dies."

Human nature itself, then, was the foundation for the piety and morality which Theodore Parker strove henceforth to develop, not any special incident or series of incidents in its history. The stone which the builders of theological systems had rejected became for him the head of the corner. He felt that here he had a foundation real, verifiable, universal. He would make his appeal to what men felt and knew in themselves. He would rest on natural laws, not on church authority. Historical things should rest on historical evidence, spiritual things on the witness of the soul to them. "I determined to preach nothing on religion which I had not experienced inwardly, and made my own, knowing it by heart."

With such resolves, he left the Divinity School on the completion of his course, and presently became minister of a small church at West Roxbury, near Boston. His congregation, small as it was, "seventy souls in all, including children," was a great stimulus to him. It was that touch of real life upon real life which is the most enlarging of educations. He preached with joy and sincerity. Ample time remained for his own private studies. "To work ten or fifteen hours a day at these was not only a habit, but a pleasure." One fruit of these years was his translation of De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament. "The critical study of the Bible," he writes, "enhanced my reverence for the great and good things I found in it. I liked the Bible better when I could take its contradictory books each for what it is, and felt nothing commanding me to accept it for what it is not." It enhanced also his sense of the mischiefs to religion itself and to the souls of men from taking it in any other way. The necessity for proving all doctrines from the Bible led plainly to a disingenuous treatment of it, to a habit of turning and twisting its natural meaning in any desired direction. The necessity for taking it all as on the same level, of regarding it as final authority, led to irreparable confusion of the moral sense. "I had not been long a minister before I found this worship of the Bible as a fetich hindering me at every step. If I wished to teach the nobleness of man, the Old Testament and the New were there, with dreadful condemnations of human nature. Did I speak of God's love for all men, the Bible was full of ghastly things,—hell, devil, damnation. Did I encourage free individuality of soul, such as the great Bible men themselves had, there were texts of bondage. Nay, if I declared the constancy of Nature, and sought therein argument for the constancy of God, all the miracles came and held their mythological fingers up. Even slavery was 'of God,' for 'the divine statutes' of the Old Testament admitted the principle that a man might own a man, as well as a garden or an ox, and provided for the measure, and neither Paul nor Jesus uttered a direct word against it."

How be silent in face of so pressing an evil! At first he tried attacking it in detail. This was poetry in the Bible, this a popular fancy of the time, this an error, this a contradiction. But at length it seemed to him that so grave a subject demanded the fullest and frankest treatment. He wrote two sermons, one on the historical, one on the moral, contradictions of Scripture, and, having written them, laid them aside for a year, trying to see clearly whether it were his duty to speak or be silent. Friends whom he consulted urged the usual considerations. It would be dangerous. He would be misunderstood. More harm than good would come of it. But at last, having weighed all, the impulse to speak prevailed. He preached his sermons. No convulsion followed. Plain people even told him of the relief to conscience they found in his words. He felt with joy that distrusted human nature was able to hear the truth and welcome it; that it was no private luxury for the learned, but wholesome food for the unlearned and simple.

The peaceful ministrations of a country parish and the labors of the quiet student were not, however, the path destiny had appointed for Theodore Parker. He was to be carried away from these congenial scenes to the watch-tower and the march and the fore-front of the battle. What a battle it was he fought we shall see in the next article.

SILAS FARRINGTON.

THE VALUE OF A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF RELIGIONS.

A PAPER READ AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS IN CHICAGO BY MRS. ELIZA R. SUNDERLAND.

What is the value and importance of a comparative study of religions? What lessons has it to teach? I may answer, first, that the results of hierology form part of the great body of scientific truth, and as such have a recognized scientific value as helping to complete a knowledge of man and his environment; and I shall attempt to show that a serious study by an intelligent public of the great mass of facts already gathered concerning most of the religions of the world will prove of great value in at least two directions,—first, as a means of general, second, as a means of religious, culture.

Matthew Arnold defines culture as "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit." This is a nineteenth-century use of the word. The Romans would have used instead "humanitas," or, with an English plural, "the humanities," to express a corresponding thought. The Schoolmen, adopting the Latin term, limited its application to the languages, literature, history, art, and archæology of Greece and Rome, assuming that thither the world must look for the most enlightening and humanizing influences, and in their use of the word contrasting these, as human products, with "divinity," which completed the circle of scholastic knowledge. But the world of the nineteenth century is larger than that of mediæval Europe, and we may well thank Mr. Arnold for a new word suited to the new times.

Culture,—acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit. This will require us to know a great body of literature; but, when we inquire for the best, we shall find ourselves confronted by a vast mass of religious literature. Homer was a great religious poet, Hesiod also. The central idea in all the great dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides was religious; and no one need hope to penetrate beneath the surface of any of these who has not a sympathetic acquaintance with the religious ideas, myths, and mythologies of the Greeks. Dante's "Divine Comedy," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Goethe's "Faust" are religious poems, to read which intelligently one must have an acquaintance with mediæval mythology and modern Protestant theology.

Then there are the great Bibles of the world, the Christian and Jewish, the Mohammedan and Zoroastrian, the Brahman and Buddhist, and the two Chinese sacred books. It is of these books that Emerson sings,—

"Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe."

He who would be cultured, in Matthew Arnold's sense of being acquainted with the history of the human spirit, must know these books; and this means a patient, careful study of the growth and development of rites, symbols, myths and mythologies, traditions, creeds, and priestly orders through long centuries of time, from far-away primitive nature-worship up to the elaborate ritual and developed liturgy which demanded the written book.

But religion is a living power, and not, therefore, to be confined to book or creed or ritual. All these religion called into being, and is itself, therefore, greater than any or all of them. So far from being confined to book and creed and ritual, religion has proved, in the word of Dr. C. P. Tiele, "one of the most potent factors in human history; it has founded and overthrown nations, united and divided empires; has sanctioned the most atrocious deeds and the most cruel customs; has inspired beautiful acts of heroism, self-renunciation, and devotion; and has occasioned the most sanguinary wars, rebellions, and persecutions. It has brought freedom, happiness, and peace to nations, and anon has proved a partisan of tyranny, now calling into existence a brilliant civilization, then the deadly foe to progress, science, and art." All this is a part of world history, and the student who ignores it or passes over lightly the religious motive underlying it is thereby obscuring the hidden causes which alone can explain the outer facts of history.

Again, the human spirit has ever delighted to express itself in art. True culture, therefore, requires a knowledge of art. But to know the world's art without first knowing the world's religions would be to read Homer in the original before knowing the Greek alphabet. Why the vastness and gloom of the Egyptian temples? the approaches to them through long rows of sphinxes? What mean these sphinxes and the pyramids, the rock-hewn temple tombs and the obelisks of ancient Egyptian art? Why the low, earth-loving Greek temple, with all its beauty and adornment external? What is the central thought in Greek sculpture? Why does the mediæval cathedral itself climb heavenward, with its massive towers and turrets, while, to the worshipper within, the light of heaven must come only through the dim religious light of stained-glass windows?

What is the meaning of the tower temples of ancient Assyria and Babylon and the mosques and minarets of Western Asia? All are symbols of religious life, and are blind and meaningless without an understanding of that life. Blot out the architecture and sculpture whose motive is strictly religious, and how great a blank remains! Painting and music, too, have been the handmaidens of religion, and cannot be mastered in their full depths of meaning save by one who knows something of the religious ideas and sentiments which gave them birth; eloquence has found its deepest inspiration in sacred themes; and philosophy is only the attempt of the intellect to formulate what the heart of man has groped after and felt.

Let a student set himself the task of becoming intelligent concerning the philosophic speculations of the world, and he will soon find that among all peoples the earliest speculations have been of a religious nature and that out of these philosophy arose. If, then, he would understand the development of philosophy, he must begin with the development of the religious consciousness in its beginnings in the Indo-Germanic race, the Semitic race, and in Christianity.

As Dr. Pfleiderer shows in his "Philosophy of Religion on the Basis of its History":—

> There could have been no distinct philosophy of religion in the ancient world, because nowhere did religion appear as an independent fact, clearly distinguished alike from politics, art, and science. This condition was first fulfilled in Christianity. But no philosophy of religion was possible in mediæval Christianity, because independent scientific investigation was impossible. All thinking was dominated either by dogmatism or by an undefined faith.

If the germs of a philosophy of religion may be found in the theosophic mysticism and the anti-scholastic philosophy of the Renaissance, its real beginnings are to be found not earlier than the eighteenth century. But what a magnificent array of names in the two and a quarter centuries since Spinoza wrote his theologico-political treatise in 1670,—Spinoza, Leibnitz, Lessing, Kant, Herder, Goethe, Fichte, Schleiermacher, Schelling, Hegel, and, if we would follow the tendencies of philosophic religious

thought in the present day, Feuerbach, Comte, Strauss, Mill, Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Schopenhauer, Von Hartmann, Lotze, Edward Caird, John Caird, and Martineau. No student who aspires to an acquaintance with philosophy can afford to be ignorant of these thinkers and their thoughts; but, to follow most intelligently the thought of any one of them, he will need a preliminary acquaintance with hierology through careful, painstaking, conscientious work in the study of different religions, such as has been made by Max Müller, C. P. Tiele, Kuenen, Ernest Renan, Albert Réville, Prof. Robertson Smith, Renouf, La Saussaye, Sayce, and others.

If religious thought and feeling are thus bound up with the literature, art, and philosophy of the world, not less close is their relation to the language, social and political institutions, and morals of humanity. It is sacred names quite as often as any other words which furnish the philologist his links in the chain of proofs of relationship between languages. It does not need a Herbert Spencer to point out that political institutions and offices are frequently related to religion as effect to cause. The king's touch and the doctrine of divine right of kings are only survivals from the days of the medicine man and heaven-born chief.

The question concerning the relations of religion to ethics is a living one in modern thought circles. One class of thinkers insist that ethics is all there is of religion that can be known or can be of value to man; another, that ethics, if lived, will of necessity blossom out into religion, since religion is only ethics touched with emotion; another, that religion and ethics are two distinct things, which have no necessary relation to each other. And still others maintain that there is no high and persistent moral life possible without the sanctions of religion, and no high and worthy religion possible without an accompanying high morality; that, whatever may be true in low conditions of civilization, any religion adapted to high civilizations must be ethical, and any ethical precepts or principles which are to helpfully control men's lives must be rooted in faith. A wide and careful study of the world's religions ought to throw light upon the problem.

What are the historic facts in the case? Have religion and morality had a contemporaneous development and in conjunction, or has the history of the two run on distinct and divergent lines? Who shall answer authoritatively save the student of the history of religions? Let us question some such. "All religions," says C. P. Tiele, "are either race religions or religions proceeding from an individual founder. The former are nature religions, the latter ethical religions.

"Ethical religions are communities brought together, not by a common belief in national traditions, but by the common belief in a doctrine of salvation, and organized with the aim of maintaining, fostering, propagating, and practising that doctrine. This fundamental doctrine is considered by its adherents in each case as a divine revelation, and he who revealed it an inspired prophet or son of God."

These ethical religions Tiele divides into national, or particularistic, and universalistic. The latter, three in number, are the dominant religions in the world to-day. Of these Islamism has emphasized the religious side, the absolute sovereignty of God, opposing to it the nothingness of man, and has thus neglected to develop morals. Buddhism, on the contrary, neglects the divine, preaches the final salvation of man from the miseries of existence through the power of his own self-renunciation; and, as it was atheistic in its origin, it soon becomes infected by the most fantastic mythology and the most childish superstitions. Christianity in its founder did full justice to both the divine and human sides. If the greatest commandment was love to God, the second was like unto it; namely, love to man. Such is a brief *résumé* of C. P. Tiele's account of the mutual historical relations of ethics and religion.

Albert Réville devotes a chapter of his "Prolegomena to the History of Religions" to the same question. He finds that morality, like religion, began very low down, to rise very high; that with morality, as with religion, we must recognize in the human mind a spontaneous disposition, *sui generis*, arising from its natural constitution, destined to expand in the school of experience, but which that school can never create.

With the entrance of moral prepossessions into religion, life beyond the tomb becomes

a place of divine rewards, and thus originates a new chapter of religious history Under monotheism the connection between religion and morality becomes still closer. Here everything — the physical world, human society, human personality—has but one all-powerful master. Moral order is his work by the same right and as completely as physical order. Obedience to the moral law becomes, then, essentially a religious duty. Consequently, the religious ideal rises, and becomes purified at the same time, as the moral ideal. We may even say that, in the gospel, religion and morality are no longer easily to be distinguished. Upon the basis of the monotheistic principle and the affinity of nature between man and God, the religion of Jesus moves on independently of dogma and of rite, consisting essentially of strictly moral provisions and applications.

"Has morality gained or lost by this close alliance with religion?" asks Réville, and answers: "In a general way, we may say that the characteristic of the religious sentiment, when it is associated with another element of human life, is to render this element much more intense and more powerful. From this simple observance we have the right to conclude that, as a general rule, morality gains in attractiveness, in power, and in strength by its alliance with religion."

If the conclusions of all students of hierology shall prove in harmony with the views here expressed as to the close connection in origin and in history between morality and religion, a connection growing closer as each rises in the scale of worth until we find in the very highest the two indissolubly united, may we not conclude a wise dictum for our modern life to be, "What God in history has joined together let not man in practice put asunder?" Rather let him who would lift the world morally avail himself of the motor power of religion, him who would erect a temple of religion see to it that its foundations are laid in the enduring granite of character.

[The second division of the subject—namely, "The Value of the Study of Comparative Religion as a Means of Religious Culture"—will be given in our next number.]

THEOLOGY AND THE UNIVERSITY.

"Philosophy is the *history* of philosophy." So, I think, Hartmann has somewhere written. The statement is true enough in many ways. And more and more the schools and colleges are beginning to teach philosophy in this way. It seems to be thought that the individual can best begin the study of philosophical problems where the race began; and, further, that the present can best be understood by understanding the past out of which it has issued. Setting aside the slow process of world formation, it has taken thousands of years of human endeavor and achievement to make the world we live in what it is. All wealth is labor accumulated. Morality is habit stereotyped. The powers of thought that are ours would be impossible without centuries spent in the purifying and organizing of the brain-stuff. And all along certain philosophies have prevailed in certain ages. And they have accorded with the social and political life of their respective epochs. And, further, each age has hammered out anew for itself the precious metals of the past. No thought we have to-day but has roots reaching away back into a prehistoric past. Nor is this all. In different civilizations and barbarisms still existent, and in individuals that dwell about us, we may find most of the links in the chain that joins the present to the past. Hume is unintelligible without Berkeley, and Berkeley is nothing without Locke. A similar illustration of the interdependence of systems is seen in the development of German philosophy through Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. And Kant built on Hume. To the careless reader there seems to be only the useless quibble of contradictory systems in all this, but to the student who reads wisely there is a manifest development. Nor is it to end in a *reductio ad absurdum*. History and politics, science and religion, remain to tell us that there has been progress. All social advance is in a large degree the outcome of this hot debate over theories. The same lesson is to be learned everywhere. The Bible has been the subject of endless controversy for ages. To many there is nothing but perplexing contradiction in it. But to the student there has been an ever-increasing number of questions that have

found an answer that is no longer questioned. In all the greater subjects of Bible criticism the world is approaching unanimity. In medicine and law there are traces of similar conflict. There are rival schools and contrary decisions; yet a very small segment of the history of law or medicine will show that in the aggregate there has been marvellous progress. There are questions that have been settled once for all,—questions which but a few years ago were hotly contested.

In theology there are perplexing questions, and many of them. But here, too, man has learned by experience, slowly, indeed, at times, but surely. While the great questions of theology are still matters of debate, it is in many ways a war of words. It is a difference of definition and classification. Sometimes it is a distinction without a difference, made to "keep up appearances" of sectarian fences that have long since, in reality, crumbled to decay. The Universalists, having become educated, cease to be Universalists of the old sort. But just as truly the Presbyterians, who so accused their brothers a few years ago, have themselves become permeated with Universalist ideas. Each theology has good points. All the others are beginning to see this, and a wholesome borrowing from one another is going on.

The world is coming to see that theology is the *history* of theology. Such a view of the matter sets dogmatism and sectarianism aside, to a large extent; and the theologian easily falls into the modern current. He ceases to be a mere advocate. He is no longer a dreamer or a theorist. He builds upon a basis of fact. If history is fiction agreed upon, the theologian is upon a surer basis of fact than even the historian. He deals not with the deeds, but with the known *thoughts*, of the world's greatest men, and that, too, with their thoughts upon the greatest subjects. The theologian of to-day is less than ever before a system-builder. He is a scientist and an historian. His method and his classifications are those of a scientist, but his facts are given by history. He must find the higher unity of the conflicting systems. He must resolve the contradictions that appear in the best of theologies. He must, by the use of caution and good judgment, separate the wheat from the chaff. Those parts that ought to enter into and influence the life of the future he must emphasize in the present. When new facts come to light, he must give them their place in the new order, and show wherein they reverse or modify old beliefs. If there are errors in the conclusions drawn from the facts, it is the task of the historian of theology to rectify these. Theology is becoming a matter of science and of history. I believe the days are near when this will be generally recognized. A course in theology ought to form a part of every cultured man's education. The colleges and, yes, the State universities, ought to begin to see that international law and sanitary science have no more right to a place among the electives than the history of theology. Theology would gain by being taught from the standpoint of the university. Historical theology is undenominational: it will break up eventually the sectarian cliques; and cliques make sad havoc with popular government. The State will reap the best of the fruit, and at an early day, when she shuts her ears to the demands of this sect and that, and boldly calls a strong, true man to teach in her universities the history of theology; and because theology is the history of theology, and because theology as history is not only very interesting, but very profitable, many will elect the course, and, having acquired a taste for such studies, will go forth to preach. These will go forth with the broad ideals of the university, which are the ideals of the State, as opposed to the ideals of a particular church or faction.

Perhaps I advocate heresy. If this is shown me, I will recant. But for the present I incline to think that this would be an innovation that would mean advance. A year or two ago the *Christian Union* made a strong plea for a theological university. But, if the university can become a theological school with less resistance, the conclusion is obvious. Several universities already have the theological school. Lastly, the theological schools are coming to see that they must deal with university subjects. Sociology is rapidly crowding its way into the course at Andover. Several "outside subjects" have long found a home in the Harvard divinity course. Tufts and Meadville add a year at the front, and the subjects taught are those which belong to

the university. Taking these two latter schools as types, the university may add a professor of religion, let him teach eight hours a week, giving advanced courses in alternate years, require these of candidates for the B.D., and confer this degree at the close of the college course in place of the customary A.B. A glance at the work of the colleges inside the great English universities will show how easily this result could be accomplished.

It is probable that the State authorities would not indorse the above plan. Indeed, it is only too true that a constituency wedded to an irrational religion would here and there raise serious opposition to a plan such as is advised above. There is, however, a way of escape, at least one that might be tried. An endowment of $40,000 given to Ann Arbor, provided it would use the income as above suggested, might not be refused. I wish the offer might be made. And neither would I insist that the incumbent be so liberal as Dr. C. C. Everett of Harvard, or even so untrammelled as Dr. C. A. Briggs. Only let him be a good, true man, rich and broad in culture and with the courage of his convictions.

Some will say, "And what of the traditional ten years' preparation for the ministry?" Very well, and what? The degree of B.D. can be earned now more easily than as above suggested. The plan would raise the standard rather than lower it. It would associate the candidates for the ministry with the strong and virile men who make up the bulk of the college men. Only the other day I ran across an article in the *Advance* which, among other similar sentences, contained the following: "We believe that students for the ministry do not, as a body, work hard enough." Some emulation between candidates for law, medicine, and the ministry, all in the same courses, would not be unwholesome.

I would like to see a discussion of this question. A. B. CURTIS.

Tufts Divinity School.

ONE GOOD SHOT.

Mr. Henry Drummond's popular book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is attracting so much interest and stirring up so much controversy that it may be useful for Unitarians to call attention to its best shot.

Coming from a keen scientist, the well-known Professor of Natural Science in Glasgow University, it is a curious example of far-fetched and fanciful analogies applied to theology, and will be mainly remembered, I think, for many felicitous expressions of some old-fashioned, home-made truths, always of interest, among which none is more conspicuous or better expressed than his really striking chapter on Parasitism.

The A. U. A. could not do better than to print that whole chapter as a tract. To call attention to it as the best theological shot lately made, I ask the *Unitarian* to publish the following brief extract from it.

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PARASITISM.

The spiritual principle to be illustrated, in the mean time stands thus: *Any principle which secures the safety of the individual without personal effort or the vital exercise of faculty is disastrous to moral character.* We do not begin by attempting to define words. Were we to define truly what is meant by safety or salvation, we should be spared further elaboration, and the law would stand out as a sententious commonplace. But we have to deal with the ideas of safety as these are popularly held, and the chief purpose at this stage is to expose what may be called the Parasitic Doctrine of Salvation.

The phases of religious experience about to be described may be unknown to many. It remains for those who are familiar with the religious conceptions of the masses to determine whether or not we are wasting words.

What is meant by the Parasitic Doctrine of Salvation one may perhaps best explain by sketching two of its leading types. The first is the doctrine of the Church of Rome; the second, that represented by the narrower Evangelical Protestant religions.

We take these religions, however, not in their ideal form, with which, possibly, we should have little quarrel, but in their practical working, or in the form in which they are held especially by the rank and file of those who belong respectively to these communions. For the strength or weakness of

any religious system is best judged from the form in which it presents itself to and influences the common mind.

No more perfect or more sad example of semi-parasitism exists than in the case of those illiterate thousands who, scattered everywhere throughout the habitable globe, swell the lower ranks of the Church of Rome. Had an organization been specially designed, indeed, to induce the parasitic habit in the souls of men, nothing better fitted to its disastrous end could be established than the system of Roman Catholicism.

Roman Catholicism offers to the masses a molluscan shell. They have simply to shelter themselves within its pale, and they are "safe." But what is this "safe"?

It is an external safety,—the safety of an institution. It is a salvation recommended to men by all that appeals to the motives in most common use with the vulgar and the superstitious, but which has as little vital connection with the individual soul as the dead whelk's shell with the living hermit crab. Salvation is a relation at once vital, personal, and spiritual. This is mechanical and purely external. And this is of course the final secret of its marvellous success and world-wide power. A cheap religion is the desideratum of the human heart; and an assurance of salvation at the smallest possible cost forms the tempting bait held out to a conscience-stricken world by the Romish Church.

Thousands, therefore, who have never been taught to use their faculties in "working out their own salvation," thousands who will not exercise themselves religiously, and who yet cannot be without the exercises of religion, intrust themselves in idle faith to that venerable house of refuge which for centuries has stood between God and man. A church which has harbored generations of the elect, whose archives inshrine the names of saints, whose foundations are consecrated with martyrs' blood,—shall it not afford a sure asylum still for any soul which would make its peace with God?

So, as the hermit crab into the molluscan shell, creeps the poor soul within the pale of Rome, seeking, like Adam in the garden, to hide its nakedness from God.

Why does the true lover of men restrain not his lips in warning his fellows against this and all other priestly religions? It is not because he fails to see the prodigious energy of the papal see, or to appreciate the many noble types of Christian manhood nurtured within its pale. Nor is it because its teachers are often corrupt and its system of doctrine inadequate as a representation of the truth,—charges which have to be made more or less against all religions. But it is because it ministers falsely to the deepest need of man, reduces the end of religion to selfishness, and offers safety without spirituality.

That these, theoretically, are its pretensions, we do not affirm; but that its practical working is to induce in man, and in its worst forms, the parasitic habit, is testified by results.

No one who has studied the religion of the continent upon the spot has failed to be impressed with the appalling spectacle of tens of thousands of unregenerate men sheltering themselves, as they conceive it for eternity, behind the sacraments of Rome.

There is no stronger evidence of the inborn parasitic tendency in man in things religious than the absolute complacency with which even cultured men will hand over their eternal interests to the care of a church. We can never dismiss from memory the sadness with which we once listened to the confession of a certain foreign professor: "I used to be concerned about religion," he said in substance, "but religion is a great subject. I was very busy: there was little time to settle it for myself. A Protestant, my attention was called to the Roman Catholic religion. It suited my case. And, instead of dabbling in religion for myself, I put myself in its hands. Once a year," he concluded, "I go to mass."

These were the words of one whose work will live in the history of his country, one, too, who knew all about parasitism.

Yet, though he thought it not, this is parasitism in its worst and most degrading form. Nor, in spite of its intellectual, not to say moral sin, is this an extreme or exceptional case. It is a case which is being duplicated every day in our own country, only here the confession is expressed with a candor which is rare, in company with actions betraying so signally the want of it.

The form of parasitism exhibited by a certain section of the narrower Evangelical school of Protestants is altogether different

from that of the Church of Rome. *The parasite in this case seeks its shelter, not in a church, but in a doctrine or a creed.*

Let it be observed, again, that we are not dealing with the Evangelical religion, but only with one of its parasitic forms,—a form which will at once be recognized by all who know the popular Protestantism of this country. We confine ourselves also at present to that form which finds its encouragement in a single doctrine, that doctrine being the doctrine of the atonement,—let us say, rather, a perverted form of this central truth.

The doctrine of the atonement, which tends to beget the parasitic habit, may be defined in a single sentence. It is very much because it can be defined in a single sentence that it is a perversion. Let us state it in a concrete form.

It is put to the individual in the following syllogism: "You believe Christ died for sinners. You are a sinner. Therefore, Christ died for you; and hence you are saved." Now, what is this but another species of molluscan shell? Could any trap for a benighted soul be more ingeniously planned?

It is not superstition that is appealed to this time. It is reason. The agitated soul is invited to creep into the convolutions of a syllogism, and intrench itself behind a doctrine more venerable even than the Church.

But words are mere chitin. Doctrines may have no more vital contact with the soul than priest or sacrament, no further influence on life and character than stone and lime. And yet the apostles of parasitism pick up a blackguard from the streets, pass him through this plausible formula, and turn him out a convert in the space of as many minutes as it takes to tell it.

The doctrine of salvation by formula plays too well into the hands of the parasitic tendency to make it possible that in more than a minority of cases the result is anything but disastrous. And it is disastrous not in that, sooner or later, after losing half their lives, those who rely on the naked syllogism come to see their mistake, but in that thousands never come to see it at all.

Are there not men who can prove to you and to the world, by the irresistible logic of texts, that they are saved, whom you know to be not only unworthy of the kingdom of God,—which we all are,—but absolutely incapable of entering it?

The condition of membership in the kingdom of God is well known; but who fulfil this condition and who do not is not well known. And yet the moral test, in spite of the difficulty of its applications, will always, and rightly, be preferred by the world to the theological. Nevertheless, in spite of the world's verdict, the parasite is content. He is "safe." Years ago his mind worked through a certain chain of phrases in which the words "believe" and "saved" were the conspicuous terms. And from that moment, by all Scriptures, by all logic, and by all theology, his future was guaranteed.

He took out, in short, an insurance policy, by which he was infallibly secured eternal life at death. This is not a matter to make light of. We wish we were caricaturing instead of representing things as they are.

But we carry with us all who intimately know the spiritual condition of the Narrow Church in asserting that in some cases, at least, its members have nothing more to show for their religion than a formula, a syllogism, a cant phrase, or an experience of some kind which happened long ago, and which men told them at the time was called salvation.

Need we proceed to formulate objections to the parasitism of Evangelicism? Between it and the religion of the Church of Rome there is an affinity as real as it is unsuspected. For one thing these religions are spiritually disastrous as well as theologically erroneous in propagating a false conception of Christianity.

The fundamental idea alike of the extreme Roman Catholic and extreme Evangelical religions is escape. Man's chief end is to "get off." And all factors in religion, the highest and most sacred, are degraded to this level. God, for example, is a great lawyer or he is the almighty enemy: it is from him we have to "get off." Jesus Christ is the one who gets us off,—a theological figure who contrives so to adjust matters federally that the way is clear.

The Church in the one instance is a kind of conveyancing office, where the transaction is duly recorded, each party accepting the

other's terms; in the other case, a species of Protestant sheep-pen, where the flock awaits impatiently and indolently the final consummation.

Generally, the means are mistaken for the end; and the openings-up of the possibility of spiritual growth becomes the signal to stop growing.

Second, these, being cheap religions, are inevitably accompanied by a cheap life. Safety being guaranteed from the first, there remains nothing else to be done.

The mechanical way in which the transaction is effected leaves the soul without stimulus, and the character remains untouched by the moral aspects of the sacrifice of Christ.

THE RESURRECTION.

The Gospels tell us that, when Jesus was crucified, his clothes were divided among the soldiers, and that his body was wrapped in a linen cloth when placed in the tomb. The Gospel according to John tells us also that Jesus appeared, living, to Mary Magdalene, the second day after his entombment, and talked with her. If these statements are correct, it would be interesting to know —whence came the garments in which Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene early on the first day of the week. And why, after she had seen his face and heard his voice, did Mary Magdalene think him to be the gardener?

If the true answer to these questions be, as it seems probable, that he was dressed in the gardener's clothes, we have further to inquire how he came to be so dressed.

The body of Jesus, all the evangelists tell us, was wrapped in a linen cloth by Joseph of Arimathea, in whose tomb it was to be placed, with the assistance, as John's Gospel tells us, of Nicodemus, who brought spices to embalm him. The Fourth Gospel makes it plain that Joseph and Nicodemus applied themselves Friday afternoon to the work of embalming the body, which could not be lawfully done on Saturday, the Sabbath. If, under their hands, in the process of washing and anointing, the supposed corpse revived, showing that it was in a swoon, and not dead, when it was taken from the cross, what could they do with the awakened Jesus? The first thing to be done was to clothe him; and the readiest means for that purpose were the clothes of Joseph's gardener, in whose house, adjoining, he would probably be placed for shelter, concealment, rest, and food. If these suppositions be not accepted, how can we account for the statement in John's Gospel that Mary Magdalene, looking upon her intimate friend Jesus, and after hearing his voice, supposed him to be the gardener?

Those who accept the theory current among Christians that the death on the cross was real, and the revivification miraculous, are wont to lay great stress on the closing and sealing the sepulchre by request of the chief priest and by the order of Pilate. But in Matthew's Gospel we find that even the request for this sealing was not made until some time on Saturday, the Sabbath. From the entombment on Friday afternoon, then, to the execution of Pilate's order for sealing the sepulchre, some time on Saturday, Joseph and Nicodemus were free to make such arrangements as were needful for the awakened Jesus, to clothe, shelter, warm, and nourish him, and to conceal him both from priestly enemies and from the Roman soldiers.

It is commonly assumed also that the spear-wound in the side gives absolute assurance that Jesus was already dead: whereas, on the contrary, the flowing blood gave proof that, though insensible, he was still alive. A dead body does not bleed when wounded.

Of the precise time when Jesus recovered consciousness, of course, no one knew but Joseph and Nicodemus; and equally, of course, there was every reason why they should keep silence respecting it until Jesus had decided in regard to his own course. He was probably at rest in the gardener's hut on the estate of Joseph of Arimathea in which was the sepulchre, while his enemies supposed themselves to be securing the prison of his dead body. But when, very early on Sunday morning, Mary Magdalene came to finish the work of embalmment, Jesus felt sufficiently restored to accost her, and to send brief information of his survival to the other disciples. His next appearance to any of them seems to have been on the road to Emmaus, when, weary with the long walk and hungry, he supped with two of them, who, like Mary Magdalene, failed at

first to recognize him in the gardener's clothes. Afterwards it is related that he made his way to a place where the eleven apostles were assembled, and there again asked for food. A third occasion of his meeting some of them was on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias, where he ate with them of the fish which they had caught.

Thus it appears that, at every interview of the revivified Jesus with his disciples, he took food with them. This was first, no doubt, because, travelling on foot in an enfeebled state, he was necessarily hungry, and then because it was really needful to dissipate their superstitious fears by showing that he was not a ghost, but a mortal needing food and drink like themselves.

Had Jesus really possessed the deific character ascribed to him by the popular Christian traditions, he might have openly appeared, confounding both Jews and Romans by the obvious exercise of supernatural power, and causing his disciples to triumph in sight of their opponents. But he evidently avoided those opponents, held himself apart from the general population, both friends and enemies, and held only short and rare interviews even with those who had been most intimate with him.

To sum up, the theory above sketched has the advantage of accounting better than any other for several statements in the gospel narratives; namely, it explains the strangeness, at which Pilate himself wondered, of apparent death so soon succeeding crucifixion. It shows that the spear-wound after apparent death did not prove the death actual, while, on the contrary, the effusion of blood proved the continuance of life. It shows the worthlessness, as evidence, of that sealing of the sepulchre which was done only after the resuscitated Jesus had left it. It explains, without miracle, the absence of a dead body from the tomb on Sunday morning. It explains why Jesus, speaking to Mary Magdalene, had no such lustrous "white raiment" as the angelic "young men" who, in the first two Gospels, declare to the women that "he is risen." It explains why Mary, and afterward Cleopas and his companion, and still later some of the eleven apostles, did not recognize the resuscitated Jesus when they saw him. It explains why, after his revival, Jesus held himself aloof, not only from the chief priests, scribes, and Pharisees, but also from that populace of Jerusalem who had so lately shouted hosannas before him, hailing him as the son of David because they expected him to assume the throne and the regal authority of David. It explains that reality of his bodily presence of which he felt obliged repeatedly to offer proof to Thomas and others. It explains that hunger, the relief of which is three times recorded after his supposed death; and, finally, it explains (what on the popular theory is unaccountable) why a restoration to life assumed to be miraculous was not publicly made manifest, why there was not a *triumphant* resurrection, openly justifying the disciples, openly confounding the persecuting priests and scribes, and making this demonstration so conspicuous that records of it must have appeared in Roman history and literature.

As to a final disappearance of Jesus by the ascent of his body of flesh, blood, and bone into the air in sight of his disciples, it is to be noticed that this ascension is reported only by Mark and Luke, who were not there, having become converted to Christianity only years after, while John and Matthew, who might have testified as eye-witnesses if the thing had really taken place, do not mention it. The writers of the Gospels have told us what they really believed about those events; but their narrative itself demonstrates that they believed without either serious examination or scientific proof. They judged by appearances in an age which was accustomed to consider strange things miraculous.

Since the credible accounts of the appearance of Jesus after his crucifixion represent those occurrences as few, and as soon finished, it is probable that his actual death soon followed. How and when this took place was probably known to his friends Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus; but, since they did not reveal it, this information is hopelessly lost. Why, indeed, should they reveal it? Disappointed in their expectation of a Messiah, knowing the rumor of a resurrection to be erroneous, and liable to reproach and punishment if their concealment of the life of Jesus after his crucifixion should become known, it was natural and probable both that they would keep silence and that their names would no more be heard among the disciples.

P.S.—The method above sketched of showing a probability that Jesus did not die on the cross was original (so far as I can discover) in a French book entitled "L'Hypnotisme et les Religions," a second edition of which was published in Paris, in 1888. CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

Newburyport, Mass.

FRED DOUGLASS AND THE NEGRO RACE OF THE SOUTH.

I have recently listened to Fred Douglass, in the great Auditorium Hall of the University of Michigan. His fitting theme was "The Negro Race Problem in the South; or, The History, Present Condition, and Future Prospects of our Negro Population." Possibly, the readers of the *Unitarian* may be interested in a few words about the lecture and the man.

Having not heard this distinguished orator and anti-slavery leader since the thrilling days of the War, I confess I was at first a little disappointed. And yet why should I have been? for who has a right to expect the vigor of forty in the man of seventy-six? After all, I was profoundly moved by the lecture given to the great audience. It brought back with a vividness that was almost overwhelming the old anti-slavery days, with their struggle, the most heroic and the loftiest in moral grandeur that our country or our century has known.

For nearly two generations Douglass has been a prominent figure upon the public stage in this country, and is undoubtedly the most distinguished man of his race.

His lecture was a written one, and lacked the stirring appeals, the rich humor, the touching pathos of his old-time off-hand addresses. But it was an effective common-sense argument and plea for the protection of the law and for common justice to the Negro race in the South, which to-day they do not have. His description of how the Negro was emancipated, and then, without education, without property, without friends, and without the means of securing his daily bread, was turned loose among his enemies, was very striking and impressive.

We may well agree with him that under all the circumstances the conduct and progress of his race have been remarkable. It is safe to say that no race known to history, emancipated from slavery under the same circumstances, would have conducted themselves with as docile and fine a Christian spirit, and with as little malice, hatred, and revenge toward their former oppressors, as did the Negroes of the South.

It is no doubt true that most of the charges of crime trumped up against the Negro are false. As all the crimes committed on the Pacific Coast, whose authors are unknown, are charged to Chinamen, so all the crimes committed in the South, whose authors are unknown, are charged to the Negro. The time is soon to come when this generation will have to answer at the bar of history for its shameful, unchristian, inhuman treatment of the Negro in the South and the Chinaman on the Pacific Coast.

More than fifty-two years ago Frederick Douglass, who had then been working for three years since his escape from slavery, as a common laborer upon the docks at New Bedford, Mass., made his first public speech at Nantucket. That intelligent audience was touched, amazed, overwhelmed, by the eloquence of the poor, unknown, shabbily dressed fugitive slave. They felt that another Epictetus was in their midst. No sooner had Douglass finished his speech than William Lloyd Garrison sprang to the platform, and exclaimed: "Have we been listening to a *thing?* Can a *chattel* melt our hearts like this to tears? Can a piece of *property* utter eloquence like this? No: we have been listening to a man!" From that time forth Douglass was a tireless and unceasing champion of the emancipation of his race. He is the last surviving leader of the abolition movement. In supporting the unpopular cause, Douglass passed through as many trials and perils and dangers as Paul endured in preaching the early gospel. Like the great apostle, "He has fought a good fight," "he has kept the faith." He has earned and secured the respect of every intelligent, fair-minded person in the country, North and South, and has gained no insignificant place in the history of his country and of his race. W. D. H.

Do but your duty, and do not trouble yourself whether it is in the cold or by a good fire.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Among English Unitarians the year now closing will be memorable for the opening of the splendid suite of buildings at Oxford for Manchester New College. At this date it is a story rather ancient, but I refer to it because it forms an epoch in the history of a college which has the high distinction of standing alone in this country for absolute freedom in teaching and in learning. The tribes went to Oxford from all up and down the land, and Oxford wondered who the unknown visitors were. The streets and hotels of the city were crowded with representatives of a religion which the *Times* said, forty years ago, was practically extinct. The celebration had two or three marked features. The first was the astonishing vitality of Dr. Martineau. In his eighty-ninth year he shows no diminution of power. His after-luncheon speech was, I am told, remarkable for physical vigor, brilliancy of thought, and spiritual power. His address at the communion service had another kind of impressiveness, it lifted his hearers to a mount of vision. The welcome from dignitaries of the university was unqualified in its heartiness. Mansfield College (the Orthodox Congregational) was unrepresented. This would seem to strengthen the impression some of us have, that the Church of England is more hospitable to free thought in religion than the churches which assume the title of "*the* free churches."

Letters have appeared in the *Inquirer* from Rev. H. S. Solly and Rev. L. P. Jacks on the almost complete silence with which the relation of the college to our churches was passed over. This close association found no expression or recognition, save in a passing reference in the brief address of Dr. Vance Smith. The theological position of the college is an old question. The college is not nominally Unitarian. It is not a college of any definite theology. It is absolutely non-committal. But, practically, it is regarded as a Unitarian institution. It was founded by Unitarians; its endowment was provided by Unitarians; its annual subscriptions come from the purses of Unitarians; its presidents, vice-presidents, and members of committee have been and are Unitarians; its students find their way to the pulpits, not of Episcopalian, Baptist, Congregationalist, or Methodist, but of Unitarian churches; its new buildings have been erected by the liberality of Unitarians; it would cease to be but for the Unitarian churches. These are practical facts; and it is on such facts as these that the outside world forms its independent judgment as to the real character of the college. Yet this vital connection, on which the very existence of the college depends, went virtually without mention on this historic occasion. The college must be kept free from all suspicion of Unitarianism; and, if the world deems it a Unitarian institution, that is a misconception due to the world's excusable ignorance.

At the same time Prof. Estlin Carpenter appeals to the Unitarian churches to send sons to the college to be trained for the Unitarian ministry. The association between the college and our churches is thus too visible to be hidden away within the folds of a phrase, "free teaching and free learning in theology." What will the response be? One fears there is a growing disposition among young men of promise to stand outside of the ministry because it is ill-remunerated. Undoubtedly there is a commercial side to the ministry. No man can find "a living wage" purely in "the things of the spirit." The spiritual food prepared by the preacher is apt to be meagre fare when his earthly larder is well-nigh empty. But the prizes in any profession are only few. The average income in any profession does not free from care and anxiety. It does not release from the struggle for existence. And the compensations! There are none to equal those of the ministry. It is the noblest calling under heaven. It has rewards beyond money and price. It enriches with blessings beyond compare. It may well fire the most devoted hearts, and it provides high service for the richest and ripest minds. Where are the coming men whose souls are aflame with the self-consuming consecration of the apostle? "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" It is to be hoped that Prof. Carpenter's appeal will fall on fruitful ground. Never was the demand for a ministry of combined culture and earnestness more urgent; never was the opportunity for the power of the pulpit greater or more inspiring; never the

response to a real voice, uttering with conviction the realities of life, more satisfactory.

"Are not the masses, then, outside of all religious institutions?" There is, I believe, a good deal of exaggeration on this point. Unquestionably, the main thoroughfares of London are crowded on Sunday evenings with youths of both sexes; but, as far as my observation goes, in the districts of Hackney, Stoke Newington, Clapton, these thousands of outsiders belong not to the steady, respectable, and self-respecting artisan class. I have been at some pains to ascertain whether the churches in these districts are deserted. During the nine Sundays I have been in London (up to date) I have received reports of attendances at Church of England, Baptist, and Congregational Churches in the localities named; and in every case these churches have been crowded, late comers finding a difficulty in obtaining a seat. Vast throngs outside, but largely those of a type catered for by the Salvation Army. It is not a case of empty churches and crowded streets: it is a question of how to provide for and bring in the ungathered.

Perhaps the most distinctive "note" of the year in the religious world is the immensely increased pressure of the social problem upon the churches. This problem has become as the voice of many waters. It has been gathering in force for many years, but this year with increased momentum and power. In some phase of it, it has been before the Church Congress year after year; and it is the one always popular and absorbing topic of that ecclesiastical assembly. Baptist Unions and Congregational Unions are invaded by it. It is sweeping everywhere, like a freshet,—everywhere except within the walls of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. There "the burning questions of the day" do not burn. I am not sure but that it is wise to limit the meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association to the Association's well-defined work. The Association does not exist to discuss questions of capital and labor, land nationalization, the municipalization of all the instruments of production, a graduated income tax, a minimum wage, a reform of the poor-law, old-age pensions, and a hundred other things of interest and moment, which engage no small measure of attention among some of us. If it did, perhaps "the promotion of Unitarian Christianity" would be relegated to the background. These questions are assuredly decisive questions; and the discussion of them at meetings of the Association would not only be generative of hot feeling rather than of sober and full consideration of many-sided problems of great complexity, but would inevitably weaken the Association in the sphere of its legitimate work. The ardent spirits among us who chafe because they cannot use the Association for the advocacy of questions in which they are personally interested have really no solid reason for complaint. They can have any meetings they wish for the propagation of their policy during the Association week.

But this social problem is, beyond all doubt, disturbing the peace of Israel. It has been intensified by the terrible "coal lock-out," really a civil war between masters and men, lasting for sixteen weeks. I am not concerned here with the merits of the dispute: my point is that it has brought the churches face to face with the supreme question, Which are paramount, the rights of humanity or the rights of property? That is a question in relation to which religion and its professors ought to have something to say. There is a rapidly developing feeling that the churches must not consent to regard the greater portion of life and its activities as lying altogether outside the region which religious motives and principles are to govern. The churches are not, in my view, agencies for the propagation of socialism, or schools for the discussion of political or social economy, or assemblies for the debating of industrial questions; but they are designed to exert a sanctifying and refining power on humanity everywhere, to guide it to the solving of problems which else would have been insoluble, to rescue it from tendencies which else would have hurried it on to irreparable disaster, to enable it to heal strifes and discords which else might have proved incapable of adjustment. They are to do this by applying a check to dominant selfishness, by teaching men that they are not isolated units, but form parts of one great brotherhood, by inspiring them with nobler aims than the acquisition of gain or power.

S. Fletcher Williams.

London, Eng., Dec. 1, 1893.

A HEART'S SONG.

A raindrop fell from the leaden sky,
And a gray bird sang when the day was nigh.
The crystal drop was lost in the rain,
By an arrow's thrust the bird was slain.

A teardrop fell from a heart's o'erflow,
And a maiden's song was sad and low;
For the one she deemed so true and strong
Proved false to singer and to song.

ALBERT HARDY.

JOHN CALVIN LEARNED.

On the evening of the 16th of November I met Mrs. Learned at a wedding. When I asked for John, she said the doctor had given him peremptory orders to stay indoors until he had entirely recovered from what promised to be a light attack of the *grippe*. I learned, in fact, that some of his parishioners had tried, on the preceding Sunday, to induce him to see a physician, as he was unquestionably suffering in the pulpit. He had refused, saying that he did not need treatment; and they, being full of anxiety, sent a physician without obtaining his consent. At the November meeting of the Unitarian Club, the third Tuesday in the month, his closest friends expressed the apprehension that he was seriously ill. I discovered then, what I had never suspected before, that Learned had inherited a tendency to weakness of the lungs. I had noticed that for three or four years he had rapidly "aged" in appearance. His hair and beard had whitened; and there was a very slight droop in his shoulders that detracted a little from the erectness of his somewhat slight but noble figure. But he was not a man to talk of himself: the carefully coddled minister was his abomination. His ideal was to be a help to others, never to ask help for himself. I have no doubt now that he must have preached and taught in the university under much physical depression, but I do not think even his most intimate friends suspected it. In a few days after confinement to his room his case developed into a dangerous type of double pneumonia. He received the assiduous care of two of the most eminent physicians in the city, whose skill was emphasized by motives growing out of warm personal friendship: but he passed away at 4 P.M. of Friday, December 8, conscious until almost the last hour of his life. One of his physicians said to me: "I find it hard to understand the matter. The definite disease seemed to be yielding, but even while the attending physician held his pulse his heart stopped beating." The funeral services took place in his own church on Monday, December 11, and were conducted by Rev. Jenkin Ll. Jones of Chicago, who, I think, was his most intimate ministerial friend. At Mrs. Learned's earnest request the services were of the simplest kind, Mr. Jones feeling, as he said, that his place was rightly among the silent mourners. The church was crowded not only with his own parishioners, but with the leading citizens of St. Louis, who came to pay their tribute of sorrow and profound regard for the quiet, simple, and modest gentleman who had done such incalculable service in building up the noblest interests of his adopted home. At his own request and in accordance with the wishes of his family, his mortal remains were privately incinerated.

The purely outward facts of such a life as his are naturally very meagre. He was born on the 7th of August, 1834, in Dublin, N.H., being the son of Calvin Learned and Hannah Demster Barrett. Our friend Chadwick has been misled by the name "Calvin" into the supposition that he was of orthodox antecedents. He was born of pure Unitarian parentage. He lived in Dublin till he was about twenty-one years of age, teaching school in and near that town for several terms. From the year 1856 till 1859 he taught school in Ozark, Mo. In the latter year he returned East, and passed an examination for Dartmouth College. Determining on account of his age not to enter college, he became a member of the Harvard Divinity School, from which he graduated in the class of 1862, taking for his theme "The Comparative Value of the Intellect and the Moral Nature as the Basis of Faith." He spent the time from September, 1862, till April, 1863, in Europe, with his classmate, Rev. Samuel B. Stewart. He was ordained to the ministry in Exeter, N.H., May 6, 1863, having been invited to become the minister of that parish before his visit to Europe. On Aug. 1, 1864, he married Miss Lucelia Wakefield of Reading, Mass. After having been pastor of the Exeter church for

seven years, he was called to the newly formed Unitarian society of St. Louis, Mo. The corner-stone of the Church of the Unity was laid Aug. 5, 1869, and on April 17, 1870 (Easter Day), the first service was held in the new church.

His first connection with Washington University began in 1878, and extended till 1886. He was the teacher in ethics and political economy. That connection was severed from the latter year till March, 1892, the year of Prof. James Hosmer's resignation, when his relation with the university was resumed, he being formally appointed instructor in philosophy and political economy in the autumn of that year. He continued in that relation till the day of his death, Dec. 8, 1893. His wife and three children (Henry Barrett, Agnes Wakefield, and Harriet Palmer) survive him.

These few bare facts mark but the tangible boundary lines of a life that was full to the brim of unremitting, self-forgetting toil for his beloved church, for the interests of the Unitarian faith, and for the welfare of the institution of learning in which he was a revered and honored instructor, and for the highest good of the city that was his home for nearly a quarter of a century.

One cannot weigh with the coarser scales of sense or measure with the tape-line of statistics the imponderable and mighty spiritual influence of a life like his. He was so simply and delicately modest that he always sought to withdraw his own personality from public gaze. In truth, this trait in him became almost a fault, because it led him sometimes to withhold his personality from some scheme of public weal when his recognized character and simple disinterestedness would have been powerful factors of success. But he could not be made to see this. With him the cause, the truth, was everything, the man but little. He was no noisy advocate of popular causes, no believer in moral panaceas for public ills; but behind every wise and beneficent plan to advance this city in righteousness, temperance, and better education was always found the spiritual force of this just man's life.

Religiously, John Learned was a Puritan from whose mind all Calvinism had evaporated in the higher altitude of rational thought. But he always remained a Calvinist in the tone and temper of his ethical nature.

High in his ideals of personal righteousness, morally exacting from himself even more than he did from other men, unbending in the standards of truth and character with which he measured his own conduct and that of others, intense in his hatred of every form of moral or intellectual insincerity, he was the true spiritual child of the indomitable creator of the English commonwealth. While he was a Greek in his passion for intellectual liberty and in his theological eclecticism, he was saturated with the ethical passion of the Hebrew prophets. As Mr. Jones said at his funeral, he was an "incarnate conscience." No man ever surpassed him in moral and intellectual courage. There was a perfect nexus between his thought and his speech. In fact, he never seemed to know the temptation of speaking insincerities. His mind never recognized the possible need of a divided allegiance. For him to see the truth was to speak the truth and to accept at once all its logical consequences. If he had an intellectual fault, it was in a certain lack of intellectual perspective. He had entire toleration for the widest differences of belief; but sometimes he failed to appreciate the position of those men who, while touched with the newer light, still feel the strength of the spiritual associations that bind them to the past. His antipathy for the popular faith was always as intense as that of one but newly emancipated from Orthodoxy; and, while he was a man of the profoundest religious feeling and the most delicate spiritual apprehension, he often preferred in his ministrations what may be called the common secularity of speech to that impressive phraseology in which for ages the human heart has expressed its deepest spiritual needs and aspirations. If this expresses an intellectual limitation, as I sincerely believe it does, it, too, had its roots in a severe ethical sense.

Our friend was a ripe and accurate scholar. His books were his tools, which he had learned to use with rare and delicate skill. His large and exact reading gave him a quality of intellectual impartiality which always saved him from raw and hasty judgments. He was radical in his search for truth, but surprisingly conservative in

the application of that truth to existing social and political institutions. Hospitable in his welcome to new theories, he never allowed these intellectual guests to become the masters of his mind. A large acquaintance with all the conflicting philosophies of social life enriched his intellect and made his judgment more catholic, but never converted him to any of those prevalent "isms," which are but old errors in new clothes. I never knew a man whose sympathy for real suffering was more sincere or one who was more ready to give of his means and labor in help of any worthy cause. But, with his wholesome New England training, he recognized that frugality, economy, sobriety, and self-denial lay at the root of prosperity, and, therefore, that, speaking generally, extreme destitution was less the result of bad institutions than of human improvidence. He genuinely sympathized with certain features of rational socialism, but he believed that the regeneration of society would come more through the reformation of men than the reconstruction of laws. No man was ever more definitely marked by heredity, education, and spiritual instinct for the sacred office; and no man ever tried more assiduously to divest himself of its traditional and official insignia. His was the natural priesthood of character. He possessed that beautiful chastity of soul which made him the fitting repository of the most delicate confidences.

John Learned was singularly happy in his ministerial life. I think we rarely find a minister between whom and his people there is such a bond of strong personal affection and unbounded confidence. The common saying that "no man is a hero to his valet" had, in his career, a triumphant refutation. Those who came the closest to him were his most devoted lovers, his most admiring friends.

Between John Learned and myself there existed a very radical difference of opinion respecting questions of theological significance and denominational polity. Regarding the lamentable Western Conference issue, he held and expressed views which were marked by his habitual candor, his absolute courage, of his unblemished sincerity, and his profound conviction that these judgments represented the highest attainable religious truth. These differences we never mutually sought to obscure or minimize. But our personal intercourse was always marked by extreme cordiality and mutual good will; and my admiration for his great ability, his accurate scholarship, and his noble character was deepened and intensified every day of our more than twenty years' association.

JOHN SNYDER.

St. Louis, Mo.

LESSONS FROM LIFE.

Minister, chorister, sexton,—that trinity of worthies,—how large a place they fill in the life of a church!

I knew once a society in which minister, chorister, and sexton, while working harmoniously together in the decent observance of public worship, were far apart as men could be in religious belief. The minister was rigidly orthodox,—orthodox with that downright emphasis of Calvinistic dogma not often found outside of New England. From the fall of man to the doom of man he preached the hard doctrines unflinchingly.

The chorister was a liberal Christian, and sang, doubtless with much enjoyment, the melody of hymns whose meaning grieved his soul.

But the minister dictated from the pulpit what should be sung by the choir,—a bit of priestcraft from which there was no escape.

The sexton, a most interesting character, was a stern materialist. He seldom smiled, and seemed to feel, like Hamlet, that stale and most unprofitable are all the uses of this world. For him there was no soul in man, no God, no future life. The faithful whispered that he was gospel-hardened; but all admitted that he was a good sexton, and an honest man.

Some years ago the minister died, holding fast by Calvin to the last; and recently chorister and sexton, aged men both, were gathered to their fathers. Near the little church they served so long and well, their bodies lie in death's repose.

How fare they now in the world beyond death? This is my question. Has the great change separated them forever, as the Calvinist preached? Are they wrapped in the eternal silence of things that were, and are no more, as the materialist grimly be-

lieved? Or have they found that death is life,—life with the joy and liberty of new and diviner powers, with the inspiration of a still more radiant future; life with grander hopes and purer loves, as the old master of song, whose voice to me, a child, seemed clear and sweet as God ever gave to living man, held and taught?

As one who knows I answer not, but confidently cherish the larger hope; for this alone is consummation worthy God or man.

The very day the Congress of Religions held its opening session, and the representatives of the great faiths of earth met in brotherly concord, that day upon which a Catholic archbishop pronounced a blessing upon a congregation composed largely of heretics and heathen, a neighbor of mine hailed me, as we passed, earnestly desiring that I join with him a secret society, the better to resist the encroachments of Catholics upon the civil and religious liberty of our country.

A few minutes' conversation evidenced that this man, by no means below the average workingman in intelligence, believed that but for a society such as he advocated there was imminent danger of a general massacre of Protestants by Catholics. He declared that several hundred men were known by him to be of the same opinion, and presumably many thousands throughout the United States. He admitted the recent purchase of a new Winchester, because he believe his Catholic neighbors were arming and drilling for the intended massacre.

Now, this man was neither fool nor fanatic, as we are accustomed to use those ill-favored terms. He illustrated the survival of religious hatred, stimulated by the cunning devices of men with small and mean ambitions, whose height of fame is to be lords of some solemn mystery.

But what a gulf between the venerable leaders of religion gathered at last under one roof and upon one platform and a portion, at least, of their unenlightened followers! Not in an hour and a day shall the old hatreds die. Even a World's Parliament of Religions cannot suddenly turn the tide of centuries.

The great Congress represents that which is beginning to be, not that which is.

Somewhere rests heavy responsibility for the dark residue of religious hatred still existing. Thank God that wrong lies not at the door of the Liberal Church!

A favorite thought with me is the worth and dignity of common life, the beauty of that humble and unadorned sphere in which the multitudes live and die. Every poem or story illustrating this I carefully preserve. One such anecdote, as it fell once upon a time, in music sweet, from the lips of John B. Gough I will here transcribe.

During the last year of the war three gentlemen, one of them an Englishman, were riding through some of the out-lying towns of New England. The Englishman said, "The painful feature to me in New England country life is the immense amount of human vegetation one sees." "What do you mean?" "Well, in these isolated country towns, what do the people do? What do they see? Where have they been? What do they know? You cannot call that 'life' which you see here. Why, it is a sort of vegetation. Now, there you see a specimen of just what I mean."

They were passing a farm, and on one side was a little house, a one and a half story house, and at a window sat a woman, knitting. She had a black band round her white widow's cap, and was of advanced age. "There," he continued, "that's just what I mean. Look at that woman. She eats and drinks and sleeps and knits day by day; but you can't call eating and drinking and sleeping and knitting 'life.' What does she know? What has she done? There sits a human vegetable."

"Stop, sir," said the other, "and look well at that woman. Her name is not known beyond the circle of her acquaintance, but look at her. Sixteen years ago she was left a poor widow with six children, the youngest a boy four years old. She owned that little old house and four acres of land. She was poor, even for New England.

"Where is her eldest son? Doing his work as a missionary in a foreign field. Where is her second son? He is a herald of Christianity upon the Western frontier. Where is her third son? His work is done, and he lies under the sod at Gettysburg. Where is her youngest,—her Benjamin? With his regiment, doing his duty in defence of the Union. But there were six of them? Ay,

but a requisition came from Roanoke and Newbern,—'Send us teachers for our contraband negroes, teachers who are willing to endure privations and to make sacrifices without hope of reward.' And her two daughters have left her for their field of labor; and she is alone, eating and drinking and sleeping and knitting. She has, nevertheless, brought up her family of children: she has given them to her country and her God; and now she sits, quietly biding her time. If that is a 'human vegetable,' God send our dear country a plentiful crop of such vegetables."

Friend, call you not this a "lesson from life"? W. D. SIMONDS.

Battle Creek, Mich.

TRIAL AND TEMPTATION OF SAINT ROBERT.

R. C. ÆTAT LXX. DEC. 8, 1893.

"Clink, clink, clink!" went the anvil,
  Drip, drip, drip, went the brow:
Nature her blue-eyed darling
  Built as a mother knows how!
Tenderly over old Yorkshire
  Crooned the heavens, and smiled,—
Love Divine, freighted with meaning,
  Yearning over God's child.

Train him, test him, try him!
  Wisdom's command went forth.
Show him phantoms that fly him;
  Lure him, pleasures of earth;
Pride and mighty passion,
  Spread for his feet your snare;
Teach him love's tenderest lesson,
  And the awful rapture of prayer.

Grander horizons give him;
  Speed him over the seas;
Growing empires, daze him,
  Charm, bewilder, and tease;
Fame, ambition, fashion,
  Lure him away from his pledge,
Make him forget the old love
  He knew by the Yorkshire hedge.

Ah, Cross of Christ! our refuge,
  When our world is whirled about,
Our feet in slippery places,
  Our foreheads dark with doubt!
Genius lured toward glory,
  Beauty by beasts enticed!
And yet man hungers for holiness,—
  Ah, Mystery of Christ!

Dreams of old England's meadows,
  Dreams of Chicago days,
Dreams from the Land of Shadows,
  Beckon, and bloom, or blaze;
Colleges claim him, and castles;—
  Millionaires wait at his door;
But, loyal still, that deep heart's love
  Hies to the home of the poor.

Dear Lord, teach us the lesson
  On the cross lifted up,
Scrawled in the creeds of the ages,
  Hid in the sacrament's cup:
Royal the blood of God's children!
  Lord of Eternity,
Heirs of thy godhead's glory,
  Hide us with Christ in thee!

HENRY C. BADGER.

New Haven, December, 1893.

WHO WROTE THE BOOK OF DANIEL?

The following concise statement of reasons why the book called Daniel in the Old Testament cannot longer be regarded as written by the prophet of that name, is from a private letter recently received by Mr. John Burnham of Orange, Cal., from Dr. Samuel Davidson, the distinguished Bible scholar of London, in reply to questions on the subject asked by the former. Dr. Davidson writes:—

As to Daniel not being the author of the book that bears his name, the problem has been long settled among scholars. The first thing that strikes the reader is the position of the book in the Hebrew Bible. It stands in the third part of the Old Testament canon (the Hagiographa), not among the Prophets, where it should naturally be if it had been a proper prophetic book, written by one who lived during the exile at Babylon. Then it is not mentioned by Jesus Sirach (Chapter xlix.) The book of Ezekiel speaks of Daniel as a man renowned for wisdom, coupling him with Noah and Job, showing that the original Daniel, whose name the author of the book takes, lived before the exile, not in it. The decrees of the kings mentioned in the book are of the same type as the narrative parts. Half of the book is in Chaldee, not in Hebrew. The language has Persian as well as Greek words. The course of the history delineated in the book is not only defective, but partly inaccurate. The writer inserts the Median monarchy between the Babylonian and the Persian, where there is no room for it. He habitually uses the later form of Nebuchadnezzar's name, the usage of which by a contemporary is remarkable. No true prophet could have carried down the history till the time of Antiochus or supposed that immediately after his death

the sovereignty of Israel should commence. Besides, the miracles of the book are grotesque. Witness the lion's den and Nebuchadnezzar eating grass like cattle for seven years. The author of the book wrote about 165 B.C., shortly before the death of Antiochus. SAMUEL DAVIDSON.

London, Eng.

TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Thy ship of faith has perished on the sea
Of storming creeds, that flash and foam and flow,
Unmindful of the sailor and his woe.
But cling, though faith be wrecked, to charity;
For charity is love, and love a spar
That by and by will bear thee to the rock
Of hope, which loometh firm and high, though far
Among the melancholy waters and the shock
Of many doubts. In vain the waters boil,
Warring around its base, and flinging high
The impotent and unprevailing cry
Of baffled rage. Its sides defeat their toil.
Broad-based upon the tired heart's infinite needs,
Hope stands unshaken 'mid the storming creeds.

EDWIN L. MILLER.

WILLIAM J. POTTER.

The sudden departure of Mr. Potter was more like a translation than a decease. The circumstances, indeed, were painful,—to his friends especially; but they were transient, and can be forgotten. There was no illness, no apprehension, no infirmity, no protracted agony. He must have felt well when he left his hotel. He had been happy at his son's marriage. He died unconscious. He was a widower, and his children were pleasantly settled in life. His mind was easy. His task was finished. Since his entire release from parish work, which, however delightful, had become burdensome because he felt unable to discharge it, existence was a joy and a satisfaction to him. His people were provided for exactly as he wished. His friends had lavished affection on him. His trip to California was fraught with a new pleasure, as he tasted the delicious climate, saw the attractive scenery, made fresh friends, and, above all, scattered the seeds of his ideas. On his return, his services were in demand. His lectures in Boston were a great success: the audiences were large, the attention was rapt, the praise warm, the intellectual response on the part of his old rationalistic followers universal. His words seemed to run swiftly. He looked well, he spoke with more than usual animation. He appeared to have renewed his youth, so jocund and full of confidence was he. No last utterance could have been more assured or more hopeful.

The outward incidents in Mr. Potter's career were few and unimportant. That he was born in North Dartmouth (February, 1830); that he attended the Friends' School at Providence, and was a good scholar; that he passed through the Normal School in Bridgewater; that he entered Harvard College, but did not graduate, having decided in 1856 to study divinity; that he spent two years at the Divinity School; that he studied in Germany, travelled in Italy, and finally (July, 1859) accepted a call from the First Unitarian Church at New Bedford, and stayed there, sole pastor, thirty-one years; that he served as chaplain in the army during the war,—all this is of little comparative consequence, and seems to have made no permanent mark on either his mind or his character.

The man was of firm texture, not easily changed or bent or turned aside from his path. He possessed all the Quaker's attributes,—his tenacity of purpose, his patience, his sweet unyieldingness, his simplicity, his directness, his truthfulness, moderation, self-reliance, self-restraint. He was free from formality, dogmatism, symbolical sentimentality. He had faith in the illumination that came from within, even his countenance showing its irradiation. Thus he could believe in no sect. As the secretary of the Free Religious Association, he was most constant, always at his post, always cheerful and sympathetic, faithfully keeping the records, arranging subjects and speakers for the public meetings, doing more than his share of the work, yet getting less than his share of the praise. Some think that he saw further than he trod, that he perceived the inevitable result of the movement,—the final abandonment of every special form of religion, and the bringing to the foreground of the essential principle upon which they all reposed. And this seems altogether probable from his ecclesiastical position, as well as from his untrammelled utterances. His last lectures laid emphasis on religion only. But the more superficial aspect alone appeared on the platform of the society, so far as I am aware. He was content to take one step at a time.

As chaplain at Alexandria, he, no doubt, gave cheer, courage, consolation, to the men, breathing into them his own faith in liberty, imparting to them his honest interpretation of the war, as a conflict for human rights, and animating them with the noblest spiritual valor. He was deeply interested in the Negro, as well as in other disfranchised and abused people, his Quaker training leading him to see a duty wherever he discerned a soul. His patriotism was suffused with humanity,—was, indeed, but another name for it.

As a preacher, Mr. Potter was grave, sober, thoughtful, not in the least "sensational," but earnest, positive, convincing, deeply persuaded of the reality of the religious affections. In the last course of lectures, which were originally sermons, he was eloquent, in the best sense of the word: the sentences rolled, the words throbbed with suppressed feeling, the whole effect was uplifting. Several have spoken since of the new outlook they gave.

What he was as a pastor, a friend, a man to look up to, to lean upon, must be left to the memory of his more immediate intimates. That he was of warm sympathies, generous, self-forgetting, ready to consider others' welfare and consciousness, and to help as far as he could, I happen to know. It was a pleasure to him to see other men succeed in a good cause. His parish would hardly let him go; but he had their well-being in view, and yielded gracefully to the divine necessity. The passive virtues found in him a rare representative, and were in him real qualities. Of how few men can it be said, as was said of him by a prominent business man, a few days before he died, ere death had glorified him, "It would be a paying investment for the city to employ such a man just to walk the streets, and remind people by his simple presence of life's higher interests!" The whole community respected, admired, and loved him; and his personal influence was eagerly sought in all social reforms.

—O. B. F. in the *Christian Register.*

What do you mean to do with your own life? Do you mean that it shall have any serious, earnest, really robust and righteous purpose at all, or do you mean to go on leaving it to be shaped and colored and filled out just as any chance hand may choose to mix the colors and lay them on? *Henry C. Potter.*

CHICAGO LETTER.

Chicago continues to invite attention to itself from all sides. No sooner is our great Columbian Exposition at an end than the pride and glory of that event are changed into general grief and consternation over a state of things growing in part from the World's Fair, but more directly connected with the depressed business conditions throughout the country. When Chicago was selected as the site for the Columbian Exhibition, it became at once the Mecca for all of the thriftless and improvident. Curiosity and the hope of gain brought thousands into the city who had no means of sustaining themselves when they got here, and who are poorly qualified to care for themselves under any circumstances, who, with other thousands turned from the shops and factories that can no longer supply them with work, are now upon our hands. There is no need to repeat here the tale of distress and hardship which the daily papers have carried to every corner of the earth. The municipality and the general public are hard at work devising methods of relief. So great is the wish to help, so generous the assistance already offered, that we are confronted with a danger of another kind. The period of world-wide applause and honor which we have just passed through has engendered a self-consciousness which both inspires and hinders the wisest action in a crisis like the present. Chicago is most anxious to live up to her reputation. This is well, provided such feeling does not become one of moral self-inflation and bombast, more intent upon producing an impression than upon working after the best methods. The generous and daring spirit which planned and successfully achieved a World's Fair needs to be supplemented in work of this kind with one of slow and cautious inquiry, a general moderation of tone and expectation, which poorly accords with the Chicago temper. A Liberal Arts Building may be built in a day, but society cannot be regenerated in so short a period. Our city is shamefully behind the rest of the world and behind herself in this matter of charitable administration. The situation is fully described when I say that we have never been able to establish the Associated Charities here. The old-time methods of

indiscriminate relief still have preference above wiser and more cautious ones. The trouble began far back, in the days following our great fire, when money poured into Chicago by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, and a system of public giving was entered upon that has been followed up ever since. Our Relief and Aid Society formed at that time combines a few features of the Associated Charities, but its general aim and spirit fall far short of this system; yet, for its past efficiency, it continues to hold the public ear and the public purse. Most of the contributions of our prominent business men are made through this channel, and all attempts to replace it with a broader and more enlightened system have thus far failed. Just now we are in danger of repeating the mistake of twenty years ago. Public sympathy is stirred to an enthusiastic pitch by the wide-spread suffering of the times, and again money is flowing in generous streams for its relief. It is hard to preach caution at such a time, to stand on the side of reason and careful judgment; but, happily, we have a few brave, outspoken minds that can do this, even at the risk of public misunderstanding and abuse. It remains to be seen whether the sentimentalists or the scientists will carry the day, though it is probable that neither will to the entire defeat and exclusion of the other side. Already the era of free lodging-houses and soup-kitchens has set in; but the city council, which is engaged with other instrumentalities in this movement, is trying to combine some plan of street-cleaning and other work along with those of relief, so we are looking for some slight correction of past mistakes and misdoings.

Our foreign visitor, Mr. Stead, has been an active agent in these and kindred matters. He could not persuade us to spare the buildings at Jackson Park, but he has stirred us up considerably in other directions. First, he went slumming, reporting results that he declared out-Heroded Herod and exceeded anything of the kind in London. He made some unfavorable remarks about the temperance workers, which brought the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to its feet; and a public debate was held at Central Music Hall between Mr. Stead and Mrs. Helen Gougar, which ended in a general feeling of victory all round, as such encounters usually do. Mr. Stead has been variously advised to go back to England and content himself with improving his own country, and to stay here and proceed with the needed business of unearthing more wrongs, and the more palpable wrongs that inhere in a more favored civilization, with a result that he will doubtless go, as he came, when it suits his pleasure. We have odd notions of the rights of the foreign visitor, some of us.

Prof. Swing spoke a clear, pungent word on these questions last Sunday in a discourse on "Our National Distress." He called attention to the faults and weaknesses among the classes now thrown upon us for help, knowledge of which must always discourage the philanthropist who would like to work for definite and lasting results. It is not pleasant to reflect that $150,000 were spent in a single mining camp in Wisconsin the last season in the liquor-saloons. The poor man's improvidence is a more difficult element in the problem than the rich man's greed. Prof. Swing spoke also of the responsibility incurred by a government that, in obedience to the party whip in politics, changes its industrial policy every four years. The question of the relative merits of free trade and protection is largely abstract, for the economists to settle; but the country that is doomed to follow the protectionist's policy during one presidential term and that of tariff reform another, and oscillate continually between the two, can never hope to attain anything like stability or dignity in its industrial relations. There is an "absence in Washington of all fixed principles" on this question that results disastrously to the nation at large.

Many readers of the *Unitarian* are doubtless readers also of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, so long associated with the name of John Bundy and his labors for a purified and ennobling spiritual faith through its columns. Since his death, his wife, who had been closely associated with him on the *Journal*, continued to carry it on until quite recently, when a published letter over her signature announces her retirement and the succession of B. F. Underwood as editor, who has been a regular contributor for the last few years. Mrs. Underwood will

assist her husband, and the *Journal* will continue to devote itself to the discussion of questions in the psychical research line and of practical reform. Mr. and Mrs. Underwood have had a peculiar history, which has led them through some remarkable personal experiences of their own on the psychical plane, recorded in the *Arena* and other journals, from a purely agnostic position, so stoutly maintained as to seem to bend towards materialism in many minds, to a more spiritualistic attitude. Testimony on this class of subjects from such unexpected sources has the additional weight that comes from the witnesses' general reputation for mental soundness and probity. This is an unexplored field, which has its own attractions and its own temptations for both the popular and the instructed mind. Few of us but believe results bearing some degree of knowledge or intimation of the spirit side of our existence have already been gained here and that more are likely to follow; but what the real value of these results, either in knowledge or happiness to man, is still a question remote from settlement. Mr. and Mrs. Underwood are sure to lead lives of practical usefulness and benefit to their fellow-men, wherever placed; and their many friends will wish them success in their new undertaking.

Apropos of the growing fraternal spirit in our churches, word reaches me from Hinsdale, Ill., of a new organization there, "The Hinsdale Industrial and Aid Fraternity," composed of the ministers of the different churches and one member from each, besides. "It is the Charity Organization idea," writes my friend, "with the charity left out and the brotherhood put in." She, with other, looks forward to a growing religious sympathy and understanding in the community from this movement, which has also a practical object, to help working people in emergencies and in ways that shall promote, not destroy, the recipient's usefulness and pride of character.

In my next I shall have something to say about the Women's League, an enterprise of the same order, whose organization I reported in your columns last spring, I believe.

I cannot close without mention of the death of our friend and brother, Mr. Learned, news of which will have reached all long before the publication of these lines. This loss was most unexpected, and one we can poorly afford. It is like an ache in the heart of every one who knew this brave, kindly, upright man. One of our ripest scholars and best thinkers, of noble and consecrated spirit that uplifted all who came within its reach! Mr. Learned was not only a prized leader among Unitarians, the beloved pastor of the flock whose wants he had administered to so faithfully for twenty-five years, but a man of recognized weight and influence in the community. His work in educational circles, both as man and as public official, will always be treasured in St. Louis; and his influence along general culture lines, and in aid of humanity's highest needs everywhere, will long be remembered. CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

HORATIO STEBBINS.

Horatio Stebbins, whose counterfeit presentment is elsewhere given, — it is after a photograph by Marshall, and there never was a better,— was born in Wilbraham, Mass., in that part of it which is now Hampden, so that two villages, if not seven cities, claim his birth. He fitted for college at Exeter Academy, and graduated at Harvard in 1848 and at the Divinity School in 1851. His scanty means were made ample for his needs by teaching school and manual labor all the way along. Dr. Noyes allowed him to plant with potatoes the site of the Agassiz Museum, and he raised a splendid crop. His first settlement was in Fitchburg, Mass. In 1854 he went to Portland as colleague with Dr. Ichabod Nichols. His reputation as a preacher steadily increased; and he became a foremost citizen, second to no other during the Civil War, and "named by that hour's feat" as Starr King's successor in San Francisco, where his ministry began Sept. 11, 1864. There he has since remained, making full proof of his ministry and of Dr. Bellows's wisdom in selecting him for the vacant post. He has been a tremendous social force, active and effective in all educational and civic enterprises of great pith and moment. His relations with the Berkeley and Palo Alto Universities have been very intimate and important. As a preacher, he has a majestic

presence, and a voice that makes an organ-music deep and strong with cadences of winning sweetness. The thought and style are equal to the lofty stature of the man. The one is philosophic without technical encumbrance, of piety and ethics equally compact: the other is full of life and color with a deep interior light. In the preacher strength and tenderness contend for the pre-eminence. In his private life the latter has an easy victory. He believes mightily in God and Man, and in their eternal unity. He is a man to honor from afar, to love when he is known.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

One at a Time.

One little grain in the sandy bars,
  One little flower in the field of flowers,
One little star in a heaven of stars,
  One little hour in a year of hours,—
What if it makes? or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains,
  And the little flowers make the meadows gay,
And the little stars light the heavenly plains,
  And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.

MONDAY.

To-day.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday. . . . To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived, let us unmask the king as he passes.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TUESDAY.

Be Still.

'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
  Thy quest is found.
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
  Of all around.
Not for thy loud beseeching
  Will peace draw near.
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen,—
  Lo! peace is here.
—*Edward R. Sill.*

WEDNESDAY.

If I were a Voice.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
  That could travel the wide world through.
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
  And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
  I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
  To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And fly like the happy sunlight down,
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
  I would fly the earth around;
And wherever man unto error bowed
I'd publish, in notes both long and loud,
  The truth's most joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
Bidding the saddened ones rejoice,
If I were a voice, an immortal voice.
—*Charles Mackay.*

THURSDAY.

Unweeping or Unwept.

"Unwept, unhonored, and unsung,"
  Were not the worst of Fortune's bringing:
Dread rather thine own eyes and tongue
  Unweeping and unsinging,—
Unweeping for thy brother, bound
  But struggling in the sombre Night,
Unsinging from thy vantage-ground
  The happy tidings of the Light.

Weep, and be sure thou shalt be wept.
  Sing gladly, and the joy-sounds ringing
May wake some soul, which long hath slept,
  To echo back thy singing.
Let fall thy tears! Let rise thy strain!
  So canst thou never be among
Those heritors of man's disdain,
  Th' "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."
—*J. E. V. Cooke.*

FRIDAY.

The Sweetest Lives.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells:
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

SATURDAY.

The Land is Bright.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain:
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow,—how slowly!
But westward look! the land is bright.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom."

The year is new: let us make life new.

We call New Years' days mile-stones. Are we sure that they mark progress in our moral and spiritual history?

"I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not be likely to pass this way again."

The Church of the Eternal Hope (Universalist) in New York City, of which Dr. E. C. Bolles is pastor, has the following creed: —

I. We believe in the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the spiritual leadership of Jesus Christ, and the immortality of the Soul.

II. We believe that goodness is the eternal law of God, and will finally overcome all evil; and that only as we accept and practise this law can we find peace in this world or in the world to come.

This creed suggests two or three questions, to wit: —

1. Does it not cover all that is central, vital, and eternal in religion? and therefore has any church or religious movement that stands for the essentials, and only the essentials of religion, any need to adopt a creed any more extended than this?

2. Can a church or religious movement that really means religion — that proposes honestly and above board to represent and work for a religion that is anything more than a name—dispense with at least so much of a belief basis (basis of accepted truth) as this?

3. In the history of the past has not the attempt to stand for anything less than this always proved a delusion and a weakness (often a fatal weakness), just as the attempt to stand for more has generally proved a tyranny?

4. This creed is the creed of a leading *Universalist* church. But can a more perfect statement of *Unitarianism* be made? Where, then, is the difference between Unitarianism and Universalism? But, if there is none, is it not time for the two churches to recognize the fact, and draw nearer together in fellowship and practical co-operation?

We doubt if any other so effective method of improving the slum districts of our great cities have been found as that of planting in them what is coming to be known as College Settlements, or Social Settlements, like the Hull House, Chicago, which we gave an account of in our September issue. It is encouraging to learn that a second settlement of this kind has just been established in Chicago. This new movement is primarily a Jewish, and the location chosen is the Russian Jewish district of the city.

The prime movers in the matter are Rabbi Joseph Stolz, Prof. Zeublin of the University of Chicago, Miss Addams of the Hull House, and ten or twelve Jewish graduates of Michigan, Yale, Harvard, and other universities, who are now residing in Chicago. Adequate financial support has already been obtained. Classes will be formed in English literature, history, chemistry, hygiene, etc. Lectures will be delivered upon many topics of public interest and importance. Social Science and Ward Improvement Clubs will be formed. Boys' clubs will be started. Social entertainments and musicales will be given for working girls and mothers; and many other means will be employed to meet the social, intellectual, and moral needs of the people, and to make the Settlement a sort of health centre for the whole district. The methods which have proved so successful in connection with other older College Settlements will be largely employed here. It is fortunate that the new enterprise will have from the first the aid of Miss Addams, Mrs. Kelley, and others at the Hull House who have made that establishment such a power for good in the district where it is located.

It must be a novel sensation to New Yorkers to hear the Mohammedan call to prayer. But it seems that that call is hereafter to mingle regularly with the babel of noises of that great city. The muezzin is named Nahakoff. He is a pioneer Mussulman, associated with Mohammed Alex. Russell Webb's recently established Mohammedan mission. A New York daily thus describes the first call to prayer as it was given on a recent Sunday:—

In lieu of a minaret the muezzin posted himself at a window in the third story of a building in Union Square. After crying his summons in Arabic, he uttered it in English, thus: "God is great! God is great! God is merciful! God is almighty! I bear witness that Mohammed is the prophet of God. Ye faithful, come to prayer! Ye faithful, come now to prayer! Come to salvation! God is great! There is no God but one God!"

Even if this solemn call does not reach many followers of the great prophet of Arabia, let us hope it may at least have the effect of reminding many so-called followers of Christ that God lives, and that there are other things men ought to think about besides the everlasting scramble after money. We believe that Christianity has many important lessons to teach Mohammedans; but we think, also, that Mohammedanism has some lessons to teach Christians. And is not this one of them,—that God is everywhere in his world, as well in the great city as in the silent desert, and that every day should have in it a place for prayer as well as for labor?

The seventieth birthday of Robert Collyer —our dear and honored "Saint Robert"—was celebrated in New York last month in a right hearty fashion. We were not able to be present, but have read with deepest interest the report of what was done and said. The celebration was planned by the ladies of his church, and the place was the church parlors. Representatives were present from all the Unitarian churches of New York and Brooklyn. Rev. J. W. Chadwick was the warm-hearted and witty master of ceremonies. There were three or four speeches, two or three poems, letters from friends far and near, all brimming with love and praise, and then, as the culmination of the evening, a speech from Mr. Collyer himself, full of tender memories of the past and inspiring hopes for the future. Says the reporter; "No one will believe that Mr. Collyer is old, and he is not. He has made his seventy years a crown for the head, and not a burden for the back. So much love and honor, appreciation and praise were heaped upon him, he was well-nigh snowed under by the tributes of his friends. England and America are proud of a common ownership in him, but America has the lion's share."

Alas that, while some rejoice, others must weep! The evening on which all this rejoicing was going on in New York over Mr. Collyer's good seventy years, and the prospect of many more to be added thereto, in St. Louis there was a different scene. There death had just come, unexpectedly and suddenly, to an honored minister of our faith,—Rev. John C. Learned, for twenty-three years pastor of the Church of the Unity, a man not so widely known and loved as Mr. Collyer, yet loved just as deeply by all who were privileged to know

him. Mr. Learned was many years younger than Mr. Collyer; and we had thought of him as scarcely more than half through his life-work. But how little we knew! The younger is taken, and the older is left. As we think of the contrast, it is hardly possible not to call to mind the image of Socrates, and the closing words of the Apology,—"The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways, I to die, and you to live. Which is the better God only knows." Certain it is that no man was ever more faithful in the work which he believed God had given him to do than was Mr. Learned; and, therefore, no man was ever better prepared for the end, let it come when it might. We are glad to be able to give our readers a sketch of his life and character by one who had known him so long and intimately as had Mr. Snyder.

We are sorry to see the announcement that the Andover *Review* ceases to exist with the number for December, 1893, which completes its tenth year. Until the establishment of the *New World*, this was distinctly the most liberal and forward-looking of the religious reviews; and it is not quite encouraging to those who are trying to bring Christianity more into line with rational thought and progressive Biblical scholarship to find it necessary to give it up. The immediate reason assigned for its suspension is want of time on the part of the Andover professors (who from the beginning have been its editors) to perform the large amount of labor necessary to carry it on, and the lack of funds to employ a competent man to take the work off their hands. The *Review* has represented "liberal Orthodoxy" in its best form; and, if much of the advocacy of that form of Christianity which has appeared in its pages has seemed halting and inconclusive, it has not been for lack of ability or a broad and catholic spirit on the part of the writers, but because of the inherent weakness, illogicalness, transitionalness (if we may use the word) of the religious position itself. That the *Review* has done good we feel sure. It has led the more liberal forces in two important controversies in the orthodox Congregational Church in this country; namely, the "Andover Case," which involved the question of the right of a theological school to teach a more liberal theology than that of its founders, and the controversy, in connection with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, over the question whether men might be sent as missionaries to the foreign field who held the "doctrine of a probation after death." Both these controversies have been settled in favor of those who advocated the broader and more liberal policy,—results due largely, without doubt, to the able advocacy of the *Review*. Its influence here alone would seem to compensate for all that the periodical has cost. It should not be forgotten that its pages have been open somewhat freely from the first to writers outside of orthodox limits, though not for controversial purposes. It has published many valuable articles from Unitarians. We regret to see the *Review* end its career, and quite agree with the editors when they express their belief that during the ten years of its existence it has "contributed something to the advancement of Christian knowledge, to the liberty of Christian opinion, and to the progress of the kingdom of God." Probably it has come to be less needed since the establishment of the *New World*, which not only occupies more advanced ground, but has called to its aid a corps of contributors confessedly stronger and more widely representative of the best religious thought and scholarship of the world than any preceding review in this country has ever been able to enlist.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Whatever may be said about the advisability of holding special festival days for the Sunday-school, it is generally agreed on all sides that Christmas ought to be noticed. The observance is well worth the time and trouble expended. Christmas is the great central day in whose fraternal circle all sects group. The chimes ring out "Good will to all!" and peace among battling Christians seems nearer. If there is to be any "Glory to God in the highest!" it must come from this genuine union. But the special reason for a full and hearty celebration of Christmas, as applied to the Sunday-school, is that it brings the young people into the midst of the church, and gives them the interpretation of the day. From this source should come

our understanding of what Christmas means; namely, the eternal youth of the race in aspirations holy and examples noble. The spirit of Jesus is that power which keeps perennially young the source of sentiment and hope. Our Unitarian Sunday-schools are more and more entering into this commemoration. More and more the churches themselves welcome the Sunday-school into the place of the regular morning service. The object-lesson thus set cannot fail of its great and beneficent effect on the elders. This growing unity of the observance, as regards its main meaning, was well illustrated this very season in the fact that, while some of our schools were singing words and tunes provided by other denominational authors, many in the other churches of the Congregational Trinitarian and the Baptist were using our carols. It is along such converging paths of practical work, of universal songs and mutual ideals, that we may hope to see Christendom gradually bound together.

Among the constantly recurring questions never settled by any discussion is the one about giving prizes. Shall any prizes be given in the Sunday-school for any reason whatever? I am so frequently asked this question by those who are seriously guiding the affairs of a Sunday school that I am induced to indicate my position. There seems to me to be a judicious course in this matter. To over-stimulate attendance or behavior by extra appeals in the way of prizes is blameworthy; but to employ ordinary attractions, following the rule which prevails in all household and public school life, is proper. By this I mean that a book given to a scholar who has been in faithful attendance during the year does not seem to me a sordid or injurious act. It does not appear to me to create an artificial and unhealthy state of things. To credit a class in some way for its constancy, or to indicate in some simple fashion approbation in a direction which makes the school stronger and better disciplined, seems to me perfectly right. If, through fear of a misuse of this natural law of reward of merit, we cast away everything of the kind, then, to be consistent, we must strip life of all those gifts and appreciative tokens which in all times have assisted noble incentive, and have come as the quiet but cheering recognition of work well done. It is something for the officers of a Sunday-school to regulate in common sense, and neither to crush it out utterly by cast-iron interdict nor to raise it to a disagreeable and tyrannous position by overdoing. Again, some Sunday-schools might not need anything of the kind: they are healthy and strong. Others somewhat ill and not so vigorous might need the medicine and help of this mild prize-giving.

I am frequently asked in correspondence about blackboard work,—how to do it and what it all amounts to. Blackboard work is a very valuable aid in Sunday-school instruction, whether for a general talk or for the kindergarten or for any large class work. It might be very serviceable in an adult class. The training for this could be quite extensive; but, as a matter of fact, any one can use the blackboard to good purpose who knows what he wants to say and can write. The chief object is to make the eye help the mind, not only in the fact of writing before the eye, but of giving the thought a chance to recur to words and sentences after the utterance has passed. This gives memory a surer hold. The use of different colored chalks is something quite happy in talking to the younger scholars. Of course, if any one can draw pictures, however rude, that is so much additional gain. But, with the simple use of the chalk in writing out headings, key-words, quotations to be memorized, and the like, the three considerations are these: first, the speaker himself clears up his own mind beforehand, of necessity, and expresses it in a concise manner; second, the listeners, young and old, perceive at once the logical and systematic framework of the subject in hand, and are able to grasp it much better; third, as the blackboard is before the listeners during the whole lesson, they are able to turn with their eyes and recall what is so easily forgotten in the hurry of talking. Therefore, the general effect is one of concentration on the subject and a closer attention to the conversation. Let no teacher shrink from using the blackboard from any distrust of his expert ability.

The Boston Sunday School Union held another of its notable meetings in December, at which Rev. Minot J. Savage spoke on his favorite theme of "Evolution as Background to Sunday-school Instruction." It was a very strong address, and full of religious fervor, especially when, in reply to a criticism or two, Mr. Savage added some remarks to prove that by a true application of this theory the universe became filled with all life, and God took possession of departments in which the thought of man had not hitherto enthroned him. Even those who do not accept this doctrine, or theory, must have been impressed with the deep sincerity of the speaker, and saw the spiritual power which this truth embodied when held as he holds it. As treated that evening, the subject became a very practical one. Any one taking the truth of evolution as a vital fact must of necessity color and shape his theological belief in accordance with very liberal views. Such results come out naturally in the teaching of belief in the Sunday-school, so that it would become under such pressure very earnest and real, and also very clear and convincing.

There is a unique and pleasant custom at the Littleton, Mass., Sunday-school of asking at every session before the class les-

sons for quotations from teachers and pupils. These quotations are supposed to be what has come to the individuals during the week as the most prominent and important in their reading. The habit is a good one, in that it accustoms the scholars and teachers to call from their reading; and it also furnishes a great variety of noble thoughts to the school on Sunday.

It would be a sign of marked improvement in our Sunday-schools if the custom of reviewing were better established We traverse a great many subjects, but we are not careful enough to retrace our steps and see what has really been learned and retained. Review papers ought to be prepared, so that scholars can write out answers, and not trust to oral questioning.

What Rev. Miss Murdock and Rev. Miss Buck are doing at Cleveland, Ohio, would be worthy of repetition in other places. They hold a study class in religion on every Friday afternoon, to which all in the society are invited, as well as the teachers. The point is that something of this kind ought to be in every church, the hour and place to be adapted to the special community. There is not enough opportunity given to the adults of churches for obtaining information on subjects that they really long to know more about,—subjects which attract them in the magazine and newspaper, when treated by current authors. Why is it that our churches allow so much to fall out of their hands into outside channels and organizations? This delinquency is one reason why there is a lack of intimate life between churches and the people to-day. EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

FRIENDSHIP.

Read before Winkley Guild, Bulfinch Place Chapel, Boston, Mass.

Friendship is mutual affection based on respect and esteem. Love is interest in any others.

Many persons do not make enough distinction between friendship and friendliness. In friendship there must always be esteem on both sides; or, in other words, friendship is mutual. Whereas friendliness may be either mutual or one-sided. In friendship *like* is absolutely essential.

All imperfections of character and all defects of character are obstacles to perfect friendship.

Friends may be growing apart, and they may not know the reason for it; but either one friend is growing better and going up hill or the other is growing worse and going down hill.

Just so far as one friend tempts another, just so far they lose respect for each other; and all the more if the other yields. So a friendship can never be perfect so long as one person tempts his friend to do wrong; and, should his friend yield, he also injures an otherwise perfect friendship.

Among school-girls is the best example of true friendliness. For what sight is more pleasant than to see a group of girls laughing and chatting over their books and mistakes? Now this friendliness may lead to a perfect friendship. *Then* they are truly happy; and one and all help to make their happiness more complete by thinking of their companions, and letting self drop into the background.

One should not be always thinking of what will be more agreeable for one's self, but what will make more happiness among one's associates should be the point in view.

Love is interest in any others. We read in the Bible that "love worketh no ill to its neighbor." Some persons have been heard to say, "If you *love* me, you will tell that lie for me, or steal for me, or take just one glass of liquor for me." That is not so; for, if one person loves another, he will do nothing to injure him, because love should make persons better, and not worse.

Friendship is considered the root of all goodness, and so friendship as well as love should make us better.

There are many ways of showing friendliness. A hearty shake of the hand is always welcome, a pleasant word or smile. We all like these ourselves, so we should remember to give them to others, and we will have them returned.

Now friendship will not only do all of these; but it will go a long way beyond, for it will stop at nothing but that which truly blesses. ALICE FLORENTINE.

In October a society was formed in the Unitarian church of Wolfeboro, N.H.; and a membership of twenty-six was recently reported. There has been considerable attention to the writings of Parker in the meetings, the pastor distributing passages the week previous among the members. He has also prepared a service which is generally used at the meeting. The leader is appointed from an alphabetical list of the members. Social meetings may be called occasionally through the Advisory Committee.

One of the largest guilds (regarding the time of formation) was organized in the society at Somerville, Mass., the latter part of November, the large number of young people forming a most promising opportunity for the cause in that church. The president of the Alliance had the pleasure of speaking

to those who gathered at the first meeting, where the organization was begun. He also visited the church in West Bridgewater, Mass., and presented the subject of the need of organization in our churches, especially using the example of guilds.

We have before us a circular giving the programme from October to June of the Young People's Guild in Madison, Wis. Among the topics the following may be mentioned: "Making a Start," "Work a Condition of Success," "Minding Little Things," "Punctuality," "The Art of Waiting," "Character as Capital." Meetings are held twice a month.

The society in Pittsfield, Mass., is taking up "A Study of the Sects" for its winter's work. A series of meetings has been planned at the suggestion of the minister, at which the various ministers of the city speak in turn on their own denominations.

Encouraging word comes from the guild at Neponset, Mass. "The Guild Movement," "Thanksgiving," and the "World's Fair" have been considered. Through the summer a successful flower mission was maintained.

The guilds at Neponset, Harrison Square, and that of the Third Church, Dorchester, united in giving a breakfast at the Morgan Chapel in Boston.

A little pamphlet of the William G. Eliot Fraternity of the Unitarian church in Portland, Ore., has been sent to us. It maps out a course for Sunday evenings and Tuesday evenings from October to May. On Sunday evenings "Representative Unitarian Workers" is announced for the general subject, a few names of other faiths also being considered. On Tuesday evenings there are lectures on "The Social Questions," and a list of books on sociological subjects is given for each topic. Besides these meetings there are regular occasions for business and social enjoyment. We have here surely a hint of a live church, as well as a broad suggestion for other churches to follow in utilizing the strength of their people in organic ways.

B. R. Bulkeley.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The story comes from Japan of a very successful experiment in local option. There is a little island called Okushiri, a rare place for the herring fishery. In 1884 the island had two hundred and sixty people, mostly fishermen. They were unusually addicted to drink (*sake*). As much as $3,000 a year is said to have been spent for one kind of liquor by this little population, when four or five dollars a month is sufficient to keep a family. The people naturally had nothing left for repairing or thatching their houses or for roads. They nearly starved in winter. Even for their fishing they had but four decent nets on their island. In 1884 a few men began to talk against the drink, and presently they persuaded their people to agree to abandon wholly the sale, purchase, and use of alcoholic drinks. The fines collected from those who broke the agreement were to go to the purchase of grain for the whole community. The agreement (in this respect far wiser than our changeable American liquor laws) held good for five years.

See now the results. In five years the population had gone beyond a thousand, and ten times as much capital had been invested in the fisheries. Houses were repaired, roads were built where there had been none, four public granaries were stocked with rice, land was brought into cultivation, nets were made from hemp grown in the island, whereas before the nets had to be bought from outside. The agreement was renewed at the end of the term of five years, and a large community in the island adjoining have taken up the Okushiri experiment.

The *Temperance Cause* publishes from *Zion's Herald* an interesting account of the new South Carolina liquor system. It may not be generally known that the people of the State had voted by a considerable majority in favor of prohibition. The House of Representatives accordingly passed a stringent bill, which was defeated by the influence of the liquor interests in the Senate. The present Dispensary Law has a compromise measure. It has already reduced the number of places for the sale of intoxicating drinks from nearly nine hundred to fifty dispensaries. At these places no liquor can be drunk on the premises. No one is interested in increasing the sales, all the dispensers being paid regular salaries. Nineteen counties out of thirty-four have outright prohibition. It does not appear, however, that the new law has practical enforcement in the city of Charleston. So far as the law has been applied, it is reported to please the Prohibitionists, who look upon it as a step in advance.

It becomes an important question, What are the merits of the South Carolina law as compared with the proposed adaptation of some form of the so-called "Norwegian" system? It is obviously a disadvantage in any law, if it proves to be made a party question, or if the appointment of the officers who carry it out becomes a partisan issue. The Norwegian plan takes liquor out of politics. The South Carolina plan

threatens to array against itself the opposition to Gov. Tillman, who already needs a force of State police to enforce his law.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

WOMAN'S WORD AND WORK.

The second regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held in the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, on Friday, December 1, at eleven o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Chadwick called the meeting to order, and the reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and approved. A very interesting report of the recent Middle States Conference was read by Mrs. Hale.

The subject for consideration was "The Drama": (1) Its Influence on the Community; (2) Its Influence on the Members of the Profession; (3) Its Place in Art and Life, and its Relation to the Church.

The first topic was treated by Mrs. Irving of Flushing, who spoke in part as follows:

"The tendency to imitative or dramatic action is older even than the human race, dating back to our ape ancestors. But a better origin may be found than mere imitation. Words failed primitive man; and, in his efforts to express his deepest feelings, he must act as well as speak.

"Art has long been regarded as the expression of religion, and in the early days dramatic art was often used in the same service." Mrs. Irving also traced the history of the drama, from purely religious and sacred uses, to a more secular type, and spoke at length of many popular plays having very little literary value, but their moral atmosphere is so excellent that they often prove a powerful aid in reform movements. Impressions of such plays, although short, are of lasting value. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is an example of a play of this sort. The light and somewhat objectionable character of many plays was noted. Many managers declare that this class of plays is what the public demand, and that Shakspere "does not pay." Walter Crane explains this by saying that the restless activity of modern life is not conducive to an appreciation of fine art in any of its forms, and that commodities are produced because they will pay, and not because of their use. But the number of really objectionable plays is quite offset by the number of good ones. The prime object of the drama is not to amuse. It appeals not alone to the intellect and artistic sense, but more strongly still to the moral sense. The drama can touch the follies of society as no other art can do; and here the clear light of genius may work great reform.

The second speaker, Miss Grace E. Drew of the New York press, treated the topic, "Effect of the Drama on the Members of the Profession."

"The whole subject of the effect of the stage upon members of the profession might be dismissed in a very few words; namely, 'As a man thinketh, so is he.' No one can habitually assume the thoughts and enact the deeds of an upright man, on or off the stage, without being somewhat ennobled by it; and the converse is equally true. I have never met a man habitually playing villains' parts who was not regarded by his fellows as rather villainish in his private life. Women habitually assuming the rôles of adventuresses have, it is thought, adventurous tendencies off the stage. People who believe in and allow themselves to be guided by their Creator can keep out of a good deal of trouble that other folks get into. A Daniel with faith enough can make charming companions of roaring lions; but most of us are not Daniels, and we find it much harder to be good in improper surroundings than in proper ones, and the general influence of the stage is demoralizing. Miss Drew spoke of the small salaries and the various expenses of actresses, many being obliged to purchase their own wardrobe,—a state of things responsible for much of the stage evil. But there are brave men and women whom no ill conditions can swerve from their fixed purpose; and we owe it to the others to point out to them the better way, and help them to walk therein.

Mrs. Chadwick here read a quotation from one of Mr. Chadwick's recent sermons, in relation to the effect of the drama upon the members of the profession:—

"I was once walking in New York, when just on before me I saw two men arm in arm. There was something in their port and carriage astonishingly different from that of the average citizen rushing by them up and down the street. It was as if they had come to ours from some more leisured world, as if they were a brace of Roman senators returned to earth to see how things were getting on. Hastening my pace a little, I came up with them; and one of them was Lawrence Barrett, and the other Edwin Booth, and I saw plainly enough that the noblest parts they had enacted on the stage had become inwrought with their bodily substance, and that, as they had prayed,—for what but prayer their passionate desire to make their art as perfect as might be?—as they had prayed, the fashion of their countenances had been altered, and had taken on a rarer grace."

Mrs. Chadwick then introduced Mrs. Bartram, who spoke as follows:—

If the drama is to flourish at all in its highest sense, it must do so because of its literary excellence, and not because of its socialistic aspect. The present elaborate method of mounting plays and of stage scenes and accessories draws the attention away from the play itself. In dramatic history, as well as in the history of the

human race, excess of decoration always accompanies decay. The evil influence of the commercial spirit of the age is strikingly seen in the drama, leading to adaptation of plays, and not to the creation of them.

Another obstacle in the path of dramatic art is the modern "stock company," where the full force of those employed is used to increase the revenue, and no encouragement is given to efforts to raise the standard of the drama. Instead of dramatic art, the stage at the present day too often presents merely a photograph of modern society life. Lovers of the drama can do much to change all this. First, they should do all in their power to encourage plays of a national character. Such a play as "The Old Homestead," because of its strictly national character, does more to awaken interest in and appreciation of the drama than any translation of a foreign play, because it deals with characters with which we are familiar, and we are thus able to appreciate the beauty and accuracy of representation. A powerful, enduring element in a play is a good story.

The drama preserves all that is best in art, poetry, philosophy, and religion. It holds all arts in just relation, and should be the coworker of religion.

In closing the meeting, Mrs. Morse gave a very interesting talk on Joseph Jefferson, —his idea that the true actor must have within himself something of the character of the part he plays; also the example Mr. Jefferson presents of the type of manhood the stage can produce.

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Manual" of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women for 1893 is one of the most inspiring publications issued from a Unitarian source during the past year. The reports which it contains show an amount of work done by the women of our Unitarian churches in charity, Post-office Missions, and other forms of missionary activity, class study, etc., that is as surprising as it is gratifying. The Alliance is certainly to be congratulated upon its efficiency as an organization.

A Life of Dean Stanley in two large volumes is soon to be issued in London. It is said to be particularly rich in correspondence and in information regarding all the important religious movements and religious leaders of Great Britain of the past forty years.

"Temperance in All Nations." Vol. I. This is "a history of the cause in all countries of the globe." It will be followed by another volume, containing papers, essays, addresses, and discussions of the World's Temperance Congress held by the National Temperance Society in Chicago, Ill., June, 1893. The volumes are edited by J. N. Stearns, publishing agent. The present volume gives a full outline of the work in North America, Great Britain, Europe, Switzerland, Australia, and histories of the cause in other countries. The work, when completed, will afford the fullest presentation of the facts developed in the progress of the temperance cause that has ever appeared in print. (New York: Temperance Publication House.)

Dr. O. W. Holmes is said to be at work upon his autobiography, which, it is hoped, will be published before his death.

By the will of the late Francis Parkman Harvard College receives his printed books and maps, and the Massachusetts Historical Society is given his historical manuscripts and important papers. The Parkman cabinet in the library of the Historical Society already contains many treasures, the gift of Mr. Parkman.

Prof. Jowett, the late Master of Balliol, Oxford, bequeathed the copyright of all his papers and other writings to the college, with full control to three literary executors, Prof. Lewis Campbell, Dr. Evelyn Abbott, and P. Lyttleton Gell.

Robert Barrett Browning has bought the Casa Guidi from whose windows his mother watched Italy's birth of freedom; and he has got in Rome a slab of porphyry which is to be placed over his father's grave in Westminster Abbey.

Canon Farrar is about to put up in St. Margaret's Church, London, of which he is rector, a small but beautiful memorial to the late Dr. Phillips Brooks.

Count Tolstoï has completed another novel, which he has called "The Kingdom of God within us." It is a passionate defence of his favorite doctrine, "Resist not evil."

Any book you want loaned to you, in city or country, anywhere in the United States, for as long or as short a time as you want it, at an average cost of *only one cent a day*, is the offer of The American Co-operative Library, recently organized in New York. A 160-page catalogue is sent free to any applicant, enclosing a two-cent stamp. Members of the Library are not limited to this, but may order any book in current literature suitable for general circulation. Any further information will be sent free on request. Address the American Co-operative Library, 57 Rose Street, New York.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association of London adopted a plan last year for the delivery of an annual "Essex Hall Lecture" dealing with "some aspect of the history and development of Christianity as viewed from a liberal and progressive standpoint." The first lecture of the series was given by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, in May last, having for its subject "The Development of Theology as illustrated in English Poetry from 1780 to 1830." The lecture, which was one of great interest, has been printed in a neat little cloth-bound volume by Philip Green, Essex Street, London. Price 1 shilling.

"The Beginnings of Christendom. A Popular Sketch." By W. G. Tarrant. London: Philip Green.—This little book, written by the editor of the London *Inquirer*, gives a graphic and generally trustworthy picture of the world in which the young Christianity began its career, and of the causes which operated little by little to change the simple and spiritual religious movement which was inaugurated by Jesus and his disciples into the ecclesiastical and dogmatic Christianity of the third and subsequent centuries. The book will be useful to readers who have not time for larger works. The subjects of its several chapters are: The World in the First Christian Century; The First Christian Communities; Parties in the Early Church; The Second Generation of Christians; Christianity under the Great Roman Emperors; Readings from the Early Fathers; The Formation of the New Testament; The Rise of the Priesthood and Formation of the Creeds.

In our issue of October last we spoke of several series of "Tracts for the Times" which are being published by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, London. The second series of these tracts (thirteen in number) is now bound into a volume, and is sent out under the title of "Common-sense Theology." Nine of the tracts are written by Englishmen, and four by Americans. The subjects treated cover a wide range; but each tract aims at setting forth some phase of that broad, forward-looking, and rational religious thought that is known as Liberal Christianity or Unitarianism. The collection makes an excellent book for missionary use. Price 2 shillings.

"Atonement." By William Tucker, D.D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. Price 25 cents.—This is number ten in the series of "Manuals of Faith and Duty" which the Universalist Publishing House has been bringing out during the past two or three years. Most of the preceding numbers have been noticed in these pages. This little volume is as able as any that has gone before it. It begins by tracing the history of the doctrine of atonement, giving an admirably clear statement of the various forms which the doctrine has assumed. The theory of the atonement accepted by the writer is that known as the moral theory, which makes the work of Christ that of reconciling man to God, not God to man. The essence of atonement is love. God's love to us, manifested pre-eminently in Christ, kindles a responsive love in us. Thus through love alienation between the soul and God is broken down, and we become one with him. The author interprets atonement in the broadest way, and considers with thoughtful discrimination its relation to law, to punishment, to the universe, to the work of Christ, to man, to faith, and to salvation.

"Art, Music, and Nature." By David Swing. Selections from his writings. Compiled by M. E. P. Chicago: Searle and Gorton.—In the wide realm of the spiritually true, the beautiful, and the good, our age has produced few, if any, writers who have written with more of philosophical and poetical insight, or charm of language and imagery, than Prof. Swing. Not even Ruskin is more full of quotable passages,—gems of thought set in the most exquisite words. And Swing has the advantage of being always simple and direct, whereas Ruskin's fine passages are often marred by excessive elaboration. The selections brought together in this volume seem to be well chosen. The print is large, the paper excellent, the page open.

"The Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy, and Life." By George A. Gordon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $1.50.—This is an intelligent study of the subject of Immortality under the following heads: 1. Definition and Method. 2. The Hebrew Prophets and Immortality, or the Conditions that make Faith Possible and Precious. 3. The Poets and Immortality, or Faith and Feeling. 4. The Philosophers and Immortality, or Faith and Reason. 5. The Apostle Paul and Immortality, or Faith and Christian Reason. 6. Jesus Christ and Immortality, or Faith and Fact. 7. Trust and Immortality, or the Grounds of Faith To-day. The book is written in an admirably candid spirit. Its style is direct and attractive. It shows considerable breadth of reading and penetration of thought, and cannot fail to be found helpful.

"The Pilgrim in Old England." By A. H. Bradford. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.—The title of this book excites exactly that intelligent curiosity which will find satisfactory compensation in the contents of the volume. No one is more admir-

ably fitted to treat this subject than Dr. Bradford, both by natural qualifications and by his intimate knowledge of English ecclesiastical history and modern church life. In this work the author of "Spirit and Life" contributes most valuable material for the study, in a wider way than usually suggested, of the working principles of the grand old Congregational Church and its active present representatives. Not much space is given to the past history of the Church, but the chief questions dealt with relate to the living Puritans in England and their present condition. The pressing demand for disestablishment is ably treated. Questions of church membership, of creeds, the present power of the pulpit, and the outlook for extended influence, are carefully considered. It is a very timely work and worthy of wide reading, the whole spirit in which it is written being thoroughly broad, liberal, and entirely free from denominational self-complacency.

"Discourses." By E. H. Hall. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.—This is a volume that many will eagerly seek, eagerly read, and it is to be hoped very willingly read again. It is a choice collection of strong utterances from the keen intellect of a serious, determined, and progressive thinker. Mr. Hall has heretofore refused to publish any volume of his sermons, and only consented to the issue of this upon his resignation of the Cambridge pulpit, as a memento of the eleven years of high and confidential companionship. In the eighteen discourses contained in the volume, not one but is packed with ripe fruit, the product of a strong tree of mental life, growing in a rich soil. Fearless, progressive sincerity is a strongly marked characteristic of the thought, while transparent yet vivid simplicity represents the style in which the thought is presented. "The perfunctory word is a dead word, though all the ages have repeated it: the personal word alone has life." And these words from the living voice of an earnest leader will bring hope and life and light to many hearts.

"Heart-beats." By Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.—This inspiring Eastern prophet, Mozoomdar, has aroused so deep a spiritual response in the great congregations that have flocked to hear him during his recent visit to this country that the mere mention of this little book of his will insure an extensive circulation. It is just what we should expect from him, just what we most wish to have, —a revelation of the secret springs of his ardent devotional spirit. The book has more in it for its size than any we have feasted upon for a long while. The paragraphs are all genuine heart-beats, but the pulse throbs through a keen intellect and a holy soul. Some of the meditations are prayers, some exhortations, some songs, some epigrammatic and proverbial, others ecstatic and poetic. There is glow, fervor, high sentiment, pure religion, and intense spiritual earnestness throughout. It is an admirable gift book for the new year.

"The Lord's Song, and Other Sermons." By Frederick Frothingham.—A lovely little volume of ten sermons privately printed, dedicated to those who knew and loved the author. The appropriate choice of sermons, the careful preparation for the press, the beautiful appearance of the book, betray the loving hand of the compiler. Every one who knew the benevolent, broad, sympathetic, poetic spirit of the writer of these sermons will appreciate this opportunity of having in permanent form an enduring memorial of his best work.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We notice below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month: —

The Homiletic Review (December).

What the Ministry may learn from the Character and Works of John G. Whittier. By J. O. Murray, D.D.

The Responsibility of the Pastor for the Development of a Missionary Interest among his People. By A. T. Pierson, D.D.

The Ethics of Memory. By Rev. Augustine S. Carman.

The Andover Review (November–December).

The Christian Ministry: Its Present Claim and Attraction. By Prof. Pease.

The Theory of the Marriage Tie. By Samuel W. Dike, LL.D.

Missions and Colonies. II. By C. C. Starbuck.

"Born of the Virgin Mary." By C. J. Ropes.

The Sanitarian (December).

Progress of Practical Sanitation. By S. H. Durgin.

Water Filtration and Cholera. By Prof. R. Koch.

Disposal of Garbage and Waste of the Columbian Exposition. By W. F. Morse.

Proposed Bureau of Public Health. By a Committee of the New York Academy of Medicine.

The North American Review (December).

Political Causes of the Business Depression. By Gov. Russell of Massachusetts.

The Mission of the Populist Party. By Senator W. A. Peffer.

Parliamentary Manners. By Justin McCarthy, M.P.
Thoughts on English Universities. By the late Prof. Freeman.

Biblia (December).

Egyptian Mythology. By Charles H. Davis.
Serpent Worship. Prof. A. H. Sayce.
The Book of the Dead.

The Review of Reviews (December).

Tom Mann, the English Labor Leader. By John C. Carlile.
Benjamin Jowett, D.D. By Archdeacon Farrar.
Charles Gounod.
Louis Ruchonnet, Twice President of Switzerland. By Samuel J. Capper.

The New World (December).

The Babylonian Exile. By Julius Wellhausen.
Plato's Conception of a Good Life. By Bernard Bosanquet.
The Religion of the Chinese People. By C. de Harlez.
Thoroughness in Theology. By Richard A. Armstrong.
The Parliament of Religions. By C. H. Toy.

The Arena (December).

Aims and Methods of the Higher Criticism. By Prof. William Sanday.
The Bank of Venice. By John Davis, M.C.
The Practical Application of Hypnotism in Modern Medicine. By J. R. Cocke, M.D.
Realism in Literature and Art. By Clarence S. Darrow.

The Century Magazine (December).

Chats with Famous Painters. By Wallace Wood.
Memories and Letters of Edwin Booth. By William Bispham.
Hector Berlioz. By Ernest Reyer.

Scribner's Magazine (December).

A Search for Della Robbia Monuments in Italy. By Allan Marquand.
Constantinople. By F. Marion Crawford.
An Unpublished Work of Scott.
An Artist among Animals. By F. S. Church.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Mr. C. D. Chunn, a graduate of the Yale Theological School, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Mrs. E. M. Hickok, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon her qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that she is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. F. H. James, recently of the Baptist Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Mr. Thomas E. Will, a graduate of Harvard College, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Ann Arbor, Mich.—As briefly mentioned last month, nine of the evangelical churches of the city and the Students' Christianity of the university recently united in bringing Rev. B. Fay Mills, the evangelist, here to hold a week of revival meetings. Part of the services were held in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches; but five were held in the great hall of the university, with after-meetings for inquiry in the university chapel. Such a use of a State institution of learning for revival and sectarian purposes seemed to Mr. Sunderland wrong. Accordingly, he preached a sermon on the subject. The sermon met with so warm a response that it has been printed and sent to all members of the faculty, the board of regents, and the State legislature.

Mr. Sunderland's recent anniversary sermon, entitled "A Ministry of Fifteen Years in a College Town," has also been printed.

In the Unity Club lecture course we have recently had the great pleasure of hearing Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the superintendent of

the Battle Creek Sanitarium, on "How to have a Sound Mind in a Sound Body," Rev. Reed Stuart of Detroit, on "Mohammed," and Rev. Charles Cravens of Toledo, on "Hamlet."

We generally make a good deal of Christmas here, but this year perhaps we have made a little more than usual. Mr. Sunderland's series of eight sermons on "Jesus and his Religion" led up to Christmas, ending with one on "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal." On Sunday evening, December 24 ("Christmas Eve"), we had a special Christmas service for the children (but with the old people permitted to come), with Christmas music, addresses, and stereopticon views of twenty great paintings illustrative of the birth and childhood of Jesus.

Boston, Mass.—Dr. George A. Gordon, a leading Trinitarian Congregational preacher of this city, gave a remarkable and memorable address in Channing Hall, December 18, before a large gathering of Unitarian ministers. The subject of the paper was "The Place of Christ in the Modern Pulpit"; and the hearty applause of the audience at every important point showed that the closest similarity of opinion prevailed between the orthodox preacher and his liberal hearers. Indeed, it was evident that, beneath whatever variations of thought in detail each might recognize, the time had arrived when both could appeal to the one fundamental truth as of supremest importance; namely, the God-life in humanity to-day, Christ's mission to be fulfilled in souls alive now.

—The big bazaar held in Horticultural Hall in aid of the Unitarian Mission to Japan, with the special purpose of relieving the American Unitarian Association from the weight of its support of this mission, has been very fairly successful,—more so, we understand, than the hard times and unpropitious weather led its projectors to anticipate.

—Miss Helen G. Putnam has brought from her wide missionary field in the far West great breaths of refreshing religious fervor. Such consecrated, devoted life service as Miss Putnam is giving, while it brings hardship to herself, gives honor and glory to the Christian Church, in whose name she labors, and should surely meet the warmest and heartiest support from all those who love our cause.

—The annual meeting of the Suffolk Conference, which includes all the Boston churches, was important this year from the motion brought forward by Rev. Minot J. Savage to concentrate the home missionary efforts of the Boston churches by appointing the Benevolent Fraternity the one organization through which all local missionary work should be done. This motion was adopted, and will doubtless lead to a more active, definite, and vigorous home missionary policy as regards the city of Boston.

Burlington, Vt.—The congregations at the Unitarian church here are larger than for many years. The new pastor, Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, has won the confidence and esteem of his people thoroughly. The sincerity and earnestness of his sermons, together with his kind and genial manner, leave no doubt that the church will rapidly increase in its power for good to all.

Chicago, Ill.—Rev. T. G. Milsted, after seven years of vigorous and able service, has resigned the pastorate of Unity Church, and will spend a year in rest and travel. He expects to sail the latter part of this month for Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, going thence to Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, and Europe generally. Our readers will be glad to know that we are promised letters from him, for publication in our columns, giving accounts of his travel.

Denver, Col.—Notwithstanding the financial depression that has been upon this city and State, Unity Church is in quite a prosperous condition. The audiences have steadily increased until the larger number of the seats on the floor of the auditorium are filled, and quite a portion of the gallery. We have six meetings in the church each Sunday,—the morning kindergarten and nursery for the convenience of the parents attending the morning service, the regular morning and evening services, the Sunday-school,—including a large adult class in the study of the evolution of society, which numbers two hundred and eighteen, meeting at the noon hour,—a Sunday Lecture Club at 3.30 P.M., which is largely attended, mostly by persons who never attend a church service, and a Unity Guild at 6.30 P.M. Besides this we have a regular preaching service and Sunday-school at "South Side," and are about organizing another at "North Side." A Library Circle has been organized, which meets Monday evenings for the study of "The History and Government of the United States."

Detroit, Mich.—The two liberal churches here—the Unitarian and the Universalist—prosper. Rev. Reed Stuart, pastor of the former, preaches only once on Sunday; but it is to a fine congregation. The Unity Club connected with his society has three hundred members. Mr. McCollester, the pastor of the Universalist church, besides his morning sermons, is giving in the evening illustrated lectures on travel. He has given series on "Egypt," "Palestine" "The Cathedrals of Europe," etc. A Sunday evening or two ago his theme was "Russia and the Russian Church." His church is crowded at these lectures. Two week-night lectures by women have recently been given in the Universalist church. One was by

Mrs. Helen P. Jenkins of Detroit, on "Madame de Staël," and the other by Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, on "The World's Parliament of Religions." Both lectures were very much enjoyed. Mr. Stuart recently lectured in the Unity Club course at Ann Arbor, on "Mohammed"; and Mr. McCollester will lecture there soon.

East Lexington, Mass.— The Follen Church, Rev. George W. Cooke minister, is accomplishing an unusual amount of active work. Mr. Cooke has always laid emphasis upon the village idea in the life of the church, making in his church as far as possible a place for all, and endeavoring to unite in a common service people of differing religious beliefs. The *Parish Outlook* for January, a monthly paper issued in the interest of Follen Church, gives the following themes for Mr. Cooke's morning discourses throughout the month: "The Hiding of the Soul with Christ in God," "Sacred and Secular," "The Prophet of God," "The Conversion of Energy"; and for the evening meetings lectures from different sources, as follows: "A Good School: Its Characteristics, Aims, and Methods," Mr. I. F. Hall, superintendent of schools, Arlington, Mass.; "The Chinese Question," Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, Boston; "Ramabai's Work among Women in India," Mrs. Emma E. Marean, Cambridge; "Socialism," Mr. James P. Munroe, Lexington. Of week-day meetings there is an elaborate programme, giving something like one special event, class, lecture, or entertainment for every other day in the month.

Humboldt, Ia.—The Unity Club has issued a most elaborate programme for the present season, covering thirty weeks' study of geology and social science. For each weekly meeting two short papers are announced, carefully arranged to develop systematically the study of the two main subjects. A class exercise in mineralogy is also announced for every meeting.

Lansing, Mich.—Rev. Oscar Clute, who in 1881 left the active duties of the Unitarian ministry to accept the presidency of the Michigan State Agricultural College, located here, has resigned, after four years of excellent service rendered to this college, and has accepted the presidency of the Florida Agricultural College, located at Lake City in that State.

Lynn, Mass.—The literary class of the Unity Club connected with the Unitarian church here has issued, under the able leadership of the pastor, Rev. S. B. Stewart, an exceedingly interesting and useful pamphlet, embracing an outline for a course of study in "The History of Colonial Massachusetts." The references are so complete as to be useful to every student. The course covers the topics of History, Discovery, Settlements, Government, Society, Education, and Religion.

Meadville, Penn.—The Meadville Theological School has nearly completed the first half of what seems to be a very promising year.

Nearly all the old students returned; and a new class of thirteen entered upon the work, swelling the number of students to forty-two.

Prof. Christie has been added to the faculty. He commenced his instructions at the beginning of the year. His pleasing methods and genial fellowship have won for him a prominent place in the esteem of all the students.

Prof. Chesley was obliged, early in the term, to take a much needed rest from his work.

Dr. Whiton, who has been preaching in the Unitarian church here, has kindly taken the class in ethics, and has carried it on very satisfactorily.

A conference has been held every Friday afternoon, when such subjects as "What has Ethics done, and What may it do for Religion?" "Cliques"; "Is One Sunday Service Enough? Which shall it be?" etc., have been ably discussed by the students.

The preaching on Wednesday afternoons has been by members of the Senior and Middle Classes, and some very interesting sermons have been the result.

Our library has been added to this year by contributions from a few sources. There is, however, a great lack of new and recent works.

Meadville Theological School is gaining power each year, striving to take a high rank among the divinity schools of the land. W. S. N.

Peabody, Mass.—Rev. J. W. Hudson completed twenty years of his ministry with the Unitarian society here December 9.

In commemorating the event, Mr. Hudson delivered an exceedingly interesting sermon from the text, "This twenty years have I been with thee" (Genesis xxxi. 38), in which he reviewed the wonderful growth and changes in social, local, political, and religious life during the past twenty years. During Mr. Hudson's ministry thirty-seven ministers have occupied the pulpits of the thirteen Unitarian churches in Essex County. Only three of those settled when Mr. Hudson came to Peabody still remain in the same pulpits; namely, Rev. E. B. Willson of Salem, Rev. S. B. Stewart of Lynn, and Rev. E. C. Butler of Beverly.

That Mr. Hudson is one of the best beloved and most popular ministers in the county was well proved by the crowded attendance at the reception given in his honor by the parish. Every denomination in Peabody was represented, nearly all the Salem ministers were there, and among those from a distance were Rev. S. C.

Beane of Newburyport, Rev. Arthur W. Littlefield of Winchester, and many others. Letters of congratulation were received from many, among others from Hon. C. E. Stevens of Ware, one of Mr. Hudson's former parishioners.

Richmond, Va.—Unitarian services are being held here every Sunday in Belvidere Hall. Rev. George L. Chaney is preaching in the mornings, and holding a "Religious Study Class" every Sunday afternoon. This is undoubtedly to be a permanent movement.

Saginaw, Mich. — Rev. Howard MacQueary, who has been doing a strong work here for two years, has accepted a call to Erie, Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.—Second Church: December 3, being the first Sunday of the month, new members were received into the society.

The pastor, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, had the privilege of receiving eleven more, making in all, since the 1st of April, eighty new names on the roll. The morning congregations have grown until they now fill the church quite comfortably, and the evening service always crowds the house to its utmost capacity. It is becoming a problem what to do with the people who come to hear the "young preacher."

There are two things especially notable in our congregations. One is the large number of men, and the other is the great number of young people. It is doubtful if there is another church in the city which has as many young people as has ours.

Mr. Sprague has just completed a series of four sermons on human rights, dealing with "The Rights of Children," "The Rights of Working-people," "The Rights of Woman," and "The Rights of the Sensitive." These have proved of great interest, and have aroused much enthusiasm. Eastern people would be surprised to see the people of our church stay for an hour after service, discussing in little groups here and there the thoughts of the discourse of the day.

Our Sunday-school now has an average attendance of about one hundred and twenty children. Mr. Sprague, assisted by his competent wife, takes charge of a Thursday evening teachers' meeting, which is also largely attended by parents and inquirers. The school is studying "Beginnings," a manual prepared by the Western Sunday School Society.

Toronto, Can.—The Jarvis Street Church, pastor Rev. Henry W. Wonde, publishes the Toronto *Unitarian*, and has been giving reports of an excellent series of Mr. Wonde's sermons on "Great Subjects," such as Religion and Theology, Religion and the Church, Religion and Creed, etc. The vesper services on alternate Sunday evenings are being well attended.

Wisconsin Conference.— The fiftieth session of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies was held in All Souls' Church, Janesville, December 5–7. The opening sermon was delivered Tuesday evening by Rev. T. B. Forbush. "Jesus' Gospel of the Kingdom" was his subject. Its central principles were shown to be God with us, and personal righteousness because God is with us. It was a kingdom of character, the development of man's capabilities. It was life eternal, this striving to be perfect here. The form of Jesus' kingdom may be faulty, but the principles he enunciated are eternal.

Wednesday morning the devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago, the secretary of the Western Conference. Hon. William Smith of Janesville gave an inspiring address of welcome, which was responded to in the same way by the Hon. H. M. Lewis of Madison, the president of the conference. The reports of officers and churches were in every way encouraging, eleven churches being represented. An invitation from the Minnesota Conference to meet with them in joint session at Winona in the spring was cordially and unanimously accepted.

Wednesday afternoon the papers and discussions of the conference were begun with a thoughtful address by Rev. R. C. Douthit of Baraboo, "The Church and the Children." He thought the church could foster a better home life, better social conditions, better school life. Preachers should try to reach the children in sermon and service, and to organize them in practical work for others. Rev. O. R. Washburn, the Universalist minister at Stoughton, took the topic "The Church and the Young People." He advocated clubs for girls and boys for debates, reading, refreshments, and general good times. The many religious questions of the time, springing from all sources, we should be able to help the young people answer. An animated discussion followed these papers, participated in by most of those present.

In the evening the high-water mark of the conference was touched by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. His thrilling theme was "The Cause of the Toiler as interpreted by the Pictures at the World's Fair." He showed how the artist helped us, interpreting nature and life, how the higher art puts on canvas the truths of human life. He went over the world's great pictures that illustrate man as a toiler, reproducing them in brilliant word-painting, and sketching in many a lesson it behooves the world to learn.

Thursday morning the devotional service was conducted by Rev. O. R. Washburn.

Rev. C. F. Niles of Menomonie read a

most valuable paper on "Unity Club work," regarding it as a means of reaching those within and without the church. A Unity Club can be made the mediator between the orthodox and liberals, and should be put in line with church work. It should be intellectual and social in its aims and ends, but how these two can be worked together is always a problem. The work of the club must always have reference to local conditions. Rev. Sophie Gibb of Janesville then read an interesting paper on "The Church and the Community." She said the church is a servant, and the higher the work done, the more the service rendered. Religion cannot be divorced in any sense from human interests. The great opportunities for work to-day were pointed out,—work, not controversy; for we were to use the truth, not defend it. The discussion following these papers occupied every available minute.

Having considered the work of the church for the children, the young people, the club, and the community, the church itself came in for its share of attention in the afternoon. "The Object of the Liberal Church" was the subject taken by A. W. Gould. He showed how it must stand for religion and for freedom in religion, not for a definite, final theology. The right and duty of private judgment was insisted on; and, as evolution shows that advances come by variation, so from our variety of opinions there must be constant growth. Two great objects served now are that we receive those who are outgrowing the old forms of religion, and help to make that new theology necessitated by the change in the front of the universe. "The Obstacles of the Liberal Church" was the subject taken by Rev. Lloyd Skinner of Eau Claire. As outlined, the obstacles were: people do not think; they do not feel the need of a rational yet reverent religion; they do not see that religion is not only the worship of God, but also the love of nature and the service of man; the prevalent religious conceptions are bound up with law, administration, and the existing order of society, so that in disturbing them we seem to strike at these; the name ordinarily chosen —Unitarian, Universalist—is faulty and unfortunate; our practices of playing cards, dancing, etc., prejudice people against us. Some of these obstacles we can overcome, some we cannot overcome, some we do not wish to overcome. Rev. J. F. Schindler, the Universalist minister at Racine, voiced the dream of those who are looking for a union of the Liberal forces in an able paper entitled, "The United Liberal Church." He said to recognize and promote religious unity is a high moral duty. The puzzle to foreigners was the way the Unitarians and Universalists stood apart, and the only reason seemed to be that we distrust one another's motives.

Resolutions thanking the Janesville people for their hospitality were passed, and also the following: "Rejoicing in the spirit and work of the World's Parliament of Religions, demonstrating as it did the moral and religious unity of the race, the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies resolves: first, that, emphasizing the same spirit, we desire to work toward its realization in organized effort; second, to this end we desire to record our willingness to co-operate in any movement looking toward the establishment of the Church Universal."

The following officers were elected: president, Hon. H. M. Lewis, Madison; first vice-president, Hon. William Smith, Janesville; second vice-president, Rev. C. F. Niles, Menomonie; secretary, Rev. Lloyd Skinner, Eau Claire; treasurer, R. Jackson, Baraboo; Post-office Mission secretary, Mrs. Minnie S. Savage, Evansville.

It was matter of serious regret that Rev. H. T. Secrist of Milwaukee was unable, through illness, to be present at the conference, and especially to open the platform meeting of Thursday evening with his expected address, "The Foundations on which we build." Rev. C. F. Niles spoke concerning "The Purpose for which we exist," saying it was to discover the truth, and incarnate that truth in life. All churches are striving for the same end, but others than our own are looking for truth in the past. While we do not reject the word of prophet, priest, or church, we winnow it, adding whatsoever reason bids. For us character is the final outcome. Rev. G. H. Clare of Madison, though far from well, spoke a most fitting closing word for this helpful and inspiring session of our conference. In the marvellous diction for which he is noted and with ringing rhetoric he portrayed "The Glories of our Gospel," showing how each purpose, as outlined by the previous speaker, was a halo of glory. So also the rescue of Jesus of Nazareth from the débris of dogma, and the bringing in a purer conception of God; how our theology was the highest truth that has been revealed to man, but, high as this revelation may be, we still dream of higher and higher truth. L. S.

Wollaston, Mass.—The Unity Club has laid out, under the skilful direction of the pastor, Rev. James E. Bagley, a very careful plan of work for the current session. A programme has been tastefully printed, in small pamphlet form, giving outline, suggested points, and questions for each meeting. Two subjects are treated alternately, "Literature" and "Social Science."

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THE NEW CHURCH AND ITS WORK.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, DETROIT, MICH., BY REV. REED STUART.

"Ye have been called unto liberty, only use not liberty as an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.

"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul."—NEW TESTAMENT.

No effect is the result of a single cause. Even so simple and individual a thing as a raindrop is the result of a whole network of forces. Chemistry is present, mixing the oxygen and hydrogen in right proportions. That cohesion, or sympathy, which holds similar particles together cannot be absent. The sunbeam which drew the moisture originally up from the earth lent its aid. The meeting of the mist with a colder stratum of air in the higher regions, causing it to condense, must not be forgotten in attempting to account for it. Finally, that gravitation which by an invariable law pulls everything within a certain radius toward the centre of the earth is invited in to complete the work. Thus this apparently simple and unrelated thing becomes a kind of shining little wonder, when seen in reference to its causes.

Passing toward the more complex organizations, the same variety of causes is seen. Seen in its concreteness, a thing may, at first sight, seem to have been made at one cast; but under reflection it is seen to have had a history of progressive unfoldment. It is the part of philosophy to discover what forces were at work through time to produce it. The field of this inquiry covers everything, from the grain of sand to the many-colored and many-sided civilizations of mankind.

Once it was thought that the institution called the Church was not in this field. Its origin was supernatural. Its laws and ordinances were imposed upon it by a divine command. As in the myth the goddess, in all her wisdom and beauty, sprang instantly from the brow of Jove, so it was thought the Church, without any human choice or agency, came suddenly from heaven to earth. The free will of man played no part in its construction. "Make it according to the pattern shown in the Mount," was the command; and the builders could only obey.

Now such theory is rapidly passing into decline. Even the sentiment of religion of which it is the expression is acknowledged to have had a history. It is not the same at all times. Within this century it has been believed that the Hebrew language was the original form of human speech, and it was revealed to mankind. The study of all languages has made that belief untenable. Language has grown. So has music. They say that in prehistoric times it passed through three different stages. Instruments of percussion, as drums and symbols, were followed by wind instruments, and these by stringed instruments. The lyre had three strings, and then four, and then seven, and then ten. The players in Solomon's court would stand powerless in the presence of Beethoven's symphonies. From the music of a Dahomey village to a Philharmonic Club is an immense distance. But it is not any farther than it is from the language of those poor children of darkness to that of Shakespeare. But the change in religion is just as marked as that in language and music.

Thus the Church has assumed many different forms as it has come along through time. It has been created and upheld by natural causes. Among the more prominent of these causes may be seen the fact of a religious nature in mankind; the fact

that every idea naturally seeks some objective expression, and that man is a social creature. It has never existed in a perfect form, but that is because the elements out of which it is composed are imperfect. In this imperfection it has simply shared with every other institution. As adding a hundred finite things together will not produce something infinite, so combining any number of incompletenesses will not make perfection. The Church is not ideal, because its components are not. It is not the best possible institution. But neither is the home or government the best possible. It must be satisfied if it is the best possible with such material as is furnished. As the home is the effort of such human love as there is to take visible shape, as the picture and statue and poem are such beauty as the soul can conceive flowing into form, as the State is the expression of what justice and liberty are held in the mind of the majority of its citizens, so the Church is the attempt of religion to find some organic form. It must have existed potentially in the mind before it took this external shape. Some sentiment of justice and the value of association must have existed before government. Some notions of architecture existed before the temples and cathedrals were built. Music of some kind was before the staff. Love was back of the home, and life was on the earth prior to any human body. So, before there was any church, religion of some kind was in the spirit of man. The altar was first erected in the heart. Long before the bells which now disturb the air on a Sunday morning, calling to prayer, or the organ tones pealing amid the "groined aisles" of the great minsters, were heard by any mortal, they were ringing their chimes and sounding forth their notes of wail or jubilee in the temple of the human heart.

Finding the foundation of the Church to be in nature, it may be hastily concluded that it will be enduring. The oak is not easily overthrown. So long as man has a religious nature, so long as there is a principle of association in mankind, so long as there is a deep feeling of friendship and sympathy, so long as the enjoyment of the true and beautiful in theory and the noble in action is greatly enhanced when it can be participated in by a company of kindred minds, so long as the mystery of life and destiny lies like an ocean all around this island of earth upon which man awoke and found himself, so long some kind of church will be found. While man remains what he is, it will not be likely to perish.

That the Church has been created and sustained by man opens the way for the inevitable conclusion that it will change as its creator and upholder changes. Because man is not stationary, the Church cannot be. Nor should the moving of this institution from its old camping-ground awaken any surprise or any alarm in the mind of those who love it. It ought rather to awaken delight. It is just as foolish to assume that those who lived long ago knew all about religion as to assume that they knew all that was worth knowing about government or science. The old theologians had no more fitness and no more right to make our religious doctrines than the old kings had to make our laws or the old astrologers had to make our astronomy. New ideas make new things. A church which would be satisfactory to those who believed that the earth is the centre of the universe would be deficient to those who have learned that the earth revolves around the sun. The doctrines once suited to the simple-minded people who met for worship in a little log or frame church at the country cross-roads—a community to which a newspaper came only once a week—will not suit those who live in great centres of population and commerce, to whom every day the news of the world is brought, to whom libraries and galleries of art are thrown open, and who are confronted with all the problems of a varied and complex social life. The persons who pass rapidly in cars from one great city to another in a single day or night cannot have quite the same opinions that those held who used to pass slowly and wearily over that distance on horseback or in a stage-coach, consuming a week in making the journey. The locomotive has made a new kind of soul. There is nothing wicked or dangerous in this change. It is only an instance of the irresistible logic of events. It is the method of nature applied to life. Thus the same forces which have been busily at work in this century, making new machinery, new cities, new States, new colleges, have been just as busy making a new kind of theology and a new kind of church.

There is no hatred for the old forms of things. They are dropped only because they are not able to meet the new demands of the new age. No one despises the old stage-coach. The only objection to it is its inadequacy.

A public man has recently published a volume of recollections of fifty years. In it he gives an interesting narrative of a horseback journey made in the "forties" from Southern to Northern Indiana. It was made in the spring. The way ran almost constantly through the woods. The sunbeams came peering down through the branches of the great trees, making wavering shadows upon his path and flecking the ground with flakes of gold. In the early morning the branches of the trees were all alive with singing birds. The squirrels were chattering. An occasional deer was seen bounding away through the woods. A delicious fragrance filled the air, and his horse's hoofs in passing knocked the dew from whole beds of wild flowers.

A most attractive scene. It is no wonder that it made a deep impression upon the young man who had recently left Boston to find a home and make a career in the Western wilderness. But there was another side to the picture. The way was sometimes difficult to find. Some days it was very muddy. It was a long distance between the cabins where he was to spend the night. When the log house was reached, it often contained only one room. The bed was hard, the food poor. Sometimes there was no grain for his horse. Once he had a battle with a great rattlesnake, which disputed his right to the path. The forests were full of miasma, and he fell ill of a fever. Thus, while the experience was interesting, and in many ways attractive as a reminiscence to the writer, he did not care to repeat it. There was nothing to indicate that he thought that the old Indiana, with its trails through the wilderness, with its occasional log huts, unbridged streams, undrained swamps, and malaria, was as good as the new Indiana, with its railroads and cities and farms and schools and newspapers and million and half of people. He did not hate the old State, but he was glad that the new State had come in its place. The old State was not equal to the new times.

Which illustration partially meets the case of the Church. It may be acknowledged that the Church which is gradually being displaced in this country was by no means devoid of attractiveness and utility. There was a certain unmistakable charm in its simple acceptance of doctrines as expounded by its preachers. If one possessed the art of word-painting, a picture might be made of some little church called "Shiloh" or "Carmel" or "Pisgah" or "Hope" or "Bethel." As memory recalls such churches found in the Ohio Valley forty years ago, they are seen standing usually in the edge of the woods, at some central place in the neighborhood. Near by was the little cemetery, where the white and gray stones, reflecting the sunlight and moonlight, stood amid the tall grass. The gates of this sacred enclosure were only impressively opened two or three times a year, to admit another silent citizen. Upon a Sunday morning men, women, and children might be seen coming in little groups on foot and on horseback to this common meeting-place. Friendly greetings would be exchanged in a subdued voice. A kind of holy peace was in the air. There inside of the church the little congregation would be found. The walls were bare, the seats uncushioned, the floor uncarpeted. There is silence, broken only by an occasional whisper of a mother telling some child how to behave, or, if it is summer-time, by a humming bee which has inadvertently strayed in at an open window, or by the singing of some bird outside, or the neighing of the horses tied to the trees. Then the service begins. "Let us worship God," the preacher says with solemn tone. A hymn is announced, and read. Then the first two lines are read again. Then, without an organ, the whole congregation

"Chant their artless notes in simple guise:
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name;
Or noble 'Elgin' beats the heavenward flame."

Then the long prayer, in which no human want is omitted. Then the longer sermon. The theme is always doctrinal. It is divided

and subdivided and subsubdivided, and awfully complete. It is fortified by texts of Scripture gathered from Genesis to Revelation. Each listener is supplied with a Bible; and, as these texts are repeated, there is a rustle of turning leaves to find them. Then another hymn, and then the benediction, and then these worshippers return to their humble homes.

If this were all that could be said of those churches, one might wish that they never had passed away. But it must not be forgotten that there was much gloom in that old worship. Many a sensitive young heart was often overcome with terror by the hymns, which were frequently about death and the judgment. Children often took the preacher at his word, and really believed they were on the road to a dreadful and endless doom. Many of the doctrines were harsh and cruel. After hearing them, one might dread, but he could not love, God. There was often much hatred of other sects. Some of us can remember in childhood, when our church happened to be closed for a Sunday, being told by our pastor not to attend the Methodist church, but to remain at home, and read the Bible and study the Catechism. The good man feared we might be taught Arminianism or some other false doctrine. Those churches were founded, not upon religion, but upon theology. They were much nearer Luther and Calvin than they were Christ. They were full of zeal, but it was all partisan zeal. They did not care for mankind. They only cared for their particular kind of mankind. They seemed to have forgotten that Christ came in the name of a universal love and peace. In the German legend, long after the battle of Chalons was ended, the spirits of the slain kept up the contest in the air. Many years after the real conflict was over, peasants, wandering by the battle-ground, would hear the clash of arms above them. So, long after the need for fighting had gone, the unhappy struggle was kept up. Thus, while there were many things in the old churches to admire, there were good reasons for leaving them in the past. God has made everything beautiful and useful in its time. Those churches fit well the age in which they were formed. There was a time when the world could not have got along without them. But there came a time when the world could not get along with them. We do not hate them, but we are glad that they have lost their power. Not that we love them less, but that we love religion more. The new Church is moving away from a few narrow theologians toward a universal spirit. Pushing away from a little island ruled by some Moses or Calvin or Wesley, it has discovered a world ruled by a God.

What many have been hoping and working for is not yet fully here, yet there can be no doubt that it is coming more and more in sight of all looking and longing eyes. Perfect liberty in religion cannot yet be found, but all the churches are on its track. Everywhere there is an evident tendency to move toward greater freedom of thought. The more thoughtful and more earnest are gradually leaving tradition and all mechanical methods, and are trying to build a new church upon reason, and a deep conviction of present spiritual facts. Now there is no Established Church. They are all moving churches. The only difference is some are moving a little more rapidly than others.

When, after the winter solstice, the sun is returning gradually, the light widens its area. Every day a little encroachment is made upon the night. Every morning the red banners are seen waving a few moments earlier in the east, and every evening in the west they are furled a little later. The spring may yet be far away, but every day renews the assurance that it is on the way. It does not reach all latitudes at the same time. At one place the grass is already green; the "pale primrose" and the pink phlox can be found in the edge of the woods, where the sunbeams linger longest; the robin and the bluebird are filling the air with their mellow notes. At other places patches of snow can be seen; the morning has frost in its breath; and the woods are still "bare, ruined choirs," where yet the sweet birds have not begun to sing. But no one loses heart, for he knows that after a time the warmth and beauty of the perfect spring will cover all the zone.

Thus it is with the churches. The winter solstice has been reached. They are all feeling the touch of a new spring. Not all are feeling it alike. Some are basking in its warmth. A new life is surging within them. They are drinking in the marvellous beauty of sight and sound, which surrounds

them like an atmosphere. Upon others the beams of the advancing sun still fall aslant. There is still some chill in the air: the hard and cruel winter is loath to loose his hold upon them. The new strength and gladness, which come with perfect disinthralment, are not fully theirs; but they need not lose heart. The blessed spring-time of religion will at last reach their latitude. How do we know that it will come to all our zone? Because the splendid sun there in the sky has decreed it, and is powerful enough to enforce all its decrees. How do we know it will come to all the churches? Because the mighty Spirit has issued a mandate to that effect, and has commissioned the whole age to carry its command to them, and compel obedience. That which has already made art and science and literature so noble is surely equal to the task of making our religion as noble and gr at. Thus the churches are all moving in one direction, because they are caught in the resistless drift which is sweeping through these amazing years.

There can be no doubt that the new Church, which is gradually emerging from the old, will have great duties to perform. Increased opportunity brings increased obligation. The institution falling within days of great achievement and great mental activity has a work resting upon it equal to its endowments and advantages. It must be intellectual, because the age is intellectual. It must be scientific, for the age is scientific. But it must be much more than this. It must be ethical and spiritual. Once, when the doctrine was stated and proved, the work of the Church was done. Later there came a time, when the doctrine was stated and disproved, the work of certain churches was done. The time is almost gone when either of these kinds of work is needed. Long ago many became weary of hearing a defence, and a guarding from all infraction by sceptics, of such abstractions as "predestination" and "imputation" and "vicarious righteousness" and "trinity." But it is also some time since many began to grow weary of hearing assaults made upon these abstractions and arguments, to prove their unreasonableness. If this debate was ever necessary, its necessity is now almost gone. Something of much more importance is present now. We are confronted, not with doctrines to be debated, but with facts to be acted upon.

The new form of church has been in existence long enough to inform the world as to what it does not believe. It is time now for it to convey some information as to what it does believe. Its reputation as a debater is established. Now it only needs to prove that it, too, has a religion, and that its power of love for God and man is fully equal to its power to destroy false doctrines about man and God. The old Church had a great work to do, but the new Church has a much greater. The former thought of the individual soul and heaven. The latter thinks also of these, but it has added to them earth and humanity. To the happiness of heaven it has annexed the happiness of earth. Thus, as the old and useless doctrines disappear below the horizon of the past, a whole new world of thought and action is seen rising above the sky-line of the future.

In this new order of things which we are now entering, many of the terms of religion will be reopened, to receive a larger meaning. Salvation will be made to include the whole personality. It will try to make changed conditions for society. It will include ethical culture. Not only the emotions, but the intellect, will be found within it. It will not save a man as a church member, and leave him unsaved as a business man. It will not make him a saint in private life, and leave him free to be a great sinner as a politician. It may begin with a single act of conversion, but it will not end there. It will be a daily companion of his life. Every day there will be a conversion. There will be a turning from selfishness to a broad charity, from cruelty to kindness, from thoughtlessness to a deep meditation over God and the soul, from a flippant unbelief to an abiding trust in the blessed Power whose presence is seen in the swift, gliding stars and in the unfolding march of the human hosts across the earth, from an impatient arraignment of that plan which includes death in its order to an unquestioning serenity and patience until the curtain rolls up, revealing the final act of the great mystery. Thus salvation passes along with man through all the years of his earthly journey, unfolding new powers, adjusting him to higher and higher surroundings, and

fitting him for companionship with the blessed immortals.

But the change cannot be confined to one or two things. It will touch everything connected with the Church. When the morning comes, it comes to everything. The sunshine does not flood the fields with light, and leave the rivers to roll along in darkness; it does not waken the flowers, and leave the birds asleep. So the new day that is here in religion will transform the whole Church. It is making not only a new theology, but it is making a new kind of preacher. The new spirit demands a new voice to utter forth its meanings. The sunbeams that awaken the music cannot leave the sermon asleep. The preacher can no longer be a mere machine to grind up obscure texts into homilies and exhortations. He must be no mere word-maker and phrase-mongerer. He must not know more about Palestine than he does of his own country. He must not go to Gennesaret and the Jordan, to the stork and the fir-tree, for his illustrations. Our own lakes and rivers, the robin and the maple, are just as sacred, and will better serve his purpose. He will know the Bible, but he will know other literature as well. He will bring his sermon up to the level of the average intellect. His propositions will all be on intimate terms with reason; and he will not make the mistake of expecting his private opinion will be accepted as a universal principle, nor feel affronted when his hearers decline to receive his prejudices as a divine oracle. He will study and love the facts of science, but he will do much more than that. He will pass along to where he can see the facts of the universe turning into thought and science becoming a revelation of God. He will study man in all his many forms. He will see him engaged in all his tasks in history and in the present. He will see him as a creature of thought and emotion, as builder of States, as warrior, as creator of arts and inventions, as worshipper and as toiler, as maker and lover of wealth; and his constant aim will be to exalt all these many forms of life and its action. To make a nobler civilization, to help construct a better social science, to better all human conditions here upon the earth, is a great part of his work. To do this work demands much thought, much singleness of aim, and a certain ethical passion, which, as the sacred fire in the old temples, shall flame day and night upon the altar of his heart.

Whether we shall ever have a religion which will yield to exact demonstration, as do the problems of mathematics, we do not know. At this time the probabilities seem to be against it. It may be that there will always remain a line where logic will halt, and hope and imagination must plume themselves for an onward flight. But that we may have a religion full of all natural and rational qualities seems to be assured. Its inferences will all proceed from reasonable premises. Its prophecies will all grow out of its experiences. It will repose where everything else reposes,—upon the basis of natural law. As thus the worlds are upheld, the tides rise and recede, the snow falls, and the rain, the clouds come and go, the mists veil the mountains and the thunder rolls amid the hills, the heart beats and the cheek flushes, golden hair covers the head of youth, and white hair the head of age,—as all other things are moved and upheld by law, so is religion created and sustained. Its miracles are found in the constancy of seed-time and harvest, and in the steady flow of life through all things. Its sacraments are the doing of duty. The unfailing method of nature is its Providence. Its prayers, its hymns, its hopes, grow up out of a divine necessity hidden in the deeps of the human spirit. They do not seem to be imported or alien, but native and at home in the plan of things. When unforced and unhindered, they accord well with nature. They are as graceful as the curve of the sky, free as the flow of rivers, and musical as the wind rustling the corn. Such a religion can only give unbounded confidence to all who make it theirs. So sane, so grand, so far-reaching, seems the Divine Order of the universe that all good must ultimately be contained in it. The same Power which formed the earth formed the soul. The Power that fashions the cradle of man upon the earth fashions the grave. The Love that bends over the one bends over the other. Birth, life, death, are natural steps in the order of Providence; and a life after death is no more marvellous than the life before death.

Of some such religion the new Church is the agent. Its aim is ethical, but it is also

spiritual. It must work for this world, yet it cannot avoid thinking of another world. It must help man to do his work here in the dust, but it must often draw near and whisper to him that he shall not become dust. Like the ancient city, earth has many gates, opening on every side. One opens toward the fields of toil, one toward the field of pleasure, one toward conduct, and one toward beauty and the joys of love. But one sapphire gate there is which opens toward the boundless realm of spiritual life. Of this gate the Church is warden. It stands there to open it, and beckon mortals through it. To each passing one it says: O soul, come hither, and go toward the future through this portal. Passing through, thou art on the way to greatness. There are no limits. At every advance the horizon falls back. God fills that greatness with his presence, and in him there is Life Eternal.

THE LIFE AND THE LIVES OF JESUS.

Fra Angelico, a famous artist of the fifteenth century, would never paint a portrait of Christ or the Virgin, so it was said, except upon his knees. The truth in art could be approached only with the highest reverence for its subject, as if the painter were trying to see, as God sees, the intrinsic quality of the human soul whose features are to be put upon canvas. It is in biography as in painting and sculpture that the most satisfying life of an historical personage must be written with love and enthusiasm.

If such writing is likely to have a vein of overstatement, if it be the defect of partisanship that it converts faults into merits and becomes an apologist and defender of character and conduct which are not above reproach, on the other hand it is only the interpretation of sympathy which can do justice to a man's motives and intentions, which can anticipate that verdict of future generations which is to be formed without the distortion of prejudice and passion which disturbs the present judgment.

There are few great men of history, such as Socrates, Cromwell, and Washington, whose characters in our day are not accepted more as their admirers depicted them than as the critics of their lifetime looked at them. They, too, were painted for posterity by the artist upon his knees.

It is the virtue and the defect of the primitive histories of the life of Jesus, the Gospels, as we call them, that they were the product of veneration akin to worship. As we study these Gospels with judicial eyes, "nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice," we find many sayings and deeds which do not fit into the loftiest character and intelligence. Most of these defects, however, pretty plainly appear to be the writer's ideas of what was said and done, which can be easily qualified by other statements which better harmonize with the prevailing spirit of Jesus' thought.

But that part of Christendom which has not read with a critic's eye has come from the Gospels with only the highest moods of admiration, as from the presence of one who stood far above ordinary human weakness and shortcoming, who was stern only in the love of justice, and indignant only against meanness and cruelty, and ambitious only of guiding consciences and hearts by the persuasiveness of his wisdom and his motherly pity for human blindness and wilfulness. All this better impression, I take it, is a tribute to the fact that the gathered stories of Jesus' life, though clumsy as bits of literary art, were the work of lovers and enthusiasts. They, too, painted upon their knees, and far better than what they were able to say of their leader they felt about him.

Language is an unmanageable tool for most of us. It conceals quite as much as it reveals of our intention. The speech of untrained minds is apt to be loud and limited in its adjectives,—loud as if to convey in the demonstrativeness of voice the sense which there are not clear ideas and command of words to set forth, and scanty in descriptive epithets, because it is the way we say things rather than the form of expression which is expected to impart our meaning. Pantomime, not literature, is the natural expression of children and childish intellects. Hence, in reading all legendary stories, all tales of the youth of the world, of the first beginnings of an institution in a by-gone age, we need to read between the lines, to look into the possible greatness of the occasion and the personages described, which

the traditions set forth as best they could, with their scanty imagination and small range of words, although perhaps saying something different than they supposed they were saying.

It is in this spirit that we must form a fair picture of the life of Jesus. There are lives of Jesus, theories of the rise and character of Christianity, almost without number. They are all attempts to paint one life. How well or how ill they have done this is the occasion of most of the controversy in our theological world. The men called critics or unbelievers or agnostics,—who engage from time to time in discussing the place and value of the New Testament in the world's literature, are seldom called to account for their work by their opponents, for any alleged lack of honor for the personal quality or the moral and intellectual genius of the man Jesus.

Two famous books, each called the Life of Jesus, were published thirty or forty years ago, were talked of everywhere in religious communities, and are still reappearing in modern editions, and are drawn upon for illustration of sermons. They were by David Strauss, the German, and Renan, the Frenchman. They were books of undoubted power and of an abiding influence in shaping the ideas of Christendom. They have been bitterly assailed because of their alleged destructive effect upon Christian faith, and because they placed Jesus upon a plane with that humanity which gropes after truth, sometimes in misleading paths, and which commits errors of judgment and has lapses of courage and faith. But that these authors spoke with any spirit but of respect and admiration for the mind and work of Jesus no fair controversialist would declare.

What Strauss and Renan sought to do was to show the inadequacy, the unsatisfactoriness, and general incorrectness of the legends of the life of Jesus which are contained in the New Testament, and to construct a more accurate picture. They approached the evangelists as all Protestants and many Catholics go to the mass of legends of Christianity, called Apocryphal Gospels, which had their vogue from the second century down to the invention of printing, willing to find there any morsel of probability which they might contain, but at the same time positive that certain marve's and miracles with which they are full do not deserve to be treated as sober fact.

This is the spirit of our age with regard to the whole of the ancient world. Intelligent men and women venerate the early ages of history to which we owe so much. They hold in tenderest estimation the great souls of the past who have set us an example of every human grace and virtue. But they insist that the truest reverence for a man is to see him as he would seem if the tenderest and most careful, yet firmest, hand of our day were to set his characteristics before us. For we write history and biography in another light than that which they used who lived long ago. This is perfectly well understood when you set your children to exploring the legends of King Arthur, or the tales of the Greek heroes, or Plutarch's lives of famous men of Rome and Greece.

So it should be understood that the true story of the birth and early progress of the Christian religion must be sought in discrimination as well as in enthusiasm, not in blind faith in the unknown writers of the Gospels,—for the identity of not one of them is certain,—but in reverence for the God who makes his leaders of our human march after his own judgment as to what manner of mortal material is needed for the specific work, and with a becoming respect for plain, every-day human nature, which may be godly even if it has no marvellous in its structure.

Concerning the Four Gospels, which give us our chief materials for estimating the facts of primitive Christian history, it seems to me plain that nobody in the Christian Church is content to take their story just as it runs,—not even the most devout stickler for the full inspiration of Scripture. Even the Trinitarian Christian believes that Jesus was the incarnate Son of God, the second person of the Trinity; but, if he is a scholarly man, he will confess that this central principle of his faith is only somewhat obscurely suggested and hinted in any of the Gospels. Not a verse will he quote as unmistakably proclaiming so vital a thought. He therefore seeks elsewhere than in the Gospels for the true representation of Jesus; and, if he be a Roman Catholic, he will tell you that it is the Church, not the Bible, which, through its inspired men, makes authoritative the teaching that the eternal

Son of God dwelt for a time in human form.

So that worship of Christ—that dwelling upon union with Christ as the only true religion, which you will find in most of the popular sermons and devotional books of our day—is not derived from any of the Gospels, so much as from later sources, from the works and meditations of students and pietists who believe that their Master reveals himself to them in special ways, of which the evangelists could make no record, since it did not pertain to their time.

This treatment of the Gospels as only containing materials for the true life of Jesus is justified by their origin. They were not, as was once universally taught and believed, the records of well-known eye and ear witnesses of their Master's career. They were collections of his sayings and movements, drawn not unlikely from many sketches written down from time to time by those who had received and wished to treasure vivid impressions of his bearing and speech, but also from that word of mouth legend which was in the ages before printing the chief means of transmitting fact and fancy. The growing belief of scholars is that in the Gospel of Mark, in which there is no mention either of the birth or resurrection of Jesus, we have the nearest available approach to the first systematic account of the life of Jesus, and that the Books of Matthew and Luke are only enlargements and variations of Mark. These three together are the only morsels of authentic life which remain to us out of several Gospels which for a time had currency in the early Church. John is probably, as appears on its face, a very late theological view of Jesus.

Within a few years there has been found in an Egyptian tomb, and printed in English, a fragment of ten 12mo pages of what is called the "Gospel of Peter," which bears evidence of being a leaf from one of the lost Gospels of the early centuries. It adds nothing to our knowledge nor much to our edification; nor do any of the glimpses, real or supposititious, which the scholars now and then try to give us of other lost Gospels, throw any light upon the personality of Jesus. We must fill in, by means of our own art, the brief sketches which we have, written as they were with no apparent expectation that after ages would take them word for word, as truth unextenuated, unextended.

This is well. Lives, as we call them,—endeavors to put souls into printed pages so that he who runs may read,—are always guesses at truth. The life of Jesus, we might say, was providentially left thus meagre as to portraits and documents of his actual career, in order that men might adore the idealized soul, the spirit which is a symbol of the heights, the depths, and the breadths of human attainment and possibility. And this is what the names Jesus and Christ actually stand for in popular usage.

Not one in a thousand of those who speak these words with reverential breath, and who resent the least criticism of the New Testament story, are careful readers of the Gospels, or carry in their minds a coherent conception as to wherein the several Gospels differ from or agree with one another. Not one in a thousand of those who profess to believe in what theologians call the sinlessness of Jesus can give any evidence upon which their opinion is based. The average Christian's faith in Jesus has very little of the head in it, and is generally entirely of the heart; is sentimental, not intellectual. It is not builded upon history: it is erected upon hope, upon trust in human nature, upon gratitude for what the Christian religion and Church have done for humanity.

There is a group of noble and inspiring ideas of man's nature, rights, and destiny, which received a mighty impulse from the birth of the Christian Church. The loftiest ideas of morals are in the words of Jesus, and these have been a regenerative force in every field of our nineteenth century's activity. "Man is the son of God" is another of the inspiring sentiments of the Gospels, which appeals to the proud and the humble, —to the man of learning who finds himself constantly upon the shores of the vast ocean of truth, and longs for eternity in which to explore its wonders, and to the ignorant soul who would fain find in his very limitations only some accident of time from which, like the enchanted prince, in the fairy story, now turned to stone, he shall presently be restored to his proper heritage.

And then, perhaps, the most moving of all the influences of the Gospels is its picture of the just man persecuted, the lover of

his nation and his kind misjudged, misrepresented and made a malefactor. Alas! it is but an old story, renewed every year in every nation under the sun. Men hate their benefactor, because he is too loving to flatter them and praise their vices. They fawn upon the demagogue, the wily self-seeker; but the disinterested, the far-seeing, the truth-loving, they revile and slay. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." That wail of sorrow has sounded through the centuries to vibrate responsive in all the hearts which have borne injustice.

"And when, under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified."

Because cruelty is so common, because tyranny is so hard to unseat from its throne, because unthinking man is so often blind to his true good, has the suffering Son of Man become a symbol of the universal struggle of right against wrong, of innocence against the hard-hearted and foul. The moral man, the divine man, the oppressed man, have come to be symbolized in the name Jesus or Christ; and, whenever the name is spoken, it summons to the mind's eye a picture of humanity downtrodden for a time, but at last triumphant. There is a striking parallel to this,—mostly unconscious,—putting of ideal humanity into the word Jesus, in Hebrew poetry.

The last half of the prophecy of Isaiah is now generally recognized by the wisest students as the work of an unknown poet, the "Great Unknown." In its pages is one of the most exquisite and pathetic descriptions in all literature, a picture of the Suffering Servant of Jehovah. It is not any one man who is thus delineated, but the national Israel.

Ambitious, high-spirited Israel, what humiliations was it not destined to endure! Again and again it was overrun by powerful enemies, several times large numbers of its people were carried into far-off lands, the larger part of them never to return. Its temple was despoiled, its capital city was laid waste. At last a little company, a few thousand of the captives, were permitted to rebuild their homes and their national worship. This is the occasion of the poem, the prophecy of the greater Isaiah, in which he encourages his countrymen with the vision of the Man of Sorrows, who has for them endured all the penalties of their idolatries and their sins, and has opened the way for their restored glory.

"Thou Israel, my servant, I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away. Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob. I will help thee. He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; and with his stripes we are healed.

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself. For Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation."

In our Christmas oratorio this apotheosis of a nation's calamities is translated into the recital of the story of the Man of Nazareth, and thence it becomes the utterance of all human sympathy and gratitude for those who bear pains that their fellows may be happy.

But it is well for us to know that the true significance of the poem was that a whole people, many of the individual members now in their graves beyond the reach of any earthly triumph, had been scourged by tribulation, that the few who should survive might be loyal to their high calling as servants and sons of Jehovah. Thus the immortal part of the evangelist's picture of the Man of Nazareth is its exaltation of human nature, its praise of the lowly and obscure as princes of God, and its assurance that, in the end, right shall reign.

There are two Christianities in history. There is the church of pomp and dogma, with its host of prelates, its majestic architecture, its imposing ritual; and, too, with its councils furiously contending over obscure articles of creed, establishing inquisitions, excommunicating heretics. And there is the church of the loving and mild, of those who seek no office and fill no trump of fame, but who are prompt at every call

of mercy, who have pity for the slave and pardon for the fallen, and who, in all the centuries, wherever a forlorn hope was to be led, for the reform of social abuses and the maintenance of an imperilled right of man, have counted their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor as by no means too precious for an offering. There is the church whose Master is the fierce Judge of the last great day, with knotted brows and angry gesture banishing the unbeliever to eternal despair. And there is the church of the Good Shepherd.

"'He saves the sheep: the goats he doth not save!'
So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,
The infant Church! Of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

"And in the catacombs, . . .
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head in ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew,
And on his shoulders—not a lamb—a kid."

There are certain great principles of just government, of peaceful intercourse between man and man, of sympathy with the weak and unfortunate, which men call Christian ideas. And such as these are the redeeming and purifying forces of our world's fierce struggle for living. There is a devout sentiment, a sense of the nearness of God to man, and of his compassion for our sorrows and his guidance in our straits, as well as of joy and serenity amid the scenes of nature and the discipline of experience. This also is sometimes called Christian piety, and it is of inexpressible value for the formation and support of the highest personal character.

If men by a figure of speech personify these, and call them the life of Jesus in history, they are writing a true evangel, filling in the apostolic sketches with modern conceptions of what is right and beautiful and enduring. For we all need some human image which shall be a constant exhortation to our hearts to be of good cheer and of unswerving loyalty. And especially in our rough contact with men with whom we compete, who are our rivals, our pitiless opponents, or who in some other way show us their least lovely side, there is wanted for our proper balance a conception of a better humanity, that is not greedy, nor unscrupulous, nor merciless, but friendly, comforting, guiding, and inspiring.

No man has accomplished truly great and abiding things for civilization who has not been able to take a disinterested look below the seething currents of men's passions, and discern there the human instinct of justice, righteousness, and mercy, for whose evoking and eventual conquest over the animal his talents were given to work.

And no man can enjoy life and win the genuine respect and love of his fellows who does not feel in the deeps of his soul that he was meant for something transcendentally wiser and tenderer than he has yet attained or may approach while in this life. In all these perceptions of our better human nature we are reproducing the true life of Jesus, the symbol of God ever with men, pleading, rebuking, warning, loving, and at last to conquer.

As one has written, "The Man of Nazareth is of that sublime company whom humanity has chosen, in order to be reminded of itself and to be entranced with its own proper image." GEORGE A. THAYER.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE VALUE OF A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF RELIGIONS.

A PAPER READ AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS IN CHICAGO BY MRS. ELIZA R. SUNDERLAND.

PART SECOND.

In the preceding part of my paper I have considered the value of the study of religions in its relation to *general* culture. I come now to a consideration of the same study as a means of *religious* culture.

What is religion?

Ask the question of an ordinary communicant of any religious order, and the answer will in all probability, as a rule, emphasize some surface characteristic. The orthodox Protestant defines religion as a creed; the Catholic, a creed plus a ritual,—believe the doctrines and observe the sacraments; the Mohammedan, as a dogma; the Buddhist, as an ethical system; the Brahmin, as caste; Confucianism, as a system of statecraft.

But let the earnest student ask farther

for the real meaning in the worshipper of his ritual, creed, dogma, ethics, caste, and ethics-political, and he will find each system to be a feeling out after a bond of union between the human and the divine. Each implies a mode of activity, a process by which the individual spirit strives to bring itself into harmonious relations with the highest power, will, or intelligence. Each is of value in just so far as it is able to inaugurate some felt relation between the worshipper and the superhuman powers in which he believes. In the language of philosophy, each is a seeking for a reconciliation of the ego and the non-ego.

The earnest student will find many resemblances between all these communions, his own included. They all started from the same simple germ. They have all had a life history which can be traced, which is in a true sense a development, and whose laws can be formulated. They all have sought outward expression for the religious yearning, and have all found it in symbol, rite, myth, tradition, creed.

The result of such a study must be to reveal man to himself in his deepest nature. It enables the individual to trace his own lineaments in the mirror, and see himself in the perspective of humanity. *Prior* to such study, religion is an accident of time and place and nationality; a particular revelation to his particular nation or age, which might have been withheld from him and his, as it was withheld from the rest of the world, but for the distinguishing favor of the divine sovereign of the universe in choosing out one favored people and sending to that one a special revelation of his will. *After* such study, religion is an attribute of humanity, as reason and language and tool-making are, needing only a human being placed in a physical universe which dominates his own physical life, which cribs and cabins him by its inexorable laws; and, lo! defying those laws, he steps out into the infinite world of faith, of hope, of aspiration, of God. The petty distinctions of savage, barbarian, civilized, and enlightened, sink into the background. He is a man; and, by virtue of his manhood, his human nature, he worships and aspires. A comparative study of religions furnishes the only basis for estimating the relative worth of any religion. . . .

Goethe declared long ago that he who knows but one language knows none; and Max Müller applies the adage to religion. A very little thought will show the truth of the application in either case. On the old-time supposition, that religion and language alike came down ready formed from heaven, a divine gift or revelation to man, this would not be true. Complete in itself, with no earthly relationships, why should it need anything but itself for its comprehension? But modern scientific inquiry soon dispels any such theories of the origin of language and religion alike. If the absolute origin of each is lost in prehistoric shadows, the light of history shows each as a gradual evolution or development, whose laws of development can to some extent be traced, whose history can be, partially at least, deciphered. But, if an evolution, a development, then are both religion and language in the chain of cause and effect; and no single link of that chain can by any possibility be comprehended alone and out of relation to the link preceding and following.

Allow me to illustrate this proposition at some length. I am a Christian. I want to know the nature, meaning, and import of the Christian religion. I find myself in the midst of a great army of sects, all calling themselves Christians. I must either admit the claim of all or I must prove that only one has a right to the name; and, to do either rationally, I must become acquainted with all. But they absolutely contradict each other; and some of them, at least, also contradict the original records of Christianity in both their creed and ritual.

Here is one sect that holds to the unity of God; here another that contends earnestly for a trinity; here one that worships at high altars, with burning candles, processions of robed priests, elevation of the host, holy water, adoration of the Virgin Mother, all in stately cathedrals with stained glass windows, pealing organ, and surpliced choir; there another which deems that Christianity is foreign to all such ritual, and whose worship consists in waiting quietly for an hour within the four bare walls of the Quaker meeting-house, to see if the inner voice hath aught of message from the great enlightening Spirit.

How account for such differences, when all claim a common source? Only by trac-

ing back the stream of Christian history to its source, and following each tributary to its source, thus, if possible, to discover the origin of elements so dissimilar. Seriously entered upon the quest, we discover here a stream of influence from ancient Egypt, through Greece and Rome bringing to Roman Catholic Christendom, so says Prof. Tiele, the germs of the worship of the Virgin, the doctrine of the immaculate conception, and the type of its theocracy.

Another tributary brings in a stream of Neo-Platonism, with its doctrine of the Word, or Logos; another, a stream of Græco-Roman mythology, with a deifying tendency so strongly developed that it will fall in adoration equally before a Roman emperor or a Paul and Cephas, whose deeds seem marvellous. Another stream from imperial Rome brings its gift of hierarchical organization; and here a tributary comes in from the German forests, bringing the festivals of the sun-god and the egg-god, of the newly developing life of spring. Christianity cannot banish these festivals: too long have they held place in the religious consciousness of the people. She can, however, and does, adopt and rebaptize them; and we have the gorgeous Catholic festivals of Christmas and Easter.

Christianity itself sends its roots back into Judaism: hence, to know it really in its deepest nature, we must apply to it the laws of heredity; namely, we must study Judaism. Judaism has its sacred book; and our task will be easy, so we think. But a very little unbiassed study will show us that Judaism is not one, but many. There is the Judaism which talks freely of angels and devils and the future life, of happiness or misery; and there is the earlier Mosaism, which knows nothing of angels or devils, and of no future life save that of sheol, in which, as David declares, there is no service of God possible. Would we understand this difference, we must note a tributary stream flowing in from Babylonia; and, if we will trace this to its source, we shall find its fountain-head in the Persian dualism of Ormuzd and Ahriman, the god of light and the god of darkness, with their attendant angels. Only after the Babylonish captivity do we find in Judaism angels and a hierarchy of devils.

Pass back through the Jewish sacred books, and strange things will meet us. Here a "Thus saith the Lord" to Joshua: "Slay all the Canaanites, men, women, and helpless children. I suffer no one to live." "Sell the animal that has died of itself to the stranger within your gate, but not to those of your own flesh and blood." "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." This God of the Hebrews lives in an ark; in the ark he is carried into battle and taken and kept prisoner, and on the ark's return he strikes dead the man who puts out his hand to prevent threatened disaster to the sacred chest.

Is this the same God of whom Jesus taught? This is the religion out of which sprang Christianity. How, then, account for the immense distance between the two? To do this, we must trace the early Hebrew religion to its source, and then follow the stream to the rise of Christianity, seeking earnestly for the causes of the transformation.

What was early Hebrew religion? A branch of the great Semitic family of religions. What was the religion of the Semites, and who were Semites? These questions have been answered in an exhaustive and scholarly manner, so far as he goes, by Prof. Robertson Smith, in the volume entitled "The Religion of the Semites," —a volume to which no student of the Old Testament, who wishes to understand that rich treasury of Oriental and ancient sacred literature can afford not to give a serious study.

The Semites occupied all the lands of Western Asia from the Tigro-Euphrates valley to the Mediterranean Sea. They included the Arabs, Hebrews, and Phœnicians, the Aramæans, Babylonians, and Assyrians. A comparative study of the religions of all these peoples has convinced scholars that all were developments from a common primitive source, the early religion of the Semites. This religion was first nature-worship of the personified heavenly bodies, especially the sun and the moon god. Among the Arabs this early religion developed into animistic polydæmonism, and never rises much higher than this; but among the Mesopotamian Semites the nature beings rise above nature and rule it, and one among them rises above all the

others, as the head of an unlimited theocracy.

If magic and augury remained prominent constituents of their ceremonial religion, they also practised a real worship, and gave utterance to a vivid sense of sin, a deep feeling of man's dependence, even of his nothingness before God, in prayers and hymns hardly less fervent than those of the pious souls of Israel. . . .

All life, whether the life of man or beast, within the limits of the tribe was sacred, being held in common with the tribal god, who was the progenitor of the whole tribal life: hence no life could be taken, save in sacrifice to the god, without calling down the wrath of the god. Sacrifices thus became tribal feasts, shared between the god and his worshippers, the god receiving the blood poured upon this altar, the worshippers eating the flesh in a joyful tribal feast.

Here, then, was the origin of the Hebrew religion. It was not monotheistic, but what scholars designate as henotheistic,—a belief in the existence of many gods, though worshipping only the national god. Thus a man was born into this religion as he was born into his tribe, and he could only change his religion by changing his tribe. This explains Ruth's impassioned words to Naomi,—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy god my god." This idea of the tribal god, who is a friend to his own people, but an enemy to all others, added to the belief in the inviolability of all life save when offered in sacrifice, explains the decree that an animal dying of itself might not be eaten by a tribesman, but might be sold to a stranger. A tribal god, too, might rightfully enough order the slaughter of the men, women, and children of another tribe whose god had proved too weak to defend them. Life was sacred only because shared with the god, and this sharing was limited to the tribe.

The Hebrew people moved onward and upward from this early Semitic stage, and have left invaluable landmarks of their progress in their sacred books. The story of the sacrifice of Isaac tells of the time when human sacrifices were outgrown. Perhaps circumcision does the same. The story of Cain and Abel dates from the time when agriculture was beginning to take the place of the old nomadic shepherd life. The men of the new calling were still worshippers of the old gods, and would gladly share with them what they had to give,—the fruits of the earth. But the clingers to the old life could see nothing sacred in this new thing, and were sure that only the old could be well pleasing to their god.

The God who dined with Abraham under the terebinth-tree at Mamre was the early tribal god, El-Shaddai. Naaman was cured of his leprosy because the Jordan was sacred to the deity. It was the thunder God, Yahveh, whom the people worshipped on Sinai, and who still bore traces of the earlier sun-god as he guided the people in a pillar of fire. The ark is a remnant of fetichism; namely, a means of putting the deity under control of his worshippers. They can compel his presence on the battlefield by carrying the ark thither; and, if the ark is captured, the god is captured also.

A powerful element in the development upward of Mosaism was prophecy. The eighth-century prophets had moved far on beyond the whole sacrificial system when, as spokesman for the Lord, Isaiah exclaims, "Bring me no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto me"; and Micah inquires, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" Jesus condemns the whole theory of holy places when he declares, "Neither in this holy mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, shall men think to worship God most acceptably." God is a Spirit, unlimited by time or place; and they who would worship acceptably must worship "in spirit and in truth."

How long the journey from the early tribal sacrificial, magical, unmoral, fetich, holy place, human sacrifice worship of the early Semites, including the Hebrews, to the universal fatherhood and brotherhood religion of the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule, only those can understand who are willing to give serious study, not to the latter alone, but to the former as well. To such earnest student there will probably come another revelation; namely, that there is need of no miracle to account for this religious transformation any more than for the physical transformation, from the frozen snows of December to the palpitating life of June. They are either both miracle or

neither. The great infinite life and love was hidden alike in the winter clod and the human sacrifice. Given the necessary conditions, and the frozen clod has "climbed to a soul in grass and flower," the tribal god and the tribal blood bond are seen in their real character, as the universal God fatherhood and man brotherhood. What the necessary conditions were only those shall know who are ready to read God's thoughts after him in the patient researches of scientific investigation. But, whatever the conditions necessary, they were fulfilled; and Judaism emerges as Christianity.

What is to be the future of this religion, which has had so long and varied a history, from far-away Akkad even to this centre of the western hemisphere, and from twenty centuries before Christ to this last decade of nineteenth century after Christ? . . .

Its parent was Judaism, a national religion, limited by the boundaries of one nation. It is itself a universal religion, having transcended all national boundaries. How was this transformation effected? For answer go to Kuenen's masterly handling of the subject, "National Religions and Universal Religions." If our study has been wide, we have learned that religions, like languages, have a life history of birth, development, transformation, death, following certain definite laws. Moreover, the law of life for all organisms is the same, and may perhaps be formulated as the power of adjustment to environment; the greater the adjustability, the greater the vitality.

But this means capacity to change. "That which is no longer susceptible of change," says Kuenen, "may continue to exist, but it has ceased to live. And religion must live, must enter into new combinations, and bear fresh fruit, if it is to answer to its destiny, if, refusing to crystallize into formulæ and usages, it is to work like the leaven, is to console, to inspire, and to strengthen." Has Christianity this vital power? "Yes," again answers Kuenen, and quotes approvingly a saying of Richard Rothe: "Christianity is the most mutable of all things. That is its special glory." And why should this not be so? Christianity has gathered contributions from many lands, and woven them into one ideal large enough to include all peoples, tender enough to comfort all, lofty enough to inspire all,—the ideal of a universal human brotherhood bound together under a common divine fatherhood. Such a religion humanity will not, cannot, let die.

THEODORE PARKER.

HIS WORK IN BOSTON.

II.

Theodore Parker was now thirty years old, and all his powers approaching their maturity. After a youth of hardship, as many of us reckon hardship, of strenuous endeavor, of continuous and concentrated application to a very wide range of studies, covering nearly all subjects accessible to him, he had, in the four years of his life as a minister, co-ordinated his immense acquisitions, and not only extended, but learned how to apply them. His thought, instead of being overlaid and embarrassed by them, was sustained by them, and drew from them ampler volume and freer movement.

A very simple incident changed the course of life for him. He was asked to preach the ordination sermon of a young minister in his neighborhood, and chose as his subject "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity."

A general drift of thought, we all know, may go on for a long time without those who share in it clearly perceiving whither it is bearing them. The drift from Calvinism had gone on thus. Unitarians, generally, accepted the idea of a spiritual life in Christianity distinct from the theological doctrines that had been attached to it. They leaned upon it as the essential thing, without recognizing all that this implied. They themselves were startled at the bold statement of what had hitherto been dim suggestion to them. Their own revolt from Calvinism had certainly sprung from the spiritual and moral instincts of their nature. Bred, however, in the habit of referring to authority, it had seemed to them natural and necessary to shelter this revolt under the name and authority of the Infallible Teacher, and to repel the authority of Calvin by the authority of Christ. They were now summoned to take their stand on the moral and spiritual nature of man, and they felt timid. Would this indeed bear the weight and strain thus imposed on it?

Could it be trusted in this absolute way? They were summoned to give up the principle of supernatural revelation, and replace it by their natural perceptions. They hesitated, they felt insecure. The recoil was general. We have seen this happen again and again; and, indeed, it is the inevitable consequence of the difference in the rate of our mental movement and in our natural endowment of boldness or timidity. A man's foes are thus often those of his own household, those who are in his own line of movement, those, in fact, nearest in thought to him, precisely because these are they who feel committed by him, and draw back from him as far as they can, to emphasize the difference between themselves and him.

This sermon was not revolutionary, in the sense of being a new departure. It was the old departure carried on further and more firmly. But it strained to its utmost tension the continuity of Unitarian thought. It went beyond that point, and for the time, at least, snapped it. From that time Theodore Parker stood in an involuntary and, to his affectionate nature, a painful isolation from the religious body nearest to him in thought, repudiated by its leaders, an offence to old associates.

It was, no doubt, a sincere rejection on their part of what seemed dangerous errors to them; and, lamentable as this seems, I, for one, do not quarrel with the slowness of the process by which the assimilation of new truth goes on in the bosom of humanity,—this tedious process of embrace, recoil, rejection, return, re-examination; weighing, testing, tasting, trying, adjusting; and ultimately, all sense of strangeness being rubbed off in these successive manipulations, accepting it almost unconsciously, and as a matter of course.

A new and acute stage in the long controversy being thus reached, and sides taken, it was plain that some wider standing-room than the little Roxbury pulpit was desirable for its leader. Arrangements were made for the delivery of a course of six lectures in Boston by him in the following winter. These were published under the title of "A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion." The next winter, that of 1842 and 1843, he gave a second course, "Six Plain Sermons for the Times," repeating them in seven different towns in the neighborhood. But the excitements and strain of the last two years, the agitations of personal feeling, had worn upon him; and a year's rest was absolutely necessary. This year he spent in Europe,—the most fruitful year of his life he afterward calls it.

He returned to his congregation more eager than ever to devote his whole strength to the work before him. Dearly as he loved his people, he felt the limitations involved in remaining with them. "With my 104 sermons every year to 104 people," he humorously writes, "I am like a bull fastened up in a corner of the barn cellar. They can't stop the creature roaring; but he is put where nobody can hear him, which comes to the same thing." A few friends resolved to secure him a wider hearing, and engaged a large hall in Boston for his Sunday morning use during a year. He accepted the opportunity given him, and began his work in Boston on the 16th of February, 1845. Spite of wretched weather and almost impassable streets, a large congregation, principally of men, was there to welcome him. "A day of struggles," he writes in his journal. "A long, long warfare opens before me. Shall I prove worthy? How much can I do? How much can I bear? I know not. I look only to the Soul of my soul, not with over-much confidence in myself, but with adamantine faith in God."

The large congregation never failed him, nor that adamantine faith. The congregation grew and solidified, and in January of the next year organized itself as the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston, and remained henceforth the centre and support, though not the limit, of his labors. Here Sunday by Sunday, for fourteen years, he discoursed from a full heart of the great themes of religion, of God and man, of inward piety and outward duty. He dwelt on the relation of each to all, and the social actions that should flow therefrom. He pointed out the national dangers, the national sins, the sins of the community. He seized every occasion and every topic of the hour to draw therefrom its warning or its instruction. No interest was too powerful, no institution was too sacred, and no personality too popular for him to apply to it the straight measure of justice, or judge it by the inexorable law of right; if need

be, to denounce it with all the distinctness and vehemence of a prophet.

I suppose his interest and power for the mass of his listeners lay in this fearless handling of actual things, this unhesitating application of principles to the facts of life about them. No doubt this is what provokes hostility, but it also secures attention. It gives that sense of reality which our smooth abstractions miss. Poorly developed as conscience may be in most of us, we yet respond more distinctly to plain moral judgments on daily actions than to the rarer and remoter spiritual experiences of devout souls. Besides, the graphic power, the pungency, the decisiveness of his style, was of itself a pleasure. People drew to him from the fascination of finding a leader, a man who would truly go before them and find the way, instead of a signpost which merely showed there was a way. Men came because they repudiated the old Orthodoxy. He repudiated it with more clearness and decision than themselves. They came because they were dissatisfied with existing social conditions. Here was a man who realized what was amiss more profoundly than they did, and never sank into despair over it,—a man of unshaken courage, perfectly certain that society was going to rid itself of every one of these evils, and realize a future beyond their farthest reaching hopes. Men and women came to refresh their dulled sense of God, to feel themselves, in his presence, wrapped round with the divine love and life. They came because he, better than any one else, touched their deepest springs of religious emotion, and brought them more joy and more strength.

I have been reading again many of these sermons preached more than forty years ago. What freshness, what solidity, what vigor! Nothing less like "old sermons." Is it yesterday they are speaking of? Is it a bygone generation they appeal to? No: it is to-day's temptations and dangers and sins, to-day's hopes and fears and endeavors they paint. It is *our* false estimates they correct, our faithlessness and conformities they rebuke, our conscience they illumine, our hearts they kindle. What massive common sense, what direct plain-spokenness, what apt illustration, what close observation of actual men and women,—yes, and of the bird of the air and the beast of the field! What a fragrance of meadows and orchards blows through them! The poetry of daily life, the homely New England simplicities, the pieties of the fireside, the labors and passions and strifes and sorrows of men, are imbedded in them. What a wealth of sympathy, what tenderness, what insight! No repetition of phrases rubbed smooth by constant use, no stereotyped treatment of familiar themes, dulling heart and mind still further to their meaning, but truths seized with the freshness of first-hand perception, and clothed in words that made them sharp and clear instead of disguising them, real instead of nominal, vital instead of phantasmal.

In selecting from these discourses, one does them injustice. Their power is not in picked sentences, but in the weight and fitness of the whole. Each sentence supports the mass, and is supported by it. One is not picking out gems from common ore, but is cutting a block of marble from the quarry, which is all of a piece. Nevertheless, I take a few passages from countless ones as good: —

"There are many ways in which Christ may be denied: one is that of the bold blasphemer, who, out of a base and haughty heart, mocks, scoffing at that manly man, and spits upon the nobleness of Christ! There are few such deniers: my heart mourns for them. But they do little harm. Religion is so dear to men, no scoffing word can silence that; and the brave soul of this young Nazarene has made itself so deeply felt that scorn and mockery of him are but an icicle held up against the summer sun. There is another way to deny him, and that is to call him Lord, and never do his bidding; to stifle free minds with his words, and with the authority of his name to cloak, to screen, and to consecrate the follies, errors, and sins of men. From this we have much to fear."

"A Christian Church should aim to have its members Christian, as Jesus was the Christ; sons of men as he was, sons of God as much as he. To be that, it is not needful to observe all the forms he complied with, only such forms as help you; not needful to have all the thoughts he had, only such thoughts as are true. If Jesus ever was mistaken, as the Evangelists

make it appear, then it is part of Christianity to avoid his mistakes as well as to accept his truths. It is the part of a Christian Church to teach men so; to stop at no man's limitations, to prize no word so high as truth, no man so dear as God. Jesus came not to fetter men, but to free them."

"In becoming Christians, let us not cease to be men; nay, we cannot be Christians, unless we are men first. It were unchristian to love Christianity better than the truth or Christ better than man."

"He that feels he is near to God does not fear to be far from man; if before them, to help lead them on; if above, to lift them up."

"Say what we will, there is nothing stronger and deeper in man than confidence in God, a solemn trust that he will do us good. Even the worst man thinks God his Father; and is he not?"

"I cannot think the future world is to be feared, even by the worst of men: I had rather die a sinner than live one."

"Let me know a thing is true, I know it has the omnipotence of God on its side, and fear no more for it than I do for God. Politics is the science of exigencies. Depend upon it, the infinite God is one of those exigencies not likely to be disregarded in the ultimate events of human development."

"It is no new thing to seek to develop piety, while you omit its several elements,—the intellectual love of truth, the moral love of justice, and the affectional love of men. But in such a case what is the value of the 'piety' thus produced? The soul, acting without the mind, goes to bigotry and superstition. It has its conception of God, but of a God that is foolish and silly."

"If the churches will have a religion without philosophy, scholars will have a philosophy without religion."

"Philanthropy begins small, and helps itself along by the love of sheep and oxen and dogs and swine. Did not Jesus ride into the holy city 'on the foal of an ass'?"

"What a dull, stupid thing is a candle! Touch it with fire, and then look! We are all of us capable of being lit, when some Prometheus comes down, with the spark of God in his right hand. The word of Jesus touched the dull fishermen of Galilee, and they flamed up into martyrs and apostles."

"I love to look at common life, business and politics, from the standpoint of religion, and hence am thought to be hard upon the sins of the State and the sins of business, trying all things by the higher law of God. But, if religion is good for anything, it is as a rule of conduct for daily life, in the business of the individual and the business of the nation. It is poor policy and bad business that cannot bear to be looked at in the light that lighteneth every man, and tried by the divine measure of all things. It is a poor clock that will not keep the time of the universe."

To preach to a congregation of two or three thousand every Sunday did not, however, exhaust Mr. Parker's enormous energy. He gave from eighty to a hundred lectures every winter, visiting every Northern State from Maine to Missouri. "I thought," he says, "that by each lecture I could make a new, deep, and lasting impression on five thoughtful men out of every thousand who heard me. Don't think me extravagant. It is only half of one per cent. If I spoke but thus efficiently to sixty thousand in a winter, there would be three hundred thus impressed. In ten years it would be three thousand. Besides, the newspapers of large towns spread wide the more salient facts and striking generalizations of the lecture; and I addressed the eyes of an audience I could neither count nor see. I could discourse of what I thought most important, and men would listen; and the more significant the subject, and the more freely, profoundly, and fairly it was treated, the more would the people come, the more eagerly and enthusiastically would they accept. In the last dozen years I think hardly any American, not holding a political office, has touched the minds of so many men, by freely speaking on matters of the greatest importance for this day and for the ages to come. I am sure I have uttered great truths, and such are never spoken in vain. I know the effect a few great thoughts had on me in my youth, and judge others by what I experienced myself."

But at what a cost of endurance and exposure in the severity of the Northern winter was this lecturing maintained! There are limits to the most indomitable will and the most indefatigable body. In the midst of his labors, of his influence, and

of his matured powers, the limit, not to be overpassed, was suddenly reached by Theodore Parker. A lecturing tour in Central New York, attended by unusual delays and exposures, resulted finally in a sharp attack of illness in February, 1857. He began preaching again as soon as he could stand, "as a means of cure," and so dragged painfully through the year. In January of the following year he was seized with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs, which absolutely forbade any resumption of that work.

As soon as possible he was sent to the West Indies to finish the winter, with the slightest chance of recovery,—"One in ten," said the doctor. His buoyancy of heart did not fail him. "I laugh at the odds of nine to one," he wrote. "I will to get well. I don't say I will get well. That would not be religious or wise. But I turn all my strength in that direction. You know I shall not complain at either destination, but bear what comes, as from the Infinite Perfection. If it turns out that I can serve no more in this warfare, the cause will not suffer. Some one quite different from me, but better, will take my place. Humanity is so rich in ability that the man of greatest genius for the highest function is never missed by the race of men. There is never a break in the continuous march of mankind."

In truth, there is no severer trial to the ardent worker than the summons to drop his task while still unfinished; to feel the throb of approaching crisis, and know that he will not be there to help; to depart while the battle is still raging, and every soldier, still more every leader, counts.

In the spring he sailed for England; and the summer was spent in Switzerland, with slight improvement. He decided on Rome for the winter. Rome proved unkindly to him. His strength visibly declined. "O George," he writes to one of his oldest friends, "the life I am here slowly dragging to an end, tortuous but painless, is very, very imperfect, and fails of much I meant to hit, and might have reached,—nay, should, had there been ten or twenty years more left to me! But, on the whole, it has not been a mean life, measured by the common run of men; never a selfish one. Above all things else, I have sought to teach the true idea of man, of God, of religion, with its truths, its duties, its joys. I never fought for myself nor against a private foe; but I have gone into the battle of the nineteenth century, and followed the flag of humanity. Now I am ready to die, though conscious that I leave half my work undone; and much grain lies in my fields, waiting only for him that gathereth sheaves. I would rather lay my bones with my father's and mother's at Lexington, and think I may, but will not complain if earth or sea cover them elsewhere. It is idle to run from death."

The whole atmosphere of Rome grew more oppressive to him. He longed to breathe the air of freedom again. "Listen," he said, with a touch of the old fire, when his friends hesitated to remove him on account of weakness. "Listen to me! You know that I have some command over myself, and that I have sometimes put my will to the test. Well, I will not die here: I will not leave my bones in this detested place. I will go to Florence; and I will get there, that I promise you. I don't promise beyond that."

He reached Florence, but in rapidly increasing weakness. Memories of far-off friends and scenes blended with the vague consciousness of the dying man. They came to him who was not to return to them.

"I have something to tell you," he said to a friend. "There are two Theodore Parkers now. One is dying here in Italy, the other I have planted in America. He will live there, and continue his work." Profound and sure prescience of the dying! Inalienable comfort for him and for those he was leaving! On the 10th of May, 1860, painlessly and peacefully the last sleep fell upon the worn-out body; and the brave soul passed into a higher freedom.

[The next paper will consider Parker's Thought and Influence.]

SILAS FARRINGTON.

SIGHT AND FAITH.

I strive, but cannot clearly see:
The world a riddle is to me.

Its beauty flashes on my eyes
From peaceful valleys, glowing skies,
Its waving fields of growing grain,
River and lake and mountain chain.
All these delight and win the mind,
Proclaiming Nature fair and kind.

The sturdy toil, the honest mirth
That build and cheer the homely hearth,
The laugh of children at their play,
All happy sounds that greet the day,
Alike their pleasing tokens bear
Of wise design and loving care.

But, ah! the world hath other sides,
Where discord evermore abides.
I hear its wail of woe and pain,
  Its mocking laugh, its bitter jeer.
I note the hopes that sin has slain,
  And read the heart-break in the tear.
Forked lightnings strike across the sky,
And cloud and storm sweep raging by;
And dreary voices sound abroad,
"There is no God!" "There is no God!"

Father, I do not *need* to see:
Thou hast thyself assured me.

Beneath the world's discordant noise
I heard the whisper of a voice.
It spake in tones so sweet, so mild,
And bade me "trust," and called me "child";
And said that evil, woe, and wrong
  Could all be conquered through His might;
The sinful cleansed, the weak made strong,
  And all injustice changed to right.
It said that truth alone endures,
  That lies and hate must share one fate;
That love almighty is, and cures
  All pain and heartache soon or late;
That shadow ever proves the light,
That heaven is never far from sight.

And now no more that note I hear
That mocked my hope; but low and clear,
  When faint of heart and weak of faith,
The heavenly voice still speaks to me,
  And, deep beneath all deeps, it saith,
"Doubt not, my child; for I am He!"

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Iowa City.

JESUS IN LITERATURE.

So peculiar has been the position of the "Son of Man" in his relation to our religious career that few people ever think of him as master in literature. It will, however, not be possible to make a study of ancient literary development without seeing that Jesus holds a place quite as high as Plato, and the author of Job, and even Homer himself. We may not, and probably do not, have a very accurate report of what he said; but there is no mistake about the general character of it. Homeric poems may have gone through many changes before assuming the final form as we have them. Plato and Socrates are inextricably commingled in what comes to us as a doctrine, or discursions of Plato. It is also unquestionable that the great philosopher who taught in Palestine is Johnized and Paulized in tone; but that the parables and the general intellectual purport of what is called Christianity came from a single mind is beyond question. I propose, in the present article, to note the intellectual unity and literary power of what we may call the writings of Jesus.

Let us first consider some of the intellectual as well as the moral forces that went to the production of such a character, considered purely as a thinker. The centre of the world's progress, starting in the farther East, has been steadily drifting to the Westward. There was just one spot that at that period you could call the world's centre, the centre of its moral and intellectual energies. Persia, the long-time empire of the world, lay to the east of it. Egypt, that no one knows the mother of, lay to the south-west. Greece, just across the channel of the Ægean, was already four hundred years old in philosophers and schools of science. This place at the east end of the Mediterranean Sea was equally permeated with Buddhism from the south-east and Platonism from the west. It was for ages in possession of a rabbinic lore, born equally of Egyptian legislation, Persian mysticism, and a faith that came ages before from the mountain regions of Central Asia. Judea was a little golden cup, placed by nature where all religions, all philosophies, all humanities, all commerce, poured into it their contributions.

It was already five thousand years since tribal life had passed into great nations all about this central spot. Agriculture had turned the lands about the Mediterranean into gardens and vineyards. But it was also just hereabouts that letters had been invented by the Phœnicians, and hereabouts that philosophy had been born with Thebes and the Athenians. Schools and education rayed out from Greece and Palestine. Science had its birth with Aristotle three hundred and fifty years previous, just over the narrow strait that separated the Hebrews from Greece. From the East came an intensity of fresh, intellectual life quite as stimulating. Buddhism, rising in India four hundred years before Jesus, gave rise to the transcendentalism of the Orient. It quickly reached the eastern coast of Asia; but in the same two hundred years it infused equally all the West with its mystical spirit. Judea had never felt such a quick-

ening of its ethical spirit as within the one hundred years before our era. With all the rest cosmopolitanism founded a new school of thinkers and teachers.

If you should search the world for a spot sure to breed strong natures, you would find none at that period comparable with Palestine. Athens was in its decadence. Jerusalem swarmed with moral philosophers and rabbinical seers. The old tendency to produce prophets and singers had for some time faded out. Philosophy from the West wedded mysticism from the East, and created a new sort of thinkers. Before Jesus, notably, Hillel was a great teacher, whose manners were humanitarian and cosmopolitan. Gamaliel was another whose opinions, ethico-philosophical, was the foundation of what Jesus himself taught. Had it not been for the more brilliant and sublime career, as well as words of the pupil, these masters might now be more famous. But they were not revolutionary. They were waiting with half fear, half hope, for something greater than the rabbinical Mosaic law and the half barbaric, half divine poems of David and Solomon. Socrates was lost in Plato and Platonism. Hillel and Gamaliel are absorbed in Jesus.

The power of Jesus has not been, I concede, predominantly literary; yet the moral quality alone would never have kept his work from oblivion. There are, I take it, two elements in what we call the gospel that make its elemental claim on mankind: (1) Jesus, while thoroughly a master of human nature, fully cognizant of its errors, discovered the plan of mercifully dealing with sin without condoning it. I have never yet heard a preacher who had a clear apprehension of this point.

The intense unmercifulness of creeds and of preaching has been the bar to the success of Christianity. What exquisite analysis of human nature in the saying, "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone at her"! "The bruised reed must not be broken, the smoking flax not quenched." Literature of the rabbinical sort had been sifted by Jesus, and only that which harmonized with love for God and man equally was held by his facile mind. It was literally the gospel of love that men heard for the first time. Not, n.ark you, a physio-psychological affection that attracts one person to another, but love in the larger sense of *bene-volens*. In nothing is the poverty of our language more marked than in this: that, while we have a dozen words to express love, we have not one to tell that sentiment which is at the soul of Christianity; for to "love our neighbor as ourselves" is not love in the ordinary acceptation of the word. It is precisely not what the love in our novels and romances undertakes to be. But this great sympathy of one for another in all trials, in all problems, in all labors, in all weaknesses, was, and legitimately is, the gospel of the Christ. It was the warm pitifulness and helpfulness of the eternal folding about the feeble. Blessed, indeed, were "the poor in spirit"; "for they should be comforted." But where have our creeds wandered? What has been the spirit of these nineteen hundred years? "Believe, or be damned," has taken the place of "Come unto me, all ye that are weak and heavy laden; and I will give you rest."

Having occasion to draw up a course of study in literature that should give my lads a clear and comprehensive view of what the world has thought, and how it has expressed its thought, it seemed clear that I could not omit Jesus from the list as a literary light of the world. Homer surely stands first and furthest of all great authors and thinkers. Magnificent, unequalled dawn of intellectual life! We shall have, as we need, but one sunrise of the brain. On the horizon of the morning stands the singer of singers, blind with the very light of his own genius. It was not so much Homer as Mankind, undisturbed by cathedral or scholastic precedent, allowing Nature to sing herself on the strings of his soul. Job and David and Solomon follow after, masters of dialogue, chant, and proverb. Greek philosophy is worthless till Plato. But after these Jesus has no intellectual rival until his genius begins to create the great Christian thinkers of Europe. After this we turn to Dante in literature, and those divine three who wrote not with pen, but with brush. But after Jesus the intellectual life of the world is as intensely Christian as the artistic and moral. And that it is to-day.

If selecting the masterpieces of ancient literary structure, I should choose Homer's Iliad, Plato's Republic, and Jesus' Parables. But, if we consider the moral and intellect-

ual element combined, the parables exceed all other literature of the ancient world. There is nothing to surpass the Parable of the Prodigal Son for simplicity and elevation of thought, for moral beauty and literary directness, in the world. It is not its exquisite pathos alone that reaches us, but its vastness of outlook. Here, indeed, is a cosmical theism, two thousand years before Spencer and Fiske. Here is the real philosophy of Monism fully developed in a practical application. I do not hesitate to say that Plato's Republic contains nothing so large, so bold, so human. Or, if you judge it from the side of theology, its view of the Divine Being is the highest conception ever yet touched by mortal mind. Emerson brims over with brilliant concepts of the Over-soul; but, if you will group the Lord's Prayer, the Golden Rule, and the Parable of the Prodigal, you have a view of immanent Fatherhood that has no parallel in literature.

I am confident that the writings of Jesus need a new reading. We have read them from an old angle of vision, a doctrinal view, until it is nigh impossible to appreciate his words from the simplest and natural conception of them. Of this I am personally conscious; and it is with the greatest difficulty that I can take up the so-called Gospels, and discharge them of the cant and flavor of interminable preaching. It is possible to get a deeper draft from Shakspere; but a new and richer interpretation of Jesus is now with many allowable. As for the stories of his deeds, interlarded freely with a crude report of his words, these also modern freedom of opinion will not receive as they were received in the earlier centuries. The most devout pulpit orators no longer practically decline to exercise private judgment in regard to the supernatural. Let us remember that, while Socrates was surrounded by the most brilliant minds of Athens, Jesus had for listeners and reporters a very different class of minds. With Plato, Xenophon, and Alcibiades the intellect predominated; with Luke, Mark, and John, the controlling element of character was ethical. The disciples of Socrates were drilled to keen disputations. The disciples of Jesus were drilled to keener sympathy with man and nature. The first word with Socrates was know, and the second was perceive, or feel. The first word with Jesus was perceive. But Judea could no more have created an Academy than Athens could have created the Last Supper. Yet in the final analysis the work of both men was not dissimilar. Both deserved death at the hands of their fellow-citizens for the same reasons,—because both were intellectual innovators and ethical critics.

But in the final summary it would be foolish to place the sayings of Socrates intellectually above those of Jesus. On the contrary, the latter came nearer an ideal system of humanitarian philosophy than either of those great contemporaries, Confucius, Buddha, and Socrates. It is true he taught some half a thousand years later; and the work of all three must have had marked influence in creating the spirit of his age. Confucius taught works, Buddha prayer, and Socrates study: one founded workshops, another temples, and the third schools. I should say that Jesus' superiority lay in this: that, reasonably understood, he combined all the three ideas of his predecessors: (1) aspiration, (2) investigation, and (3) obedience to the laws,—aspiration, study, work. But no possible wise study of this master thinker can take place without perceiving that he was a bold investigator. Were he alive now, be sure that he would not be with the meekly receptive believers, but would be an agitator of most advanced views.

It is for the above reasons that I place Jesus in my list of intellectual leaders; and do not feel that my lads will get one tithe as much good by approaching him as a religionist as by a wider apprehension of him as an investigating genius, an iconoclast of faith, and a daring diviner of the true.

E. P. Powell.

Clinton, N.Y.

JOHN TYNDALL.

The two things for which Prof. Tyndall has long been somewhat offensively remembered by the theological world are his indorsement of the odious "prayer gauge," a proposition to test the efficacy of petitions for the sick by comparing the percentage of recoveries in a hospital whose patients should have for three or five years "the

united prayers of the faithful" with the percentage in such as were left to ordinary medical care; and the famous sentence of his Belfast Address about discerning in "that matter which, notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, we have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of all terrestrial life." But these are very far from being the only things which make him worthy of religious attention. Pre-eminently a scientist, he is a good illustration of the way in which "by an intellectual necessity" science is continually reaching over into the domain of the Church. The apostle of matter, he has been a conspicuous figure in the noble company who have shown it to be a fit companion of spirit. Reputed an unbeliever, he had, as a man, not a few of the best characteristics that faith is laboring to make in its subjects. And, now he is dead, it surely is not inappropriate that a liberal religious periodical should recognize his high personal worth and his large service to at least one side of that universal truth all of whose mighty circle religion is beginning to find it must eventually make its own.

His life itself has some special points of interest. Born of an English family in Ireland seventy-four years ago, there is a tradition that he was a descendant of the William Tyndale who, in the sixteenth century, was martyred for his translation of the Bible into his native tongue; and, if the tradition is true, it is a curious coincidence that his offspring, nine generations after, should have excited ill will enough by his translation of nature's Bible into our common speech to have subjected him, had the spirit of the age allowed it, to a similar fate.

His early education was largely mathematical. It was pursued under many disadvantages; and it is another coincidence, a prophetic one this time, that the slate on which he wrought out his boyish problems was a snow-bank, that in whose substance he was afterward to find and solve some of the most striking problems which occupied his attention as a man.

To keep on with his studies, he had to earn the means himself. At the age of nineteen he became a member of the ordinance survey in Ireland, five years later a railway engineer's assistant at Manchester, and at the end of three years more a teacher in Queenwood College, a school devoted to technology and agriculture. He liked teaching, and it was here that his originality in breaking away from old routine methods began to show itself. It was his ideal that "the ability to inform and the ability to stimulate ought in the true teacher both to go together"; and he acted up to it by directing the attention of his pupils not merely to books and abstract principles and objects far away, but to the application of the principles to actual problems close at hand: for instance, to the bound and rebound of the foot-ball,—oh that we had professors who could make such use of it now, and pupils, also, who are interested like his in solving its problems with their heads as well as with their heels!—to the laws of motion in the swing, to the question why a small boy chased by a big one has the advantage over him in turning round short, especially in slippery weather, and to the number of times in a second, as deduced from its hum, that a bee flaps its wings,—all of which, it is easy to believe, must have given him an immense influence over the boyish mind.

But he himself wanted to be still a pupil; and at the age of twenty-eight, having saved up between two and three hundred pounds, he started for Germany, "the land of universities." Here he attended the lectures of the famous Bunsen, whose influence on him was very marked, and of Dr. Knoblauch, with whom likewise his relations were very friendly. Side by side, also, with his studies of what others had done, he began his original investigations, his questioning of Nature herself; and it was characteristic of him that he did, as a learner, what he had taught as a master,—started in with solving the motions of a water jet.

Receiving his degree and returning to England in 1851, he was soon after elected Fellow of the Royal Society. About this time he met Thomas Huxley, and began that friendship with him which death only ended, so intimate and based on tastes and tendencies so similar that their names have been always coupled together as those of scientific twins. The chairs of Physics and Natural History in the Canadian University at Toronto were then vacant; and, in answer to an advertisement, they were applied for by the two friends. But for some

reason, most likely because they were young men with their fame yet to be made, the applications were unnoticed; and so the New World lost what would have proved two of the brightest immigrants that ever came to its shores. It is a bit dramatic, however, that immediately afterward Tyndall was elected professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, to succeed the honored Faraday. It proved the square hole for the square man. And in connection with it, and with the writing and lecturing to which it opened the way, he entered at once on his brilliant career.

His special field and forte as a scientist were Physics,—that department of Natural Philosophy which comes between Astronomy and Chemistry,—and more especially that department of Physics which deals with light, heat, electricity, color, sound, molecular motion, and the various forms of water. Some of his more noted publications are "Heat considered as a Mode of Motion," "Notes on Light," "Notes on Electricity," "Sound," "The Forms of Water in Clouds, Rivers, Ice, and Glaciers," "Radiation," "Fragments of Science," and "Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air." His name is usually associated with that of Spencer, Darwin, and Wallace as one of the great lights of science. But, brilliant as his career was, it is only fair to say that such is not his true place. He did not make any great discovery like Newton, or propound any epoch-making theory like Darwin, or set forth any new philosophy like Spencer. His work as a scientist was rather that of enlarging, correcting, and confirming the discoveries and lines of thought already entered upon. It was a very useful work. He did it exceedingly well, and should receive for it full credit. But that alone would never have won him fame. He owes the brilliancy of his reputation to his brilliant and wonderful faculty of popularizing and setting forth alike his own discoveries and those of science as a whole,—to the same faculty which made him so successful with the boys at Queenwood. He was scientist and original discoverer enough, had spoken with Nature closely enough, to give his words weight, as of one who knew. His style as writer and speaker was always simple and direct. He had an inexhaustible ingenuity in devising the apparatus for trying experiments before an audience, to show visibly what he wished to teach. His ingenuity was even greater in the use of homely, everyday objects, such as had come within everybody's observation, to make real to them the most subtle and invisible things of nature,—as, for instance, that of an oar edgewise to the water, to illustrate the facility with which simple atoms allow heat to pass through them; and of the oar bladewise to the water, to show how double or compound ones make it difficult, and so are warmed up. And, with all the rest, he had a singular gift of putting himself in the place of the reader and listener, so as to understand exactly their difficulties, and thus to focus his thought on their minds as distinct as it was in his own. His lecture on "The Physical Basis of Solar Chemistry," illustrating the Frauenhofer lines of the solar spectrum, and how and why they are produced, dealing with the subject not superficially, but going to its very core, and yet taking everybody with him, is a good example of all these qualities, and is worthy of being a classic in scientific literature.

He had a love of truth, whatever it might lead to, that even religious teachers may well emulate. He describes himself exactly in saying, "There is in the true man of science a wish stronger than the wish to have his beliefs upheld; namely, the wish to have them true." "Let him beware of attempting to substitute for the simple love with which the votary of science pursues his task the calculations of what he is pleased to call utility." "If you wish to become acquainted with the truth of Nature, you must from the first resolve to deal with her sincerely." He everywhere insists on testing theories by experiments, and on coming face to face with realities. "An experiment," he says, "is a question put to Nature." "Facts looked at directly are vital: when they pass into words, half the sap is taken out of them." Acting up to these principles when he was investigating the question of spontaneous generation, he used during two years nearly ten thousand vessels in his experiments. Its reality as in harmony with the materialistic view of evolution he would have been very glad to establish; and it is a testimony to his fidelity to simple truth that at the close of his in-

vestigations he said, in the most decisive words, that there had not been found one single particle of evidence in its support.

The same quality of character comes out in his utterances about matter. If he was a materialist, it was not through any antagonism to religion or spirituality, unless, perhaps, to the dogmatic parts of them, but through his loyalty to what seemed to him the truth of nature. His famous Belfast Address, rightly interpreted, is not so much a denial of spirit as a lover's protest against the opprobrium of that which he had found so full of marvel. The very sentence, even there, which has been so much criticised contains a confession of "its Creator." And in other places he says, "The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is inconceivable as the result of mechanics," and "The mechanical philosopher as such will never place a state of consciousness and a group of molecules in the relation of mover and moved." He had very little respect for miracles, putting sometimes what they involved in a light which could but startle even their most credulous believer. For instance, he figures that, giving the most plausible explanation to the famous one of Joshua, a stoppage of the earth's rotation, it would have required a force to do it equal to that of six trillions of horses working the whole time of the battle, and, of course, an equal force to start it again, the merest fraction of which applied to the Amorites directly would have slain every one of them as effectually as Joshua did with the miracle to help, so that as the means to an end it was very poor economy. For Spiritualism, also, he had a still greater contempt, based, too, on a very slight acquaintance with its phenomena, stigmatising it as "intellectual whoredom." But for religion itself he had neither disrespect nor disbelief. His real attitude is best expressed in his humble confession: "I have noticed that it is not in hours of clearness and vigor that this doctrine—that of atheism—commends itself to my mind, and that, in the presence of stronger and healthier thought, it ever disappears, as offering no solution to the mystery in which we dwell and of which we are a part,"—how opposite that of flippant denial! Speaking of the "deep-set feeling which since the earliest dawn of history has incorporated itself into the religions of the world," he exclaims, "You who have escaped from these religions into the dry light of the intellect may deride them, but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man." And even in regard to that part of religion for which he has been supposed to have least respect he writes, "It is not my habit of mind to think otherwise than solemnly of prayer."

At the time when he first ventured from the problems of strict science into those of the religious world he was very generally criticised as an intruder, who had no business there. But such criticisms were made on a very low plane. To the higher faith the universe is only religion's larger Bible. It might as well be said that the student of the written word should stick only to its grammar and let its teaching alone as that the student of nature should confine himself to its science and never think of its finer meanings. We want to know what the sod has to say about the soul,—want to know it all the more now that so much question is being raised concerning the authority of the written revelation. And the significance of Tyndall's life is very largely its testimony, most precious, if religion would only recognize it, that man cannot be a thorough student of matter without finding it full of roads over into the problems of spirit,—cannot read the infinite molecules at one end of thought and not find them full of question-marks about the Infinite Majesty at its other end.

Space remains only to say that Tyndall personally was not only a brilliant lecturer and scientist, but that, with the single exception of his political narrowness and his attitude toward Gladstone, in which he was a characteristic British Tory, he was a complete and rounded man. Physically, he was strong and bold enough to climb the Matterhorn. Unlike Darwin, he never, in the development of his mind, "relinquished his heritage of poetic feeling." His works abound with expressions which evince an exquisite insight into nature's beauty and wonder and mystery as well as into its laws and forces. He looked carefully to the "depolarization of his brain"; that is, to the prevention of its being set by his studies

too much in one direction. His laboratory never took the place—not in his heart, at any rate—of his home, physics of affection, or molecular action of social activity. He was wonderfully free from all petty jealousies of other laborers in the field of science; indeed, was continually taking pains, as in the case of Meyer, a German investigator, whose discoveries he thought had not been recognized, to give them credit for their work. And his generosity with regard to money matters was nobly evinced by his gift of the entire net proceeds of his lecturing tour in the United States, $13,000, to the founding of scholarships here in the aid of students devoting themselves to original research.

It was the prayer of the pious Alhazan, an Arabian saint, that in the day of judgment the All-merciful would "take pity on the soul of Abur-Raihân because he was the first of the race of men to construct a table of specific gravities." And so, in spite of the doubts which theologians once expressed on the subject, it is not difficult to believe that the same Mercy will show itself toward the indorser of "the prayer gauge" because, among his other good deeds, he constructed tables of heat and light, and was one, if not of the first, yet of the most earnest of the race of men to do justice to his much maligned kingdom of matter.

JOHN C. KIMBALL.

A SIMPLE SERVICE FOR WORSHIP.

The publication of the recent "Book of Prayer and Praise" by the Unitarian Association has given rise to much discussion, which will, no doubt, help to clear the air of considerable haze, in many localities, regarding the proper spirit and mode of modern liberal worship. To many of us it is largely a simple problem of *more* or *less;* and it occurs to me that it may be a significantly opportune time, just now, for those of us who favor the "less" rather than the more" (the new book seems to favor the more), and who yet wish to escape utter barrenness in forms of worship, to criticise that which we do not like by the constructive criticism of concrete examples of what we like better rather than by merely negative fault-finding. I can conceive of a vast deal of advantage to be gained for us all by the publication in the columns of some impartial paper, like the *Unitarian*, of practical examples, sent from different churches, of simpler orders of services which have actually been tested by experience.

I send with this an order of service which seems almost ideal to me in its simplicity, dignity, and suggestive unity. When a new society was organized in this place, two years ago, one of the laymen, who was considered the most radical person in the church, outlined an order which, by a few stages of evolution incident upon actual usage, has finally taken its present form.

The distinctive feature of this service is that it correlates in logical yet graceful sequence what we may consider the four most universal passages of the Christian Scriptures; namely, the prayer of Jesus; the two great commandments, which are the culmination of the Old Testament ethics; the Golden Rule, so called; and the Charity Psalm of Paul, which is, beyond a doubt, the high-water mark of his towering genius. The doxology, with which the service begins, is its weakest point, and will doubtless disappear at the next revision. The Charity Psalm is put after the sermon, in place of a prayer, as a fitting culmination of the entire service, and a wholesome corrective of any excess of dogmatism on the part of a zealous preacher.

Now, I am very sure that many churches, which are not ready to go to the full length of liturgical detail which the new Service Book involves, have, in their own simpler way, evolved some service of their own which might be suggestive to every other church seeking to develop for itself a mode of worship, if only it were accessible to us all. Why will not the *Unitarian* encourage the publication of such services, which at least may become raw material for some future genius (not committee) who shall create, and not collect, a workable "Book of Worship," which we all may want to use?

The service referred to above, as used by us in Rutherford, N.J., with satisfaction, is as follows: —

ORDER OF SERVICE.

1. *Organ Voluntary.*
2. *Doxology.* [To be sung by congrega-

tion, who shall rise and remain standing until the reading of the Psalm.]

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

3. *The Lord's Prayer.* [To be said by minister and congregation.]

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we have forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

4. *The Divine Law.*

[Minister.] The Lord our God, the Lord is One; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

[Congregation.] All things, therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them; for this is the law and the prophets.

[Chant: minister and congregation.] Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.

5. *A Psalm or Other Selection.* [To be read responsively or by the minister, at the close of which shall be sung:]

Glory be to the Father, Almighty God, the High and Holy One.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

6. *Prayer.* 7. *Response by organ or choir.* 8. *Scripture Reading.* 9. *Hymn.* [To be sung by the congregation.] 10. *Collection.* 11. *Notices.* 12. *Sermon.*

13. *Paul's Charity Psalm.* [To be repeated by congregation and minister.]

Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but, when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. . . . For now we see in a mirror darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know, even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; and the greatest of these is charity.

14. *Hymn.* 15. *Benediction.*

G. H. BADGER.

Rutherford, N.J.

CHICAGO LETTER.

The work of public relief is still going on, and, on the whole, after safer and more scientific methods than some of us dared to look for at first, who feared the repetition of old mistakes under a system of indiscriminate giving. A plan was soon under operation by which the really suffering and deserving were separated from the crowd of lazy impostors, by compelling every able-bodied man to give three hours' work for his lodging and two meals. No better work is being done for the relief of women and children than that conducted by the Women's Club. This work began under the impulse of a gift of $10,000 from Mrs. Potter Palmer. It was at once decided to open sewing-rooms for the making and repair of clothing, distributed through the School Children's Aid Society, an organization formed a few years ago, immediately after the passage of the compulsory education act, to supply destitute children with clothing, who otherwise could derive no benefit from the new law. This brings those engaged in the work into immediate contact with the beneficiaries, and inaugurates something like a system of friendly visiting. The sewing is done by the poor working-women out of employment, who receive fifty cents a day and a substantial lunch served by Hull House. It is proof of the

good standing our Women's Club has won that the donors of other sums for the general work have stipulated that it be placed in the club's hands. The club-rooms present a scene of unusual life and activity, with several desks at which applications for work in different departments are received. There is the household service department, under the management of the Columbia Association of Housekeepers, and the clerks' bureau, which has done excellent service, etc. Public sympathy was never stronger than now or so practically and sensibly expressed.

Dr. J. H. Barrows's two volumes on the Parliament of Religions is out, and is meeting with a large sale. On the whole, the work is as well done as the short time since the assembling of the Parliament would permit. "Religion is the greatest fact of history," says the editor, in the opening paragraph of his preface. He adds that "the Western city which was deemed the home of the crudest materialism has placed a golden milestone in man's pathway toward the spiritual millennium."

Mr. Jones's book, "A Chorus of Faith," is also out, and deserves wide circulation. It is compiled like the writing of the modern novel, and "has a purpose," which is to cull from the best and highest thought of the occasion those sentiments and ideas which most distinctly mark the spirit of the hour in religion. I should think this collection might often be put to use in pulpit readings; but, anyway, it is an interesting and inspiring summary of the truths of universal religion, as expounded and revealed by her disciples from many lands and faiths.

Chicago bids fair to become a great educational centre in the future. A great project is now floating in the air, with promise of soon crystallizing into substantial fact; and that is the removal of Manufacturers' Hall to the Lake Front for use as a "People's Palace," or an institute of learning, for the practical instruction of the young and old in the various trades and industries. The scheme is vaguely outlined as yet, even in the minds of the projectors; but it is truly Chicagoan in inception and spirit, and we may confidently look to see it ripen into some successful culmination. The Armour Institute on the South Side is meeting with remarkable success. Mr. Armour's first thought, I believe, in this work was little more than to supply a higher kind of missionary school for the exclusive use of poor boys and girls; but its scope began to enlarge from the first, and we have here now an educational institute, combining the features of our manual training schools and higher technical institutions, that is a great credit to its founders, and must continue in the future to copy from its past, so that it cannot but grow better as it grows older. Mr. Gunsaulus is president of the institute, and devotes a large share of his time and attention to it. CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

DEATH.

Wherever are life and its strivings, wherever are life and its pain,
In desert or mountain or valley, by river or torrent or plain,
I am there, interfused, intermingled, and cannot be severed or slain.

The snowy steppes of the Northland, the torrid lands of the sun,
The islands ashy, volcanic the spaces by fire o'errun,—
Alike they know me and feel me; for I with their life am one.

I hide with him in the jungle where opulent growth runs wild,
I climb with him to the mountain where merciless rocks are piled,
And I rest with him in the household by the bed of a sleeping child.

Throughout the realms of nature we two are forever wed:
The coal fields are but dead forests, yet the trees wave overhead;
And up in the resonant heavens there are stars that are living and dead.

Twin-born were we in life's morning, and together we strive or cease:
In a constant alternation of struggle and of release,
We fight the eternal battle with never a hope of peace.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT IN NORTH-EASTERN INDIA.

LETTER FROM MR. SINGH.

To the Editor of the Unitarian:—

It was arranged that the anniversary of the small Unitarian movement in the Khasi Hills would be held, as usual, at Nongtalang, on the 22d and 23d of October, 1893. I accordingly left Jowai for Nongtalang on the 20th of October, accompanied

by Mr. Marsingh, the second lay preacher, Ka Hirbon, the lady assistant of our school at Jowai, and six others, among whom were three women. We reached Nongtalang on the afternoon of the 21st.

The scenery from a hill opposite Nongtalang, over which the foot-path leads, is exceedingly beautiful and lovely. The new Unitarian meeting-house could at once be recognized from this place from its form and height towering above the surrounding huts of the village: it is roofed with bamboos, and is situated on a higher ground in the heart of Nongtalang. Below the village of Nongtalang lies the extensive plain of Sylhet, with its innumerable shining *Jhils* (small lakes) scattered all over the wide expanse, and serpentine *Naddis* (rivers) beautifully traversing it.

As soon as we arrived at the village we were welcomed by our first lay preacher, Mr. U Riang Pohlong, and other friends. We put up in the house of the chief pastor of the Nongtalang circle.

Early on Sunday morning, the 22d, we attended the prayer-meeting, and there were about two hundred in the meeting-house.

At 10 A.M. the first preaching service began. Mr. Kissor Singh preached the sermon, founded on Acts vii. 3 (the call of Abraham), and said that, as Abraham was called to leave the land of idolatry of his fathers and to come to the "promised land," so also God now calls upon the people of the Khasi and Jaintia Hills, heathen as well as Trinitarians, to leave off the demonolatry and superstitions and obscure notions about God, and to embrace the true religion of the one true God. The attendance was about four hundred, of whom about one hundred were women. The meeting-house was overcrowded; and a number of hearers had to stand outside the house, near the door and the windows, in spite of bad weather.

The second meeting commenced at 1 P.M.; and the preachers were Mr. Marsingh, the second lay preacher, and U Shugai. The preacher said: "Whose property are your limbs? Who made them? The demons? None of you could say yes. All will say, We are God's; and it is God who made us, not the demons. Therefore worship the true God, and put your trust in him, and throw off the demon worship and all superstitions. The Trinitarians used to preach to you to come to God, and leave off the demons. Consider well their meaning, lest you may be deceived; for under the name of God they will afterward tell you that there are two more Gods joined to the God they preach. When a native Trinitarian pastor came here some time ago, he urged his people to be at war with the Unitarians. Is that the gospel of peace? The pastor said, The Unitarians are thieves. Had he known the truth, he would not have said so. We, the Unitarians, preach the gospel of peace. If you are convinced that God made you, you worship him alone." In this meeting there were about two hundred and fifty hearers.

The last meeting was held at 5.30 P.M., for the exposition of the Unitarian principles according to our statement of belief, which was carried out as follows:—

First. "God who is He alone," by Mr. U Riang Pohlong.

Second. "God is our Father and Mother," by Mr. U Marsingh.

Third. "Brotherhood of Man," by Mr. U Shugai.

Fourth. "The Commandments of God: (1) Love, (2) Union, (3) Worship, and (4) Faith," by Mr. U Heh Pohlong.

Fifth. "Immortality of the Soul: Our Duty to follow the Life of Jesus and to read the Bible," by Mr. Kissor Singh.

There has never been such a large number of people in our meetings as this day; and the preaching was also very good, which was attentively listened to by the hearers. The preachers had to speak as loud as they could, that those standing outside the house might also hear them. The fields are white, but the laborers are few.

On Monday morning, the 23d, a special meeting of the workers and active members of the Nongtalang Unitarian church was held. Mr. Kissor Singh showed to the members a picture of a girl praying in a kneeling posture, and asked them if that attitude did not appear most appropriate and reverential in prayer; and they all replied in the affirmative. He then explained to them the desirability of the kneeling position in prayer, and requested all of them to kneel down when praying. The events of the past year, which were very interesting, and will be memorable in the history of Unitarianism in the Khasi and Jaintia Hills, were briefly recapitulated. The members were thanked for what they have done during the past year, and urged to push on the work energetically, and to labor harder than ever, seeing that our force is so small and the means so limited, while the orthodox have plenty of workers, and will soon be strengthened by a European missionary, who will reside at Nongtalang. They were also requested frequently to consult together, and to hold special meetings twice every month for that purpose. U Heh Pohlong and U Kiri Tongper were respectively re-elected lay-leader and secretary of the Nongtalang congregation for the year 1893–94. After further consultation and friendly advice the meeting was closed with prayer, all kneeling together.

After some time U Kissor Singh, U Marsingh, U Riang Pohlong, U Shugai, Ka Hirbon, U Kiri Tongper, and a number of the Nongtalang brethren went down to Nonglamin. This village had been removed from the site in which it was last year, and is now nearer Nongtalang. We were cordially received by the Unitarians of this place, one of whom, U Pdang, is an old man of about seventy, who used to pray for us and for the Unitarians of Europe and America. Many people came to hear us, including a good number of women.

After singing, we explained to them the value and advantages of the "Religion of God," and our duty to receive it, since God, the God of our fathers, has been pleased to give it to the Khasis and Syntengs. An old woman from among the hearers made a request that she may be clearly explained of the true way to God, which we gladly did, adding that, since U Pdang, whom the villagers once obeyed as the leader of the old Khasi religion, has, after mature consideration, adopted the "Religion of God," they also should follow him, throwing off the worship of the demons, and worshipping the one true God. After prayer we went to another part of the village, called Mea Lateng; and here, also, we preached. Our old member, U Pdang, also spoke to the people about how he left the demon-worship and became a Unitarian, and what he did find in Unitarianism. After prayer the gathering dispersed; and we then ascended the steep foot-path leading to Nongtalang, where I found our office peon waiting for me, with some official papers.

In the evening we went to our schoolhouse, and displayed a small magic lantern which I brought for the entertainments of friends here. There was such a large number of people that I had to repeat the performance five or six times, that all might enjoy the sight, which the villagers have never seen before. I am sorry I have not means enough to purchase a bigger one, representing also the Biblical scenes. If we can have the portraits of the eminent Unitarians and also of some large Unitarian buildings in Europe and America shown in the magic lantern, it will have a wonderful effect on the minds of the people.

In the morning of the 24th I went to see our school children, and taught them singing and drill. Later on Marsingh and Ka Hirbon and I visited several friends of Nongtalang in their houses. In the evening I inspected our Unitarian school. The boys in the highest class read English, second book; the next, an English primer; the third-class boys have a Khasi New Testament; and the last read Khasi primer. The girls are also reading the Khasi primer.

On the 25th, after teaching drill and singing in our school, the Jowai party, accompanied by Mr. U Riang Pohlong, left Nongtalang for Lamin, where we reached in the afternoon, and were joined by two other Nongtalang friends. In the evening a large number of the villagers, among whom were also the elders of the village of Lamin, came to hear us. Mr. U Riang Pohlong and the two Nongtalang friends preached at length the principles of the Unitarian faith to the villagers. I then explained to them the difference between our faith and that of the Trinitarians. One of the villagers raised an objection to my statement that there is no "original sin," saying that, if a man steals and then dies, the government will punish the man's relatives. I replied that such is not the case,—the government will not punish any of the innocent relatives of an offender. The people then discussed among themselves, and came to the conclusion that the old Khasi religion is of no more use. The villagers asked us if we could station a Unitarian preacher at Lamin; and I told them that we could not say anything about that at present, but that our Nongtalang brethren would occasionally come to see them.

On the 26th, before leaving Lamin to return to Jowai, we visited some of the villagers in their houses, and spoke to them of the Religion of God.

We arrived at Jowai on the 28th, full of hope for the future of the gospel. Our hearts are full of the sense of gratitude to God, and we are very happy. Our rest is work. Yours faithfully,

HAJOM KISSOR SINGH.

Jowai, Assam, India,
Dec. 6, 1893.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

The Indwelling God.

Go not, my soul, in search of him,
Thou wilt not find him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne:
In every heart it findeth place,
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin:
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And, if the vision comes to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity,
And with his glory shine!

Thou shalt not want for company,
  Nor pitch thy tent alone:
The indwelling God will go with thee,
  And show thee of his own.

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
  That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place
  And be thy daily Friend!

Then go not thou in search of him,
  But to thyself repair!
Wait thou within the silence dim,
  And thou shalt find him there.

MONDAY.

Be ye Faithful.

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice, and came;
  Brought all he loved across the sea,
  To live and work for God—and me;
    Felled the ungracious oak,
      With horrid toil
      Dragged from the soil
    The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty filled the haggard mountain side,
And, when his work was done, without memorial died.
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;
He lived, he died. I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones.
  Only a cheerful city stands,
  Built by his hardened hands;
    Only ten thousand homes,
      Where every day
      The cheerful play
    Of love and hope and courage comes:
These are his monuments, and these alone,—
There is no form of bronze, and no memorial stone.

And I?

Is there some desert or some boundless sea
Where thou, great God of angels, wilt send me?
    Some oak for me to rend, some sod
      For me to break,
      Some handful of thy corn to take,
    And scatter afar afield,
    Till it in turn shall yield
      Its hundred-fold
      Of grains of gold,
  To feed the happy children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send me!
And though this body lies where ocean rolls,
Father, count me among all faithful souls.

—*E. E. Hale.*

TUESDAY.

Little by Little.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way;
Little by little the right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new.
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded; while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done:
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
Little by little the seeds we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

WEDNESDAY.

The Best Way.

The way stretched out before her, straight and fair,
  The way she longed to go.
He said, "Nay, frail one, do not enter there,
  I would not have it so."
And then she turned, with tears and prayers, about,
And entered in the narrow way he pointed out.

It led her straight away from joy and light,—
  Ah! fully well she knew!
It led her out into a starless night,
  All damp and wet with dew.
But, then, it led to heavenly things so dear,
That earth's weak children reach so seldom here.

When years had gone, he said unto her heart,
  In sweetly tender voice,
"Wouldst tread the lovely way you thought so fair?
  I give thee now the choice."
"Nay, Lord," she said, "this narrow way with thee
Is far the best and dearest way to me."

THURSDAY.

Procrastination.

We'll read that book, we'll sing that song.
But when? Oh, when the days are long;
    When thoughts are free, and voices clear,
    Some happy time within the year.
The days troop by with noiseless tread,
The song unsung, the book unread.

We'll see that friend, and make him feel
The weight of friendship true as steel;
Some flower of sympathy bestow.
But time sweeps on with steady flow,
Until, with quick, reproachful tear,
We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands,
And still with trifles fill our hands,
While ever, just beyond our reach,
A fairer purpose shows to each.
The deeds we have not done, but willed,
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

FRIDAY.

The Lesser Ministries.

A flower upon my threshold laid,
A little kindness wrought unseen:
I know not who love's tribute paid,
I only know that it has made
Life's pathway smooth, life's borders green.

God bless the gracious hands that e'er
Such tender ministries essay,—
Dear hands that help the pilgrim bear
His load of weariness and care
More bravely up the toilsome way.

Oh, what a little thing can turn
A heavy heart from sighs to song!
A smile can make the world less stern;
A word can cause the soul to burn
With glow of heaven all night long!

It needs not that love's gift be great,—
Some splendid jewel of the soul
For which a king might supplicate.
Nay! true love's least, at love's true rate,
Is tithe most royal of the whole!

—*James Buckham.*

SATURDAY.

Right.

Should wrong prevail o'er all the earth,
'Twere naught, if only we discern
The one great truth, which, if we learn,
All else beside is little worth.

That right is that which must prevail—
If not here, there; if not now, then—
Is the one truth, which shall not fail,
For all the doubt and fear of men.

Who knows the eternal "right" knows well
That whoso loves and seeks the right,
For him God shines with changeless light,—
Ay, to the lowest depths of hell.

And whoso knoweth God indeed,
The fixed foundations of his creed,
Knows neither changing nor decay,
Though all creation pass away.

—*Lewis Morris.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

By the kind co-operation of many friends the *Unitarian* receives frequent reports from most of our churches throughout the Union. We ask our readers to turn in this issue to the "News from the Field" department, and examine there the six pages of condensed reports, giving our monthly survey of the high thoughts that are being spoken, the new steps that are being taken, and the general progress and movement that is now going forward in the Unitarian churches of America.

We respectfully suggest to our ministers that there is no better way of awakening interest in church life than to persuade people to take the *Unitarian*, and look over its "News" columns once a month. When we catch the stirring notes that are being sounded in so many distant pulpits, when we read of the earnest endeavors of so many devoted workers, and of the heroic sacrifice of not a few, we necessarily ask ourselves: "Cannot our church do something more? Cannot I?"

The *Unitarian* is no one man's work: it is the product of so many minds that it accurately reflects the denomination at large. It is a mirror—that essential article for mental and spiritual culture—which we hope may have a place upon the parlor table in every Unitarian home.

Writes Rev. George Batchelor: "All the doctrines that we are sure came from Jesus may be summed up in the two phrases, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. These two phrases are destined to play a great part in the future. They will yet become watchwords and battle-cries. They already indicate the lines on which society will rearrange itself. He who from his heart, with consent of his reason and the re-enforcement of his conscience, can put his enthusiasm into these watchwords of liberty and progress, will be on the winning side, and have a cause than which none was ever more glorious and inspiring."

We recently heard a physician say to a minister: "Preachers are more fortunate than doctors. A great majority of the people with whom we deal, as doctors, will not

take our advice unless we accompany it with a *drug*. All intelligent physicians know that the advice in most cases is the needful thing, and the drug is not. But, if we give the advice, and then go away without giving the drug, the patient in ninety-nine cases in a hundred will feel that he is swindled, and will send for another physician. And so the average doctor gives a drug with his advice. The man gets well irrespective of the drug, or in spite of it, and thinks the drug has cured him. We know it has not. You ministers can get men to take your advice without a drug. I envy you." The minister replied: "I am not so sure that we have much advantage over you. I think the masses of the people demand the drug in religion as much as in medicine, and for about the same reason. Indeed, I sometimes think that nostrums for the soul are more popular than nostrums for the body." A lady standing by added: "I take it that the liberal and the orthodox churches may be classed pretty accurately as churches which give advice and churches which give advice plus a drug. Is not the strength of Orthodoxy measured exactly by the power of the drug element in religion? As men become intelligent enough to understand that it is the advice, and not the drug (knowledge, and not nostrum), that is needed in religion, will they not become Unitarians? Can we expect them to before?"

We are beginning to get echoes of the reports of the Parliament of Religions which the representatives of the various non-Christian religions are making to their constituents at home. A report of this kind comes to us through the Chicago *Herald*, apparently authentic. It tells us that the Buddhist priests who came to the Parliament from Japan, have returned, and have given an account of the result of their mission. One of the priests, seemingly the chief of the delegation, describes the suspicions with which they received the invitation from America to attend the Parliament. They thought it must be "a shrewd scheme of the Christians" to entice them to the Western world either for the purpose of converting them or to turn them and their religion to ridicule. However, they determined to go, but to go as individuals, and not in a representative priestly character. "It was a wonderful surprise that awaited us," he says, and adds, "Our ideas were all mistaken." The conclusions which the priests drew from the Parliament, and from their contact with Americans generally, are stated as follows:

The Parliament was called because the Western nations have come to realize the weakness and folly of Christianity, and they really wished to hear from us of our religion, and to learn what the best religion is. There is no better place in the world to propagate the teachings of Buddhism than in America. During the meetings one very wealthy man from New York became a convert of Buddhism, and was initiated into its rites. He is a man of great influence; and his conversion may be said to mean more than the conversion of ten thousand ordinary men, so we may say truthfully that we made ten thousand converts at that meeting. Christianity is merely an adornment of society in America. It is deeply believed in by very few. The great majority of Christians drink and commit various gross sins, and live very dissolute lives, although it is a very common belief, and serves as a social adornment. The meetings showed the great superiority of Buddhism over Christianity; and the mere fact of calling the meetings showed that the Americans and other Western peoples had lost their faith in Christianity, and were ready to accept the teachings of our superior religion.

This is both interesting and amusing: we suspect, too, that it is somewhat instructive.

To those of us who are accustomed to reading the reports of Christian missionaries regarding non-Christian lands, these utterances of the Buddhist priests of Japan have a curiously familiar sound. They teach us how hard it is for persons of one religion to understand those of another. The courtesy which we showed at the Parliament to other religions is interpreted as indifference to our own. The exhibitions of vice which appear in certain classes of our society is interpreted as indicating corruption of our whole society. This suggests the question, Do we misunderstand other peoples and other religions as badly as these Buddhist priests seem to have misunderstood us? The question should at least make us thoughtful and charitable. Some will say, "If this is the way guests from other religions understand us, let us have no more parliaments." But ought we not rather to

say the opposite? Ought we not to say, "Let us have parliaments and other means of interchange of thought until such misunderstandings shall become impossible"? Mr. Mozoomdar tells us that, on the whole, the effect of the great religious congress in Chicago will be to remove misunderstandings all round; it will help Christians to see the *better side* of the non-Christian religions, and therefore to understand those religions better, and to carry on their missionary work among them more wisely; while, on the part of the non-Christian nations, it will help them to see the *better side* of Christianity,—a side which has been too much cut off from their sight by the narrow dogmatism of missionaries, the dishonesty and vices of traders from Christian lands, and often the overbearing and brutal injustice of so-called Christian governments.

We are glad to see that a movement has been set on foot to give some regular financial aid to Mr. Mozoomdar in the prosecution of his noble work of liberal religion in India. India is poor. The Brahmo-Somaj is poor. Mr. Mozoomdar's work has been much crippled in the past by lack of means to travel from city to city, to speak and to set in operation instrumentalities for disseminating the truth for which the Somaj stands. It is proposed, therefore, to create a fund in this country to aid him. The movement has the hearty support not only of such Unitarians as Dr. E. E. Hale, Rev. James De Normandie, and Rev. S. J. Barrows, but of Dr. Rainsford and Dr. Heber Newton, Episcopalians, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Dr. Rexford, Universalist, Prof. Swing, Dr. H. W. Thomas, and others. Subscriptions to the fund may be sent to Mrs. W. H. Reed, 37 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

One of the valuable services rendered by Mr. Mozoomdar during his visit to this country has lain in the earnestness and force of his appeal to the spiritual nature of men, and the clearness with which he has shown that any religion which is to have vitality and power must have more than an ethical basis,—it must be built upon faith in a living, loving, and ever-present God. The religion of the Brahmo-Somaj is thoroughly rational, enlightened, and liberal; but at the same time it is an intense and ardent theism, which contrasts strongly in its warmth and power with the thin and chilly ethicism and semi-agnosticism which in some quarters wear the name of liberal religion in America and Europe. If Mr. Mozoomdar has done something (as we believe he has) to teach the man of the Western world that

"Himself from *God* he cannot free,"

unless he is to give up all religion that is anything more than a name, his visit among us will not have been in vain.

In an article entitled "A Firm Foundation," in the January number of the *Southern Unitarian*, Rev. George L. Chaney, the editor, says: "When we started the Church of Our Father in Atlanta, Ga., ten years ago, the basis of our church was given in the following words: 'We whose names are written below unite to form the Church of Our Father in Atlanta. We agree to maintain the worship of God, to cultivate in ourselves and in one another virtuous affections and habits, and to endeavor to pass our lives in harmony with the spirit and life of Jesus Christ.' Rev. Charles G. Ames has condensed this platform into one brief, clear sentence: '*In the freedom of the truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ we unite for the worship of God and the service of Man.*' The *Liberal Coworker* declares this 'Bond of Union' a 'good model.' So consistent and constant a Free Religionist as Dr. F. E. Abbot wrote to us, when we formed our Atlanta church on that basis, that he could join such a society as ours, and would gladly work with us if he were within coworking distance. Meanwhile the brief, peace-making compact has gone the rounds of nearly all the Unitarian churches, and proved acceptable everywhere. Its proposed worship of God satisfies the theist, its pledge of service to man suits the ethicist, and its choice of the spirit of Jesus pleases the undogmatic Christian. We fail to see why such a covenant does not meet the need of all who wish to associate with any organized body which can properly be called a church. All our new-born Southern churches are based on this simple, truthful, comprehensive foundation. Why is it not

broad enough to include all Christendom and all other men, if, like the pious and liberal Jew or Catholic or Brahmo, they believe in God, love mankind, and wish, as Chunder Sen expressed it, to confess Jesus as the brother of their souls?" To which we answer, True enough: why not?

In our last issue we called attention to a new Social Settlement of the Hull House type that has just been established by the Jews of Chicago. During the past month word comes of a settlement which the students and faculty of the University of Chicago has just started at the Stock Yards, a Chicago suburb, where there is great need for educational and uplifting influences, and also of a new settlement in London of the Toynbee Hall type, just established by the Quakers of that city. Thus the good work goes on. Many voices are telling us that, if Jesus should come back to earth, he would not recognize the Christianity of many of the churches called by his name as his religion at all. We suspect he would have no difficulty in recognizing his religion in the spirit and work of these settlements which aim to carry human sympathy and helpfulness to the poorest and most neglected of our great cities.

Perhaps no step recently taken augurs so well for the future of the Indians as the appointment of Prof. W. N. Hailman of La Porte, Ind., to the important post of Superintendent of Indian Education. Prof. Hailman is one of the most competent and experienced educators in the country. Dr. W. Harris says of him, "He is eminent as an advocate of the new education: he can take a broad view of the subject of lifting an inferior race up to civilization."

One of the cruel effects of the Geary law has recently come to light in Detroit. Nineteen friendless, moneyless Chinamen have been lying in jail there for nineteen months, awaiting the result of an appeal from a decision of the United States Circuit Court, where they were convicted of being in the country unlawfully. They are in a most pitiable condition, and are literally dying by inches. There seems to be no prospect of their case coming to trial within three years, as the Supreme Court docket is about that length of time behind. Appeals have been made in their behalf to the district attorney, to the attorney-general, and to the Chinese minister at Washington. But there is no promise or sign of relief. They cannot understand why they are thus kept in prison, when they have always been faithful, industrious, and honest men. It is painful to see with what earnestness they implore those who come near them for pity and help. A singular feature of the case is that these Chinamen could not dismiss their appeal and get out of jail, if they wanted to. Their sentence is deportation to China. If they wished to give up the fight and go home, they could not do so, because all the funds appropriated for that purpose are exhausted.

Who knows in how many more places in the United States similar tragedies may be in process of enactment as the result of this unjust law,— this law which, if it had been enacted by the Chinese government instead of by our own, not an American would have hesitated to pronounce barbarous.

In our "Publisher's Department" this month will be found the portrait of Rev. William J. Potter, whose sudden death in Boston, December 21, brought grief to so many friends. We refer the reader to the tender and sympathetic letter of his lifelong friend, O. B. Frothingham, which appeared in the January number of the *Unitarian*.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Easter Sunday comes earlier this year than usual (March 25). Already sounds of rehearsal in music are on the air. Like Christmas, this festival day is more and more celebrated by all denominations. The Congregationalists of all phases, who were once so severely set against anything of this kind, are among those who prepare the most enthusiastic and elaborate exercises. Again we commend to our ministers and superintendents the value of this opportunity to bring the Sunday-school into the heart of the church. Have a procession down the aisles, and ring out the carols, surrounded by the fathers and mothers and

friends. The Unitarian Sunday School Society, in obedience to a general demand, has issued a new Easter Service this year. It is so arranged as to be adaptable. It is far better for most of our churches that there should be a simple framework. Too much liturgy and intricate service would impair the usefulness of such a service in very many places. Those who wish more of this feature can add to it. The songs are very attractive, and, while not difficult, are thoroughly melodious, and of a dignified and meritorious kind. There are seven carols in this service, which is a larger number than usual; and the music is furnished by some of our popular composers. The words to the carols are by the president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. This little pamphlet, just issued, sells for 5 cents a copy and $4 a hundred. Samples can be obtained by writing to the Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Easter is a very comprehensive festival. It refers to spring, to the power of divine life, to the hopes of immortality, to the soothing of sorrow, to the discipline of life's vicissitudes, and to the great underlying faith, which Christianity assists to develop, in a supreme order and progress. Even in a service for a Sunday-school all these grand thoughts can be brought out and enforced in ways appropriate both to young and old.

The Boston Sunday School Union held a most interesting regular meeting in January, with a large attendance of workers. The subject was the important one of "Music in the Sunday-school," which was handled in three phases: (*a*) Music as related to the Spiritual Training of Children; (*b*) A New Song and Service Book; (*c*) The Good and Evil of Special Musical Festival Days. There is no subject on which there is a greater diversity of opinion than on music. Even dress has for society more settled acceptance, though individual tastes seem very strong. All people seem to know just what is good music, and are not slow in uttering judgment. Even an individual who cannot tell, as Wendell Phillips said he could not, the difference between "Old Hundred" and "Yankee Doodle," is likely to be very dogmatic in summing up what ought to be used in church and school and home by way of song. There is no doubt that the standard should always be discreetly high. If it is put too high, then discouragement and vexatious results follow. If it is put too low, then the school degenerates into "jingleism." This subject should be handled, so far as working conditions are concerned, as we would handle teachers. If we talk as though there were only one person in a thousand fit to teach, the recruits we are likely to get will rebel, and say they are not fit to teach, and do not propose to subject themselves to such criticism. On the other hand, we do not want to make it appear that teaching in Sunday-school is easy, and can be done by any one without thought or work. The motto should be to recognize the great power that music has in stirring sentiment and educating the whole spiritual nature, then to lead on and up with a steady and sagacious step from thoughtless and ephemeral music to something constantly better. There is a great deal of music which is deemed difficult, but the designation is wrong. It is not difficult: it is simply uninteresting and brainless. The simplicity of Beethoven's "Fidelio" is that which comes from a marvellous, imperishable composition. We ought to have in our Sunday-school music the same qualities that pervade that wondrous work of the great composer: it is expressive both of great thoughts and great emotions. The Unitarian Sunday School Society has in hand a new "Song and Service Book"; but it will be some time before the production will be offered to the public, because of the intrinsic difficulties of the work.

A Western correspondent asks me how to start a Sunday-school and make it successful. The only central reply that I can give is to be sure that a few leaders are filled with zeal and are bound to carry the undertaking through. It is enthusiasm at the heart of the enterprise that thaws out opposition and rallies support. Given that as a beginning, then, of course, there are many other considerations, as to text-books, exercises, and the carrying out of details. But my point is that no careful schedule of how to do this amounts to much except as a piece of logical statement: it is the pursuading power of personality indicated in zealous men and women that carries the day. To state it broadly, a Sunday-school is made prosperous by vitalizing. It is not necessarily large numbers that constitute success. Quality stands for something. Good work can be done with twenty-five or fifty scholars sometimes better than with two hundred. To vitalize a school means to make it interesting as well as beneficial: that is accomplished not by any one prescribed rule which can be thrown out to any part of the country as likely to fit every case. There is no doubt that what the Unitarian Sunday-schools need greatly is recognition by the Church. The Trinitarian Sunday-schools are not fenced off in the isolated way ours are. The adults come and go freely, show interest, take part; and the Trinitarian Church itself is constantly asking for information as to the doings of the young people in that department. The ill-concealed indifference of the average Unitarian parent toward this branch of church life goes far to account for our failure to realize greater things. To return to my first statement, let three or five devoted individuals get together, and constantly plan, supervise, and push on

with the minister and superintendent the Sunday-school doings: then there will be success.

"Beginnings," by Rev. A. W. Gould, is finding added favor in our Sunday-schools East and West. Mr. Gould has made a book that will last as a helpful manual.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society has made use of twelve lessons from "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," which was originally published by the Sunday School Society. These lessons will complete the last half of the present course in the Western scheme of study.

Rev. F. B. Mott's "Short History of Unitarianism since the Reformation" is creating attention outside of Unitarian lines. Inquiries have been made for it from those who are anxious to keep acquainted with the growth of religious thought. EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

LOYALTY TO THE CHURCH.

Read before the Guild of the Good Shepherd, Hudson, Mass., by Mr. Horace E. Stowe.

The blacksmith hammers his iron with sturdy blows until, as if tired of resistance, the obdurate metal, acknowledging man its master, yields itself up, and becomes tractable and pliant, the servant of the human mind. But this mind is not master of itself: it, in its turn, is but the servant of higher powers that it feels, but cannot see. As a blind man groping in the dark, it encounters obstacles on every hand. Hard and painful knocks, falls, and bruises are its portion. And, as with the blind, hearing and feeling are developed to an acute degree, so the mind, perhaps, wearily, under its burdens, cares, and trials, seeks to raise the curtain that conceals the mighty Smith who fashions our destinies, who forges the innumerable shapes the human mind and form assume; and thus faith discerns what the eye cannot see. As white iron, we are from the dawn of life under an incessant pounding. When death comes, the iron is cold, the Smith has finished his earthly work, and a critical Judge calls us hence for inspection, for condemnation, or approval.

The mind is servant, and yet in some degree is master; for, though the blows must come, yet, as the tongs in the blacksmith's hand turns the iron from side to side, so are we turned by our impulses, traits, and passions, and, as the tongs slip in the hands and the iron on the smooth face of the anvil, so, to some extent, is our shape of our own choice, as we writhe and turn under the falling blows. What are we here for, if not to turn our hearts and minds so that the hammer of truth and righteousness may do its best work, and its blows be most effective? That all this is best done by organized effort we admit. This the church gives; and, having the church, a loyal and steadfast devotion must be given it if we are to secure the best results. And it is only by constant and persistent pounding of its truths, duties, and demands into our hearts and brains that we are kept within the pale of the track we needs should run. "Loyalty to the Church" is the subject I am asked to speak upon to-night; and in this connection I wish to emphasize the practical side, leaving the spiritual for abler minds. Jewish history gives us perhaps the most striking example of loyalty, its power and value, to be found in the world. Fostered and developed by a long line of able and consecrated prophets and patriarchs, the Jewish idea of Jehovah, or Yaweh, as the one and only God took deep root, and, though to them a Jewish God only, it was better than none or many; for in no other way could the world be prepared for that great and final truth, the God of Jesus, with the blessings it has brought.

Without this God of the Jews there would be between Greek mythology and the universal Father of Jesus an impassable gulf; and in Jewish devotion and loyalty, narrow and selfish though it was, we have the bridge that safely bore mankind out of darkness into light. And, though they killed him, it was their soil that nourished the truth that Jesus first spoke to the world. Is it a judgment that since then this nation has been a wanderer? Truer than fiction is the "Wandering Jew." He has since, for two thousand years almost, travelled the world, despised, persecuted, hunted like a wild beast, hated alike by Christian and pagan. Turn as he might, the hand of his brother man has been raised against him. But patiently and meekly he has borne all this with a courage and fortitude that has won the admiration and envy of the world.

From the Jew, then, we can learn a great and practical lesson. We believe in the church, and in our church as being best suited to our peculiar wants and needs. Let us, then, take this lesson in loyalty home to ourselves; for this quality, steadfastly held, is sure to command the attention of others, and, if the cause be just, their approbation and support. Let us apply this to our own society. What we want is numbers: these bring enthusiasm, and both together success. We are reaching out. We have, as it were, cast off the garments of youth, and have assumed the garb of manhood. We are making improvements.

These bring increased burdens and expenses; for, if we would have luxuries, we must pay for them.

This point we should more than ever take home to ourselves. We should realize that more than ever will this society need strong, concerted efforts and hard work if it is to meet successfully its new conditions. We must increase our numbers, and should double our membership. To do this, we have a large field, with material enough at hand. But it is the work, not of a few, but of many. And, surely, it would seem as if by organized and systematic effort this might be done. Is not the object worthy the effort? Is the minister in our Christian churches useful only to bind in marriage and help bury the dead? But, even if for no other but these selfish or sentimental reasons, a public that recognizes and demands such services should cheerfully and generously support them. And, if we thoroughly believe in the church and that which it represents, we should work in a practical and systematic manner for its advancement. The jars and friction of every-day life should not swerve us. Petty bickerings, differences, or suspicions, should not blind our eyes or warp our judgments. Rising superior to these influences, we should keep constantly before us our church, and bring to its support steadfast loyalty and oneness of aim. If we cannot do this, all these improvements we are making may prove an elephant whose weight will crush us to the ground. But, on the contrary, if we pull together, every man, woman, and child who believes in the cause we represent, there is no good reason why this society should not, still more than in the past, be a beacon to help show the way to those new fields of liberal thought that are being sought out by Christian, pagan, and Jew. And, as the Jew has pushed his way from darkness to higher and better conditions, so may we, by persistence and that same loyalty to our cherished ideals, have some fair share in bettering worldly conditions, in bringing peace on earth, and in making mankind better fitted for whatever may be in store beyond.

The Guild of the Good Shepherd, Hudson, Mass., was formed about five years ago. It holds monthly meetings, and observes the Lord's Supper four times a year. There are seventy-five members. Money taken up at regular Sunday evening meetings is distributed in charity. There is a board of visitors whose office is to look after the sick, and distribute the money collected as mentioned. Subjects and leaders are arranged for from month to month. A series of meetings was held the first week in January, under the auspices of this society. Rev. Messrs. W. F. Greenman, Charles G. Ames, and B. R. Bulkeley spoke on different evenings.

We read with interest that during the recent illness of the minister of the church at Tyngsboro, Mass., the guild conducted the service, and the minister's wife read extracts from a recent lecture of Mr. Mozoomdar on "Hindu Life and Customs." There was marked interest in the occasion.

A very interesting meeting was held December 31 in Quincy, Mass., being the fourth anniversary of the Guild of the Great Teacher. This guild is interested in charity work, and has voted to use its funds to help on in such direction. A public meeting is held in the chapel one Sunday each month.

The president of the Alliance visited the guild at Revere, Mass., on the evening of December 31, and addressed the young people and others on the subject of "Consecration and Success."

He also attended the anniversary of the guild at Reading, Mass., on the evening of January 7, and addressed the meeting on the same theme. The list of topics and leaders recently sent to us contains many interesting subjects, and runs from January 7 to December 23, the meetings occurring about twice a month. We extract the following: "Another Year,—What for?" "Reputation and Character," "Wishing and Doing," "The Worth of a Soul," "He that is not with me is against me" (Matt. xii. 30), "The Christian Spirit."

The Guild of the First Parish, Concord, Mass., recently filled a vacancy in its list of topics and leaders by inviting the Dedham Guild to allow one of its members to read a paper before it. In response to this invitation Miss Bonney was sent, and gave a very interesting paper on "The Power of Example."

It seems to some members of the guild a very good plan to have an occasional "supply" in this way. It stimulates interest, makes a bond among the different societies, and acquaints them somewhat with one another's ways and methods.

B. R. Bulkeley.

UNITY CLUBS.

In spite of the hard times and the general depression, the work of the clubs is active and prosperous. The programmes are as attractive as usual, and we hear of no falling off in attendance or interest. The club at Los Angeles, Cal., for instance, has

a regular attendance of eight hundred; but its programme shows that the club is wide-awake, and fully up with the times as to subjects and methods.

We wish to call the attention of the clubs to the needs of the National Bureau. This organization seeks to aid all the clubs in their work, and it does much for them every year. Its work is shown in the much better position which the clubs occupy to-day than five years ago. All clubs are urged to connect themselves with the Bureau. Any club connected with one of our churches in any way can join by expressing its wish to do so to the secretary, Rev. George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, and sending therewith its programme for the year. There is no membership fee; but all the clubs are asked to remember the needs of the Bureau, and to make such contributions as they can afford. A small sum from every club would enable the Bureau to carry on its work successfully.

The James Freeman Clarke Fraternity of Tacoma, Wash., is devoting twelve evenings to the study of the shorter poems of Robert Browning. It also gives several evenings to lectures and to various entertainments. Its meetings are held fortnightly, and its objects are stated to be mutual improvement and entertainment. There is also connected with the Free Church a social science class, a Young People's Fortnightly Club, whose object is intellectual improvement and social intercourse, and a Liberal Club, whose membership is made up of the men of the church.

The club work of All Souls' Church, Chicago, was not taken up until January. The novel section is studying "Middlemarch," the philosophy section Spencer's "Justice"; and there are classes in Browning, Emerson, and contemporary art. On Sunday evenings a course of six University Extension lectures on "First Steps in Sociology" are to be given in the church by Dr. A. W. Small of the University of Chicago. It is announced that generally the church will be open Sunday evenings for lectures and discussions on educational, sociological, and other subjects by such speakers as may be arranged for from time to time.

The Unity Club of Humboldt, Ia., devotes thirty meetings to the study of geology and social science. Both topics are taken up at each meeting. In geology Geikie's work is taken as a guide. A paper twenty minutes in length is given by a member, and there follows a class exercise with a specimen in the hand of each member. The last half of each meeting is devoted to practical questions of the day, such as labor and capital, socialism, profit-sharing, and industrial training. Each of the sociological papers is limited to fifteen minutes in length, and is followed by a half-hour discussion. GEORGE W. COOKE.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The Province of Ontario is now reported as in revolt against the saloon power. The vote of the people of the province looks toward the enactment of a prohibitory law. Even the city of Toronto moves the same way as the country districts.

The most encouraging feature in the temperance movement is the growth of the conviction that the use of intoxicating drinks is incompatible with good work. Drink hurts business. This conviction is becoming a permanent part of public opinion. It is embodied in the rules of railroads and other large employers, who cannot afford to use drinking men. The same conviction is working to change and reform the customs of business men. The business world learns to distrust the tippler.

The more strictly the State makes employers liable for accidents befalling their men, the heavier will be the pressure to employ none but total abstainers; for a large proportion of all accidents are connected with the use of drink. One experienced medical examiner states that eighty-five per cent. of his hospital cases were traceable to this cause.

Along with the growing experience of mankind that drink hurts business comes the reiterated testimony of physicians, always going to limit still further the medicinal use of the alcoholic stimulants. Thus many once held that alcohol was at least necessary in the treatment of typhoid fever. But now comes the warning: "After a careful and thoughtful study of this subject, I have reluctantly and against firm early convictions been forced to the conclusion that these theories with regard to the beneficial effects of alcohol in diseases are wholly fallacious." C. F. DOLE.

WOMAN'S WORD AND WORK.

The third regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held in All Souls' Church, New York, on Friday, January 5, at eleven o'clock. The president, Mrs. Chadwick, occupied the chair.

After the reports of the secretary and treasurer Mrs. Chadwick introduced Miss

Grace Dodge of New York, who gave an account of the scholarships established to send to the World's Fair professional women who could not afford to pay their own expenses. The originator of the plan started the fund with a gift of $4,000.

A house was taken in Chicago, sufficient to accommodate seventeen persons, and placed in charge of a competent matron. About two hundred women were sent in all, among them seventy-five teachers and seventy-nine artists. $11,000 was spent in this way, and the result has fully justified the expenditure.

The topic for consideration was "Lessons of the Columbian Exposition." First, Religious; second, Educational; third, Social. The first topic was treated by Mrs. Elizabeth Powell Bond of Swarthmore College.

Mrs. Bond sketched in a very beautiful way the lessons which each of the great representatives in the Parliament of Religions had to offer, and spoke of the extreme good will and attention with which each was received. The beauty and sublimity of such a spectacle had never been realized before. Mrs. Bond felt that, while we are sure to always love best our own form of the Christian religion, yet after this Parliament of Religions we must feel a new respect for every other form.

The second topic was treated by Mrs. Truman J. Backus of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Backus took for her text the following selection from Dr. W. T. Harris: —

"No philosophy of education is fundamental until it is based on sociology,—not on physiology, not even on psychology, but on sociology. The evolution of civilization is the key to education in all its varieties and phases, as found in family, civil society, State, and Church, as well as in the school. Once placed on this basis, it is easy to connect any one theory of education . . . with any other, . . . to show their rationale, and the amount and kind of positive help given to the pupil by each." Mrs. Backus made a comparison between the Exposition of 1876 and the one just closed. She felt that a new and very vital interest was aroused in education by the former, not only in technical lines, but in general ways. The various architectural exhibits, for instance, were a very great means of education. Many defects in the former exhibit, especially in art and architecture, were corrected in the latter. But the enormous amount of school work exhibited was so monotonous that one became wearied in the effort to find something new and inspiring, as many valuable inventions, such as delicate instruments of test and research, were not easily found. The contrast between the exhibit in 1876 and that in 1893 showed the peculiar American spirit of assimilation. The historical exhibits were especially remarkable, and showed wonderful development. She closed with an eloquent plea for patriotism.

Mrs. Ralph Trautman was the third speaker; and she gave an interesting account of the efforts made by the lady managers to cultivate a social spirit among the members of the board, and to extend this to the foreign representatives. As vice-president, Mrs. Trautman was well fitted to speak of the growth of this spirit, and of the credit due Mrs. Potter Palmer for her efforts in this direction. All the various women's organizations opened their rooms with the utmost freedom and hospitality, and many prominent women residing in Chicago opened their homes in the same generous way. All these efforts were ably seconded in many of the State buildings.

The cordial response of all women to these efforts was equally remarkable. This was especially true of those foreign nations where women hold an inferior position in their own country. Mrs. Trautman felt that true social spirit had received a very great impetus, and the interest of women in each other would never again lapse into that indifference which had previously characterized it.

After singing "America" and repeating the Lord's Prayer, the meeting adjourned.

M. H. H.

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Short History of Unitarianism since the Reformation." By Frederick B. Mott. Boston: Unitarian Sunday School Society. It seems surprising that just this book was not written long age, and that we have had to wait for the Sunday School Society to issue what every reader of Unitarian literature will desire to possess,—a short, condensed, handy history of the growth of Unitarianism, from the isolated outbreaks on the continent of Europe, following the Protestant Reformation, down to the "Man, God, and Religion" of Parker, the lofty faith of Martineau, and the "divine naturalism" of to-day. The very nature of the material treated makes every page interesting; and the chapter headings, as "The First Martyr," "The First Preacher," "The Strangers' Church," "For the People," "A Christian Basis," "Modern Attitude," lead the reader along with dramatic force.

The little volume, which is very tasteful in appearance, is exceedingly condensed, being intended for use as a manual. There have certainly been no pains spared to fit the work for usefulness. The plain outline to each chapter, the list of books of reference, and the excellent index are features of the book.

"Sermons for the Church." By Caleb D. Bradlee, D.D. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.—Dr. Bradlee published, in 1888, a volume of sermons entitled "Sermons for All Sects," which was so widely read and liked by many beyond the limits of our own denomination that he now offers another volume of similarly broad, inclusive, liberal sermons. All who are familiar with Dr. Bradlee's earnest emphatic style and deeply religious spirit will know just what to find in this book. Every sermon goes straight to the point of emphasis. No one is mystified: the practical and pressing importance of the truth made alive is brought home. Familiar subjects are treated as boldly as the most abstract. "Our Mothers," "Discontent," "Pleasant Words," "The Brevity of Life,"—these are some of the subjects, together with others, such as "Can God be discovered?" "Mansions in Heaven," "The Soul's Weight." It is a privileged community that is familiar from Sunday to Sunday with such clear treatment of noble themes.

The Year Book of the Unitarian Congregational Churches for 1894, published by the American Unitarian Association, made its appearance promptly with the new year. It is as full of information about our churches and denominational organizations as ever. Its editor recognizes the hard times, which has prevented the undertaking of as many new enterprises or the establishment of as many new churches as usual; but we have "more than held our own," and "no branch of our work has suffered serious injury." The appeal is earnest, but none too earnest, to all the churches for "not only generosity in their gifts, but for self-sacrifice." From our ministerial ranks eleven good men and true have been taken by death during the year; namely, Stephen Barker, Rushton D. Burr, Samuel A. Dyberg, Clarence Fowler, Augustus M. Haskell, John C. Learned, Andrew P. Peabody, Bjorn Peterson, Joseph W. Stocks, Robert C. Waterston, and Martin W. Willis. Who shall fill their places?

Rev. J. H. Crooker will prepare the manual for the next year's work of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, on "The Growth and History of Christianity."

We expected to give our readers a notice from Mr. Fenn of Chicago of the current number of the *New World*. Instead he sends us the following apology, which, however, as far as it goes, is no bad notice:—

"3517 Calumet Avenue, Chicago.

"*My dear Mr. Sunderland*,—It's no use. I simply can't review the *New World* for December. Here are ten articles, not one of which can be mastered without at least two hours of study, and written by scholars like Wellhausen, Weeden, Momerie, Armstrong, Toy, and Stevens (to mention only the more familiar names), whose work always calls for respectful learners, not critics. For a fitting review of this number you would need a corps of specialists in Old Testament criticism, New Testament theology, Greek history and philosophy, Chinese religion, philosophy, ethics, and economics. I know of no one man, unless, indeed, it be Joseph Cooke, who would deem himself competent to have an opinion worth expressing on all these articles. The *New World* is the most discouraging review that comes to my table. Before one number is thoroughly read, dust has gathered on the next. I can't keep up with it, and so I resign the undertaking of reviewing each number for the *Unitarian*. Each quarterly packet from the *New World* carries a bigger and more varied freight than its predecessor. Consign the next cargo to some one with wider knowledge, nimbler brain, and quicker pen than I have.

"Very truly, W. W. Fenn."

Miss Frances E. Willard contributes to Lady Henry Somerset's paper, the London *Woman's Herald*, an appreciative sketch of Mrs. Lucy Stone. Miss Willard says: "As a pioneer in the most unpopular of all reforms, Mrs. Stone has perhaps suffered more than almost any of her associates. When the 'woman movement' has moved on to victory, and no artificial limitations hedge her from helping humanity to the limit of her power, the name of Lucy Stone will stand beside that of John Hampden in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race."

The first volume of the Standard Dictionary, published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, is out. Another volume will complete the work. It is not easy to speak too highly of the accuracy, completeness, and value of this dictionary, which may be described as occupying an intermediate place between the International and the Century dictionaries.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We notice below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

The Atlantic Monthly (January).

Ten Letters from Coleridge to Southey.

Tale at a Country House. By Sir Edward Strachey.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong. By John H. Denison.

The Transition of Learning through the University. By N. S. Shaler.

Scribner's Magazine (January).

Constantinople. By F. Marion Crawford.

The Actor. By John Drew.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. By Frederick Keppel.

Stories in Stone from Notre Dame. By Theodore A. Cook.

The Place of the Exodus in the History of Egypt. By A. L. Lewis.

The North American Review (January).

Income Tax on Corporations. By Hon. W. L. Wilson.

Republicanism in Brazil. By the Brazilian Minister.

The Roman Catholic Church and the School Fund. By the Bishop of Albany.

The Sunday-school and Modern Biblical Criticism. By Prof. C. A. Briggs.

International Journal of Ethics (January).

Relation of Ethics to Jurisprudence. By John G. Hibben.

Moral Science and Moral Life. By J. S. Mackenzie.

The Social Ministry of Wealth. By Henry C. Adams.

An Aspect of Old Age Pensions. By M. J. Farrelly.

Italy and the Papacy. By Raffaele Mariano.

The Arena (January).

Aims and Methods of the Higher Criticism. By William Sanday.

Wonders of Hindu Magic. By Heinrich Hensoldt.

The Practical Application of Hypnotism in Modern Medicine. By James C. Cooke.

To Robert Ingersoll. By Edgar Fawcett.

Gerald Massey: Prophet and Reformer. By B. O. Flower.

Sanitarian (January).

Progress of Preventive Medicine. By James F. Hibbert.

School Hygiene. By D. F. Lincoln.

Leprosy: Is Supervision Necessary? By Benjamin Lee.

Review of Reviews (January).

Methods of Relief for the Unemployed in American Cities. By Albert Shaw.

Relief Work: Its Principles and Methods. By Washington Gladden.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen. By W. T. Stead.

Lend a Hand (January).

A New Hope for Charity. By J. G. Brooks.

The Massachusetts Indian Association.

The Self-culture Clubs of St. Louis. By E. N. Plank.

Opium in Ceylon. By Mary and Margaret Leitch.

The Biblical World (January).

The Early Hebrew Story of the Creation. By W. R. Harper.

The Babylonian Account of Creation. By W. Muss-Arnolt.

Jesus' Idea of the Kingdom of God. By A. C. Zenos.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Rev. Walter Scott Vail, formerly of the Universalist denomination, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Austin, Tex.— Rev. E. M. Wheelock writes: "Our church is now a chartered institution, under the name of 'The First Unitarian Society of Austin, Tex.' Austin has been hit very hard by the financial stringency; but we shall go steadily on all the same, through 1894 expecting better times to come. Our audiences are good and growing. Eleven university students attended last Sunday."— *Southern Unitarian.*

Battle Creek, Mich.—The Independent Congregational Church, on the evenings of January 2 and 3, celebrated the tenth anniversary of its organization as a liberal society. On the first evening there was a sermon by Rev. Reed Stuart of Detroit, the minister under whose leadership the church became liberal. After the sermon there was a general reception in the church parlors. The second evening was devoted to a banquet, with addresses by Rev. W. D. Simonds, the pastor, Rev. Reed Stuart, Mr. Z. C. Spencer, and Mr. W. F. Neale of Battle Creek, Rev. J. T. Sunderland and Mrs. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mr. Jesse T. Powers of the University of Michigan, Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, and Rev. George W. Buckley of Sturgis. There was a very large attendance both evenings. The music, the beautiful flowers, the bright and earnest addresses, and the warmth and enthusiasm of the occasion will be long remembered.

The history of the church here is a very interesting one. Mr. Stuart came to Battle Creek about sixteen years ago. He was somewhat liberal at the time, but steadily grew more so, until at the end of about six years the church divided, the rigidly orthodox part going off by itself, and the rest reorganizing on a liberal basis. Mr. Stuart remained with the reorganized church until its success on its new basis was well assured. Mr. Simonds has now been the pastor something over five years, and has done a remarkably efficient work. He attracts

very large congregations, and the church has grown steadily and rapidly under his ministrations until it is now the largest liberal society in the State.

Boston, Mass.—An admirable selection has been made in the appointment, as superintendent of Barnard Memorial, of Parker B. Field, to take the place of Rev. W. W. Locke, who has taken up a larger work in New York. It is hard to find the right man for this important place; but under Mr. Field, who has had an excellent experience with the Children's Aid Society, Mr. Locke's work will be earnestly and nobly followed up.

—The philanthropic work of the Benevolent Fraternity is being ably extended this season at the Parker Memorial. The following departments are actively at work: Monday afternoon, laundry work for girls; Monday evening, boys' club, penmanship, shorthand, printing classes, and tailoring classes; Tuesday afternoon, mothers' meeting; Tuesday evening, boys' club, tailoring, carpentering, and gymnasium classes; Wednesday afternoon, girls' club, and baths; Wednesday evening, lectures in upper large hall; Thursday afternoon, sewing-school for girls, also practical talk to mothers; Thursday evening, boys' club, printing, book-keeping, tailoring, and gymnasium classes; Friday afternoon, girls' club, mending and darning class; Friday evening, entertainments in upper large hall; Saturday afternoon, girls' club, cooking class, and baths; Saturday evening, boys' club, drill class, boys' cooking class and baths.

—The Unitarian Club, under the able presidency of Prof. J. B. Thayer, has given some remarkable opportunities to its members of hearing the highest thought on the highest themes. The January meeting was a most memorable occasion. Dr. Lyman Abbott, that spiritual dynamo, generated inspiration enough to move every listener, as he spoke of the power of personal religion and the moving of the spirit of God through the personal life of man.

—Our surburban churches never were more prosperous than now. Increased attendance, quickened activities, wider interests, seem to be evident everywhere. All Souls' Church, Roxbury, reports, "Only four single seats in various parts of the house remain unrented, and these could be disposed of several times if they were together." From the bright little parish paper of this same church we quote: "On the Sunday before Christmas it was announced that the envelopes for contributions to decorations were in the pews, but that those who preferred to have their money go for charity might turn up the corner of the envelope or mark it in some plain way. The result was that forty-five cents were given for decorations and twenty-six dollars for charity."

—Another of our growing churches, that at West Newton, under the vigorous leadership of Rev. J. C. Jaynes, reports that the difficulty of finding suitable sittings for new-comers is a pressing one, only a few scattered seats being unlet.

—The pretty stone church at Wollaston Heights, since Rev. James E. Bagley was installed, has filled up from the pulpit to the doors, while all departments of church activity are developing with earnest interest.

—The new Harrison Square Church, in Dorchester, is almost finished, and looks exceedingly pretty, artistic, and attractive. It has a beautiful situation on a lovely lawn in a rapidly growing neighborhood. More families than can possibly be accommodated are said to be waiting the opening of this church. Only the chapel is at present completed. If the sittings are immediately let, as is expected, the building of the main body of the church will be continued at once. We have four well-equipped Unitarian churches in Dorchester, of which the Norfolk Street Church is the youngest.

—The Brookline church will well repay any Boston visitor for the ride out there on Sunday morning. It is by far the most beautiful architectural structure we can show, and in a most commanding situation. The pastor, Rev. Howard N. Brown, holds a large congregation at this important post, and holds them to high themes. Many strangers go to hear him. It appears from the American Unitarian Association Year Book, which cannot be presumed to err, that this year Mr. Brown, in spite of appearances, will have reached his Brookline majority, having served this same society for twenty-one years. That, however, is a trifle among Boston ministers, while we still have Rev. S. H. Winkley, who for forty-eight years has officiated at Bulfinch Place, and Rev. E. E. Hale, who has youthfully occupied the South Congregational Society's pulpit for thirty-seven years. Rev. Minot J. Savage has been only twenty years at Unity Church.

—At Roslindale, where the young society was temporarily checked by the calling away of their minister. Rev. Joel Metcalf, to Burlington, Vt., there is now great and growing activity. Rev. C. F. Nicholson of Rockland was installed as pastor January 10, and definite progress is assured.

—A beautiful Theodore Parker memorial window has just been dedicated at the West Roxbury church, where Parker was settled in his earlier days. The ceremony was most impressive.

—Rev. William I. Lawrance, who for nearly three years has been associated with Rev. Clay MacCauley in the Japan Unitarian Mission, has just arrived in Boston, having been compelled to resign his work through protracted and serious ill-health.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—A great sorrow has recently come to the liberal people and

many besides in the death of the wife of Rev. J. H. Palmer, pastor of the Universalist church. Mrs. Palmer was a woman of superior intellectual attainments, beautiful character, and great activity in the church and in many good works. She will be lovingly remembered and greatly missed.

Concord, N.H.—At the "Parlor Sale" given by the ladies of the Unitarian church in December all the articles on sale were disposed of before eight o'clock in the evening, and $230 realized. There is a very marked increase in the attendance at the regular Sunday morning services, and quite a number of new people have taken sittings. The vigorous, ripe, and eloquent preaching of the pastor, Rev. Frank L. Phalen, during the past year has been a powerful influence for the strengthening and invigorating of our society, and has penetrated beyond the walls of our own church and the circle of our own people. Mr. Phalen has recently received many requests to spread abroad his forceful thought, and has lectured in various towns throughout the State. There are few better tests of the prosperity of a church than the condition of the Sunday-school, and it is therefore very pleasing to note a steady growth in this department of our work. One of the deepest sorrows our society has experienced in many years has been in the recent death of Hon. Hy. J. Crippen, for so long honored, respected, and loved by all.

Davenport, Ia.—The Iowa Unitarian Association lately held its fifteenth annual session in Davenport. The first session was devoted to the problem of reaching and carrying permanent help to the liberals of the State. This resulted in the appointment of a committee to push forward the work in this field, and bring to these liberals a sense of fellowship by establishing a church of the isolated. These liberals should sign a common bond of union, and, though separated from each other in body, could still feel a union of spirit.

The sermon of the evening was by Rev. Mary A. Safford of Sioux City. Her subject was "Personal Influence." It was a deep and noble plea for the higher life.

The reports of the churches on Wednesday were interesting, and in most cases full of encouragement. The two missions at Perry and Cherokee have become churches, and word from them brought added enthusiasm to the conference workers.

The Finance Committee reported more money raised for State work than ever before. This evidence of interest justified the congress in fixing the amount to be raised another year still higher than this. Wednesday afternoon a paper by Rev. C. E. Perkins of Iowa City, on "The Mission of Unitarianism," was read, and heartily discussed. Wednesday evening the aisles of the church had to be filled with chairs to seat those who had come to hear Rev. Mr. Nagarkar tell of the reformers of the Brahmo-Somaj.

There were other interesting papers by Rev. J. H. Palmer (Universalist) of Cedar Rapids, Prof. G. T. H. Patrick of Iowa State University, Rev. H. D. Stevens of Perry, and Rev. J. Ll. Jones of Chicago.—*From the Report of the Secretary, Rev. Leon H. Harvey.*

East Lexington, Mass.—Sixty-three children attended the first meeting of the Wide Awake Club of the Follen Church, and became members. Alice Locke was elected secretary, and Jennie Burke assistant. Walter O'Hara was elected treasurer, and Quincy Blanchard assistant. So far the club has taken up carving, sewing, and the weaving of carpet-mats. As the club develops, other work will be introduced. Also literary exercises will have a part in the programme of, at least, some of the meetings. We are much pleased that the children have taken so much interest in the club. It is sure to prove of much value if all take an active part, and attend the meetings faithfully.—*Parish Outlook.*

Erie, Pa.—Rev. Howard MacQueary's work with the Universalist church here opens well. There is much enthusiasm among the people.

Hopedale, Mass.—A unique item in Sunday-school methods has been successfully carried out in the Hopedale Parish Sunday-school during the past year; namely, the arrangement of Scripture texts to form an acrostic reading "HOPEDALE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL." This gave twenty-nine texts, which the scholars committed to memory under the stimulus of the acrostic form of arrangement. In the parish paper, *Our Church Home*, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson writes on "What is Religion?" He says: "The many so-called religions are simply so many interpretations of the same thing. Within the radius of Christianity we find many interpretations, each interpreter giving emphasis to the predominating thought of his own mind. Some find the interpretation given by the Romish Church the nearest their own experience. Some find in Luther or Calvin or Wesley or Fox the view which appeals to them most forcibly. We, as Unitarians, claim the right to form, out of all interpretations, our own, believing that no single mind can compass the whole of religion any more than a single mind can compass the whole of the earth. Who, then, is able to realize the most of religion? He who lives the most comprehensive life. He who *lives* largely, richly, reverently, must find more and more of religion and God to be all and in all."

Manchester, N.H.—From the admirable report issued by the First Unitarian Society here we quote:—

"In presenting their report for the year 1893, the directors of the First Unitarian Society feel that they have much ground for encouragement. The year has been one of prosperity and growth in several directions. The interest in the work of the church has increased. Several new families have been added to the congregation. The average attendance at the public services of the church has been larger than for many years. From a financial point of view the past year has been a very satisfactory one. Aided by liberal subscriptions, the directors have been enabled materially to improve the condition of the church property; and it now seems as though it would not need much, if any, outlay for some time to come. During the past year two new furnaces have been put in, new carpets laid, the walls and ceilings frescoed, and the woodwork thoroughly varnished. This has been accomplished only by generous support, and the year has been closed with the accounts payable being nearly, if not quite, balanced by the bills receivable."

Meadville, Pa.—The second term of the Meadville Theological School opened on January 2. New studies were introduced in the various classes, and the wheels which had collected a little rust during the short vacation started with more or less noise and some little groaning. Mr. Elberfeld, of the Middle Class, preached the first sermon of the year from the subject "Character Helps in a Better Life." Mr. Garborg preached on the 10th an exegetical sermon on "The Character of Jesus." Miss Harrington preached an excellent sermon on the 17th.

Conferences were held on the 5th, 12th, and 19th. The subjects—"Our Sister: Her Trials and Wrongs, and her Opportunities in Society," "Should the Minister study Medicine and Hygiene?" and "The Use of Liturgies and Prayer-books"—were ably handled.

The discussion for the month was held on the 8th. The subject, "State Aid for Denominational Schools," was discussed, mostly on the negative side.

The appearance of Miss Best as instructor in elocution was received with enthusiasm by the fortunate students who were to come under her instructions. W. S. N.

Mendon, Mass.— The sociable at the Town Hall on Thanksgiving evening was attended by many residents of this and adjoining towns, and every one went away having had a most delightful time. The music was excellent, and the whole affair was conducted successfully. . . . One of the happy events of the month is the assistance of Mr. C. D. Godfrey of Hopedale in the work of our Sunday-school. Mr. Godfrey was for years a lay preacher in London, and has had a great deal of experience in this direction. He has had charge of the adult class in the Hopedale Sunday-school for the last year, and is deeply interested in carrying the great truths of liberal Christianity into the life and thought of our day. He will assist Superintendent Nutter in the general exercises of the school. . . . The supper of December 8 was well attended, and the entertainment excellent. . . . The storms of the past month have flourished around the heights of Mendon, but everything has gone along as usual without serious interruption.—*Our Church Home.*

Nantucket, Mass.—Rev. Francis P. S. Lamb has accepted the call of the Unitarian church here, and is already settled. He succeeds Rev. Cyrus A. Roys, who resigned to take charge of the church in Uxbridge, Mass.

Newburg, N.Y.—Rev. Arthur H. Grant was installed as pastor of the Church of Our Father on Thursday, January 18, at 7.30 P.M. The following ministers took part in the service: Scripture reading, Rev. D. W. Morehouse; sermon, Rev. Merle St. C. Wright; prayer, Rev. T. C. Williams; right hand of fellowship, Rev. George H. Badger; charge to the people, Rev. Theodore C. Williams; benediction, Rev. Arthur H. Grant.

Pembroke, Mass.—Mrs. M. C. Aitkin, who for several years has devoted herself to missionary work throughout the West and Pacific Coast, has accepted a call to become pastor of the society here.

Peoria, Ill.—The People's Church has been celebrating its first mile-stone with great rejoicing. Last Tuesday we had the first Sunday-school Christmas festival. School numbers over sixty. To-night the first annual supper was served. There were two hundred and fifty at the tables, and many visitors who came in later to the other exercises. Speeches were made by many of the founders and guests, all of the most congratulatory and hopeful character. The church held its first annual election last Sunday. The board, or council of ten, that organized the church were retained, and six more elected to act with them. The feeling that a good year's history had been made seemed universal.

Perry, Ia.—The progressive Unitarian society here has engaged nearly a column in the leading newspaper, at regular advertising rates, for the weekly presentation of Unitarian ideas, history, belief, aims, etc. In the issue of January 8 a fine statement of the principles of Unitarian faith is given. We quote the following:—

"Unitarians believe in the fullest and freest inquiry in religious matters. They believe that the same God who is the author of religion is also the author of rea-

son, that there is no other way in which truth can possibly be separated from error in religion except by investigation and the use of reason, and therefore, that it is of the highest importance that there should be everywhere the freest and fullest inquiry with reference to religious things, in this inquiry every man being permitted to stand upon his own feet and to judge for himself, subject to no dictation or pressure from councils, synods, conferences, presbyteries, creeds, catechisms, Fathers of the Church, doctors of divinity, or preachers."

The pastor, Rev. H. D. Stevens, announced a series of Sunday evening lectures from January to March on different phases of the subject of "Evolution."

Peterboro, N.H.—Rev. W. H. Walbridge has resigned, after a prosperous and faithful pastorate of thirteen years. The resignation will not take effect till April.

Philadelphia, Pa.— A reception was given in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church to Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D., and to Rev. Joseph May, LL.D. It was the sixty-ninth anniversary of the ordination of Dr. Furness and the eighteenth of the installation of Dr. May. The *Public Ledger* says: "The venerable Dr. Furness, who is nearly ninety-two years of age, entered the room about half-past eight o'clock, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer of New York. He had a smile and a kind word for every one who came up to offer congratulations and shake him by the hand. Notwithstanding his great age, he is still vigorous and healthy; and, although his hair is white and his frame bent somewhat by the weight of years, his eyesight is still strong, and his activity is equal to that of men many years his junior. Even at his advanced age he frequently preaches in some of the churches. . . . Dr. Furness is one of the best known Unitarian divines in the country, and is not only beloved by his congregation, but has made a name outside of the Church as a man of eminent literary attainments and of strong humanitarian views.—*Christian Register.*

Pittsfield, Mass.— Our city is truly blessed with the spirit of church unity. In the no-license movement all the churches united. The first mass meeting in the interest of no license was held in Unity Church. Rev. Mr. Horst presided; and the speakers were the Baptist, Advent, and Congregational ministers, the secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, and our friend, Mr. Savary, of the Unitarian Temperance Society. In October the Pittsfield Ministers' Club was organized, which has an Episcopalian for its president and the Unitarian minister for its clerk. On January 1, at 7.30 A.M., our church joined with the others in the annual sunrise prayer-meeting, and our pastor took part in the service. This year for the first time our church united with the other churches in the "week of prayer" services. Rev. Mr. Horst conducted the Wednesday afternoon service in the Congregational church. For a second year our pastor is president of the Associated Charities, so that now he is one of the best known ministers in town. But the most remarkable thing ever attempted in this community is a series of lectures on the various denominations, with the local pastors as speakers. The object of these lectures is a better acquaintance with all the churches of Pittsfield. Thus far we have had two lectures, —one on "The Second Advent Christian Church," the other on "The Salvation Army." At the former the church was well filled, but at the latter chairs had to be brought in. These lectures are given under the auspices of the Guild of the Good Shepherd, which this winter is making a study of the sects."

Plymouth, Mass.—Since the destruction by fire of the historic First Church requests have poured in from all over the country, urging the erection of a suitable memorial church. More than $30,000 has already been promised, and very beautiful plans have been prepared; but double this amount ought to be subscribed to insure such a building as would be worthy to express the love and gratitude which the descendants of the Pilgrims everywhere feel toward those first heroic Fathers whose splendid spirit of religious liberty planted this church, which is the oldest organization in the country. The new building will always be open for any public occasion, and will be not a local, but a national memorial. Descendants of the Plymouth Pilgrims everywhere are invited to enjoy the honor of being contributors to this memorial. The treasurer of the Building Committee is Mr. William S. Kyle, Plymouth, Mass.

Providence, R.I.—Rev. W. H. Spencer has resigned the pastorate of the Fourth Society.

Sacramento, Cal.— A recent sermon preached by Rev. T. J. Horner, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, was upon "Civilization as inspired by the Idea of Possession." An abstract appeared in the daily papers. Mr. Horner concluded his sermon as follows:—

"When at last the spiritual nature unfolds and fills the world with its fragrance, the fruits of the spirit soon follow, and, ripening, fall back upon mother earth, to enrich all life with love, joy, and peace.

"The despot, then, is inspired to become the father of his people in the true sense, the master the protector of the slave, the capitalist the guardian of the rights of the workingman, and the merchant the ser-

vant of his patrons. As the spirit of Jesus enters all hearts, the kingdom of God is realized."

Salem, Mass.—Rev. E. B. Willson of the North Church made an address at the reception given by the Tabernacle Church to Rev. DeWitt Clarke, D.D., at the close of his fifteenth year as pastor, and was pleasantly introduced by the president of the occasion as one who was not only senior pastor in the churches of his own denomination in Salem, but as "one whom we have installed in our hearts as the senior pastor of all our churches."

—The Alliance of the First Church has pleasantly entertained the Alliances of the other churches, giving opportunity to see and hear Rev. Helen G. Putnam.

—The four churches, First, East, North, and Barton Square, unite in Sunday evening services for three months, each church being open one Sunday evening in each month. Two or three clergymen give ten-minute addresses at most of the services.

—The Social Committee of the Barton Square Church entertained the Ministers' Association—made up of all the ministers of Salem—at their rooms on the 25th of January.

Shelbyville, Ill.—Rev. Jasper L. Douthit has re-established his paper, *The Simple Truth*, with prospect of permanence. It will be devoted, as heretofore, to liberal Christianity, temperance, and the general purity and good of society.

Southern States.—In a letter to the *Christian Register* Rev. George L. Chaney, speaking of the extension of Unitarianism in the South, says:—

"During the last decade the American Unitarian Association, through its agents and assistants, has made a promising beginning in the work of liberal church extension at the South. Its tracts and sermons by the thousand have gone from Virginia to Texas. Its word has been preached in leading cities in nearly every Southern State. Circuit-preaching and neighborhood circles in Texas and Florida have been inaugurated. Churches have been established in Atlanta, Chattanooga, Austin, San Antonio, Asheville, and Richmond. Preliminary services have been held in Birmingham, Ala.; Nashville, Tenn.; Charleston, Parkersville, and Wheeling, W. Va.; Tampa, Fla.; Galveston, Houston, Fort Worth, and Dallas, Tex.; and Greenville, S.C. A Southern Conference, uniting all these churches and missions, has been formed, and successfully conducted for ten years. The Women's National Alliance has a Branch in each of our Southern churches. A Liberal Church League, which will undertake the same service for the church through its men which the Alliance does for the women, has been organized and put in operation. The *Southern Unitarian*, a monthly paper now in its second year, keeps the churches in frequent communication with each other and with their friends abroad. So much is already accomplished. But this is only preparatory work."

St. Louis, Mo.—The Unitarian Club met on the 16th in the beautiful banquet hall of the new Mercantile Club House. Jenkin Ll. Jones of Chicago having been excused to keep an Eastern engagement, the club spent the evening discussing the "needs of the unemployed." Rev. Mr. Judy of Davenport was the guest of the club, and contributed to the impromptu programme. Copies of "Selected Thoughts" from Rev. Mr. Learned's writings, edited by W. L. Sheldon, were on hand for club members. The timely little book has met with a warm reception among the many friends and admirers of Unity's beloved pastor.

The Eliot Society gave the literary hour at its last meeting to the memory of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, whose admirers among the membership—and they are many—enjoyed an appropriate programme, arranged by Mrs. E. A. De Wolf.

The Mission Home is having a busy season. The capacity of the home and school is taxed to the utmost. The holiday feasts were celebrated in the usual fashion; and the donations of the morning Sunday-school were ample for the occasion, and left a reserve stock of toys for sick-rooms and rainy days.

The Eliot Society tendered a reception to George W. Cable on the occasion of his recent flying visit to our city. In addition to the members of the "Novel Club," as the Literary Committee's class is popularly called, the distinguished visitor met the congregation, the faculty of the Washington University, and several prominent local clergymen.

Rev. Dr. Snyder and wife received the congregation and friends in the large parlors of the church on the 10th of January. Those who think of a church sociable as the last of social functions should have an opportunity of enjoying one of these really charming evenings. No committee on the Eliot Society's long list does more and better work than the Social Committee.

The talented organist of our church, Mr. Ernest Kroeger, gave the second of a series of monthly pianoforte recitals on the 8th of January. The evening with Beethoven, Schubert, and Liszt, was a treat to the musically cultured audience, who look forward to the succeeding evenings, knowing that each will be a fit successor to those enjoyed.

The chorus choir is maintaining the standard set by itself in previous successful seasons. With its assistance the regular quartette gives much of the best concerted sacred music.

Rev. Dr. Snyder recently preached in Unity Church, Rev. Mr. Gould of Chicago occupying the pulpit at the Messiah.

Sturgis, Mich.—Never did the old-time hearth look more real and substantial than that at our Sunday-school festival. The vast chimney seemed generously wide for even Santa's proportions, as down he came, and found himself in the midst of the sleeping children. One by one the stockings received the precious remembrances of Yule-tide, and the merry old soul disappeared. The occasion was not only a delight to old and young: it was introduced by what was spiritually elevating to all. Songs, recitations, and readings preceded the gifts; and, when they came, every child was remembered.

Nor were the absent poor forgotten. Piles of sacks—all full—suggested the warmth of fellow-feeling of many, both present and absent. Many dollars' worth of substantials were received next morning into needy homes. As the occasion disappears into the receding past, the kind feeling it has developed will continue to warm all hearts, both toward those who got it up and those who were recipients of its good fortune.

Toronto, Can.—The Ladies' Branch Alliance of the Jarvis Street Church meet on the afternoon of the first Thursday of each month. The first house social of this season was given at the home of Mrs. G. H. Bertram, and was most successful and enjoyable, the attendance being large and the programme of unusual excellence. Readings were given by Rev. Mr. Woude and Mr. J. H. Bertram, a charming little comedietta, entitled "The Honeymoon," by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cox, and several solos and concerted pieces by the members of our choir. At the conclusion of the programme the young people had a dance.

At their last meeting the ladies decided to have a social tea in the school-room of the church on the first Thursday of each month. To these social gatherings they hope to see all the members and adherents of the church, and they will also heartily welcome any other friends who may wish to become acquainted with our pastor and people.

The work of the Post-office Mission was resumed on the 1st of November; and during the month the secretary reports that the names of seventeen applicants for liberal religious literature have been received.

The young ladies of the congregation have formed themselves into a "Friendly Workers' Society," to engage in making garments for needy people and any other use ful charitable work that suggests itself. At their first meeting twelve members were enrolled, but they want all the young ladies to join. They meet for work and consultation every Friday afternoon in the church library, and take tea together at six o'clock. *Toronto Unitarian.*

Washta, Ia.—Rev. Mary A. Safford preached for us at Washta on Sunday afternoon, December 31. Her subject was "The Growth of Religious Ideas." The preacher said that the change from narrow to broad in religion during the last two or three decades was the necessary outcome of modern scientific discovery, particularly in the line of astronomy and geology. Religion had nothing to fear from science or the Higher Criticism. Scientific theories may come and go, yet religion itself would endure as long as man, as it was the aspiration of the soul of man to soar upward. Miss Safford said that she had no quarrel with those who held to the ritual or creed of any religious denomination, if it enabled them to be better and purer men and women. But, when she was told that she *must* perform some particular ritual or *believe* immersion, election, or everlasting punishment, as essential to her own salvation, then she always was ready to reply. The Masonic Hall, in which Miss Safford holds service, is always crowded. Liberals come from the neighboring towns of Quimby, Correctionville, Kingsley, and Holstein. Miss Safford is very enthusiastic to spread the liberal faith; but her friends greatly fear that in her undertaking to preach in Cherokee in the forenoon, drive eighteen miles and hold service at Washta in the afternoon, immediately drive back and preach at Cherokee at night, is a case of too much strength of spirit for the weak flesh. F. S. C.

Weirs, N.H., Grove Meeting.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian Grove Meeting Association was held at Concord, N.H., January 23. The treasurer's report was read and accepted; and then the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, Rev. Enoch Powell, Nashua; vice-presidents, Rev. S. C. Beane, Rev. E. B. Payne, Rev. J. E. Wright, Hon. Mark P. Emery, J. C. Otis; treasurer, J. C. A. Hill; clerk, Joseph W. Fellows, Manchester. Directors: Rev. F. L. Phalen, Woodbridge Odlin, C. C. Danforth, Miss M. A. Downing, Concord; Solomon Spaulding, Nashua; Daniel Whitcher, Bath; Rev. Lyman Clark. Andover; Lewis Simonds, Rev. W. H. Ramsey, Mrs. J. W. Fellows, Manchester; Rev. J. B. Morrison, Woodbury L. Melcher, William F. Knight, Laconia; Henry B. Quinby, Lakeport; Rev. A. J. Rich, Milford.

Worcester, Mass.—The South Church, organized 1889, has got along so successfully under the energetic labors of Rev. George W. Kent that during 1894 a church building is to be erected. It is to be of stone, with a tower, and to occupy a very desirable site on Main Street.

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BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

A SERMON BY REV. LEON A. HARVEY, DES MOINES, IA.

How wonderful is the human mind! How it circles the earth and weighs the stars! How thought passes with more than lightning speed from the invisible atom to the infinite sky, and is equally at home in considering the laws which unite the atoms of oxygen and hydrogen and in those which guide the Pleiades! How it leaps from that little, far-off life-germ, with which the life-story of our earth began, to the wide horizons of the intellect! How it refuses to be bounded by any sky or any centuries, and is at home alike with the infinites and eternities!

Did you ever look upward to the heavens on some wondrous night? After letting your thought sweep through the vast infinites of space, did you ever close your eyes upon the scene, to find the bejewelled sky all folded away within yourself,—no infinity lessened, no lustre dimmed?

I know of nothing else which so demonstrates the boundlessness of man's capacity, so shames all littleness of living.

And now does this human spirit, which thus gathers infinite *Space* into its heart, hold there infinite *Time* as well? If the great wide heaven is only a kind of garment for the human soul, as it is the garment of God, is the soul, like God, *immortal?* Such is the question which, in deep and solemn earnest, I wish to ask to-day.

A gentleman of culture and refinement, an authority in the literary world, said to me a few weeks ago that he thought nothing in modern life was more to be regretted than the decay of the hope of personal immortality. He felt that men's attitude to-day on this question was in marked contrast to their attitude in previous centuries. And, certainly, it is true that, though in the time of the Renaissance men laughed at the claims of the Church, and scoffed at her priests and penances, they seldom doubted the immortality of the soul. They saw, or thought they saw, that the Church's claim to the "keys" of the kingdom of heaven was only a pretence, but the reality of that kingdom itself they did not doubt. To-day the doubt has gone deeper. Multitudes are asking, not whether the Church is the door to the kingdom of heaven, but whether there *is* any kingdom of heaven. Many, not only in the liberal churches, but in all the churches, have come to accept the faith of George Eliot, as expressed in her "Choir Invisible": —

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
  Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence,—live
  In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
  Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
  And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues!
  So to live is heaven:

. . . . . .

So shall I join the choir invisible
  Whose music is the gladness of the world."

You see how beautiful it is, how it appeals to all of us. Whatever happens to us, it must be true that our influence survives. The thought is one to make us pause on the threshold of every evil thought or deed. The false word spoken, the wrong thing done, we know not where it may end. We know not but the hatred we secretly cherish, passing by subtle, unseen laws into the lives of others, may become the tool of the basest injustice and the meanest crimes. We do

not know but it will ripen into assassination and murder. The old Bible saying, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," is something more than rhetoric. For hatred is verily the seed from which the dark flower of murder springs. We know not under what sun or in what dark alley it may ripen. Sow not the seed, is the lesson. Wait before you sow, and see the thing you do travelling on through the centuries, finding a home now in this life, now in that, breeding darkness and hatred in them all!

See homes darkened, lives blasted, hopes crushed, through the hatred you wilfully cherish, the lie you consciously tell. It matters not though no other in all the world should know it is in you. It is shaping your character, as the life in the oak is shaping its leaves. And what you are your influence will be. It matters little what you say, the thing you are "thunders over your head," and that thing the future will keep,—that alone!

There is also another side to the picture,—a beautiful side. We may live again "in minds made better by" our "presence,—live

In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars."

If the evil thoughts we think turn fiends and descend to the very depths of hell, our noble thoughts may rise to heaven and pierce the night like stars, shining with the added lustre of countless generations. The little spark of unselfish love in us, passing on from life to life, at last becomes a mighty flame in the heart of a great philanthropist, who kindles a nation or continent with his flaming zeal. The sincerity, the nobility, the integrity, of our characters, may flow out silently from us, and enter into countless others, making beautiful thoughts and homes in many lands. It is a sublime privilege; and George Eliot has clothed the thought of it in fitting phrase,—in sentences, like the thought, sublime.

But you see that, if *this* be the *only* immortality, the *surrender* of the *individual* is *complete*. I am not to live again in myself, but only in others. The things I have done live on, the doer dies. Deeds are immortal, souls perish. Love lives on, the lover dies. Such is the philosophy of the lines I have quoted; and it must be confessed that a considerable number of thoughtful men and women are accepting it, and finding some comfort in it.

Now, why are so many surrendering this mighty hope of personal immortality, some regretfully, some almost carelessly, as though it were only a trifling matter whether the spirit is quenched at death or born into a heavenly life? I see two reasons for it.

The first is, that Christendom's faith in immortality is based chiefly upon *miracle*. The Church has long been saying, Because Christ lives, we shall live also; and, as evidence that Christ does live, they point to the gospel story of the resurrection. But that story, beautiful as it is, is losing its significance to all of us. It is a miracle, and the spirit of the age is distrustful of miracles. In thoughtful minds criticism has done much to strengthen this distrust; and so the story no longer appeals to them, no longer makes possible their old belief. I do not here say whether these people are wrong or right. I only point out the fact that such is their attitude,—that for them Christ has not risen in any sense which assures them of personal immortality.

They are saying with Mrs. Humphry Ward, "Miracles do not happen." We will not, they say, pin our faith to the impossible. Our faith, such as we are able to have, must be in no sense a contradiction of the laws of the universe: it must be their fulfilment.

And, certainly, in this respect these men and women are right. The age of miracle is past. Whatever happened at the tomb of Christ, no law, either spiritual or physical, was violated. And when the miraculous in the story is explained away, as many modern preachers do explain it away, its old religious significance is gone. Unless God by special intervention raised the Christ (which intervention were itself a miracle), the old significance of the resurrection is gone. A new significance there may be, and I believe there is; but it is a significance based not upon miracle, but upon the spiritual triumph of a mighty soul.

Added to this distrust of the old basis of faith is another fact, which, though we may be less ready to admit it, plays quite as large a part in our surrender of immortality. This fact, strange as it may seem to you, is

the *surrender of individuality* here in our *present life*. We think of ours as pre-eminently the age of individualism, and such in many respects it is. We are no longer subject to the tyrannies of feudalism nor to the dictates of a priesthood. Men may think their own thoughts. Provided those thoughts do not offend against the fundamental law of morality and right, they may publish them on every theme, whether it be science, government, or religion. Individual energy and ability have undertaken and accomplished vast enterprises, which in previous ages only a government or institution would assume. The Egyptian government built the Pyramids, the Roman Church St. Peter's; but the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the Ferris Wheel in Chicago, are the products of individual enterprise. The splendid highways of ancient Rome were government roads. Our modern railways are nearly all of individual origin.

But, if we look at another aspect of individualism, we shall see a loss, and not a gain. If we look deeply enough, we shall see that individualism, like the fabled monster of old, is swallowing herself. These vast enterprises, important as they are, are taking men out of themselves, and burying them in their pursuits. In the days of feudalism, though a man's property, and even his life, was in the hands of his Lord, still the most of his life was spent in the quiet of the fields, doing his own separate tasks; and, though the Church demanded absolute obedience from her subjects, she encouraged them to go into the quiet of the monastery or nunnery, and think over the problems of the soul, learn the meaning of life, not by building railroads or running stores, but by looking into the deeps of their own separate souls. I would by no means advocate a return to such a system; but the pity is that we have nothing to take its place. Men are called out of themselves forevermore. There is nothing to say to us, as did the ancient Greek oracle, "Know thyself." Our education, even, is objective. We must know how the sun shines, how the heart beats; but what we are, what the soul is, with its hopes and fears, its loves and longings, we have ceased, for the most part, to ask. "Whence comest thou, O unseen messenger within: whither art thou bound?" Such was the great question of the Orient. We ask it only at funerals, and then only half-heartedly, as though we doubted whether there were any messenger within. What wonder! We and the soul within us are strangers, have not met for many a day,—nay, in any deep sense have not met for years. And every day the veil that hides our inner self thickens, until at last it becomes a curtain shrouding the holy of holies; and we say no soul is there. Is it not time to call a halt, to cry, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Aside from the great enterprises which I have noted, and which absorb completely the men who undertake them, let me call your attention to a single instance of the same tendency in the more ordinary pursuits of life.

A few decades ago there might have been seen in this country and in Europe little modest shoe-shops, with a single workman plying his trade for years together. Talk with such a man. His grammar may not be perfect, his accent may be provincial, but those quiet days have been full of thought. His conclusions may be crude, but they are *his* conclusions. He believes deeply, intensely. He is not the echo of somebody's else thought: he is an individual.

And what has taken the place of these little quiet, separate, working places? For the most part great factories. Go into one. After you have received permission from the overseer, a sort of feudal lord over this great army of men, talk with one of the workers. He may talk glibly, may use better English than the workman of other days; but his talk is all about machinery and tools. If you speak about the nature and destiny of man, problems with which the isolated shoemaker would have been perfectly at home, he is dumb. Soul, spirit, life,—these words hardly belong in his vocabulary. His knowledge is largely accumulated facts, which he carries about with him, as a man might carry coal in a cart. There is almost nothing which is vital to his life, no deep faiths and convictions which have woven themselves into the very fibres of his being; and it is these which make the individual. Unload him of his facts, and there is nothing left. Why should such a man believe in immortality?

Is there anything in his daily life that

has in it the quality of endurance? Will not the machines wear out? May not the factory burn? Must he not have some quiet days for thought before he can hear the still, small voice of the soul within him, which the noise of life so effectually drowns?

And what is true of this man is true, at least to a degree, of all. Capitalists, workmen, thinkers, are all confronted by the same wilderness of achievements, are all buried in pursuits which hide them from themselves. The cure for all this is that which Emerson gave as the need of our education and religion: "First of all soul, and second soul, and evermore soul." We must find some moments for ourselves, some hours even, for quiet contemplation. We must find some time to take our eyes off from brick pavements and walls, to look at the hills and sky,—to look, not hurriedly, but calmly wait till the soul within us seems to rise up and go forth with a great gladness to meet its own. We must find some time to read the great thoughts of literature and commune with the souls out of which they came. These thoughts which "pierce the night like stars" call us away from our lower and up to our higher selves: they rediscover for us our forgotten souls. We must come to read these not as leisure for an idle hour, but we must come to long for them as for our daily bread. We must seek communion with the men and women about us who love the higher life, and seek to direct the conversation to noble themes. All this will arouse the moral sentiment, make us quick to hear the voices of the soul. But the hardest work is yet to come; for we must yield to these voices. They will call us away from our selfish pleasures. They will say "Speak the truth,"—something which is not always easy. "Do the right," though it is often hard. They will say: "Stop your selfish striving, and do this kind deed and that. Be in earnest to-day, live as in the presence of eternity. Say to yourself, 'I shall not pass this way again.' Yield to every higher impulse, spurn every downward tendency. Be a man, a woman, to-day in the noblest sense which those great words can have to you." Such are the voices of the soul, such their message and their mandate. It is not easy to yield to them, but it is worth while. I hear men and women saying carelessly, almost exultingly, as though it were a mark of superior intelligence, "I cannot believe in immortality." Did he who says it see deeply enough, he would know that his declaration is also a confession,—a confession that his life is superficial. The eternal things of life do not lie upon the surface, but are deep hidden in the heart. Live deeply enough, and eternity shall so be in your to-day that you cannot doubt it.

I would not shun the difficulty already mentioned, and which I own is great,—the difficulty of giving up a faith based upon a miracle and seeing one which grows out of the nature of man; but I would insist that any true faith in immortality cannot be injected from without, but must unfold from within. It cannot be grafted upon life, for it is that into which life flowers.

And now I have left myself all too little time to speak of some of the reasons for this faith which we may put in the place of the miracle and legend which we are forced to surrender. It is hard to make science speak the language of religion. Its language is not yet rooted in the past, and bound up with men's loves and hopes. But some time the beautiful story of creation which science reveals will be told with moving power. It will be no longer coldly scientifical, but will be full of poetry and religion. It will glow with a deeper beauty and speak with a diviner meaning than the story of Genesis ever did. Try to think of it so. Try to think of it no longer as science, but as a beautiful story of the great All-Father told for the first time to his listening children—told to us first, because first among all the generations we have ears to hear.

Way back yonder, in the unremembered past, on the bleak and barren hills lies one single germ of life. Nowhere else in all the world is there a single twig or grass-blade to keep it company. It has only the sun and stars for companions. But the winds kiss it, the sun calls to it, the rain waters it. Wait a million (or was it ten million?) years. Lo! the hills are covered with verdure, great trees lift themselves in air, the forests are vocal with the song of birds. All this garment of green, these mighty trunks, these singing birds, were hidden away in that first life-germ. Sup-

pose you could see a common piece of moss unfold before your eyes,—see it passing into grasses and trees and lilies,—by silent stages see it pass even into animals, until at last the moss has become a singing bird, soaring upward into the deep of heaven, which it floods with melody. Would you need any other miracle than that to teach you of a purpose infinite? Such is the story of science, and still the tale unfolds. At last—and how countless are the ages between!—it issues into man,—man with his infinite capacities! Crude and savage at first, but slowly unfolding, until at last an eye looks out upon the world which knows that it is beautiful, looks back over the long, long journey which he has come, and at least in part comprehends it.

And now the cycle seems to be complete. Nature has travailed through countless ages, a child is born that looks up into her face, and loves her, knows that she is beautiful. It is as when the mother, after years of watching over her baby boy, until he has grown strong and true, at last looks into his frank and open face, and says: "Now I know by the love gleaming in his eyes that I can trust him. For this I have yearned, in this I find the reward of all my pain and deprivation,—in this love that answers unto mine." So out of the heart of Nature there comes a voice to me with accents sweet and tender as a mother's, saying, "My child, I love thee." The universe becomes a song, life is complete, we know that love is all. And Nature, we have learned to know, is not something separate from God: it is God's garment. The voice from the heart of Nature is God's voice. The child and the Father—yea, and Mother, too—are one.

See how this child, standing on less than a square foot of soil, finds the heavens too small to contain his thought. Would it not seem that this infinity of man were matched by an eternity?

If man be not immortal, then where shall we look for immortality? Science tells us that the solar and other systems shall grow old, and pass away, that the earth shall be dissolved into its elements. Then where were the immortality of influence which lives again in minds made better for its presence? It must all end. The long, long story of creation is told; and what is the end? Nothing, absolutely nothing but gas and smoke. There, after the birth-throes of ten million æons, after all the struggles and the sacrifices, loves and hopes and aspirations of humanity,—there, in a wreath of smoke which no eye beholds, in lurid flames which leap out into the bosom of chaos, there it ends. So considered, creation becomes a meaningless riddle. There is no meaning in the story unless something abides. That something is the soul in which alone the hope of immortality is planted, into which the long, the beautiful story of creation issues and finds fulfilment.

This faith lays deepest hold of us in our profoundest moments,—when the spirit holds sway, when the body with its ambitions and its passions is forgotten, and we become "a living soul." So it is that the noblest men have never doubted immortality. Socrates, Plato, Jesus,—names which come quickest to our lips, as we recall the past,—never doubted it. And in moments of heroism, when a man is surrendering himself to the voice of duty and of God, a great faith of which he had hardly dreamed visits the soul, and puts strength into his faltering will. He faces death, and the beyond loses its darkness and shines with unexpected lights.

Ah! there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven,
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than the Day;
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-looking sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years.

Adorn thyself with simplicity and modesty and with indifference toward the things which lie between virtue and vice. Love mankind. Follow God. The poet says that law rules all, and it is enough to remember that law rules all.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

THEODORE PARKER.

HIS THOUGHT AND HIS INFLUENCE.

III.

How much of all that Theodore Parker wrought so strenuously stands for us? What is left as the result of his labors in life and thought?

The degree to which a thinker has been effectual is the degree to which his thought has sunk into and been absorbed by common thought. It is precisely the degree in which it no longer seems novel, but habitual; the degree in which it no longer seems his, but ours. It is the degree in which a worker has been taken up by the main current of his time, and carried onward by it. It is precisely the degree in which it no longer seems his, but everybody's.

Theodore Parker was first of all, and emphatically "a preacher of righteousness." Morality is not so much a variable as a growing, an expanding force. No doubt everything is summed up in its primary axioms, yet it is only step by step that we come to perceive what these imply. We acquiesce in the established, the customary. Our eyes are holden that we should not know it. It does not occur to us that here is the field for the application of these long-accepted maxims. Then a soul of more original insight turns the search-light of conscience on these dark places, and they start out in unexpected hideousness. We cannot go back to the old insensibility. The times of ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent. With grinding and friction and collision, the wheels of the huge social machine roll on to a farther moral advance. The life of the present, its business, its class-relations, its politics, its motives, aims, methods, need to have the veils of use and wont torn away. Then we see them as with a new sense. What just now looked a matter of course, natural, necessary, which disturbed neither the conscience nor the heart, becomes an evil which gives us no peace.

Such a light Theodore Parker turned on his own time. He applied a moral sense as inflexible as the granite of his New England hills to the conditions of life about him. Industry, trade, commerce, the social relations of men, were the field on which Christianity was to be applied, no less than to the personal dispositions and the domestic relations. The more deep-rooted the evil, the more closely it was entangled with the social fabric, the more it spread over and into the ways of men, confusing their judgments and embarrassing their actions, the more imperative he felt his obligation to strip off its plausibilities, and reveal it in its true character. He spoke unreservedly, passionately, on great social questions, regardless of wounded prejudice or interest or of the odium incurred.

Especially did he attack the institution of slavery, then so intrenched in the national life that the voice of the private reformer lifted against it was indeed that of one crying in the wilderness. Slavery, recognized a half-century before as an evil, had ended by accustoming people to its existence. It had benumbed both political parties in the North: it had become the corner-stone of political faith in the South. It had stifled remonstrance on the part of the great religious organizations, who shrank from the disruption inevitable to open condemnation of the institution. It had stifled remonstrance from the most respectable and influential part of the press. It had become involved with the industry, not only of the slave-holding, but of the non-slave-holding States, with their manufactures and trade and commerce, and boldly proclaimed itself indispensable to these.

Unity, peace, prosperity,—these are solid and precious realities, dear to every patriot; dear, also, to each private interest. And, to secure these, it seemed necessary to ignore the negro slave at the bottom. After all, was it not the lesser evil? Amiable and good people, cultivated people, exemplary people, no less than selfish, interested, or thoughtless people, persuaded themselves that it was so. It was better that the negro should suffer than that the whole nation should be convulsed. After all, was the negro so badly off? Wasn't he being civilized? Christianized? Wasn't he contented?

You can understand how uncalled for, how odious, how dangerous, how wicked, the anti-slavery agitation seemed to the great mass of respectable and prosperous people in the Northern States, even in Boston. What, when we are all going on so

smoothly, you come with these upsetting doctrines, and demand that we shall sacrifice all this well-being to this wretched "nigger"! You can—no, in the light of all that has come to pass in forty years, you *cannot* — realize the courage, the disinterestedness, the sublime faith in an Eternal Right, the loyalty to "the least of these their brethren," the unshaken conviction of a moral order in human affairs, which inspired the protest of the men and women who in those days dared to raise their voices against the wrong of slavery. Nor can you realize the bitter hatred, the ostracism, the personal risks, to which they were exposed.

Happily, conscience was not so dead as it seemed. It did respond to their appeal. It more and more, as years went on, came over to their side. They began to tell as a political force.

Theodore Parker had thrown his whole weight into their scale. As a preacher, lecturer, popular speaker, by word, by pen, with the full force of his personality, he threw himself into the struggle. His faith in its issue was never shaken, not even when slavery took the aggressive, and secured the rendition of fugitives, and reached out its arms for more territory. He defied the fugitive slave law, in the name of the Higher Law. As to the way in which the end would come, the future held its surprises for him as for us. He died as the country was swaying on the edge of the great plunge which committed it: it did not at first see how far. But, if our eyes could see the spiritual combatants who fought on those fields of battle, we should have seen his passion for justice, his trust in the Eternal Right, his certainty of victory, inspiring the courage and nerving the endurance of the long contest. "The other Theodore Parker planted in America" fought in the struggle and rejoiced in the triumph. I do not mean triumph in any poor sectional sense: I only mean that triumph over the wrong his soul had hated.

But, when one has really risen to a moral height, one sees plainer not on one side only, but all round. The whole horizon comes into view. Theodore Parker attacked slavery as if there were no other evil. But he also attacked the evils immediately round him as if there were no such thing as slavery, especially those of an industrial and trading community, such as that in which he lived. He strove to moralize business, to moralize education, to moralize expenditure, to moralize the relations of rich and poor, of employer and employed, of men and women, which was and is the great need of his time, of our time, of all times.

All moral teachers aim at doing this. The difference between them is one of degree, of effectiveness, of method. This teacher was pre-eminently effective by his clearness, his insight into causes, his own deep, passionate moral earnestness. Above all, he had nothing in his theology to distract his attention from this. All that he said on these points remains as salutary, as sound, as kindling, as helpful to us, who, in our degree, are continuing the same effort, as to those who listened to him at first. That great struggle to moralize life is not ended: it never will end; and the highest of all achievements in it is not this or that definite accomplishment, but to have quickened consciences, and to inspire a holy ardor in souls who will carry on that struggle farther and more resolutely.

Theodore Parker was also a teacher of religion, and to himself this function was the dearer and the deeper of the two. Religion not separable from practical life, but including it as the larger the less; resting on a true conception of God, and resulting in a warm and living piety; shaping alike thought, sentiment, action. He has left us two noble ideals,—one of God, the other of man, and his method of arriving at them.

God was to him the Infinite Perfection,—the perfection of being, of power, of conscience, of affection, the perfection of that innermost element of all, which in man we call personality, "faithfulness to himself." All Christians use these words for their God; but none develop them consistently. All end in an imperfect God; and the tortuous scheme of salvation is the long attempt to remedy that imperfection.

This God is immanent alike in matter and in spirit, neither of which are at any point separable from him, while he transcends both; transcending, indeed, these attempts to express him, which must be taken as attempts to distinguish rather than define him. God is indeed infinitely more than we can either see or express of him; but this much we can see of him

with our human faculties. He will go beyond, but not contradict this.

From this perfection of God flows a relative perfection of Man. Human nature, tending always to a progressive development of the individual and the race, has in itself the faculties necessary to accomplish this high end. A unity of life is in the race as in the individual. Both follow the same path. A progressive development is going on, of which we only see the beginning. What good is not with us now, is before us, to be attained by toil and thought and love.

True Religion, the Absolute Religion, as he called it, springs from this nature of man, and is founded upon it. It begins in the instinctive feelings, it advances to reflective ideas, it results in character, and appears in action. It is only conceived distinctly in an advanced stage of humanity: to make it a fact is the highest triumph of the race. The great historic religions, professing to have come miraculously from God, and claiming finality for themselves, notwithstanding the immense service they have each rendered, must each at length melt into this. This alone has no bar, no limit, to its perennial growth, unfolding with the unfolding of man; resting not on Church or Scripture, though often confirmed by these; not even resting on deductions from the material world or outward history, which alone are insufficient to establish it, but on the inner perceptions and consciousness, "the primal intuitions," the nature of man.

In one word, Theodore Parker transferred religion from a supernatural to a natural basis. He "did not require that hypothesis." He did not require the Supernatural Book, nor Church, nor Saviour to build upon, but believed he found surer foundation in the indestructible perceptions of the human heart and conscience. He put away all compromises. He proclaimed the divine working in the common and universal, not the exceptional; inspiration open and accessible to all; Christ was reabsorbed into the Father; miracles superseded by the daily facts of life.

It was inevitable that all this should seem profane and shocking to those believers whom neither doubt nor learning had disturbed, whose pious feeling felt no impulse toward detachment from accepted dogmas. The stage of religious experience seemed vacant to such now the personages that had so long moved thereon were gone, and the scenery unfamiliar. It was natural that minds moving in this direction, who had reached in the balancing of opposing tendencies an equilibrium they fancied permanent, should take alarm at seeing the sweep of the current seawards, and should hastily cast out anchors to keep from drifting with it.

But to many others, especially to young men, a new spiritual continent seemed to open before them for their discovery. Religion was transformed. It grew broad, fair, stately, commanding. It brought wings to the soul, not fetters.

"To simplify religion is not to shake it, it is often to fortify it." To simplify religion, to detach it from what cannot stand, to distinguish its essence from its envelope, remains still our task, as it was his. It becomes daily a more imperative necessity for increasing numbers. And a perception of this penetrates the religious world of our time. The sincere and diligent work of so many scholars, the investigations of so many competent and specially trained experts, must, it is at last acknowledged, be recognized, and their results admitted. The "higher criticism" comes in like a flood. That which forty years ago was said in the ear, to-day is proclaimed upon the housetops. What then stood in the foreground of religious teaching is to-day, by common consent, dropped into the background. The transference of religion to a natural basis is slowly, but surely, being accomplished. For ourselves, we have no hesitation in taking our stand there. We believe substantially in such a God as Theodore Parker believed in. We believe man to be such as he described. We believe God's method of working to be such. Whatever modifications of these ideas we have made, they have at least not been in the direction of the old supernaturalism.

The so-called Supernatural has its value in religion, so long as we fail to perceive God in the Natural. So long as our notion of Nature is mechanical or insufficient or contradictory, so long as any man conceives of Nature in so poor and confused a way that she seems unworthy to be filled out with a divine energy, I suppose he will

have to supplement her with another realm, which he calls supernatural, in order to find a field for the divine activity. Only in that way will it become definite enough to have any value for him.

Or, if a man cuts off Nature at the line where she begins to pass from the physical into the intellectual and moral, if he cuts her off below the region of her ethical and spiritual unfoldings,—that is, below man,—assuredly he will have to add on what he calls the supernatural, to explain and justify these. It is here, above all, that he wants God, on his ethical and spiritual side, and in his moral and intellectual world.

But, as man's perceptions of the natural broaden and deepen, the more inclusive, sufficient, and august does the working of that vast order we call Nature appear. It takes in all, it provides for all. When we feel the Living Presence flowing through all these constant processes, vivifying, renewing, transforming, without pause or weariness, then we do not need to set up another order, in which this Presence may act more distinctly. This is what our enlarging knowledge of the natural order in which we live is daily doing for us. It is furnishing a more adequate field, a grander method for the divine activity to fill out. Nature ceases to be mechanical. She becomes vital.

Especially when we stop cutting Nature off below man; when we regard her as a long ascending series, of which man is the culmination, with all her processes reaching forward, and passing into similar processes on higher planes; when we find love and piety, aspiration and trust, included in the natural, and God flowing into and manifesting himself through human affections, sentiments, perceptions; when our idea of the natural becomes thus extended, thus purified, thus ennobled,—we find the extra-natural no longer wanted. From this point of view it is absorbed in the natural. It is superseded. It is now an embarrassment.

Assuredly, this replacement of the supernatural by the natural will not be effected by the first stroke. We expect a degree of error, of over-statement, of under-statement, in the first efforts to formulate it. How many tentative attempts always are made to state a new principle, such, for instance, as that of evolution, before the satisfactory one is found! But to get hold of the essential idea is the main thing, to grasp it firmly, and not to let it slip. What readjustment, what further development, is necessary, time and further workers will supply.

When Theodore Parker died, he did not leave a successor. No man took up the prophet's mantle. No voice as commanding, no personality as impressive, took his place. His great congregation dispersed. It was thought by some that his influence was ended. It was not so. Such periods of silence are necessary in the germination of spiritual seed. Personal antagonism subsides. The weighty and the true words sink into the heart that was hostile to them, and set in motion thoughts which now seem to spring up from within. "The boldest thoughts end by finding acceptance, on condition that they yield a long time without reply to the objections of the conservatives." It was their strangeness which repelled. Now we are used to them, they do not shock us. We end by finding them true. A generation passes, and we have caught up with the thought that alarmed us, we have admitted it. The heretic is no longer a heretic.

But will Intuition stand as the basis of Religion any better than Miraculous Revelation?

We cannot help remembering that the great doctrine of evolution was just appearing above the horizon at Mr. Parker's death. At Rome, about three months before his death, Mr. Darwin's book on the "Origin of Species" came into his hands. It did not startle him. "It is one of the most important works lately contributed to science," he writes. "He does not believe in Agassiz's foolish notion of an interposition of God when a new form of lizard makes its appearance on the earth. Indeed, a God who only works by fits and starts is no God at all. Science wants a God that is a constant force and a constant intelligence, immanent in every particle of matter."

Evolution has since risen into full view; and the world in general, and particularly the religious world, did find it startling. It seemed to involve a revolution in our conceptions. This new doctrine seemed at first as if it were going to devour both Revelation and Intuition. It involved such a

change in our way of looking at things that old controversies seemed suspended, while we slowly and painfully assimilated the new teaching, and strove to find the relations of ideas and things, the new points of compass, in the new world in which we found ourselves. God, Absolute Right, Immortality, —was there any room for these ideas in the changed aspects of things? Had they, too, gone down in the general wreckage? What authority have primal instincts to a creature slowly developed out of lower forms, whose nature itself is the result of slow modifications, and on its way to further modifications,—not a creation, but a growth?

It is quite true that, in face of the doctrine of evolution, certain expressions appear of less force. Certain phrases, and the notions involved in them, require readjustment. They change their aspect. Instincts, for example, appear as accumulated experiences rather than as originally inserted. But what I want to say is that, when the period of disturbance and resettlement is over, the great religious ideas reappear from another quarter. They slowly re-emerge from the confusion. Religion resting in and upon human nature stands the shock with greater security, with greater ease, than on any other foundation. It seems to me the only foundation that does stand. Intuition turns into experience. Well, is not that just as solid, just as safe? Is it of so much consequence which set of terms we use?

At bottom, great natures help us by their assurances, their certainties, even by their hopes and their presentiments, more than by their processes. Their divinings are often wiser than their reasonings. The height they reach is solid, though they made their way to it across the morass. When the high road is at last thrown up, it leads to the same summit. The route changes, not the goal. The noblest ideal of God, the noblest ideal of man, are the creation of such souls, and the noblest legacy they bequeath to us. Religion vibrates between these poles. "On these hang all the Law and the Prophets."

SILAS FARRINGTON.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another.—*Dickens.*

SACRED SONGS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

So uncertain are the sources of information concerning the oldest civilization of the world that there is a difference of 2,000 years among Egyptian scholars as to the time of the reign of the first historical king. How old Egypt then was, or what was the character or color of the original people who inhabited it in the earlier mythological times, is unknown. It is certain, however, that at the beginning of our knowledge, during the reign of the kings of the first dynasty, there was a high degree of civilization.

Some of the chapters of the "Book of the Dead," the Egyptian Bible, are supposed to date from this period, about 4,266 years before the beginning of the Christian era. Chapters of these sacred writings were inscribed on the burial-cases and on the tombs, and later, written on papyrus, were enclosed with the mummied remains. The purport of these writings so used was to furnish the spirit in its journey through the lower world with means for defence against evil spirits, and with formulas of prayers and hymns to the gods who might assist them in their conflicts with the evil ones.

Many of the oldest literary remains of this ancient people are sacred metrical compositions. But these records were all sealed books for many centuries. Before the beginning of the present century the hieroglyphic writings were unintelligible. The discovery of a black basaltic slab near one of the mouths of the Nile, in 1799, by a French artillery officer, among the ruins of an old fortress, was the beginning of light on the remote past. When the French surrendered Alexandria to the English, this dark slab, with its curious and unknown contents, was part of the spoils, which eventually found its way to the British Museum. This stone, as now known, recorded in three languages, the hieroglyphic of ancient Egypt, the Demotic of later Egypt, and the Greek, a decree of an assembly of priests in honor of a king who reigned two hundred years before Christ. It was part of the decree that it should be inscribed in these three languages, and set up in certain of the temples to commemorate the services of this king to the people and the gods.

Hitherto all attempts to read the ancient language had been guess-work. This Rosetta stone furnished the key to the meaning of the strange characters. For nearly a half-century the best Oriental scholars in the world labored over it, before the system of Champollion was finally accepted as the correct interpretation. Now stele and papyrus are easily read; and pyramid, obelisk, and sarcophagus yield up the secrets of their records. Excavation and discovery add each year to our knowledge of this literature.

The Nile was the source of prosperity and wealth to Egypt. In their conception it was a god which must be propitiated, or he would withhold the waters and the annual inundation would fail. In early times a virgin was sometimes sacrificed to him, and in later times the finger of a mummy and pieces of gold were flung into the waters to win the favor of their god. Festivals were held in his honor, and hymns were chanted to his praise. A statue of the god was carried at these festivals; and on the monuments he is painted green and red, to represent the river before and at the flood. The Nile was a favorite theme for their poets. One of the most celebrated hymns to this god was written by Ennana, who is also celebrated as the author of the story of the "Two Brothers." It is supposed to have been written in the reign of Menepta, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. This hymn was first translated by Maspero in 1868, and by others since. It opens with an invocation to the river-god coming peacefully from its unknown source to give life, that Egypt may live:—

"Hidden is thy source,
Hidden thy mysterious course,
But our hearts are filled with glee."

The poet sings of the joy with which all things greet the coming of the great life-giver:—

"All good things he doth create.

. . . . . .

Lord of north land, lord of south land,
He doth fill the granaries."

Nothing built or made can contain the god. He counsels with no man. His law is firm and fair over the land. Even the rulers are only his servants. When the inundation comes, hearts beat with joy; "for his outbursting flood overcomes all with good."

"He giveth light on his coming from the dark land."

His power produces all, his moisture bringeth life.

"Immortals extol him, and the cycle of gods!
Awe is felt by the terrible ones."

The king, his son, is made the lord of all, to enlighten all Egypt.

"Shine forth, shine forth, O Nile, shine forth!
Giving life to his oxen by the pastures!
Shine forth in glory, O Nile!"

Musical instruments accompanied these songs, and date as far back as our knowledge of this people extends. The harp was a favorite with them; and the harpers chanted their song to its music at the feasts of the gods, at burial services and royal banquets. A poem found in a tomb near Thebes, dating back of the preceding hymn several centuries, we are told in the prelude, is the song the harper used to sing in the chapel of the tomb of the blessed Neferhotep, Amen's priest. It is a funeral dirge used in celebrating the anniversary of the death of the patriarch. His virtues are commended, and his assistance invoked. The brevity of life and the certainty of death are emphasized, reminding of the Hebrew writer of later times:—

"The great one is at rest, the good charge is fulfilled.
Men pass away since the time of Ra, and the youths come in their stead.
Every mortal inhaleth once the breezes of dawn,
But all born of woman go down to their places.
Like as Ra reappears every morning, and Tum sets in the evening,
Men are begetting and women are conceiving."

So Ecclesiastes:—

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose."

"Make a good day, O holy Father," for the feast, sings the harper, that song and music may be before the face, and all evil cares left behind. Others have passed

away, and the place of their abode is as if it had not been.

"They in the shades are sitting on the banks of the river.
Thy soul is among them, drinking its sacred waters."

If he will but grant bread to him whose field is barren, his memory will be venerated by posterity evermore; but woe to the bad, for he shall "sit miserable in the heat of infernal fires." His purity, his wealth, nor his works, could add "the least moment to his life when he went to the realm of eternity."

The living are admonished to mind them of the day when they shall start for the land "to which one goeth to return not thence."

"Good for thee, then, will have been an honest life. Therefore be just, and hate transgressions; for he who loveth justice will be blessed."

"Neither the coward nor the bold can fly the grave." Job says, "The small and the great are there." The harper sings at the tomb of Neferhotep, "Love, truth, and Isis shall bless the good, and bring a happy old age"; and the Hebrew Psalmist, "for the end of the upright man is peace."

The Egyptian burial services were lengthy and elaborate. Diodorus describes the burial of a royal personage, when crowds of men and women with mud on their heads marched the streets twice a day, singing dirges in praise of the dead. There were no festivities for seventy-two days. The luxury of the bath was denied during the period of grief. Hymns for these occasions and for the service of the gods form a considerable part of the literature preserved. Hymns to Ra and Amen-Ra are celebrated. Ra was the sun-god; and his emblem, the sun's disk. He sailed in his boat across the sky.

"O blessed one beaming in splendor, towed by the mariners who are of the unresting gods, sped by the mariners of the unmoving gods, thou comest forth, thou ascendeth, thou towerest in beauty! . . . Blessed be thy mother Nut each day, heaven embraces thee, thy foes fall as thou turnest thy face to the west of heaven. counted are thy bones, collected thy limbs, living thy flesh, thy members blossom, thy soul blossoms, glorified is thy august form, advanced thy state on the road of destinies."

Amen-Ra was also the sun-god. In earlier times a local god of Thebes, after the expulsion of the shepherd kings by the Theban warriors, became the national god of Egypt. We read of a heretical queen, a worshipper of the sun's disk, whose successor, her heretical son, forsook the temples of Amen, and distracted the land by his rebellion against the ruling god. But a daughter of this heathen queen made peace in the land again after many years by marriage with a Pharaoh loyal to Amen-Ra, and the fruit of this union was the greatest monarch of antiquity.

The chief seat of worship of this god was at Thebes. He was the giver of warmth and light. His power compelled the crops to come forth. Before him the darkness fled. When obscured by the cloud, and at night, he was battling with the serpent-demon, Nak; but he always came up in the morning victorious. Herodotus learned, while in Egypt collecting the materials for his history from the traditions of the oldest inhabitants, that during a long period of years the sun-god had four times deviated from his usual course, having gone down twice where he usually rises, and arisen twice where he should go down. We must conclude, therefore, that the serpent-demon at these times must have been temporarily victorious.

Amen-Ra had many forms and names. He was the supreme lord of the world, the maker of existences. Men came from his eyes, the gods from his mouth. He was greater than Hapi, the god of the Nile, and could compel him to swell his flood. There is a celebrated hymn to this divinity preserved, of which there are several translations. The papyrus, from the style of the handwriting, is supposed to belong to the period from 1400 to 1200 before Christ. The hymn is supposed, however, to be much older, and to have been in use many centuries at that time. It is of great length, and has many repetitions; but it is an interesting study. We give two stanzas of Rawnsley's metrical version:—

"Hail to thee! all creatures cry;
Every land brings praise to thee,
From the highest height of sky
To the breadth of all the land,

To the depths of all the sea.
Yea, before thy majesty
Gods in full obedience stand;
Bowing, at thy knees they fall,
To exalt the will divine
That made them thine;
They rejoice to meet thee;
Crying out, they greet thee,
Saying, "Father of us all,
Come in peace, for thou hast raised
Heaven, and set the earth: therefore,
thou shalt be praised."

"Maker of all things that be,
Lord of each existing thing,
Prince of life and mortal wealth,
Body's strength and body's health,
To thee for our own creation
Gratitude and adoration,
Lo! we bring;
And we sing.
Praise, unto our God be praise,
For his rest upon our ways,
For his mercy all our days!"

In most of their temples were trained bands of musicians. Music formed part of the education of their children. The laws prescribed the songs and decreed the kinds of music on special occasions. Specimens of their musical instruments are preserved in archæological museums.

It is probable that many of their hymns were very ancient, and had undergone many changes in the course of their thousands of years of use. Hymns interpret religious belief; but a people's sacred songs often survive the change and decay of creeds. They may retain their hold on the people long after the thought of the age has rejected their teachings.

The intellectual and moral development of the ancient dwellers of the Nile is revealed to us in the sacred songs which have survived their national destruction. Herodotus says, "During a period of 11,340 years the Egyptians asserted no divinity had appeared in human form." The historian is confirmed by the singer:—

"No one hath perceived his form, hath fathomed his likeness."

Their conception of the unity of God, of his infinity, his supremacy, his spiritual nature, his fatherhood, and his righteousness is attested:—

"God is eternal, he is everlasting, and without end.
He has endured for endless time, and will exist henceforward forever.
God is the truth, he lives by truth, he lives upon truth, he is the king of truth.
God is a spirit, a hidden spirit, the spirit of spirits, the great spirit of Egypt, the divine spirit.
God is one, the one who has made all things.
God is father and mother, the father of fathers and the mother of mothers."

The Hebrews toiled in Egypt, and came up out of the land, singing:—

"The Lord is king forever and ever.
All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth.
O Lord God of truth!
God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.
His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
His truth endureth to all generations.
A father of the fatherless!
When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up."

The writers of both the Egyptian and the Hebrew songs are buried in oblivion. The ages have been kinder to their melodies than to their memories. Were the songs of the Nile familiar to the writers of the Psalms? Or did both have a common parentage in the inspirations of some older poets, the story of whose people is lost in antiquity?

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THE EASTER WORD.

Fairer than all flowers of springtide,
In the sweetness of their bloom,
Are white flowers of faith arising
From chill winter dearth and gloom.
Men rejoice to hear love's message
Told on mountain and in dale:
"Light subdueth death and darkness;
God's good sunshine must prevail!"

All the land about is showing
How hope's miracle may be;
Every bud and blossom blowing
Whispers it in language free.
So the song-birds, making music,
Say, "Joy's season cannot fail."
God is faithful to his promise,
His bright sunshine must prevail!

If the Master Mind of glory
Bringeth beauty to the dust,
If blest earth repeats the story
Of her sweet, unfailing trust,
Shall we not arise from sadness
Purer than the lilies frail,
And, like roses, show God's gladness?
For his sunshine must prevail!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

AGNOSTICISM, SCIENCE, RELIGION.

There are, and always have been, sceptics and agnostics; for we are not all born under the same star. They are of many grades, from earnest truth-seekers to those who are proud of a shallow and flippant mood of chronic doubt. The old way was to denounce them, one and all, as impious and wicked: the new and better way is to respect honest opinions and to criticise mistakes fairly, and thus to learn how a better mood is needed and can be reached.

The modern agnostic says, "I do not affirm or deny God and immortality. I do not know." How can ideas and experiences, which have been held as eternal verities by many of the world's great thinkers and reformers,—the saints and heroes of all ages,—be held as unknowable or inconsequent?

Agnosticism gains prestige from modern inductive science. How and why is this? Does not our "scientific method" need wider range and deeper insight?

SCIENCE AND AGNOSTICISM.

Through long centuries, which we fitly call the Dark Ages, every great scientific discovery was under the ban of ecclesiastical rulers. Fetters and fagots, the dungeon and the scaffold, were their arguments. Their theory of creation and history, which made both largely a miracle play, must be accepted as holy and infallible, or their anathema would smite the heretic like the fiery breath of a sirocco. That has gone by. Reason is being emancipated, theological despotism weakens, and science grows strong and fearless. But dogmatic disputes, miscalled religious discussions, are not yet finished. No marvel that the scientist should say: "I will not mingle in these poor quarrels. I will study material things and life in this world as best I can with my five senses, leaving all theories and dreams of Deity and Immortality to others." This conclusion sets limits to modern science, and gives cast and hue to the agnostic mood. It was natural in past years; but has not the time fully come to revise it? If it be correct and final, agnosticism has the field; and religion, with its spiritual genesis of things and its immortal hope, may as well retire. A few quotations from leading scientists will show their position. Huxley writes in the "Symposium":—

In the interest of scientific clearness, I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean all the while that my organism has certain mental functions, which, like the rest, are dependent on its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirm that I look to a future life, when all I mean is that the influence of my doings and sayings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds.

Herbert Spencer has "the Unknowable" for Deity. A logic which helps the agnostic and tends to materialism is in both these statements.

Tyndall was not satisfied with materialism, but did not reach to the rule of Mind. He said:—

I do not think the materialist is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and motions explain everything. *In reality, they explain nothing.* The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble as in pre-scientific ages.... If you ask him whence this "Matter," who or what divided it into molecules, or impressed upon them this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer. Science is mute in reply to these questions. But, if the materialist is confounded and science dumb, who else is prepared with a solution? To whom has this arm of the Lord been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, priest and philosopher, one and all. .... Religion, though valuable in itself, is only man's speculative creation. It is good for man to frame for himself a theology, if only to keep him quiet.... I have noticed, during years of self-observation, that it is not in hours of clearness and vigor that this doctrine (*i.e.*, atheism) commends itself to my mind; that in the presence of stronger and healthier thoughts it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell and of which we form a part.

Rich in intuition as well as intellect as this great man was, his analytic methods made him well-nigh blind to the wealth of his own spiritual life. The soul of man was a "poetic rendering of the phenomena" of mind. The Reign of Mind, in a universe which Martineau fitly called "the embodied thought of God," he never affirmed.

Scores of like quotations might be given, some far more materialistic, as, for instance, "The brain secretes thought as the liver does bile," by Carl Vogt. But these will suffice to show the scope of modern science in some of its aspects. In these aspects it ignores the soul of things and the immortal life. Plainly enough, it gives prestige to agnosticism.

IMPERFECT VIEW OF EVOLUTION.

Science gives us truths of great value in the material world. It makes suns and stars our neighbors, builds splendid mechanism, makes heat and electricity serve us, and transmutes coal-beds into "portable climate" and the force that drives great engines. It broadens human thought, and gives us the Reign of Law instead of the lawless miracles of the world's childhood. The high service of its leaders should be appreciated; but it is inductive, external, and imperfect. Its range must be wider and deeper to satisfy the thought and insight of our day.

Whenever scientific dogmatism shows itself, it deserves the same rebuke we give to the dogmatism of theology.

We want no finality in science any more than in religion. There is, indeed, no true scientific method which ignores positive and creative mind and design. All else is fragmentary. Do force and law guide the stars and hold the earth to its orbit? Has crude matter evolved intelligent moral power and purpose? Has it developed the beauty of love and emotion and aspiration? Sex is even more of soul than person. When and how, without intelligent design, came the differentiation into male and female? It is learned folly.

How majestic and largely ordered this development from nebulæ to suns and stars! How wonderful the irresistible upward tendency of our earth, from the ages when no life stirred on its slimy wastes and no animal breathed its fetid air, to the beauty and the teeming life of to-day! No grandest human plan equals this divine procedure.

Evolution is really a strong proof of the being of God, but science does not so accept it; for it fails to see the scope and meaning of its own great discovery. It is not only a plan, but a purpose unfolding through the ages. Motion, life, sensation, intelligence, human self-consciousness, and immortality are the ascending steps in the divine method. Causal power evolving a plan must have intelligence and will. Such power without will is unthinkable and absurd. Motion of matter is caused by something which is not molecules or cells, but which guides their movements. The theory of evolution is imperfect until it shall recognize an indwelling and designing Mind, and include the idea that "the intention of Nature everywhere manifest is the perfection of man," that star-dust and crude matter and all lower types of life prophesy him, and that his life here is prophetic of his immortality. Mind must marshal atoms and particles for their departure up the spiral pathway. As in the growth of worlds and races through long ages, so it is in the annual transfigurations which surprise and delight us. God transmutes the black earth and the dry seed into the delicate shape and hue and the fine fragrance of the rose. The Divine Mind, working through the law of the flower's growth, thus reveals a glimpse of the Infinite Beauty.

That phase of scientific thought which stops at "the physical basis of life" is not to have lasting sway. The demonstration of the Reign of Law has been a task of great value. Now we see that mind dominates law, and "is the spirit within the wheels."

A mistake of the agnostic is to hold the strange theory (and even to be sometimes proud of it) that the intellect, studying only in an external and limited range, and ruling out other important faculties of our being, can thus best discover truth. Recognize the rule of mind in the great Cosmos, and think of man as an immortal spirit with infinite relations, and then you awaken intuition, emotion, and conscience. "The scientific intellect" works far better and easier with their activity and the healthful play of our whole inner life than when it is chilled and benumbed in a soulless infinity, and trying to work without their help.

THE SOUL'S TESTIMONY.

That is a superficial and external method and spirit of thinking which holds nothing proved save outward things, tangible to the senses.

Man is the highest being on earth, his soul the creative and guiding power of his

physical body. What that soul asserts and hopes for, in all lands and ages, has thereby millions of confirmations,—more than all tests of crucible or microscope have given of anything in the outer world. For a few centuries the magnetic needle has turned to the pole; but for thousands of years countless millions of souls have turned to the Supreme Mind. By a few recent experiments we have gone back to what scientists consider the physical basis of life; but from the earliest historic days millions have intuitively gone back to the spiritual basis of life, and looked forward to the life beyond. Perhaps the earliest recorded prayer is that in the Vedas, centuries before the Mosaic Genesis was written, in which the Hindu saint exclaims,—

"Come, O Great Father! *along with the spirits of our fathers.*"

The soul's testimony is oldest, deepest, and most enduring; and it grows clearer as man reaches a higher interior development.

Man is a microcosm. Rock, earth, and all flora and fauna reach up into his corporeal frame. All subtle forces that hold and sway suns and stars pulse through him. Ideas of freedom, justice, immortality, and the great truths that uplift and save man, in this and in all worlds, are *in* and *of* his spiritual being. "The same in kind am I as the Supreme Spirit, though distant in degree," said the Hindu sage in Vedic days. So made up and related, man must have great wealth of innate and intuitive knowledge and wide power of discovery.

To-day Science says, An invisible and all-pervading ether must be. It did not say so yesterday. To-morrow its word will be, An all-pervading and guiding Mind must be. Sooner than we imagine, a godless science will be an unscientific absurdity.

THE UNDERWORLD.

In a lecture in Boston Tyndall spoke of the philosopher as working "with his eyes, hands, and senses," and "going beyond the region of the senses into a sort of underworld from which all phenomena grow," and using his "imagination" (intuition) to form theories. Elsewhere he says: "Two-thirds of the rays emitted by the sun fail to arouse in the eye the sense of vision. The rays exist, but the visual organ requisite for their translation into light does not exist." Huxley tells us that "the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing. Could our ears but catch the murmur of the tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the myriads of innumerable cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city."

Chavee, a French physicist, says, "No fact in physics, chemistry, or mechanics contravenes the theory of an electro-luminous organism for man." He is a scientist, and not a believer in the facts of spirit-presence; yet his words solve and explain them, for millions of spiritual beings may thus walk the earth, all unseen by our poor eyes. Into this "underworld" the scientist looks timidly. Of the inner world, the life within men and things, he has had but faint glimpses, but is soon to look into both with clear eyes and open mind.

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE.

The future historian will mark the closing century as one of mental freedom and activity, of inventive genius, material development, and opening spiritual light, and the century before us as one of psychical science and research, of natural religion and spiritual culture and the more harmonious development of man. We have learned much, and shall know more of the outer world, the realm of effects and results; but we shall study, as never before, the inner world, the realm of causes. Man, "a spirit served by a bodily organization," is the special field of psychical research, and the wealth of that field is a constant surprise.

Interior faculties and subtle relations open before us. We transcend the limits of the outer senses. Clairvoyance, hypnotism, and their like are more powerful for good than for ill. To know the inner life of man is to know his immortality and the being of God. The spiritual body of Paul, the apostle, "renewed day by day within us," is being proved a truth by modern research. Its escape from the material body, to be the celestial form serving the spirit in the higher life, is not death, but birth. It puts death under our feet. We cannot die. We can never lose our personality. How simple, yet how sublime! Whittier well said,—

"No, I have friends in spirit land,
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others, but themselves are they."

The Psychical Science Congress last August, at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, was a sign of this new era. In five days large audiences listened to discussions by eminent men and women from different countries on both continents. Prof. F. W. H. Meyers of Cambridge, England, said in that congress,—

"The influence of science, by reason of its studied neutrality in regard to a future life, tends to destroy belief in it. The silence which surrounds the topic is almost more discouraging than overt attack." The old traditions are fading away, and the educated world is beginning to see that the great hope which inspired the past is being gradually undermined. He raised the question whether, among the countless advances of science, any evidence has been discovered which bears on this momentous problem. To him it seems that during the last few years discoveries have been made "which must gradually revolutionize our whole attitude toward a question of an unseen world, and of our own past, present, or future existence therein."

Far from having lost confidence in our survival of death, he claims that science furnishes indications of its reality; for it shows that our ordinary consciousness is but a fragment of the total self, that we have powers which the processes of terrestrial evolution do not explain, and which indicate connections between mind and mind of a character which there seems no logical necessity that death should interrupt or abolish. The direct action of mind upon mind at a distance without the agency of the usual sensory channel—telepathy—is instanced as enough to show something far more complex than any physical law can explain, and with hallucinatory images, which occur so frequently at or about the moment of death, and represent the dying person to a distant friend, proves that the materialistic psychology is fundamentally wrong. "We generally suppose, for instance, that a rapid flow of blood through the brain is necessary for vigorous psychical action. But in some of our psychical cases the dying man seems to produce a strong psychical effect. The study of cases of this type (many of which I have set forth elsewhere) has gradually convinced me that the least improbable hypothesis lies in the supposition that some influence on the minds of men on earth is occasionally exercised by the surviving personalities of men departed."

A few years ago Alexander Winchell, LL.D., of Ann Arbor, Mich., an eminent geologist, in unity with the Methodist Church, wrote:—

There is nothing which it is reverent to pronounce inscrutable among the works of God. It remains for us to penetrate the world of invisible things. There must be a substratum that has not yet been sounded, lying beneath the confused and apparently capricious phenomena of clairvoyance, mesmerism, dreams, and spiritual manifestations. With much imposition, there is much which cannot be scientifically ignored. It remains to resolve the mystery of these sporadic phenomena,—to reduce them to law, and to open under the law some regular and intelligible intercourse with the unseen world. The unseen world is destined to become like a newly discovered continent. We shall visit it, we shall hold communion with it, we shall wonder how so many thousand years could have passed without our being introduced to it. . . . And who can say that we may not yet obtain such knowledge of the modes of existence of other bodies as to discover the means of rendering them visible to our bodily eyes? Then may we not gaze at last upon the "spiritual bodies" in which our departed friends reside, and discover the means of listening to their spirit voices, and join hands consciously with the heavenly host? Does the reader smile? I believe these are the suggestions more of philosophy than of fancy. Does he say it is only a dream of impossibilities? To fetter the human soul with assumed impossibilities is impiety. If we would commune consciously with the unseen world, we must have both faith and works. In reference to the perfectibility and exaltation of the intellectual and moral nature of man, let no one say "impossible."

CONCLUSION.

All these statements show the superficial limitations of inductive science, and the deeper thought of a growing company whose work must win the recognition of a spiritual genesis of things and of the immortal life. With that recognition the prestige of modern agnosticism will decrease.

Unitarians, or liberal religionists and spir-

itual thinkers of whatever name, can best meet the thoughtful agnostic; for they will demand no acceptance of any irrational dogma, cast no shadow of a theological ban across his path, welcome his unity and help in every good word and work, and uphold the unity of religion without dogma and science spiritualized. Affirming their own convictions, they can say, "Let us reason together," and thus win back the respect and confidence which they give. So he may realize the progress of religious ideas, and see that no stock, no stone, was ever worshipped, no temple or pagoda, no church or cathedral, ever built, save as a sign and token of the soul's sense of a Supreme Power, of an immortal life, and of daily duties, that

"Nearer, my God, to thee,"

is the word they all utter, confused as the first sounds that infant lips can try, dull amid the discords of pride and power, or clear as the song of angels.

To hear that word in his own soul, in temples made with hands or in Nature's great temple, and to be inspired to true work by that hearing, is to be religious. Religion is spiritual faith and knowledge, the recognition of the unseen things which are eternal. It is the highest philosophy, too, and gains with wider range of intellect as well as with the growth of intuition and conscience. Thus is the sense of duty enlarged, and its application to life made wiser and more fraternal. Thus is character built on a sure foundation, as on the rock of ages. If he cannot realize all this, we shall still be human friends, which is far better than to be dogmatic enemies.

GILES B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich.

IN KING'S CHAPEL.

It was the brave deed of a true man when one of the compilers of our new Prayer Book took that book with him into King's Chapel last November, and read its service above the body of Francis Parkman.

Old men present opened the old book, but presently listened to the new one. If the new service did not suffer from that contrast (and I could not say that it did), it endured a severe test.

That was a remarkable audience. Learning, wealth, culture, gray heads, subdued manners, severe taste, all were there. It was a great and a noble company. No other city in America could surpass it. And only two men now remain in Boston, or in New England, round whose coffin such a company could be gathered. Both were present that day. May the Autocrat long be spared to us! And may it be many years before any captious spirit, any man without a country, is tempted to say that Boston is now a country without a man!

But in King's Chapel I think of other things. The suggestiveness of one's surroundings makes it not a sleepy place. It is too full of reminiscences. It is also itself, especially at Christmas time, a work of art. That homely exterior hides a beautiful shrine. I might wish that we could curve the low ceiling into an arch. But when I see the faded crimson of the ample upholstery, with the white woodwork and walls, all freshly upholstered each winter with such masses of green, handled with such exquisite taste, I wish all Unitarians could come and see Unitarianism's Boston birthplace.

But I cannot enter King's Chapel without recalling its history. I may peep up at the south gallery to see if the Autocrat is there, but I soon muse on the shrine itself. Its walls and windows and organ are eloquent to one who knows aught as to the religious life of Boston and of New England.

That old organ! It has a tone of marvellous sweetness. It has a master's hand on its keys. Its "Vox Humana" sometimes makes me listen as though I heard a far-off choir of angels sing.

But in King's Chapel I do see and hear the past. That old organ! Was it the first organ ever set up in Boston? Above the central pipes still rests the gilded image of England's crown. On each corner tower stands the gilded mitre of England's Bishop. How much they signify! What a history that old organ-case has seen! What consternation filled the Puritan heart when that first Episcopal church intruded on Boston's prim life in 1686! Not till much later—not till 1749—did this building rise. Part of it is more recent than that. That organ may be. But the birth of the King's Chapel Society, in 1686, caused a flutter in Boston and in Salem.

Was a bishop appointed by the king to come to Boston? Were royal governors to come? The first royal governor came in 1692. Did Increase Mather, president of Harvard College and pastor of Boston's Second Church, hasten over to London? Did he seek a royal charter for the college, to displace the charter from the Boston and Salem General Court? Did he nominate and ennoble that first royal governor, 'longshoreman Phipps of Maine? Did he secure him as a member of the Second Church,—that ignorant, profane, and vigorous ruler? And this to head off the coming of Episcopacy to Boston? Who can say?

But Boston was in a flutter. There were many men of many minds. Something must be done. The Mathers strove to turn Boston and Harvard College and the new royal governors toward a more rigid Puritanism.

Boston's gentlemen objected. Some of them soon banded together to oppose that policy. New churches rose. In 1698 Brattle Close was given as a site for a new society. In 1699 that new church was organized. Its "Manifesto" set forth revolutionary doctrines as to woman's rights, as to the rights of laymen, as to baptism, and as to public worship.

Those rash men, in December, 1699, actually demanded both the reading of Scripture and the use of the Lord's Prayer in Boston's public worship! They dared not mention music. They dared not breathe the dream some of them cherished as to their yet having organ music in their Boston church.

They "called" a young Bostonian from London. They warned him to be ordained in England, as they knew he could not be in Boston. They were, indeed, ready themselves to ordain and install him, as Thomas Bulfinch did James Freeman in King's Chapel a century later; but they sought to avoid strife.

They had, indeed, enough on their hands. They had undertaken a large task. They aimed to break the clerical rule over Harvard College and Boston. They aimed to turn Puritanism away from Calvin and toward Episcopacy. But they aimed to disarm Episcopacy by approximating or appropriating its beautiful worship.

Yet they were forced to move cautiously. About 1718 Thomas Brattle willed them a handsome sum to purchase "a pair of organs" for the church. They dared not accept the gift. When they did buy an organ, at the very close of the last century, an ardent Puritan of their flock offered £500 if they would let him go down to the ship in Boston Harbor and cast the organ into the sea. He thought Neptune wanted music after tea.

All this I think of when I look at the old organ in King's Chapel. I think, also, of the rage of the Mathers when those vigorous Brattle Square laymen secured the vote that Harvard's president must reside at Cambridge, not in Boston. Cotton Mather took the hint. He turned promptly to Connecticut; and Yale College rose at his call, as the Puritan's rejoinder to the Boston laymen's challenge.

But in King's Chapel I think not of the long struggle of Harvard and Yale to develop each its own religious and educational ideal. We are now in the midst of that struggle. Each college groped. Each generation went as far as it could. Each college felt the fever of institutional ambition. Each worked its way up-stream, cuffed alternately by the winds of courage and of caution. For two hundred years Yale struggled toward Munger's Freedom of Faith, and Harvard toward Emerson's Faith of Freedom.

They have now come to what is a common ground in idea or conviction, but not to a common worship.

And this is what I see in King's Chapel,—Boston's long struggle to improve the grim prayer and sad song of the Puritan.

Our new Prayer Book, with mention of which I began, is the product of more than two centuries—indeed, of more nearly twenty centuries—of earnest and prayerful struggle.

What is to be the public worship of our Liberal Church in the future?

Father Ignatius laments the decay of the Hebrew worship in England and America. In New York he went to the Temple Emanu-el. He found that the services were conducted mainly in English, that a paid Gentile choir did the singing, and that the men took off their hats and sat with the women. No tallith was used. In Chicago he went to the Temple Mount Sinai. Dr. Hirsch told him that the use of the ark

and torah had almost ceased. Such a house, Father Ignatius declares, is not a synagogue, but a heathen temple. He seems not to see that such a heathen temple is vastly better than a synagogue.

That synagogue worship may now be a curse, and not a blessing, to its people. It is such if it merely fosters race pride, perpetuates prejudice, and separates man from man. It is an evil thing, if its ritual aims or tends to foster worship of the Hebrew people or of the Old Testament, or to suggest or imply that God has made no revelations to his children for more than two thousand years.

In a New Haven synagogue I have rejoiced to hear a choir of Hebrews sing,—

> "Leave, oh leave me not alone!
> Still support and comfort me!"

Rabbi Levy now preaches in that synagogue a world-embracing faith, a progressive theology, a truly liberal gospel.

But such a gospel demands an ever-growing ritual. So does our Liberal Church. We are weakest in our worship. We far surpass all other sects in these modern devout hymns of our own composing. But how little music we have originated! Yet we have bravely struggled to secure fit form for our public worship. What scores of service books we have prepared! Uncounted liturgies and printed prayers of our own we have left behind us. Samuel Longfellow's Vesper Service was a great advance, and a step in the right direction.

New Haven's Congregationalism has now advanced as far as that. Its worship is as bad as ours was forty years ago.

In King's Chapel I see that brave attempt to take a ritual which the use of ages had sanctioned, and to make it such that all Christians, if not all men, may find a blessing in the use of it.

The first edition, in 1785, said in its preface: "The liturgy contained in this volume is such as no Christian, it is supposed, can take offence at, or find his conscience wounded in repeating.

"The Trinitarian, the Unitarian, the Calvinist, the Arminian, will read nothing in it which can give him reasonable umbrage."

Reasonable umbrage! But how many of our best men and women now think that our new Prayer Book gives them reasonable umbrage!

They seem not to see that it would give greater umbrage to others, were they allowed to strike out from it what they would exscind.

They seem not to see that their devout care should be given to preparing worthy prayers of their own to put in, not to striking out what others wish to retain. We cannot wholly shake off our Puritan narrowness.

Phillips Brooks's Church in Boston is now deeply agitated over the question as to whether it shall accept a gift, said to be $20,000, for placing an elegant altar and reredos in its chancel.

Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia Christi Americana," declares that the altar in the English Church "smells rank of Paganism." He there declares also that "the cross was fetched from the brothel-house of God's greatest enemy."

If he means by that the Church of Rome, I confess that I like to worship in that house. I like to see that never-quenched, crimson light above its altar,—the one symbol common to that Church and the synagogue. I love all the symbols that make beautiful the service of that Church. If pagans first used those symbols, they are only the more precious to me. I cannot conceive of a matter-of-fact God,—one who speaks to men through the understanding, and not through the affections, the imagination, and the susceptible fancy of his children. God is a poet. My God must touch human nature ceaselessly and at every point. And every device that suggests to man his nearness or opens the doors of devout affection to that communion which has its own wise law, and must be sought before it can be enjoyed, is dear and precious to me. Organs and altars, lights and pictures, arches and images, processions and the uplifted cross, —I do not fear them,—I am fond of them all.

In King's Chapel I see the battle-ground where our Puritanism began the fight with its own narrowness,—where it began to break off the shackles rivetted on its limbs by ignorance, prejudice, and fear, that it might, in true freedom, walk by faith. Faith can wield all those tools which fear dare not touch. In our Liberal Church we

have come to a virtual unity in our opinions, James Martineau best expressing our present views. We have come to a virtual unity in our views of social science. Frederick Denison Maurice, with his Unitarian blood and training, yoked both Cambridge and Oxford to the car of social reform. His footsteps seem to shake England to-day. But with this unity in idea and aim we have attained to no such unity in our worship. The Quaker and the Puritan still hold us in thrall. The rod of our worship is still but a barren staff which does not blossom. When the daughter of Arnold of Rugby brings her genius into our Church, we shock her, as recently at Oxford, and outrage all her devout and æsthetic susceptibilities, with our barren, cold, and prosaic ritual. This is narrowness. Here we sit on the same hard bench with the Baptists. Worse than that, we have lost all the glow, the motion, the *abandon*, of an ignorant people's song; yet we have not dared to summon art to enrich our worship. Breadth must be broad in appreciation, in idea, in instinct, and in sympathy. It must use all tools, see the significance of all symbols, and speak all tongues.

Our new Prayer Book makes me grateful, it is both so prudent and so vigorous a step in the right direction. Those who criticise it should rather aim to surpass it; and we will all be grateful to them when they bring us a better book of their own. All our pastors should make a pilgrimage between Christmas and Easter to King's Chapel.

HENRY C. BADGER.

New Haven.

A NEW LITURGY.

There has recently been published, under the imprint of the American Unitarian Association, but of course without any ecclesiastical sanction or responsibility on their part, a book entitled "Book of Prayer and Praise for Congregational Worship."

This volume represents the result of several years of labor by a committee of cultivated, devout, and earnest ministers at the East, who are greatly impressed with the need of a liturgy in our Unitarian worship.

The impression which this volume of liturgical services has made on one, at least, of its readers, is unfavorable, and even painful. If it were proven to be acceptable to any considerable number of our Unitarian churches, it would be a discouraging indication of the general decay of Unitarianism as a free and progressive movement of the human spirit, and its relapse into traditional, ecclesiastical methods, and speedy absorption into one or the other of the great established churches of Christendom.

We are not willing, however, to confess that the Unitarian protest has lost its freshness and spent its power; that our fellowship is no longer deeply interested in the intellectual and scholarly issues which, until now, have been the nerve of its existence; that the spiritual fervor manifested in the spontaneous prayers of a Ware, Channing, Gannett, Parker, and Furness, has become so feeble or so hypercritical that it needs the stimulus of ancient liturgical piety to keep it alive.

Meanwhile this compilation serves to show what a profound influence the Episcopal and Anglican Church establishments have exerted on certain types of Unitarianism in New England,—an influence of which we know little or nothing at the West.

These services are a close imitation of the English Book of Prayer. If a liturgy is to be *made*, probably no better model exists. But no such process of manufacture, even if undertaken by devout and cultivated men like the compilers of this volume, can yield any characteristic, satisfactory, and helpful services for the enrichment of our Sunday worship.

Our congregational worship is confessedly bare, especially on the festival occasions of the Church. A certain amount of liturgical material might be advantageously employed in our devotional exercises without endangering our intellectual and ecclesiastical freedom or hindering the expression of individual feeling on the part of the minister. But such a liturgy should grow spontaneously out of our religious and church life. There should be no attempt to graft upon our healthy stock the offshoots of a decaying form of piety.

A liturgy which is to serve our present need must first of all adequately express it. It must not offer us the flavor of ancient

piety in place of the statement of present truth. It must not lay stress on historic events which our modern insight knows to be historic errors and myths.

It must not seek to lend unction to its appeals by the use of obsolete and archaic phrases. The present volume seems to us to offend in all these particulars, which does not negative the acknowledgment that there is much—very much—in it that is true and beautiful and helpful in the religious life. . . . We do not believe that this Service Book will be adopted by any large number of our churches. If it is, it will assuredly prove a fetter on intellectual progress and personal freedom, and pave the way to denominational disintegration. As has been justly oberved by another, it will tend to create among us a circle of churches using this liturgy, whose pulpits many among us hereafter cannot enter, because we cannot conscientiously use such phrases as "Help thy servants whom thou hast redeemed through Jesus Christ, thy Son," "through Jesus Christ, our Lord," etc., which continually reappear in it. The tables, too, showing "what holy day falls upon each Sunday, with prayers for Advent, Epiphany, Quinquagesima, Ash Wednesday, Passion Week, Ascension Day," etc.,—what have these relics of the ancient church year to do with our modern religious life? The inevitable results of the employment of these services in our churches would be the preparation of new recruits for the Episcopal Church; for between this colorless imitation and the real article the choice will not be difficult.

There are abundant materials for a Unitarian liturgy, if such be needed by our growing church needs, existing in the poetic and spiritual utterances of our seers and singers, Whittier, the two Longfellows, Lowell, F. L. Hosmer, Stopford Brooke, and many others; in the new settings of Scripture and other literatures which W. C. Gannett, Brooke Herford, C. G. Ames, T. B. Forbush, J. Vila Blake, and others have printed for the enrichment of their church services; and in the devout and tender prayers of Martineau, Theodore Parker, Dr. Furness, and other saints of the liberal household. The superiority of these utterances from a literary, a theological, and a spiritual point of view to the traditional forms preserved in the English Book of Prayer, and mainly followed in this volume, should be apparent to all who are not swayed by their ultra-ecclesiastical leanings. To some extent this modern and rich material has been used in the present volume. But it should be made the staple of any such attempt. Then let the services be reduced in length, and shorn of outworn theological phraseology, and the result would be nearer the desires and needs of free, progressive Unitarians at the close of the nineteenth century.—*Charles W. Wendte, in the Pacific Unitarian.*

MY ROSARY.

The nun within the convent walls
Kneels in her narrow cell to pray;
Her blessed beads she telleth o'er,
A prayer for each at close of day.
I, too, must pray; but, ah! for me
There is a different rosary.

I keep it close about my heart,
Not precious stone or carvéd bead
Linked each to each,—not such an one
Demands of me my simple creed;
But, for each bead, in place I see
A dear loved face,—my rosary.

Dear faces carved in loving thought:
When each still night I kneel to pray,
Or when my heart, all silently,
Murmurs its prayers throughout the day,
I tell my beads, and ask that He
Bless each one in my rosary.

KATE WHITING PATCH.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

My Dear Editor:—

You ask me to write for the *Unitarian* an account of the financial condition, needs, and prospects of the American Unitarian Association. This I will try to do. Next Wednesday will close the tenth month of our financial year, and less than one-eighth of our parishes have made their annual contribution to the Association. Its directors, therefore, have to vote aid to feeble churches in the appointed season upon faith,—upon faith that the churches do not wish our missionary work to go to wreck, and that they will not permit it to do so.

A word as to the needs of the Association. The *first* thing, as it looks to me, that the Association needs is that the three hundred and seventy-five parishes, which as yet have not given,—who undoubtedly wish well to

the cause, who desire the spread of liberal religion, who would have the board heed every good call,—should comprehend that missionary work has to be done on business principles. If you send out preachers, or establish new churches, or aid old ones, you cannot withhold payments till April 30. You must pay right along month after month, whether the societies have furnished the money or have not furnished it. If our people really appreciated this, it would not be necessary to write a letter like this.

In the *second place*, the immediate need of the Association is that our parishes should pay into its treasury before May 1, 1894, $60,000. Thirty years ago our religious body came more clearly to a sense of its missionary duty. The eloquent words of Bellows and his brother ministers, living and dead, the weighty counsels of Kidder and his fellow-laymen, alike convinced us that there ought to be, that there must be, a grander work before us. What these prophesied our eyes see. There is a greater demand for our literature, a better opening for the missionary word, a larger call for church extension. You cannot stop this work one year, and take it up next year just where you left it. All experience says that such a neglect will cast a blight over the work for many succeeding years. So the Association must have $60,000. Hard to get, you say. Yes; but possible to get, provided the call to give is made wide enough, and the gathering is methodical and careful enough.

And now as to the prospects of the Association. They are just as good as our clergy and laity will make them. This is a hard year, certainly; but hitherto our people have never tasked themselves. No one can doubt that. Had we tried, we could have given three times as much as we ever have given, and really suffered nothing. Well, this is a year in which to try, not to get three times as much, but certainly to keep up our gift to its full measure, and not let a good cause go to wreck. We have a few encouraging examples. One of our ministers felt—and rightly—that this was a year in which to make effort. He was in a town which had its full share of financial difficulty. So, instead of letting the contribution-box go round, content to accept its uncertain results, he prepared a circular, and sent it with an envelope, in which to enclose each one's contribution, to every member of the parish. The result was seventy per cent. increase over any contribution ever made by the parish. I venture to say that there are three hundred societies in which the same method might be tried with similar results.

This very day a contribution comes in from a society as small in numbers and as moderate in resources as any, and it is four times as great as last year. How many societies, by a little earnest and methodical effort, might change their ten dollars into forty, or their twenty-five into a hundred, or their hundred dollars into four hundred! At any rate, the *prospects* of the Association depend not on their zeal and effort, but on that of our ministers and laymen scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

I write plainly, Mr. Editor; for it makes my heart bleed even to think it possible that, by any lack of enthusiasm, or effort, or sacrifice, the blessed work of liberal truth should, in our day, suffer injury or be retarded.

Very sincerely,

GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

Boston, February 23.

AN DIE ASTRONOMEN.

[Translated from Schiller by C. J. S.]

Prate not to me so glibly of nebulous ether and sun-rays!
Is nature only so great because you can measure and count?
Truly, your science of space may be the sublimest in nature;
But the sublime, my friends, consists not in space or amount.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Prof. Estlin Carpenter of Manchester College is now delivering a course of lectures at Essex Hall, in connection with our London Sunday School Association, on "The Growth of Ideas about the Person of Jesus in the New Testament." The hall has been crowded. Half the audience at least consists of ladies. Is it Unitarian ladies only that find a fascination in historical theology or in any theology? The question is suggested by a statement recently made respecting Girton College, Cambridge. Girton has been in existence twenty-five years; and, while great numbers of its students

have passed successfully, and in some instances brilliantly, in the university examinations in classics, mathematics, and history, only four have presented themselves in theology. The young ladies of Girton College do not court theology. The Unitarian ladies of London are enamoured of it, especially when presented in the form in which Prof. Carpenter knows how to robe it. Their presence is prophetic of a better future for rational religion. It means the teaching of a more enlightened and reasonable faith in the home, and many more things besides; but *that* is a point and a gain of highest moment. Prof. Carpenter's first lecture dealt with the traditions of the historical Jesus. He said that the sources of our knowledge of Jesus as an historical person were contained in the first three Gospels. The reason for excluding the fourth was that the value of that Gospel was for thought and feeling, and not for fact. Of the first three Gospels it was now almost unanimously agreed that that of Mark was the earliest to take its present shape. Next came that of Luke, and last that of Matthew. To find out who Jesus was and what he taught, they must go to these three Gospels, giving the preference to Mark, and placing Matthew second. In considering how far Jesus claimed to be the Messiah, Prof. Carpenter said the old view was that Jesus was the Messiah predicted by the prophets and accredited by his miracles. Now, however, they had learned that the predictions of the prophets generally referred to contemporary events, and those that did not were almost unfulfilled. They had therefore given up attempting to fix the person of Jesus to the language of Isaiah and Jeremiah. Jesus did claim to be the Messiah, but only in a spiritual sense, knowing that he was no conquering king, no heir to the throne of David. The analysis which might be reached through inquiry showed that the growth of that view was slow in the teacher's mind, that it was the necessary outcome of months of preaching, and that the necessity of explaining himself to himself, as well as of explaining himself to his countrymen, had forced itself upon him. This view would enable them to understand how it was that he could be Messiah, and yet not be the son of David or the king of Israel. The lecture was followed with intense and studious interest. Prof. Carpenter frequently referred to Dr. Martineau's "Seat of Authority in Religion," and to Rev. J. H. Crooker's "Different Views of Jesus." The *Christian Life* reports that after the lecture there was a great run upon Mr. Crooker's book, nearly forty of them being sold; and many more would have been disposed of, had more been in stock.

An extremely interesting report of the meeting of the Protestantenbund at the Hague has been presented to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association by its delegate, Rev. R. Travers Herford, B.A., of Stand, Manchester, nephew of Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford. Two features of the meetings, according to Mr. Herford, were highly suggestive. One was a discussion whether the Association, which hitherto has directed its strength mainly to assaults on Orthodoxy, should not cease to be so largely polemic, and address itself to the more purely religious of its objects. An opinion that its work in combating Orthodoxy was pretty well exhausted and had become superfluous elicited a few "noes," but the general sense was that the hour for a positive and distinctly religious attitude had come. The second point was that the social problem was pervading and flooding the churches in Holland, as everywhere, deluging all the other questions, and demanding consideration at the hands of religion. It was felt that the Protestantenbund could not, as a society, in its corporate capacity, take up the solution of these imperious social questions; but it could and did urge its members, as individuals, to discuss them in the light of the principles of free and liberal religion, and to permeate the consideration of them with the spirit of religion. This is, indeed, in England and on the continent the question of the day,—yea, and of the generation. What are we to do with it? It is a question which will take years to decide; but it is being decided now day by day, and the churches must not stand apart, but must help to humanize and moralize the conditions of trade and of society.

Rev. S. A. Steinthal of Manchester has sent in to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association a report of those meetings of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago which he attended as the Association's rep-

resentative. Mr. Steinthal reports that he came away from America with a high appreciation of the power and usefulness of your Unitarian women ministers, and with a deep sense that our churches in England suffer a serious loss through not availing themselves in the ministry of these cultivated and capable women who have the divine vision, to whom the word of God comes, and who might proclaim it with effect, were the opportunity open to them.

S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

London, February 1.

CHICAGO LETTER.

We are in the midst of Lent; and the subject is covered with the usual mixture of affected seriousness and gentle irony in the daily press, while the religious world seems to regard it with more indifference every year. One of our Episcopal clergymen, however, shows how the higher use may grow out of the perfunctory in the rules or suggestions embodied in a printed circular distributed among his people. "Remember," he says, "that the object of keeping Lent is not to conform to an ancient custom, but to obtain a spiritual good; that the purpose of fasting is not to propitiate God, . . . but to gain control over our appetites and desires." And again, and very well said, we are to remember that "all our self-examination should be unbiassed, our object being not to find what can be approved, but what must be corrected." These are worthy aids to moral reflection and practice, which all classes of believers may profit by.

The new impulse toward organization left over from the World's Fair and the Congresses, together with Mr. Stead's visit, the effects of which have been both inspiriting and exasperating, and the needs growing out of the winter's emergency work, have resulted in a new organization of wide scope, but practical aim, which is just now shaping its forces and getting ready for work. I refer to the Civic Federation of Chicago. Its main object is to secure municipal reform, to eliminate politics from the administration of city affairs,—a Titanic undertaking, but an end that must be accomplished before the host of minor reforms on which we are at work in smaller ways can reach a successful issue. Political influence is the Ossa on Pelion to the modern social reformer, with this difference between himself and the hero of the legend,—that his progress toward the desired end, instead of being assisted thereto, is effectually barred. It is melancholy to think how the spurious needs and selfish ambitions of a City Hall may stand in the way of almost every worthy and generous movement of man for his brother man. The entire question of citizenship must be studied over again from a new and higher point of view. We are beginning to see that politics is not a word which can be safely left to stigmatize the actions of a disreputable set of office-seeking and emolument-hunting men, who have an eye for nothing but spoils, but a word to be rescued from low uses, since it is one of wide and inclusive significance. Elevated to its true rank, it includes all the public work and business of a town, city, or nation; but it needs the constant support of a strong and vigilant public sentiment to keep it at its true altitude. The Civic Federation is a body of disinterested men and women of highest standing, who propose to keep an eye on the government under which they immediately live, and to bring all possible influence to bear upon the purification of city politics. Its work will also be extended on other lines, philanthropic and educational. Its executive force is to consist of a central council of one hundred, from which is to be elected the board of trustees and other officers. The general scheme provides also for the organization of branch societies in the different wards. The plan is broadly based, but seems compact enough to meet all practical ends.

An event of recent interest in religious circles was the lecture, "The Ideal Jesuit,"—contradictory terms to most of us,—by Father Thomas Ewing Sherman, son of the famous general who marched to the sea. The lecture reviewed the story of Loyola, from the point of view of an enthusiastic disciple. "I'm not ashamed to stand before an American audience, and say I serve a Spanish knight and gentleman, the founder of the Jesuits, Saint Ignatius de Loyola," said the speaker, with a touch of magniloquence, but which did not destroy a general impression in his sincerity. The grand inquisitor fought Protestantism because "it was an enemy to the true Church from the start,

and founded on a wrong supposition." The only way of ending the numberless dissensions in the Christian world is to convince all Protestant believers that they are in the wrong, and to win them back to one true communion in the mother Church. "The Catholic church is the only true Parliament of Religions." The education of the Jesuit, we learned, even in these later days, comprises long years of toil, penitential discipline, and study. As a novice, he must assist in all kinds of manual labor in the institution in which he is placed, obedience and poverty being still the rules of the order. Next there is a course of five years' study in philosophy,—the philosophy of Abelard and Aquinas, presumably,—at the end of which the postulant is allowed to assist in teaching,—a period in his own career which the lecturer described as that in which "he met the problem of life in America,—the American boy." We sigh over this misdirected zeal and energy; but at the same time we feel rebuked by it, wishing there were more energy, misdirected or otherwise, in some of our liberal ranks.

Another item of interest, significant of the new spirit stirring the times, is the inauguration of a new church, called the "Modern Church," in Bricklayers' Hall, the place of assemblage of the trade and labor unions. The purpose of the new organization, made up of unchurched working people, is to open a building with all the facilities for mental and physical culture, lecture-rooms, a gymnasium, coffee-room, baths, etc. The opening services were conducted by Mr. Jones, who is to be followed by other clergymen in the city.

These letters would be very faulty if they failed in some word of reference, however inadequate, to Mr. Fenn's work during the past winter in his course of Sunday-school lessons on "The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion," which have been published serially in *Unity*, and issued in leaflets by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society. The series is now closed, and comprises twenty two lessons on the gospel story and the early church through the periods of Stephen and Paul, but not aiming to more than sketch the closing topics. Mr. Fenn is winning a secure place for himself in New Testament criticism. He has both learning and courage, a scholarly and open mind. He is a bookman, but no pedant. He gives us pictures from life, not merely marginal notes and disquisitions. Mr. Fenn is emphatically modern, and as frank and outspoken here as in his personal intercourse. He is not an inconoclast, but he will not escape that charge from many respected sources. Some of his conclusions, notably those respecting Jesus' own ideas of his Messiahship, have been regarded as rather too destructive in their tendency even by some of our radical leaders, though this is not a point on which radicals and conservatives, as such, need disagree, being one simply of personal interpretation, as so many others in New Testament study. Mr. Fenn deals with this portion of his subject with admirable candor, and to many of us with a convincing array of fact and argument. Nor is he lacking in sincere reverence for the life and character of the Nazarene, but he has not the art of poetizing his subject as much as some other students in the same field. For myself, I was glad of this; for we may poetize as well as theologize ourselves beyond the boundaries of reason and the probable truth. Mr. Fenn deserves thanks for bringing the gospel narrative not down, but up to the level of natural religion. To me his interpretation of the suffering and the triumphant Messiah is full of human sympathy, and treated with equal justice and delicacy. It has in it all the reverence of a truth-loving spirit; and what more should we require? Naturally, Mr. Fenn's papers have met with the same criticism all such attempts to present the results of the latest criticism in a form adapted to the religious needs of the young have elicited. It is hard to adapt some of these lessons to the understanding of the younger classes in our schools, but that is more the fault of the teacher than of the leader. The difficulty here is that of Sunday-school instruction in general, where work, to be properly done, needs the consecrated labor of minds that have received special preparation. This it is impossible to secure, and we must do the next best thing we can. Mr. Fenn writes more for the adult mind than the child's; but, since these lesson papers are intended for the teachers, and not meant, either, to stuff the teacher's mind as much as to quicken it, that criticism is perhaps rather superfluous. Old and young

alike have gained a new help in the study of a subject of perennial interest, not only to the religious mind, but to the literary student. Which one of us but has often wondered at our own continued interest in this subject, returning to it from time to time with renewed wonder, delight, and reverence? Is it not because we have here, less in outward events of the life related than in its inward struggle and experience, an epitome and apotheosis of human history? And is not that what Mr. Fenn has tried to show us?

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

The representatives of the various non-Christian religions who came to the World's Religious Parliament in Chicago brought to this country considerable information, some of it of a rather unexpected kind, regarding the results of Christian missions and the influence of so-called "Christian civilization" in various lands. For example, Mr. Norusema Charya, a Brahmin, or modern high-caste Hindu of Madras, said the following, among other things, at the Parliament, about "Christian rum" in India:—

"Our friends have been picturing to you Christianity standing with the Bible in one hand and the wizard's wand of civilization in the other; but there is another side, and that is the goddess of civilization with a bottle of rum in her hand. I know of a hundred people in my native place who are addicted to the drink habit. Of course, we have ourselves to blame; but remember that to ape the conqueror is the vice of the conquered, and that the fashionable habit of drinking is borrowed by the Hindus from the English. Oh that the English had never set foot in India! Oh that we had never seen a single European face! Oh that we had never tasted the bitter sweets of your civilization rather than it should make of us a nation of drunkards and brutes!"

In a lecture given recently in Unity Church, Denver, by Mr. B. B. Nagarkar, who represented the Brahmo-Somaj at the Parliament, we have some plain words upon the subject of Christian (orthodox Christian) missions. Mr. Nagarkar said it was confessed by the missionaries themselves that the higher classes of Hindus are less accessible to Christian influences than they were formerly. The outlook, from the missionaries' standpoint was very discouraging. Great schools and colleges had been founded by various sects, with the ultimate end of converting the pupils. Young men went to these schools and were graduated, but in all his experience he had known only two young men of the higher classes to be converted and baptized.

The entire results of the missionary efforts came from the lower classes, most of them from the lowest.

The speaker was not one who despised or looked down upon what is called the lower classes; but when the Christian recruits come only from one class, and that the lowest socially, it would seem that there was something wrong in the system. Of the converts, at the very least ninety-nine per cent. were employees of the mission station, as servants, printers, tract distributors, teachers, etc. So that nearly all the converts in India were directly dependent for a livelihood upon the missionaries.

Free Americans in their own country could not conceive of the tyranny and despotism displayed by many of the missionaries, nor the way they lorded it over the ignorant members of their native churches. But even this class of converts was decreasing every year. Twenty-five years ago the Christian missions made some kind of progress. Now none was apparent. They simply held their own. India was becoming Westernized, sceptical, soaked and saturated with Western theories.

To his countrymen the doctrine of the vicarious atonement was excessively repugnant. The very idea of blood had a horror for the native mind. The doctrine of personal salvation through blood possessed a peculiar and fantastic horror to the Indian mentality. Converts were denationalized. They were taught to abandon their native dress and forget their native tongue. They became gradually separated from their people. They became "black Americans," "black Scotchmen," or "black Englishmen," according to the nationality of the missionary. The peculiar, unsympathetic attitude of the missionaries toward Indian life and theology, their dogmatic stigmatizing of all who thought differently in religion from themselves as heathen, their horror of

the Indian pantheon, had all combined to surround the name of Christ with disgust and hatred.

The missionaries, to retain their influence in the future, must abandon the old, narrow, bigoted forms of belief which they profess and teach, and come out into a broader and more charitable position toward India,—its history, its life, literature, and religion.

What Mr. Nagarkar says is confirmed by a letter recently received by the Post-office Mission Committee of the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis. The letter has been sent us for publication, and will interest our readers. It is as follows: —

"QUITTA, INDIA, Dec. 11, 1893.

"*Respected Friends*,—I acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of your kind letter of the 4th of October. I am grateful to you for the pamphlets on Unitarianism, which you have so very kindly sent me from time to time. They have been read with much advantage by me, and circulated amongst friends. It is very gratifying to learn that people placed so far from each other can share each other's feelings through that strongest of all the ties,—the love of God.

"I am sending you by this mail two small tracts,—(1) 'True Worship' and (2) 'Rare Pearls,'—and hope they will reach safely and be of interest. The first is the substance of two sermons delivered by Pundit Sevanath Shastie, missionary, Brahmo-Somaj, Calcutta.

"I have some Christian friends, Trinitarians, in India, who kindly furnish me with tracts, etc.; and lately I have been discussing with them the question why progress of Christianity — orthodox — is so slow in India. In fact, as far as I know, of Northern India there have been very few, if any, converts to Christianity from among the educated classes. Almost all the recruits now come from the lower strata of society. The reason of this is obvious. The Trinitarian Christianity presents so many difficulties that very few reasonable people can accept them. In fact, compared with these mysteries, the Indians' own traditional beliefs seem more reasonable. Another hindrance is that the missionaries who are sent out to India *generally* live apart from the people to whom they have come to preach. They live in houses apart from the towns, and are not easy of access. To see a missionary is beset with as many difficulties as a magistrate or any other dignitary of the State. The greatest hindrance is, I should say, the life of the so-called Christians who live in this country. The common belief amongst the Indians, educated and uneducated alike, is that every one whom they see with a hat on is a Christian. They watch their life and the treatment they accord to the natives, and find that the Christianity of Bible is only a thing to be preached.

"It often happens that a rash and unchristian act of a magistrate, civilian, or officer obliterates the year's work of a pious missionary. The people—Christian—in England and America who pay large sums for missions often ask why the results are not satisfactory, and their representatives do not often give them the true reasons. Some of the causes I have mentioned above are so very patent that they do not require any elaborate explanation. The best way to judge their validity is to send out a couple of earnest Unitarian missionaries, and then see the results.

"It will not be out of place to say that the system of education which obtains in this country turns out a large number of materialists. Religion to them seems to be a myth; and they seldom, if ever, call for anything but the tangible things of this world. I have had men working with me in the Brahmo-Somaj for years, and at the smallest trouble or temptation they had to run away. But we must be hopeful. The gracious God who has created the world, and is always loving and kind, will no doubt adopt means to bring erring children to him.

"Thanking you again for your kind letter and the tracts,

"Yours sincerely,

"JAMIAT RAI MEHTA."

BROTHER, FRIEND, SAVIOUR.

Jesu, the hero strong,
  Well hast thou striven:
Shackles of sin and wrong
  Thy arm hast riven.
Ne'er may thy kingdom cease,
Still may thy power increase,
Reign thou the Prince of Peace
  In earth and heaven!

Jesu, we turn to thee
  Trustingly ever.
In our extremity
  Thou failest never.
Thou, in this mortal life,
With care and sorrow rife,
Conquered its hardest strife
  Through brave endeavor.

Jesu, our constant friend,
  Loving and tender,
Be with us to the end,
  Our souls' defender.
By thy strong spirits' might
Keep from us evil's blight,
Nor in the holy fight
  Let us surrender.

Light of the vale of death,
  Blessed forever!
Soon shall our mortal breath
  Fly to its Giver.
Oh, when we come to stand,
Facing the silent land,
Lead us, with saving hand
  Through the dark river!

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Iowa City.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

Father, to thee.

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow:
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows.
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow:
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us;
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Naught shall affright us, on thy goodness leaning;
Low in the heart, faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain, we learn life's deeper meaning;
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows;
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened furrows,
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

MONDAY.

If.

If a little word of mine
  May make a life the brighter,
If a little song of mine
  May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word;
  And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
  To set the echoes ringing.

If a little love of mine
  May make a life the sweeter,
If a little care of mine
  May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
  The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
  To help my toiling brother.

TUESDAY.

Refracted Lights.

The evening star that softly sheds
Its tender light on me
Hath other place in the heavenly blue
Than that I seem to see.

Too faint and slender is that beam
To keep its pathway true.
In the vast space of cloud and mist
It seeks an exit through.

Nor light of star, nor truth of God,
Through earth-born clouds and doubt,
Can straightway pierce the hearts of men,
And drive the darkness out.

On bent, misshapen lines of faith
We backward strive to trace
The love and glory that we ne'er
Could look on face to face.

Each fails, through dim and wandering sight,
The vision whole to see;
But none are there so poor and blind
But catch some glimpse of Thee,—

Some knowledge of the better way
And of that life divine
Of which our yearning hope is both
The prophecy and sign.

—*Celia P. Woolley.*

WEDNESDAY.

Patience.

All are weak, and all are strong:
Patience righteth every wrong.
All good things the will must task,
All achievement patience ask.
Chiefly with each other's weakness
Need we patience, love, and meekness.
Who takes ill another's ill
Beareth two loads up the hill.

—*James Vila Blake.*

THURSDAY.

Victory through Suffering.

The breeze that over Calvary blew,
And caught the sufferer's tender prayer,
Still breathes and echoes in the air,
"Forgive! they know not what they do!"

Who, then, will say that men should mourn,
And mourn as one without a hope,
When, falling on the upward slope,
They seem like dead leaves downward borne?

Who constant mourn are not the men
Who know the nobleness of life,
But they who beauty learn through strife,
And they who fall to rise again.

—*James H. West.*

FRIDAY.

Remission.

There is no sin's remission granted men.
The place we lose we can regain—in time.
Not God himself can lift us back again
Unto the height we left until we climb.

There is no swift repentance can retrieve
A violated principle. No tears
Can cleanse our stains, no crying, "I believe,"—
Nay, we must wear them out by earnest years.

For each descent from fair truth's lofty way,
For each gross pleasure which delays the soul,
By that soul's gloom and loneliness we pay,
And by the retarded journey to its goal.

We can go back, we can regain the height,
But not by sudden leaps: our souls are strong,
And countless forces help us to do right
When once we weary of the ways of wrong.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

SATURDAY.

The Children's Service.

The church bells for service are ringing,
The father and mother have gone;
And three little golden-haired children
Are left in the doorway alone.

For these are too young for the meeting,—
The busy and frolicsome elves,—
So they think to praise God like their elders
With a holy time all to themselves.

Each one a big volume has taken,
And holds it, top down, 'gainst the breast:
Forthwith the devout little mimics
Sing out in their loudest and best.

They know not themselves what they're singing,
And each takes a tune of his own.
Sing on, O ye children, your voices
Are heard at the heavenly throne!

Sing on: there is trust in your music;
The Father, he asks not for more;
Quick flieth the heart that is sinless
Like a dove to the heavenly door.

Sing on: we sing who are older,
Yet little we, too, understand;
And our Bibles, how often we hold them
The bottom-side up in our hand!

Sing on: in the songs of our service;
We follow each note of the card;
But, alas! in our strife with each other
How oft is the melody marred!

Sing on; for earth's loftiest music,
Though ever so fine and so clear,
What is it? The lisping of children,—
A breath in the Infinite ear.

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

One of the most interesting events in the world of current Biblical study is a series of twelve lectures on Genesis which President Harper is giving at the University of Chicago, and in two or three other places in that city, and publishing in the *Biblical World*, beginning with January, 1894. The first and second lectures were upon the Creation, the third upon the Story of Eden and the Fall, the fourth upon Cain and Abel. Others follow upon the Stories of the Flood, the Tower of Babel, etc. The lecturer undertakes to interpret these Genesis stories in the light of Biblical scholarship, science, and a comparative study of the similar stories found among other peoples outside of Palestine. Bringing to his task, as he does, a much more independent spirit than is usually found among interpreters of the Bible who claim to be orthodox, it is not strange that the lectures are attracting much attention. Some of his statements and conclusions are scarcely less than startling when thought of as coming from such a source. For example, (1) he points out that there are two distinct accounts of the creation, which are not only different in nearly every particular, but which contain contradictions which cannot be reconciled or explained away; (2) there are many statements in the stories of the Creation and elsewhere that are not in harmony with science; (3) the writer of the Paradise Story shows ignorance of geography; (4) the story of Cain and Abel is no more true than the myth of the capture of Troy by the wooden horse or the founding of Rome by Romulus and Remus; (5) all the Genesis stories contain a more or less extended element that is legendary or mystical, and not historic. Of course, all this has long been accepted as well established and undeniable by liberal and independent scholars. But, for the ac-

credited representative of a great orthodox denomination to take the same ground, is something new and revolutionary.

Nor is President Harper finding his path a smooth one. Not a few of his brethren have been restive for a long time over his too liberal views of the Bible, but have not said much publicly. These lectures on Genesis, however, are too heretical to be borne; and Dr. Henson, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chicago, has taken their author to task right vigorously. President Harper has replied, but in a spirit, we are sorry to say, that seems to us timorous and equivocating. He does not take back anything that he has said, but he explains and mystifies until Dr. Henson declares that "analyzing Genesis is child's play compared with discovering what President Harper means." Where the matter will stop does not at present appear.

In the articles of Mr. Badger and Mr. Wendte printed in this number of the *Unitarian* we place before our readers two different and in some measure opposing views of the new "Book of Prayer and Praise" which has lately been published by the American Unitarian Association. It is in the nature of the case that a religious body like ours, made up for the most part of churches with non-ritualistic antecedents, cannot change at once from the form of worship that it has always been accustomed to, to another so radically different as is that of the elaborate ritual found in this book. Even if the new "Book of Prayer and Praise" were theologically unobjectionable to everybody, as it is not, it could be adopted among our churches only slowly and gradually, if at all, its modes of worship are so far removed from those which most of us are accustomed to and love. This should be borne in mind by the friends of the new book, who will thereby be helped to patience and charity toward those of their brethren who do not like or find spiritual help in a ritual.

The advocates of a liturgical service are fond of speaking of such a service as a means of "enriching" worship. But this is exactly the question at issue: Does a ritual enrich worship? Doubtless to some it does, but not to all. It should not be forgotten that to many of the most devout souls among us there is nothing that so *impoverishes* worship as to use printed prayers and a multitude of fixed forms. That we want to enrich and deepen, and make more living, earnest, and real, the devotional part of our Sunday services, probably all would agree. But the question is how to do it.

A few of our churches in the East have come somewhat under Episcopal influence, either through their antecedents or by association. These are very likely prepared to adopt the new book at once, to advantage. But, as Mr. Wendte well says in his article, this Episcopal influence is felt little or none in the West. Indeed, it is felt only by a part, probably much the smallest part, of our Eastern churches. It is hardly fair therefore to make the few churches that feel this influence a standard for the much greater number that do not. And this suggests what we cannot but feel is a really serious danger in connection with this new movement to adopt a liturgy. Unless the greatest care is exercised, we fear it will tend, more than many suspect, to divide us. Some churches adopt it, and do not see why all should not do the same. Some reject it, and do not see why all should not do that. Thus a cause for misunderstanding and bitter feeling springs up. We cannot but think that this is the danger that threatens, unless those who believe in the new liturgy are willing to be very, very patient, and let it work its way slowly and naturally into favor, by its own merits, and without much, if any, pushing. The use of a liturgy has always tended more or less to separate our churches that indulged in it from the rest. It never has been quite pleasant for other ministers to preach, as exchanges or as candidates, in the pulpits of these churches. Furthermore, there has always been a little feeling that these liturgical churches held themselves aloof from the rest, with just a touch of the "I am more holy than thou" spirit. Very likely there has been no ground for this feeling; but it has existed, and it would be a pity if anything should be done now to aggravate it.

We call attention to these facts, that all

may see how much need there is for us all to be large-minded and charitable, to put ourselves in the fullest degree possible in each other's places, and to let things take their natural and healthy course rather than to attempt unduly to hasten consummations which in themselves may seem to any of us desirable. It is better to have a somewhat less excellent form of worship, with a warm and unbroken spirit of love and brotherhood, than to adopt a little more desirable form of words, at the risk of creating alienations and divisions in our communion of churches.

The *Pacific Unitarian* calls attention to the Unitarian Exhibit at the great Midwinter Fair that is being held in San Francisco. The Unitarians have fitted up a handsome "booth" in the north gallery of the Liberal Arts Building, among the educational exhibits, where all friends of the liberal faith and all inquirers will be welcome. Unitarians from the East or elsewhere visiting the Fair are invited to make the place their headquarters. Here they will find opportunity to rest awhile, to take counsel with others concerning the common interests of our churches, to look upon the portraits of leaders and heroes of the liberal faith displayed on the walls, and to lay in supplies of missionary literature. Contributions of pictures of prominent Unitarians, and of sermons and other literary matter for distribution are solicited, and may be sent to Rev. C. W. Wendte, Oakland.

We have spoken in previous issues of the *Unitarian* of the movement that has been going on for a year past in the School Board of London, Eng., to make the teaching of the doctrine of the Trinity and the other leading dogmas of the orthodox creed obligatory in all the public schools of that metropolis, which, of course, would mean the exclusion of all Unitarian teachers. At first we did not believe that anything could come of an undertaking so retrogressive and so manifestly and outrageously unjust; but, as time goes on, the probability seems to increase that the movement may carry. Of course, the Unitarians and liberals of all names are opposing it with all their might. The more progressive of the non-conformist bodies, too, are joining in the opposition, as is the Broad Church party of the establishment. The State Church, as a whole, however, seems committed to the movement; and many High Churchmen are working for it with all the zeal of bigots and fanatics. We had flattered ourselves that the spirit of intolerance was passing away, and that an age of religious equality and freedom had come. And now to find London, the metropolis of Christendom, the centre, as we had fondly thought, of the world's enlightenment, turning its face in this way toward the darkness of the past is, to say the least, a surprise and a shock. We are told that, if London takes this step, other cities of England will be sure to follow. We await the issue in London with interest, and not without solicitude.

We are glad to see Prof. James of Harvard University inviting public attention, through the New York *Nation*, to what he calls "The Medical Advertisement Abomination." Every year advertisements of patent medicines and quack nostrums not only grow more numerous in our papers, but more tricky and more unscrupulous in their methods of forcing themselves upon public attention. In nearly every daily and secular weekly of the land, and, we are sorry to say, many religious weeklies also, one has to be on his guard constantly to avoid being inveigled into reading puffs of pills and plasters when he supposes he is reading articles of honest information. Says Prof. James: "We buy our newspapers, and find every alternate column beginning with a 'scare-head' that suggests momentous news; and we presently discover, co-ordinated with perhaps a change of ministry in England, the annexation of Hawaii, or the passage of a tariff bill, accounts of Mr. Mingo's kidneys, Mr. Hawkshaw's bronchi, or Mrs. Hecla's skin. Like Ulysses, these worthies have become a part of all that we have met: and all experience is an arch where-through their entrails gleam, as it were, iridescently upon us, until the world looms to our imagination in a sort of catarrhal vapor or as if bathed in a cancerous mist. Such is the education of our young people, and such the indecency of the background, or rather, the foreground, in the full sight of which we are all forced to live." The intellectual and moral influence of all this is bad enough;

but what must be its influence upon health? Continues Prof. James: "The essays, the anecdotes, the elaborate accounts of symptoms, the portraits of sufferers, are a direct attack of the most efficacious kind upon the public health. They must be meant to be such an attack. They have no other conceivable aim or intention than to produce panic, to beget in susceptible readers, by their incessant repetition, the fixed idea and apprehension of disease. Such fixed ideas and apprehensions are among the most potent morbific agents known; and the amount of hypochondriacal misery and actual disease caused by these suggestions would certainly, if it could be measured, prove almost incredibly great."

Who are to blame? Primarily, the newspaper publishers. Even if we grant their right to print such demoralizing stuff in their advertising columns (which we do not grant), they certainly have no right to cheat and deceive their readers by giving it the form of legitimate reading and placing it in parts of the paper where we have a right to look for legitimate reading. Prof. James strongly urges that our legislatures ought to take hold of the matter, and by law protect us against what is becoming not only a universal annoyance, but a great public injury.

An interesting new movement in church work is reported by Prof. Proctor Hall, in the Tabor *College Monthly*. It is an attempt to bring together the various charitable branches of church work, which are usually divided up among organizations more or less distinct from the Church, into the hands of the Church itself. Usually, the church charitable methods only help those who can no longer help themselves. It is proposed, under this suggested plan, to give help in such a way as to save from helplessness.

The two churches of Tabor, Ia., have accepted the plan, which, from an examination of the details as elaborated in Prof. Proctor's article, seems to be very similar to the methods of many mutual benefit societies. Every church member is to be assessed fifty cents per month; while the benefits include free medical attendance, three dollars a week during sickness, and the entire expense and charge of funerals. Prof. Tabor suggests that, could such organization become common among the churches, an international alliance might be formed, so that members travelling could receive needed help through any local church. This kindly service would help to break down denominational prejudice.

Some criticisms have come to us of the article in the January *Unitarian* on "The Resurrection," though none in a form suitable for printing. We are not surprised that there is dissent from the view there presented, though, as the article showed, it is possible to find for it in the Gospels themselves a somewhat plausible support. We printed the article, not because it seemed to us conclusive, but because it was a thoughtful and candid presentation of a view of the death of Jesus which has some things in its favor, and which is held by some very intelligent and reverent scholars. From the beginning the *Unitarian* has been conducted on the principle of a broad inclusiveness and liberty, holding that it ought not to be the organ of one man alone, or one set of men, but that within reasonable limits its pages ought to be open to the views of honest and capable men and women who look on religious truth from different sides.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The meeting of the Sunday School Union for February considered this most important topic, "Changes most needed in the Sunday-school," as seen by superintendent, teacher, musical director, minister, librarian. Under the first branch Mrs. James A. Beatley (superintendent of the Sunday-school at the Church of the Disciples, Boston) offered many valuable suggestions. One related to the need for an abridged and culled Bible for the use of young people and others. She referred to one already issued by D. C. Heath & Co. of Boston, "The Bible Abridged," by Rev. David Greene Haskins, S.T.D., and praised the general arrangement. Her objection was to the binding, which did not seem to be fitting the Scriptures,—a very good criticism, and well sustained, as she illustrated what she meant to the listeners. Perhaps the Unitarian Sunday School Society may take this matter in hand before long. Mr. Richard C. Humphreys and his substitute,

Mr. Charles H. Porter, were both unavoidably absent, so that the teacher's suggestions of changes were not heard. In the department of music Mr. Edwin J. Lewis laid down progressive and worthy standards. One of his practical hints was that scholars in Sunday-schools should learn some of the tunes and hymns which are used in the congregation, and thus be prepared to swell the intelligent volume of congregational singing. This ought to be acted upon more fully than it is in our Sunday-schools. From the standpoint of the minister, Rev. James Huxtable enforced one thought, chiefly that the conscience should be developed more in Sunday-school education and influence. He deplored the admiration for "smartness," which invades even Sunday-schools. Mr. Frank A. Page treated the library subject in a careful paper. Many of his points were well made. He exhorted to a more vigorous censorship of books both in the home and the Sunday-school, and advocated an annual conference of Sunday-school librarians, to share with one another their conclusions. Rev. Charles G. Ames added a word of his own on the need of simplification; that is, less scattering in teaching and exercises, and the concentration of something definite. Miss Louisa P. Parker, the secretary, enforced this last suggestion by an illustration from her own teaching. She is accustomed to dwell on something central and leading, as a summing up of the lesson to her class. I revert to this meeting and its programme, not entirely to reproduce some of the salient suggestions, but to show to the readers of the *Unitarian* how faithfully our Sunday-school workers confer together over important matters. The attendance was large, and the listening careful. It is such symposiums as this that are calculated to accomplish two results,—the bringing forward of valuable thoughts, and also the increasing of thought and expression on the part of our Sunday-school workers. It may seem hard at times for those inexperienced in public speaking to be summoned to prepare a paper or to make a speech; but there is nothing better for a clearing up of the mind, allowing one to see what is really deep in conviction, and how one stands toward any given subject.

One other thought disclosed in this meeting, above mentioned, deserves comment. There was a right spirit manifested in the presentation of personal views. There are two ways of differing from our associates,—one is that in which an air of superiority is revealed, and the other is that in which the tone is of honest difference, but with no assumption of higher levels. The first is tainted with snobbishness, which too often borders on impertinence. The other is manly, respectful, good-natured. There cannot be too much comparison of views, when we consider the part which personality plays in the problems of life. We always need to break out of our own narrowness, and broaden into wider consciousness, made up of the many.

Convictions ought to be held with intensity, if they are of any consequence. The one stipulation in all honorable discussions should be that the antagonist should be viewed something as Matthew Arnold described him: "My adversary is my helper." There is nothing that so excites the wrath of truly righteous people as the speech or paper which comes from some assumed vantage-ground of loftiness: it all implies that everybody else is living on a lower plane, and is to be pitied for the ignorance that attends that condition. Pharisaism is a prevalent disease in modern life, not alone in religion, but in literature, art, music, and politics.

The "Pilgrim Teacher" (issued by the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society of Boston) has this paragraph with regard to a troublesome feature in our Sunday-schools:—

"There are some who suppose that the difficulty of keeping young men in the Sunday-school is peculiar to our own times. Looking over a volume of the *Sabbath-School Treasury*, published in 1832, we find the same trouble. 'It is a very general complaint,' writes a correspondent, "that Sabbath-school scholars leave the school too young. It is often very difficult not only to retain the boys in the school after thirteen or fourteen years, but to make them attend at all. I have visited several schools of late in which only about one-fourth of the number were boys, and none of them were more than twelve or thirteen years of age.' That writer, if living, would find no such state of things now. The age at which some drop out has been considerably advanced, while a growing percentage of young men stay in right along. There are few Sunday-schools now in which one will not see all ages represented, from those crowned with white hair down to the little kindergarteners. It is the presence of the fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers which will keep the young from feeling that they ought to 'graduate.'"

It is admissible even in this column, which I prepare so regularly for the *Unitarian*, and for which I am responsible, that I should mention the little Sunday-school paper, *Every Other Sunday*. It is the only medium the schools of our faith have for the interchange of fraternity and thought, representing our denomination. I have rarely mentioned it to the readers of this magazine; but it is due the Unitarian Sun-

day School Society to speak of it here, and to call attention to its merits. Those merits are not created by the editor, but by the contributors; and, therefore, I can speak of them in proper taste. Those who are supplying the columns of *Every Other Sunday* with articles, stories, essays, pictures, anecdotes, and information, have wrought out such good results that I could wish the paper were better known throughout our Sunday-schools and homes. The list of contributors, if given, would be very long, including prominent writers. The subjects treated are many of them of interest to elder readers. Of course, to come into competition with the bright periodicals, like *St. Nicholas*, *Young Folks*, *Youth's Companion*, and others, is out of the question. Such an attempt is not made. *Every Other Sunday* seeks to embody good religious and moral teaching without being tedious, and casts light over life at large in a genial way.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society can do a great deal more for the good of the Sunday-schools throughout the land if it has more money. The appeal has been put out so often that it need not be elaborated here, but I should fail in the proper filling of this column if I did not make known to my readers the need this society has for more funds. It is to be hoped that those Sunday-schools, far and near, who have been helped by the publications and general work of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, will see their way to sending in a donation to its treasury. Let the gift be according to the situation, large or small. A membership with the society is thereby secured, appreciation of its work shown, and substantial support offered to its enlarging plans.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

WHY DO WE ATTEND CHURCH?

Guild Essay by Albert Scheible of Chicago.

"Why do we attend church?" Simple question! Who is there that does not know that? How do you expect to devote a whole evening to such a question? This is the comment which I have heard from several quarters since the topic was chosen. But let us look sharp, and first of all locate this seemingly simple subject, "Why do *we* attend *church?*"

Not "Why do men worship?" nor "Why do men gather in holy places?" not "is the church inspired?" nor "Why do we go to the church of some particular sect?" However important these questions, none of them is synonymous with our present topic. Some may think it just as well to ask, "Why did our forefathers attend church?" but that cannot be the equivalent of our subject, unless history shows a constancy of church-going reasons, which must not be assumed. So we may start with the church of to-day, and ask ourselves why we attend it.

Perhaps we are too much accustomed to associate our term "church" with a conception of naves, aisles, and pews, of stained glass windows and buttressed walls,— all sacred to the so-called Christian forms of worship,—forgetting that the word "church" was once applied alike to pagan temples and Jewish synagogues. So, too, we may dwell too much on the ritual, beautiful as it may be, until we see it more as an end than as a means, a help to higher living. The clear water of baptism may well suggest the great need of purity, while the communion service may become a feast of brotherhood. Can we think through them devoutly, and recognize them, not as essential forms that uphold the church, but merely as symbols, to be repeated by us again and again, just as we repeat fine music, until its meaning dawns upon us? The scoffer may see nothing but conventional forms in much of our church service. Teach him to look devoutly, and he will find new lessons of beauty in these same old services. Many of the old forms may remain; but the church has changed, and the church-going reasons have also been varied. Once the church was the only means of knowing how to live rightly. Now we see church-going not as an absolute necessity to seekers of righteousness, but as one of the greatest helps to them. Once the great truths were all summed up in one Book of books, to be interpreted by the select few. Now we find the same and greater truths all around us and within us, but we love to read the older Scriptures in the light of these new teachings. The church has turned from giving glimpses of far-off, unattainable mysteries to showing the sacredness of a noble, earnest life. Time has transferred the sacred shrine from the temple made with hands to any place hallowed by the beating of a yearning heart.

The far-off heaven of the Puritans may no longer allure us, nor their less distant hell frighten us: we may feel a little of both within us seven days in the week. We may not go to church to earn a future paradise by our regular attendance, nor need we go to study the formulated methods and decrees of God; for is it not man that dogmatizes and draws fences around that which is linked to all else by a sense of beauty and goodness? We may not consent to be orthodox or "true doctrine" people, yearning only for the special truths that are set aside as inspired: we may be heretics, "choosers," rejecting what is repelled by our finer senses, but striving to find some good in the true

and the noble on every hand. We may outgrow the idea that it takes a temple built on conventional lines and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies to house a true congregation; may learn that, "wherever two or three are gathered together, there may they find a sanctuary." Yet is there not a help in those surroundings which recall the striving and the uplooking of the past with its great leaders and martyrs? Do we need to drop the old songs as outgrown the while they show the same zeal and the same love which we are cultivating? Or can we read a new gospel of ideas and ideals into the old and beautiful?

Perhaps with such a conception of a church service we can better appreciate what draws us to its congregation or society. I, for one, have always liked this term "society" as applied to a body of worshippers, as it seems to emphasize the bond of fellowship on which the church depends for much—yes, most—of its usefulness. I like to think, with Prof. Swing, that "the religious heart should never attempt to march the way of salvation alone. It can indeed, all alone, unbaptized, find piety and heaven. But the highest usefulness and the highest happiness come when hand is joined with hand, when the heart feels the presence of a host of glorious comrades, and when the ear catches the hymn of high worship sung by many voices. The fields and sky indeed inspire, spring inspires, summer inspires; but man extracts most of his inspiration, not from skies and oceans, but from what is greater than all else, the mysterious, God-like humanity." It is this joining for the common welfare, the common advancement, that seems to me the great motive of church-going. There are organizations for educational work in other lines: why should there not be this one, as a help to higher living? Longfellow calls Sunday "the golden clasp that binds the volume of the week." Perhaps we can find something kindred in the golden-seed thoughts of a Sunday morning sermon which we can take with us through the week, to sweeten the other days and ennoble our lives.

Such are some of our church-going reasons to-day, changed, indeed, from those of the past,—the marked path of righteousness, the seeking for a golden hereafter or the fear of a hotter one. When we look back at these and many similar ones that have incited church-going in former years, then, I think, we may well feel thankful for the changes which have given us the reasons why *we* go to church.

We read of the continued interest in the series of meetings conducted under the auspices of the Guild of the Good Shepherd at Pittsfield, Mass., wherein the faiths of different denominations are presented. Recently the Salvation Army came in for its turn.

At Green Harbor, Mass., there is the Helpers' Guild, which is, we feel sure, a valuable adjunct to the church work. It meets in the parsonage, and this fact suggests there must be a great help to the minister in the organization.

In the meetings of the guild at Northfield, Mass., for six months hymns and hymn-writers formed the topics for instruction and conference. Among the writers chosen were Holmes, S. F. Smith, Pierpont, Keble, Watts, Montgomery, Herbert, Longfellow. We have at hand the list of topics and leaders for another period, from January 28 to August 26. From it we note the following subjects: "Buddhism," "Reverence," "The Religion of Zoroaster," "Self-respect," "Sentiment," "Faith." Other religions are mentioned. The guild meets fortnightly.

The president of the Alliance had the pleasure of addressing the Young People's Society in Dedham on January 21. He spoke on "The Lesson of the Guild."

By exchange the Winkley Guild of Bulfinch Place, Boston, has had the help of one of the neighboring guilds, Mr. S. B. Newton of Dorchester being the visitor on a recent occasion. Among the subjects considered by this society may be named "Criticism," "Attainment," "Self-sufficiency," "Personal Relations with God."

The president gave an address on "Consecration and Success" on February 18, in the opening of a course of lectures held in the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, under the auspices of the Young People's Union. This union corresponds to the guild in the Unitarian body.

Among the subjects for the current year in the Channing Guild of Waltham, Mass., we select the following: "Misdirected Enthusiasm," "What is Jesus to us?" "God's Messages: How does he send them?" "Our Undiscovered Selves."

The new guild at Somerville, Mass., sends a list of topics and leaders for fortnightly meetings running from December 10 to June 24. Here are some of the subjects: "Associated Charities," "Consider the Lilies," "'I will try' has wrought Work," "Idle Words," "Stories of Destiny."

B. R. Bulkeley.

Rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.—*Franklin.*

UNITY CLUBS.

A Unity Club has been formed at Scituate, Mass., with Rev. Watson Weed as president, and Miss Emma Gardner as secretary. The club has about thirty members, and is having a profitable time in the study of Longfellow. A Browning class has also been formed, which has a membership of about a dozen men and women.

The Onward Unity Club was organized in Rowe, Mass., during last summer. The constitution of the club says it was "organized to quicken the life and to increase the usefulness of the Unitarian church, of which it is a branch. While duly recognizing the influence and welcoming the co-operation of older members of the church, it looks for its ultimate success to the earnest efforts of the young people. To fill its mission, the club will conscientiously try to develop the religious spirit among its members, to stimulate their intellectual life, and to cultivate their social natures." The club meets on Sunday evenings, and the meetings are conducted in the same way as those of the guilds. Among the subjects discussed are Amusements, Patriotism, Music, The World's Fair, Sketches from Concord; and Rev. Herman Haugerud has given a lecture on "My Ascent of Mt. Tacoma." The club has also devoted week-day evenings to the study of the life and writings of Longfellow. Fortnightly the club holds a social meeting, with dancing and refreshments. The club has attracted much interest in the town; and the meetings have been very well attended, the average number being sixty-three at the Sunday evening services. The young people have taken hold of the work with activity, and have accomplished much in a short time.

The Unity Club of Manchester, N.H., has continued the excellent work inaugurated so propitiously last year. New names have been added to its list of members, and the first meeting was very largely attended by those interested. Classes in evolution, astronomy, art, and singing are being carried on successfully. The pressure of the hard times has necessitated a restriction of some of the work of the club; and its courses of lectures have been abandoned for the present. Its members have been taking an active part in the charity work of the city, and have contributed liberally to it in time and money.

The Unity Club of the Free Congregational Church of Baraboo, Wis., is pursuing a course of study in English literature and the history of music, each being illustrated by the works of authors and composers. A great deal of interest in the club has been shown by the young people. The attendance has steadily increased, over fifty persons being present at each of the last two meetings. Miss Emma Gattiker is the president, and Miss Nellie Sias the secretary. The meetings are held fortnightly at the houses of the members. A Young People's Guild has been formed within the year, and the attendance has been about twenty at the Sunday evening meetings.

The William G. Eliot Fraternity of Portland, Ore., is devoting its Sunday evening meetings to "Representative Unitarian Workers, together with a few Great Names of Other Faiths." To these subjects the weekly meetings for seven months are being devoted. The club also meets every Tuesday evening from the middle of October to the end of April for the consideration of the social questions of the day. The programme is as follows: I. Introductory; The Importance of the Study of Sociology; The Development of Modern Society from the Primitive Family; The Development of Personal Property and Property in Land; The Development of Civil and Political Institutions. II. Factors of the Social Problem; The Increase of Wealth and the Increase of Poverty; The Unequal Distribution of Natural Wealth and of the Products of Labor; The Actual Condition of the Poor. III. General Solutions proposed for the Social Problem; Former Solutions applied to the Social Problem; Communism; Socialism; Nationalism; Anarchism; Labor-unions and Strikes; Profit Sharing and Co-operation; The Single Tax. IV. Specific Social Reforms; Scientific Charity; Temperance Reform; Popular Education; The Immigration Question; Political Reforms; Prison Reform; Child-saving.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The directors of the Unitarian Temperance Society appeal to your readers for new memberships and increased interest and assistance. Besides the tracts and Sunday-school Services which we publish and the public meetings which we occasionally hold, it has seemed desirable, at least for a few months, to employ a part of the time of a field agent, who can address churches, guilds, and temperance meetings in different parts of the State. Our agent, Rev. William H. Savary, 854 Broadway, South Boston, has already had numerous calls to speak at union meetings. So far as the impression prevails that Unitarians are not concerned about the evils of intemperance,

he is definitely representing the contrary fact. He is also helping forward the movement toward a closer union of those who, while they may differ in religious opinions, wish to stand together for moral and philanthropic ends. Wherever the agent of our Unitarian Temperance Society appears, he is a witness to the wish of our people to join in doing whatever they can for the sake of temperance.

The need is obvious of a decidedly more vigorous and intelligent public opinion on this subject. The Unitarian churches tend to share a common and insidious sense of practical hopelessness as regards any immediate overthrow of the saloon power. It is indeed a pity that there should be any need for temperance societies. The church itself, by its essential idea, should be an effective temperance society. But till this ideal is realized we believe that our society has a mission; and we ask for co-operation accordingly.

The annual fee for membership is one dollar. It would greatly aid the cause if every Unitarian minister would become a member of the society by the payment of one dollar. Is it extravagant to ask for a thousand members out of all our churches? Rev. George Herbert Hosmer of 361 Neponset Avenue, Dorchester, Mass., is treasurer and secretary. He will be glad to answer any questions, and, besides membership fees, to receive large or small gifts of sympathy.

A large company of the members and friends of the Unitarian Temperance Society met in Channing Hall on Monday, February 5, at 2.30 o'clock.

Mr. William H. Baldwin, vice-president of the society, presided. The meeting was opened with prayer from Rev. William H. Fish, Sr.; and several hymns were sung from a printed slip during the session. Much interest had been awakened by the attractive array of speakers announced.

After a few introductory remarks from Mr. Baldwin, who alluded to the origin and purpose of the society, the secretary, Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, read a report of the year's work. He said the society desired to come into touch with all the churches and Sunday-schools in the denomination, and was constantly at work to secure a larger recognition of the duty and responsibility of Unitarians to work for the cause of temperance in any way their consciences approved. Attention was called to the valuable tracts, of which over ten thousand had been distributed the past year; also to the Total Abstinence League, with its two pledges, A and B, including abstinence from strong drinks and the use of tobacco. Several Sunday-schools were represented in the League by membership, and it was hoped more would join. It was the aim of the society to have the churches set apart one Sunday in the year to be devoted to the subject of temperance; and for several years services had been prepared suitable for such occasions, and in memory of our own great reformers, like Channing and Pierpont. Allusion was also made to Rev. William H. Savary's active labors as field agent, having fairly compassed the State in three months; also to Rev. George W. Cooke's labor on the Memorial to Congress, to secure, if possible, more reliable statistics of the liquor traffic of the country. Mr. Cooke reported briefly on the work, and said some strong and influential names had been secured, representing judges, senators, governors, presidents of universities, and leading business men, physicians, bishops of the churches, prominent women, publishers, and literary men. The petition would soon be forwarded, and presented to Congress in some hope of affirmative action.

The practical result of the meeting was seen immediately in the addition of a number of new members and the circulation of tracts which were taken as people left the hall. The wish was expressed that the Unitarian Temperance Society would hold public meetings oftener.

G. H. Hosmer.

WOMAN'S WORD AND WORK.

The fourth regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held in the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, on Friday, February 2, at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Chadwick, the president, called the meeting to order; and, after the reports of the secretary and treasurer, the Religious News Report was read by Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot of Brooklyn. This report contained many items of local and general interest.

The Philanthropic Report was read by Mrs. J. D. Smillie of New York, and was a very interesting account of efforts to relieve distress in New York City. The methods and aims of various charitable organizations were given, and the best charities of all were declared to be those business and manufacturing firms who continued to employ the regular force even at a loss.

The first topic for consideration was the Ethical Culture Movement. This subject was treated by Miss Caroline B. Haven of New York. Miss Haven stated that in this movement the only basis was a moral one; that its aim was to build up character, and consequently must begin with the children in the kindergarten. Miss Haven described the work in all the schools, which is now carried on up to the fourteenth year. In addition to this are the Workingmen's

Schools held in the evening. The work is very thorough, and aims to secure the ability to be self-helpful. Manual training, sewing, cooking, and the like form an essential part of the work done in these schools.

The charities are very extensive, and have in view two things,—to relieve distress, and to promote unselfishness in the giver.

The pulpit or platform work forms a very important part of this movement. Its aim is the discussion of practical questions of reform and the teaching of morality.

The second topic was socialism, and was treated by Mrs. Percival Chubb of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Chubb briefly sketched the history of the movement, and treated the subject from an ethical standpoint. There is a vital difference between socialism and anarchy, which many overlook; and the best representatives of the socialistic theory are by no means the fanatics they are often considered.

Their work is based upon a recognition of false social conditions, and an effort to make these conditions more favorable to the poorer classes. As for instance, what is the use of free libraries to the man who has almost no time to use them, or whose work is so severe that in the little leisure he has he is too fatigued to avail himself of the books? How can we boast of free schools, when many children are compelled by poverty to remain at home? Thus we see that our boasted "free institutions" are not open to all classes, as long as our social conditions remain as they now are. The so-called "free ballot," also, is by no means free, employers and superior officers often making it impossible for a man to vote as he wishes.

Mrs. Chubb advocated an earnest study of all these things; and by this means a better understanding of difficulties will be reached, and thus wiser means will be used for amelioration. The end must be a great improvement in social conditions. These things must interest all intelligent, right-minded people; and, the more the element of anarchy is eliminated, the greater will be the interest, and, consequently, greater progress will be made.

The third and last speaker was Miss Evans. The subject, "Woman's Work in China."

Miss Evans has been for twenty years a missionary in China, and she gave a brief account of her work. Especially interesting was the account of the tours which the missionaries take as their vacation work. They are driven in a Chinese vehicle to the place where they are to hold a service. The difficulties and annoyances to which these women missionaries are subjected, to say nothing of the dangers, seem almost insurmountable. But a lofty courage and an intense interest and faith in their work sustain them. Their main efforts are with the women, as, through their influence upon the mothers, the missionaries are enabled to get the children into their schools. Here an attempt, and quite a successful attempt, is made to educate the children along practical lines.

As far as possible, the manners and customs are not interfered with, except in the matter of idolatry. For instance, in the marriage service, many things considered essential in the Chinese ceremony are retained with the Christian ceremony. The missionaries feel that much more can be done by showing respect and consideration for native customs. They introduce Christianity, allowing many of these to remain, seeking to abolish only those that are harmful. Many questions were asked Miss Evans; and all greatly regretted that one o'clock obliged the discussion to be closed.

After singing "Missionary Hymn" and repeating the Lord's Prayer, the meeting adjourned. M. H. H.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Progressive Lessons in the Art and Practice of Needlework." For Use in Schools. By Catherine F. Johnson. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.—Industrial education is one of the most important subjects now claiming the attention of the American people. And perhaps no department of industrial education is more important than that of sewing in schools. In this book we have the mature results of the thinking and experience of one who is a master in this department of instruction and work. Mr. John D. Runkle, chairman of the Industrial Committee of the Brookline, Mass., School Board, writes: "I have seen the method of teaching, the theory and practice of sewing, as set forth in this book, grow up in the public schools of Brookline, and can testify to the excellent results. The pupils have not only learned to sew well, but their study of drawing and English has been so combined with the instruction in sewing as to make it the foundation of an excellent mental training." We do not hesitate heartily to commend this book.

Rev. A. D. Mayo left Boston early in December for the fifteenth tour of his ministry of education. His plan was to spend December in Washington in preparing for the press the first part of "A History of the Common School," then three months in Kentucky, and the spring and early summer in West Virginia.

Announcement is made that the third session of the School of Applied Ethics will be held in Plymouth, Mass., next July and August. As heretofore, there will be three

departments, of Ethics, Economics, and History of Religions, respectively under the charge of Prof. Felix Adler of New York, Prof. H. C. Adams of the University of Michigan, and Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard. The work of this school is worthy of all praise.

To-day is the name of a very attractive monthly magazine, the first number of which has just reached us. It hails from Philadelphia, and has Rev. Frederick A. Bisbee, the well-known Universalist minister of that city, as its leading editor. It contains forty-eight pages, and offers itself for the low price of $1 a year. Among the good things in this initial number are articles on "The Immigration Question," by Henry Cabot Lodge, "Is the Higher Criticism Destructive?" by President O. Cone, "A Morning in Florence," by Dr. A. Gunnison, and "The Parliament of Religions," by Dr. Henry Blanchard. We bid the new magazine welcome, and wish for it a long and influential career.

"Natural History of Intellect." By Ralph W. Emerson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—This is the twelfth volume of the complete edition, "Riverside," of Emerson's works being so admirably brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It contains, besides the title essay, others on "Memory," "Boston," "Michel Angelo," "Milton," and some eight papers culled from the pages of the *Dial*. This volume also contains a general index to all the volumes.

"The Place of Christ in Modern Theology." By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. New York: Scribner's.—This solid volume, already widely reviewed and much praised, offers to the studious reader, not only an elaborate and scholarly examination of the historical position of Jesus of Nazareth, but really a study of the evolution of Christianity. The first part of the work, "historical and critical," is a remarkably free study, most admirably complete and thorough, of the facts of development as exhibited in the primitive environments of Judaism through the apostolic and subapostolic ages, the influences of Greece, Rome, the Renaissance, and the Reformation to the modern reformed theology. This division of the general subject is followed by a careful study of the influences upon the Christian Church of philosophy and criticism, from Lessing and Kant to Strauss and Baur. The concluding chapters are devoted to what Dr. Fairbairn wishes to be considered "constructive" theology. While the beginning of the work rouses our expectations that some well-founded historical conclusions may be reached, these latter chapters, however, leave us completely confused and bewildered between bold dogmatic assumptions and brilliant but prejudiced defences of purely theoretical doctrinal positions. In the preface we find so admirable a statement as the following: "The most significant result of the critical process is that we can now stand face to face with the historical Christ, and conceive God as he [Christ] conceived him. What God signified to Jesus Christ he ought to signify to all Christian churches." From so clear and broad a statement we are surely justified in expecting to find no deification of the historic Christ, but a relation of Christ toward God capable of being entered into by *all* Christians. Unfortunately, however, a foregone conclusion is too much for the author's clear apprehension of evidence; and so we find, when we come to the chapter on Christology, that for a proper understanding "we must turn to the Fourth Gospel." We read with wonder that "the one Son of the one God is the sole medium of the knowledge of God." But, when we are plunged into a consideration of the "essential" and "cardinal" distinction between the "*unio personalis*" and the "*unio mystica*," which to us are exactly the same thing, a personal union being the only conceivable union between man and God, we sigh as we realize that the historic treatment of this great subject has been abandoned. Excepting such departures from the main method, the book is a valuable, serviceable, and of course scholarly work. Its general tendency is toward a scientific treatment of Christian history.

"Student's New Testament Handbook." By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. New York: Scribner's Sons.—This is an elaborate bibliography for the study of the New Testament. It is designed to give the student a bird's-eye view of the whole field of study, —Language, Text, History of Canon, Criticism of Canon, Setting and Illustration, History of Exegesis, Commentaries. Much care has evidently been given to the details of references. It seems surprising that so little space should be devoted to so important a division of the subject as the environment, six pages being given to the list of works in this department as against twenty pages relating to the study of the text. Such a work cannot, of course, be complete, nor absolutely up to date; but the book will prove very useful to all students.

"The Spirit of God." By P. C. Mozoomdar. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. $1.50.—In our January issue we noticed Mr. Mozoomdar's "Heart-beats," a book made up of short meditations, so earnest, sincere, and alive that the reader can indeed feel the very heart of its writer beat and throb. The present work is larger, and differs from the other in being in a sense a systematic treatise upon a single theme,—a theme than which none can be greater or more central in religion. It is as living and warm as the earlier book. Its object is the same,—spirit-

ual edification,—the deepening and quickening of the personal religious life,—the bringing of God close to man. The author says in his preface, "I have done my best to say nothing but what has repeatedly come to me as the devoutest experience." He disavows being a scholar, a theologian, or a teacher. But, if he is not these, he is better: he is a prophet. This book is a book of nineteenth-century prophecy. Is it Hindu, Hebrew, or Christian prophecy? All,—all in one. The sublimation of the spirit of each is here. Hence we have a book which will be dear to the devout soul everywhere.

It contains seventeen chapters, the titles of a few of which are as follows: The Spirit, The Hindu, Doctrine of the Spirit, Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, Sense of the Unseen, The Spirit in Nature, The Kinship in Nature, The Spirit in Life, The Spirit in Immortal Life, The Spirit in Reason, The Spirit in Conscience, The Spirit in Christ, The Spirit in History, The Spirit in All Religions, Live in the Spirit.

Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter has recently been giving a series of six lectures in Essex Hall, before the London Sunday School Society, on "Growth of Ideas with regard to the Person of Jesus in the New Testament." The subjects of the different lectures are: The Synoptic Gospels: I. The Traditions of the Historical Jesus; II. Legendary Growths round the Person of Jesus; The Epistles of Paul: I. The Beginnings of Christological Experience; II. Later Developments; The Johannine Writings: I. The Conception of the Word; II. The Manifestation of the Word "made flesh."

Announcement is made by the *Universalist Monthly* that from this time on it will be combined with the *Non-sectarian* of St. Louis, the two being published under the latter name. During its nearly seven years of life it has done a good work, and we cannot see it lose its separate existence without regret. But we are glad to see new strength added to the *Non-sectarian*. Of this excellent monthly Dr. Crowe becomes associate editor, taking with him many of his best contributors. St. Louis ought to have a strong periodical representative of liberal Christianity. It has this in the *Non-sectarian*. We wish it prosperity.

We believe that from no direction is more light to be obtained on the subject of the proper relations of capital and labor than from that of profit-sharing. Persons interested in this subject cannot do better than to subscribe for the small but most excellent quarterly, entitled *Employer and Employed*, edited by Nicholas P. Gilman, Boston. Its price is only 40 cents a year. It may be ordered from Geo. H. Ellis.

Of the 352 towns and cities in Massachusetts, only 44 are now without public libraries; and some of these will be supplied soon. This gratifying condition of things is the result of an excellent law enacted a few years ago to encourage the establishment of public libraries by the granting to each a certain amount of State aid. Public schools and public libraries are two agencies for the promotion of public intelligence and good citizenship that should everywhere go hand in hand.

The Public Library Department of New York has prepared what is called a "travelling library," consisting of about one hundred volumes, which will be sent, on application, to any town desirous of receiving it, which contains a free library, on the payment of five dollars to cover cost of cases and transportation. These books are to be retained six months, when they may be exchanged for another set. When the town does not own a free library, twenty-five resident tax-payers may receive the books on the same terms.

We are at last to have a choice volume of selected sermons from Dr. Brooke Herford. Many efforts have been made in past years to persuade Dr. Herford to allow such a volume to be published; and, now that he has yielded to the public demands, an unusual interest will undoubtedly attach to the forthcoming work. One of the most vigorous, strongest, and clearest of our preachers, always speaking from the heart and the life, any words of his are sure to be eagerly welcomed. The very title of the book, which is to be "Courage and Cheer," rouses our hopeful anticipations of that ringing, manly, uplifting quality which invariably stirred us in listening to Dr. Herford's addresses. We understand that the volume, which will be of about three hundred pages, will contain twenty-two sermons. It is published by Philip Green, London, and the American Unitarian Association will act as agents in this country.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We notice below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month: —

The Atlantic Monthly (February).

Recollections of Stanton under Lincoln. By H. S. Dawes.

Tao. By William Davies.

Hamilton Fish. By J. C. Bancroft Davis.

Tammany Hall. By Henry Childs Merwin.
The Educational Law of Reading and Writing. By Horace E. Scudder.

The North American Review (February).

The South Carolina Liquor Law. By the governor of South Carolina.
The Income Tax in England. By the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P.
Latest Aspects of the Brazilian Rebellion. By the Brazilian minister.
How to help the Unemployed. By Henry George.
Are we a Plutocracy? By W. D. Howells.

The Arena (February).

The Religion of Browning's Poetry. By Rev. M. J. Savage.
The New Bible. By Washington Gladden, D.D.
Among the Adepts of Serinagur. By Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph.D.

Lend a Hand (February).

English and American Theories.
Homes for Workingmen.
Methods of Printing for the Blind.

Biblia (February).

The Botany of the Egyptian Tombs. By Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, D.D.
Benjamin of Tudela. By Rev. W. C. Winslow, D.D.
Palestine Exploration Fund. By Prof. T. F. Wright, Ph.D.

To-day (February).

Important Facts in the Hawaiian Problem. By Hon. John L. Stevens.
The Art of Worship. By Henry Irving Cushman, D.D.
The Intellect in Religion. By Henry Prentiss Forbes, D.D.
A Need of the Hour. By Rachel Foster Avery.

The Review of Reviews (February).

The Progress of the World.
National Budgets, American and European.
Professor Tyndall. By Grant Allen.
Our New National Wonderland. By Carl Snyder.
Relief Measures in American Cities. By Albert Shaw.

The Non-sectarian (February).

The Oldest Book in the Light of the Newest Thought. By Rabbi Leon Harrison.
The Ideal Life. By J. N. Patrick.
The Duty of Liberals. By Rev. Alex. Kent, D.D.
Some Old Unitarian Worthies. By Rev. Robert Collyer, D.D.

The Monist (January).

The Fundamental Teachings of Buddhism. By Rev. Litsuzen Ashitu.
The Connection between Indian and Greek Philosophy. By Prof. Garbe.
A Monistic Theory of Mind. By Lester F. Ward.
Monism and Henism. By Dr. Paul Carus.
Are the Dimensions of the Physical World Absolute? By Prof. J. Delbœuf.

The Sanitarian (February).

Beds and Bedrooms. By Dr. A. N. Bell.
Jamaica for Health and Pleasure. By Wolfred Nelson.
The Utilization of Garbage. By Bruno Terne.
A Medical Objection (to the Abuse of) Dancing. By Dr. G. L. Beardsley.
Mortality and Morbility Statistics. By Dr. H. K. Bell.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon her qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that she is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The Students' Bible Class here has numbered the past four Sundays 124, 130, 135, and 154. Mr. Sunderland has just been giving a series of five morning sermons on "Some of the Eminent Dead of the Past Year, with Lessons from their Lives." On the same Sunday evenings he has been exchanging with Rev. Lee S. McCollester, pastor of the Universalist church in Detroit, he giving in Detroit a series of doctrinal sermons, and Mr. McCollester delivering in Ann Arbor a series of lectures on "The Great Cathedrals of Europe," with stereopticon views. The exchange has proved highly successful, the audiences in both places being large.

Austin, Tex.—The Unitarian church has entered upon its third year in this important city, which is not only the capital, of

the State, but the seat of the State University, an institution which has heavy endowments, and will eventually be one of the great universities of the country. Rev. E. M. Wheelock is working with courage and earnestness, and there is every reason to believe that the church will steadily grow.

Baraboo, Wis.—The Unitarian church is prospering under the leadership of Rev. Robert C. Douthit. A correspondent writes: "Our work goes on very encouragingly. The young people, especially, are active, and feel equal to almost anything. Our Unity Club has an attendance of more than forty. Our Look up League, recently started for religious work, promises much. It has had an attendance of upwards of twenty at each meeting so far."

Boston.—The special services in the Boston Unitarian churches during Lent are as follows for March:—

First Church, corner Berkeley and Marlboro Streets. Lenten services, Wednesdays at 4.30 P.M. March 7, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke; March 14, Rev. E. E. Hale.

Passion Week services. March 21, Rev. Charles G. Ames; March 22, holy communion at 8 P.M.; March 23, Rev. S. W. Brooke. Service at 11 A.M.

King's Chapel. Wednesday at 12, noon. A half-hour devotional service, with brief address. Passion Week, service every day at 5 P.M. Thursday of Passion Week, communion service at 8 P.M. Service with sermon on Good Friday at 11 A.M.

South Congregational Church. Every Thursday at noon, readings from the Christian saints, poets, and prophets. Friday, March 2, at 5 P.M., address by E. E. Hale, on "The Consecration of Life."

Second Church, Copley Square. Special religious services for young people Sunday evenings during the Lenten season at 6.30 P.M. During Passion Week the service will be held every evening at the same hour, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, assisted by Rev. F. O. MacCarrtney.

Third Religious Society, Richmond Street, Dorchester (Rev. F. B. Mott, pastor). A vesper service every Friday during Lent at 4 P.M.

All Souls' Church, Roxbury (Rev. W. H. Lyon, minister). A course of lectures, on "Liberals in Literature," Sunday evenings at 7.30. March 4, James Russell Lowell; March 11, Francis Parkman; March 18, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Unitarian church, Roslindale (Rev. C. F. Nicholson, minister). Vesper service every Sunday at 4 P.M.

—Rev. Samuel M. Crothers has accepted the call to the First Parish Church of Cambridge, and resigned his pastorate at St. Paul's, Minn. The earnestness of the Cambridge parish in presenting the claims of duty to Mr. Crothers overcame all other considerations. There is a special opportunity for the exercise of religious influence in this old historic church at the gates of Harvard University which no other society in any part of the country could offer. It is doubtless the plain duty of the minister whose genius is capable of reaching and stirring and helping the eager spiritual natures of the university students to accept such an opportunity; and a new and influential career, we trust, will follow Mr. Crothers's acceptance.

—The Benevolent Fraternity is steadily increasing the efficiency of the churches and organizations under its management. In South Boston the work at Unity Chapel is very favorably progressing, since it has been put into the hands of Rev. Herbert Whitney and his wife, Rev. Mary T. Whitney; and now we learn that Rev. C. R. Eliot, who resigned his pastorate at Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester, to study abroad, has consented to take up the work at Bulfinch Place, as colleague with Rev. Mr. Winkley. Mr. Eliot is now directing his studies at Oxford and London with the special aim of bringing new thought and fresh experience to bear upon our home missionary field in Boston. He will begin his work here September 1. It will be a delightful thing to have Mr. Eliot back again among our Boston ministers, and great things are to be expected from him in shaping the missionary labors of our city.

—Boston is experiencing religion, or, at least, receiving the evangelists' sensational efforts to "save souls" in an unusual degree. Acting upon the discovery in other cities that the unemployed are peculiarly sensitive to the emotional influences of the revivalist, the Salvation Army decided to hold a week of big meetings; and Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth have come to Boston to aid Major Brewer and the home forces. At the same time the Methodists have brought on Evangelist Ferdinand Schiverea to tell his harrowing stories of the dreadful deaths of sinners, and by every other artifice of emotional oratory endeavor to depose reason in favor of excited fanatical impulse. Great meetings were held on Sunday night, February 18, at which it is reported that at the Salvation Army meeting the "saved souls were led up to a red bench in front of the hall, and shook off their burden of sin amid hallelujahs"; while at Schiverea's it is said that, after he had "drawn vividly the horrors of hell and the awfulness of God's displeasure," he gave his hearers four minutes by the clock to "come to Jesus and be saved." These are the old methods. It is grateful to know that in Parker Memorial, at the same hour, Rev. Charles G. Ames was delivering a powerful address to a large, popular audience, upon the practical theme of "Heaven on Earth," in which he declared: "Nothing in heaven is so good that we might not have it here. The earth is the home of

God, and he is neither an absentee proprietor nor a father who deserts his family."

Charleston, S.C.—A Liberal Church League has been organized here, with an initial membership of twenty and good prospect of growth.

Des Moines, Ia.—During the liberal religious convention held here February 20 to 23 Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago preached on "Theodore Parker," "Modern Incarnation," and "The Unitarian's Thought of God."

Geneva, Ill.—The subjects of Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley's sermons were as follows: "The Thought of God," "The Use of Pain and Evil," "Form and Substance in Religion," "The Common Herd."

The Sunday-school has held a successful social. The Unity Club meets every Tuesday evening at the parsonage.

Helena, Mont.—Rev. J. H. Crooker has just delivered a very interesting course of Sunday evening lectures, entitled "Words to Young People."

Hopedale, Mass.—Affairs in both parishes have gone along smoothly during the last month. The suppers have gained their old-time interest, with the added feature of an entertainment; and they have been well attended. Mr. Stimpson's entertainment, composed of songs by a large chorus of young men, called forth great applause, and was heartily enjoyed by all present. The same was true of the drama, "Gaffer Gray's Legacy," given by Mrs. Wilson's class on the evening of January 31, assisted by Ruby Wilson, Sophie Greenwood, and Cora Edmands. . . . The evening meetings have continued as usual. Mr. Godfrey's account of his experience with the poor of London was exceedingly profitable. Readings have been rendered by various persons, from various authors, upon subjects related to the theme of the pastor's remarks. On the 11th inst. Mr. Stimpson told us of the way church music was rendered in the early days of the Hopedale Community and other country places years ago. What a wonderful evolution of church music has taken place within the last forty years! . . . The pastor gave his lecture on the "Passion Play" before the Unity Club of the church in Grafton on the evening of the 8th inst. *Our Church Home.*

Humboldt, Ia.—The work here is prospering in all branches of church activities. The audiences are larger this year than any year since Mr. Byrnes has been here. Some recent subjects on which Mr. Byrnes has preached are: "The Place and Meaning of Prayer in Modern Life and Rational Religion," "An All-sided Radical," "Something for Nothing, or those who reap where they have not sown." Mr. Byrnes spoke on "The Higher Education" at the recent dedication of the new sixteen-thousand-dollar school-house in this town.

The attendance at the Unity Club averages about forty people, and the interest in both the geology and the social science branches has been high. We have a well-prepared paper on each subject at every meeting, as well as a class exercise in geology led by the enthusiastic scientist, Dr. G. Hardy Clark. Some might think that it was rather an unusual procedure to hold both sections on the same evening, and might like to ask the question, How does it work? Our answer is that it works first-rate here. Most of the members would attend both sections if they were held on alternate evenings, and those who come from their interest in one section generally become interested in the other section also. But, where the work is divided in this way, success depends upon having the work mapped out systematically, commencing on time, and not allowing one section to infringe upon the time of the other. In this way two hours can be spent, and the interest kept up on two subjects where one alone would weary its members.

We have had some novel socials this year. Among them might be mentioned a World's Fair Shaksperian social, in which Shakspere gave his opinions of the World's Fair; and bright and "pat" opinions they often were, too. Another was an art social held holiday week in one of the large and beautiful homes here. An admission of ten cents was charged at the door, and there was about a hundred people in attendance. The social consisted of a loan collection of beautiful paintings, great religious pictures gathered from the various homes, World's Fair souvenirs, and a few humorous objects to guess on.

The Ladies' Society has been doing good work all the year. They have recently held a valentine sale and social, from which they realized seventy-five dollars.

Like many other liberal churches in the West, we were favored with a visit from Nagarkar, and listened with delight to his gentle eloquence. Mrs. C. P. Woolley also gave her inspiring lecture on the "Prophets in Literature." Miss M. A. Safford has recently been here on an exchange, and gave her great lecture on "The Man who Thinks" on Saturday evening, also two inspiring sermons on Sunday, which drew out our full constituency, and more, too. We expect soon to have Prof. Calvin, the State geologist, to lecture on geology to the Unity Club.

We have made an innovation this year in our church choir. Instead of the quartette of past years we have a choir of twenty-two voices, accompanied by an orchestra of six pieces under the able leadership of Hon. D. F. Coyle, a former leader of the band here. They have paid for their music and equipments by giving pay concerts in the church during the week, and they have

given several free Sunday-evening concerts. They have recently rendered the cantata "David, the Shepherd Boy," on two successive evenings in the Opera House, the receipts of which were $115. Many people came from surrounding towns, and good music critics say it was the best musical entertainment ever given in Northern Iowa. It was Wesley who said that the devil had all the best tunes. Since we have had our orchestra and heard the violin, the 'cello, the cornet, and other instruments in sacred music, we have concluded that the devil had most of the best instruments, and that it is time to get them into the churches. The orchestra have played several pieces after the benediction, while the people were dispersing; and it is found that the people don't disperse while the music lasts, and the difficulty is to get the people to go home, so the janitor can close the church.

The dramatic section of Unity Club are planning to play Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" in the Opera House in March.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Very interesting addresses were delivered from the Unitarian pulpit February 18 by Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams, a colored woman of rare ability, who spoke in the morning on "What can Religion do to advance the Condition of the American Negro?" and in the evening on "The Intellectual Progress of Colored Women since the Emancipation." The Sunday-school is having an interesting course on "The Life and Work of Jesus," illustrated by photographs of the masterpieces of art.

Lancaster, N.H.— In spite of a heavy snow-storm, the people of our church in Lancaster met in large numbers Thursday evening, February 15, at the house of Mrs. William Burns. Much enthusiasm was manifested, and it was determined to begin services as soon in the spring as the condition of the roads will permit; that is, by the first Sunday in April. Although the church has been closed for a number of weeks, the society has lost none of its numbers; and, with the minister of their choice, there is promise of a good measure of success in the future.

Littleton, N.H.—Rev. Mr. Mitchell has resigned the pastorate of the Littleton church, to take effect the first of June. During Mr. Mitchell's term of service he has greatly increased the numbers of the congregation, and the church has never been in better condition. The superintendent for New England found last Sunday a congregation of over one hundred in the morning and about one hundred in the evening.

Marblehead, Mass.—Out of a small class meeting at the parsonage to have a talk with the pastor as to the meaning of a Unitarian church and the value of church membership a most remarkable movement has developed, which led to a course of evening lectures in the church, on "The Principles of Liberal Religion." At these lectures Rev. Mr. McDougall has had an audience of four hundred to five hundred, mostly men and those who attend no regular church. This is a revival of a noble kind,—a revival of reasonable religion, with no sensationalism; and it is certainly splendid proof of the living power of our Unitarian work.

Meadville, Pa.—Seldom does a man hold his audience in such deep interest as did Dr. Peabody in his lectures on sociology. Night after night people from all denominations gathered in the Unitarian church, and all must have gone away well pleased. Dr. Peabody made many friends in Meadville during his short stay. His visit to the school was a pleasant one to all the students.

The school work is going on in a steady and inspiring manner. The preaching for the month has been by members of the Middle Class, as follows: on the 24th Mr. Haworth,—subject, "Natural and Supernatural Religion"; on the 31st of January Mr. How,—subject, "Feelings"; on the 7th of February Mr. Jones,—subject, "The Minor Chord of the Heart in its Search after God"; on the 14th of February Mr. Kent,—subject, "The Way to build up a Better Character." Conference subjects have been "What should the Modern Church be?" "The New Prayer Book: Is it needed?" "Missionary Work in the United States." The discussion for the month was on the question of rational and irrational athletics. The students took hold of this subject with a great deal of enthusiasm. Rational athletics are needed very much for exercise in this school.

A number of the people of the Unitarian church have felt that they would like to have their church open on Sunday evenings, and have invited the Senior Class of the school to furnish a series of sermons. From the few that have been held the attendance promises that they will be quite popular.

Milford, Mass.—From a very interesting historical sketch published by the First Unitarian Church we quote the passage referring to the present handsome stone edifice:—

"The chapel was made ready for use in 1880, previous to which time services were held in halls. The auditorium was ready for occupation in 1888, and the church was dedicated June 15 of that year. The church edifice is very beautiful, with large, rich stained windows, solid cherry pews, pulpit, and furniture: and the chapel auditorium, parlor, library room, and kitchen are under one and the same roof. Much

credit is due Mr. Pendleton for the society's possession, free from debt, of such a church edifice; and certainly great praise is due the society for the noble sacrifice of its members and friends in the consummation of such an undertaking. Rev. Solon Lauer was ordained as minister January, 1889, and gave to the society great satisfaction, and a positive quickening in religious life and activity. The present incumbent, Rev. A. Judson Rich, for the seven years previous settled over the church at Fall River, Mass., began his ministry Jan. 1, 1891.

"The society was reorganized into a church April 17, 1892, retaining its principle of unitary action, under a 'Bond of Fellowship,' which reads as follows: 'In the Freedom of the Truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man.'

"At this time fifty-six persons received the hand of fellowship, the service being appointed for this purpose on Easter Sunday. Twelve of these were baptized, and a large number were new members. Ten children were also christened. On Easter Sunday, the following year, 1893, and on Flower Sunday, in June, a large number were added, including a confirmation class; and several children were also christened. At this time (Feb. 17, 1894) ninety-six had become members of the church and candidates for confirmation in a way to give emphasis to the organization as a distinctively religious body, and yet to retain its autonomy as a legal institution, church and society being one."

Milton, Mass.—At a parish meeting held at the meeting-house after the service on Sunday, February 11, it was unanimously voted "that the parish confer upon Rev. J. H. Morison, D.D., the complimentary title of Pastor Emeritus, as an expression of their appreciation of the work which for so many years he discharged in said parish, and also of their affection and reverence for him."

Newport, R.I.—Rev. George W. Cutter has been giving a very interesting series of lectures on the "Oriental Religions," which have attracted large congregations and have been quite fully reported in the daily papers.

Providence, R.I.—Rev. Napoleon Hoagland has received and accepted a call to the Fourth Society. He has had considerable experience in the West in building up churches, and this new organization in Providence will no doubt prosper under his leadership.

Quincy, Ill.—The Unity Club publish an elaborate programme for the present season, including Sunday evening lectures by Rev. C. F. Bradley, on the principles of evolution.

Salem, Mass.—The Brotherhood organized by Rev. F. B. Mott holds its meetings regularly. During the season of union services on Sunday evenings the Brotherhood meetings are held after the regular service, and a good degree of interest is maintained.

Rev. E. C. Butler and Rev. Albert Walkley have preached in the course of Unitarian union services, the former upon "The Young People and the Church" and the latter upon "The Revival of Religion that we need."

Rev. Philip S. Moxom, D.D., of Boston is to address the Essex Conference at the East Church March 1.

San Francisco, Cal.—The Second Unitarian Church, Rev. Leslie Sprague, pastor, on its card of invitation says: "This church aims to be the church of the people. Its sittings are all free. It does not condition its membership on any creed. It seeks to apply all known truth to the benefit of the spiritual life."

The Unity Club announces a fine course of University Extension lectures, to be given by Prof. Edward H. Griggs and Prof. W. H. Hudson, both of the Leland Stanford University. The course extends from February 6 to April 3, embracing a study of English literature.

Seattle, Wash.—A year ago the Unitarian society here had a small debt of $300 resting upon it. The ladies of the society, by special effort, have now paid this off. The past year, under the leadership of Rev. William G. Eliot, has been a prosperous one.

Sturgis, Mich.—A commemoration service in connection with the birthday of Lincoln was held in the Unitarian church. Several leading citizens took part besides the pastor, Rev. G. W. Buckley. The church was crowded, and the service was very interesting and inspiring.

Warwick, Mass.—A Unity Club was organized at Warwick in December. The club is pursuing a course of study, partly literary, partly historical, under the leadership of the president, Rev. F. S. Thacher.

Washta, Ia.—The liberals of Washta and vicinity were well rewarded on Sunday, January 28, by listening to a sermon preached by Rev. Thomas Byrnes of Humboldt, Ia. The preacher held the attention of his audience for one hour. He certainly chose a fine subject for his discourse; namely, "Natural Religion." The text was taken from the words spoken by Paul to the Athenians,—"Men of Athens, I perceive you are already religious in many things." Rev. Mr. Byrnes showed that religion—that is, veneration for the Power that moves the universe—was a natural wellspring in the bosom of humanity, that nature was the great revelation of God. Far from the Bible being the source of religion

and morality, all bibles were built up as a record of the progress which different nations had attained toward these virtues. The story of the ten commandments would be far nearer the truth if the record had said that Pharaoh's daughter had taken Moses on her knee, and taught him that it was wrong to swear falsely, to steal, and to kill, that it was right to be chaste, and to honor one's parents.

Wollaston, Mass.—The Young People's Society was organized in connection with the Unitarian church here February 2. An entertainment and social are to be given by this new organization immediately, and a dramatic performance in the near future. The Unity Club is doing splendidly, attendance and membership steadily growing. The subject of woman's suffrage was considered February 2, with four short papers followed by discussion.

Worcester Conference.— The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Worcester Conference was held in the Church of the Unity, Wednesday evening and Thursday, January 24 and 25.

Notwithstanding a heavy rain, the church was filled with people eager to hear Rev. M. J. Savage preach on "Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." The text was from Hebrews xii. 27, where the writer refers to the removing of those things that are shaken, that those things which are not shaken may remain. Mr. Savage was at his best. For a full hour he held his audience spell-bound. Twice during the discourse the vast audience burst into applause, so thoroughly in sympathy was it with the sentiments expressed.

The preacher stoutly maintained the reality of religion as the effort of man to get into right relations with God. He asserted the real presence of Deity in every point of the universe, contended that man has never fallen, and therefore stood in no need of salvation in the orthodox sense of that term, but showed that, if the word means anything to Unitarians, it means getting hell out of and heaven into the soul. There is no room anywhere in the universe for an external heaven or hell as taught in the older churches. The preacher then showed how much easier the old method of salvation is than the new. All present, we think, must have felt impressed with the necessity of setting to work right away of casting hell out by taking heaven into their souls; *i.e.*, of getting into right relations with God.

On Thursday morning the devotional service was conducted by Rev. George S. Ball of Upton. The president of the conference, Hon. E. B. Stoddard, took the chair, and called the meeting to order for the transaction of business. The secretary, in his annual report, drew attention to the fact that there are only two ministers in the conference who have held their places for ten years or more. These are Dr. G. M. Bartol of Lancaster and Rev. A. F. Bailey of Barre. The conference suffers a great loss this year in the retirement from office of the secretary, Rev. A. S. Garver, who for more than ten years has filled that position to the perfect satisfaction of the conference. The following resolution was unanimously passed:—

Resolved, That this conference thoroughly appreciates the faithful and efficient service which Rev. Austin S. Garver has rendered as secretary for ten years, and returns him hearty thanks therefor.

The thanks of the conference were extended by a rising vote to Hon. E. B. Stoddard for his services as president during the last seven years.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: president, Charles H. Blood, Esq., Fitchburg; vice-presidents, Rev. George S. Ball, Upton, Mr. John C. Otis, Worcester; secretary, Rev. James C. Duncan, Clinton; treasurer, Mr. Edward F. Tolman, Worcester. Directors: Jonathan Smith, Esq., Clinton; Mrs. William S. Heywood, Sterling; Mrs. John S. Stone, Marlboro; Rev. W. F. Greenman, Fitchburg; Rev. A. F. Bailey, Barre; Mr. A. S. Sweet, Uxbridge. The report of the Missionary Committee was read by the chairman, Rev. W. F. Greenman of Fitchburg. The subject of continuing the committee called forth a good deal of brisk discussion; but, when the question was put to vote, only three voted against its continuance. Strange to say, these three were all ministers. The laity evidently believe in missionary work, and, as the vote plainly showed, the majority of the clergy. The Missionary Committee for the present year is: Rev. W. F. Greenman, Fitchburg; Rev. James C. Duncan, Clinton; Rev. G. W. Kent, Worcester.

The conference was favored by the presence of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, who made a strong appeal for contributions to the funds of the American Unitarian Association. He urged the adoption of some method of reaching every individual in the parish.

The subject discussed before the conference was "The Significance of the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago." It was participated in by three speakers,—Rev. W. S. Heywood of Sterling, President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, and Rev. James C. Duncan of Clinton.

In an exhaustive discourse Mr. Heywood showed how the Parliament meant that religion is indispensable to man; that it promoted a truer understanding of the nature of the various faiths of the world, the necessity of a change in missionary work; that it brought into clear relief the superiority of Christianity over all other faiths; and that it pointed out the path to a larger tolerance.

President Hall said the Parliament suggested to him a more rational and pedagogic basis for missionary work. Missionaries should show Buddhists how to be better Buddhists, and Confucians how to be better Confucians. Christianity finds itself in a new situation. Rapid transit is mixing the people of the world as never before. Science is creating a new reverence, not only for the starry heavens, but for all nature as the garment of the unseen. The ethnic bibles of the world are easily accessible. The higher Christianity that must emerge from these elements, if theology is progressive, is a deepening of the religious consciousness rather than any radical reconstruction.

The Congress brought out in clear perspective certain great common traits. First, the strength and universality of the religious impulse; second, the universality of a belief in an All-Father of love and good as well as of law; third, the brotherhood is more real and less dreamy; fourth, morality was with unanimity emphasized as the best fruit of the religious life.

The speaker, if we understood him correctly, declared his belief in the coming of a "cosmic faith" larger than any existing faith. One regrets not being able to report every utterance, for his whole address was highly instructive and very far-reaching.

The last paper of the day was read by the writer of this report. He insisted that the Parliament marked the transition from the Christo-centric to the Theo-centric theory of religion. It administered a much needed and severe rebuke to the pretensions of Christianity. It was the greatest eye-opener on the subject of comparative religions which the world has ever had. It proclaimed the unity of religions. I cannot tell you what a delightful feeling I experienced when it flashed upon me, as I listened to the stirring words of the gentle Dharmapala praising the mildness and the love of Buddha, that the life which Buddhists worship under the name of Buddha Christians worship under the name of Christ. I discovered that both Christ and Buddha stand for loving self-sacrifice. I saw the unity of the two greatest faiths of the world. It rebuked the charge of materialism of this age. It sounded the death knell of heresy-hunting. It heralded the dawn of "peace on earth, good will among men." The Unitarian Church, he said, is the herald of the church that is to be. What name the church of the future shall bear I cannot tell; but I love to think that adorning its walls will be ideal paintings of all the world's great prophets, and from its pulpits will be read all the world's sacred scriptures.

Nor would I have the church of the future confine itself to the works of ancient scriptures. I would have it draw inspiration from modern sources. Moreover, I have a vision of a church which will not take its credentials from any man nor rely for inspiration upon any book, but which shall glow with enthusiasm and proclaim its message with gladness, because the Spirit of God himself will have spoken to minister and members alike the words of duty and of truth.

The Conference, after voting a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Savage for his excellent sermon, to President Hall for his able address, and to the Church of the Unity for its cordial hospitality, ajdourned.

JAMES C. DUNCAN, *Sec'y.*

Yonkers, N.Y.—In a recent sermon Dr. Bixby spoke of the religious reaction by which the revivalists and dogmatic preachers are seeking this winter to draw tight again the theological lines, and with the lash of divine wrath drive timid souls inside the pale of the Church. Referring to the recent threats of hell torments for those who attended theatres or dances, Dr. Bixby showed that there is no specific prohibition of either of these amusements to be found in the New Testament. They are not sins in themselves, but harmful only on account of excessive indulgence in them or bad companionships, hours, or surroundings. As the *Presbyterian Banner* has well said, "This senseless, indiscriminate warfare against an innocent amusement is contrary to common sense and without a shadow of divine warrant." The Catholic Church in the Middle Ages did not hesitate to use the drama for teaching religion; and so the Church of to-day, instead of putting it under a ban, and thus helping to degrade it, had better seek to surround it with wholesome influences, and thus elevate and refine it. Jesus came not to judge the world, but to save the world. The sins that Jesus most severely condemns are not the indulgences of the senses and the weaknesses of the flesh, but the hard-heartedness of the Pharisee,—the far more harmful and fatal sins of unkindness, bigotry, censoriousness, and spiritual pride and hypocrisy.

Salvation depends on something more than pious profession or correct belief or the feeling of a penitent hour. It depends on the general quality of the character and life, and the incorporation within the soul of the Christ-like spirit.

The dogma of eternal hell is both inconsistent with God's universal love and ever-enduring mercy, and also in contradiction to any rational idea of divine justice. Above all, it dishonors God by attributing to him useless cruelties, far worse than those which have made the name of Nero detested. God is ever ready to forgive, and will continually reign over all souls; and in the final union of all created spirits, sometime and somehow, in one holy household of God, lies the only reasonable explanations of all the trials and temptations of earth.

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"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, D.D., CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"Tell me, I pray thee, thy name."—GEN. xxxii. 29.

The text comes from the story of Jacob's wrestling. The narrative itself is simply the garb in which the writer has arrayed a great truth. We need not accept the literal form of the tradition, nor receive as unquestionable its outward elements. It is not to be supposed that the Great God whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain ever engaged in a physical contest with one of his creatures, any more than it is necessary to suppose that there was a personal devil in the wilderness of Christ's temptation. There are deeper facts that lie beneath those crude conceptions, as pearls of great price enclosed by the oyster's homely shell. There is something more in this story than a trial of strength between an earthly and a heavenly athlete. It records the mental struggle of an earnest soul. It is a battle with doubt and darkness and remorse. The wrestling is within, and not without. The form of the story was for a childish age. The conflict that took place in the heart of Jacob goes on forever, rages anew in every heart that "has loved, has suffered countless ills," that is filled with perplexity and torn with sorrow. Let us go deeper than that which the writer fancied till we come to that which the patriarch felt.

Through the darkness that enthralled his soul on this night of anguish Jacob felt the palpitations of a stronger power than himself. He felt that in it all there was some one mightier than he; but for what purpose that power now strove with him, he knew not. Whether that power was good or evil, he could not quite determine. So he exclaimed, "Tell me thy name." "Wherefore dost thou ask my name?" is the only answer. If opportunity had been given for Jacob to reply, we may imagine that he would have spoken upon this wise: "Tell me thy name, that I may know who thou art and what thou art. Thou dread, mysterious being that I feel in the darkness, give me some word that shall reveal the secret of thy nature. I know not wherefore thou art come, or whether thou art good or evil. Tell me thy name, and my questionings shall be answered, my doubts removed. Tell me thy name, and I shall know the purpose of this night of bitterness. Tell me thy name, and I shall be satisfied."

If Jacob could have been told the name for which he asked, that would have ended the conflict, so far as he was concerned. He would either have put the battle aside as the temptation of some malign spirit or have classified it mechanically as a "providence of God." In either case, the spiritual value of the wrestling would have been taken away. If he had received the name at first, the whole meaning of the experience would have been destroyed. But it was precisely this request that the unseen wrestler refused to grant. "Wherefore dost thou ask my name?" It is just because the name *would* satisfy thee, O Jacob, that I cannot give it. It would defeat the whole purpose of the conflict. Wait till the struggle is over, and thou shalt know. Through the struggle itself thou shalt find out. The event of it all will reveal the name of him who wrestles with thee upon the banks of Jabbok. "And he blessed him there." The wrestler gave his blessing, but not his name. Sorrow is turned into joy, anguish into gladness. In the new spiritual rapture that filled his soul when the morning broke, in the rising of the sun behind the sun when he passed over Peniel, Jacob no longer

needed to ask the question, "What is thy name?" He had found it. He had found it in the only real and true way. He had found it in the harvest of joy that sprung from his sowing of tears; and he exclaimed, "I have seen God face to face." He found the name, but he had to find it for himself. When light and hope arose upon his darkness and despair, he knew, as he could have discovered in no other way, that God had been with him from midnight to morning.

The great and eternal lesson taught by this circumstance is, *that it is better to find a name at the end of an experience than before it;* that it is better to have the blessing of God than to be able to repeat his titles; in short, that it is better to have realities than words. Titles and labels are well enough; but Jacob is taught, in this night of reckoning with his soul, that he must have something to name before he can name it, that he must have an experience of God, before he is authorized to wear upon his bosom the flashing jewel of Jehovah's appellation. And we must all learn to find God in the heart before we bandy the swelling terms of the catechism and confession.

I. I do not say that names in religion amount to nothing: they do amount to something. But we must have a care. When we unduly emphasize them, there is a tendency to make our religion insincere or, at best, superficial.

Words and phrases must not be received at second-hand. They must not come to us by tradition. They must be wrought out in the forges of the soul. They must be found as Jacob found the name of God. We must never be satisfied with a mere name. We must have that out of which the name comes and for which it stands. Let us have the root of that which blossoms into the terminology. Let us find God and his eternal truth first, and classify them afterward. Let both be in our hearts before we attempt to describe them with our lips. "This people honoreth me with their lips," said the voice of God through his prophet, "but their heart is far from me."

1. Many people fancy themselves religious, when they have only learned a theological vocabulary, which skill and patience might also teach a parrot.

One could hardly be called a botanist who can only say, "endogenous" and "exogenous," or an expert in geometry when he has conquered such terms as "right-angled triangle," "hypothenuse," "radius," "circumference." But many people do think that they are religious when they can talk glibly about the "Lord Jesus Christ," "the will of God," "the depravity of the human heart," "the dear, dear Saviour," and the "precious word of God." They rattle on with such terms, over and over, until one grows sick and weary, and wonders whether they have the slightest idea what it is all about. Especially is this the case when we can see nothing in the lives of such persons to warrant all their canting chatter. Their religion is but a noisy stream of words, words, words. A little fellow was once asked, "What is the chief end of man?" He mistook one of the terms in his catechism, and replied, "To glorify God, and annoy him forever!" But he probably was not so far wrong as it might seem. I think that the chief aim of some people is to "*annoy* him forever," and the way in which this can be most effectually done is by the perpetual din of this "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

Another thing I have observed in some churches is that, when young people pass through what is commonly called "conversion," they lose their bright, fresh manner of speech, and begin to talk in meetings as if they were covered several inches deep with catechism. And, then, to hear their confessions! It really seems as if they must be a great deal worse than they were before, as if they had become converted to something gloomy and even wicked. You shall hear them tell of their "sinfulness," their "shortcomings," as if they were really as bad—well, as bad as people who have been Christians a great many years! All this is wholly artificial and unnatural. Such feelings are alien to a young and healthy heart. When religion begins in words, it ends in hypocrisy. "God's plan," says Robertson, "is not to give names and words, but truths of feeling." That night, in that strange scene, he impressed on Jacob's soul a religious awe which was to develop not a set of formal expressions which would have satisfied with husks the cravings of the intellect and shut up the soul. Jacob felt the infinite who was most truly felt when least named.

It is not by learning words and phrases that we can glibly repeat, it is not by definite propositions arranged in logical order, that we become religious, but by cultivating our feelings of love and reverence for all that is lovely and lofty. It is not by defining God that we come to know him, but by living a God-like life. It is not the supreme intellect that finds him, but the obedient heart. When religion begins in the heart, it will work out its own expression, so far as expression is possible. The chief care of him who wishes to attain a spiritual manhood must not be to learn words and phrases, however pious they may sound, but to cultivate right dispositions; not to commit a volume of theology, but to study that which is pure and lovely and of good report,—that which will make him more reverent toward God, more loving to his neighbor, more true to himself! Then let his new and growing life make words for itself!

2. I do not object to denominational names, so far as they express a real living idea or issue. I object to them when they are wholly bound up with past issues and are used to perpetuate divisions.

The name may be right and good; but, whether it be the name of a sect or of a truth, we ought to win it, if it is good, by experience and knowledge, not merely inherit it. Our fathers may have fought and sacrificed for it, but it does not become ours in reality until we have lived it. It belongs to us, not simply because it has been transmitted to us, but because it is the outgrowth and expression of our own hearts and thoughts. In the last analysis that only is yours or mine which we have ourselves experienced.

The flag of our country is floating upon some gala-day. A boy cheers for it, and is proud of it; and well he may be! But what does it mean to him? What does he know of it when compared with the old soldier who has fought for that flag on a dozen battle-fields? The veteran might speak to the boy in this wise: "My child, I am glad to see that you early begin to love and honor that flag. Let it always be your guide and inspiration. But it does not mean quite as much to you as it does to me. You look at that banner, and see simply the emblem of a country of which you are proud. But, as I look at it, I see in the blue field behind those stars the picture of a young man leaving his home at the call of that country when in danger. He bids farewell to his father and mother. He has been the strong staff upon which they have leaned; but he must leave them now, and he does it in silence and sorrow. Their trembling lips bless him as he departs. He hastens to the camp. I see him with thousands of others upon the march. They reach a strange country. I see them making their way through many a tangled wilderness. I see them under the cold stars, I see them under the blistering sun. I look again: there are clouds of smoke and lightning flashes of musketry. I see that young man in many another battle. At length he is stricken down, and carried to the rear. He is not dead, but he will never march again. He is sent home; and all the years that lie before him he hobbles through life on crutches. Do you wonder that I love it, when my career, written in my best blood, is inscribed on its folds?"

How proud a man is of his religious label! Let us not blame him. But how much does the name mean to him? What has it cost him? What has he put into it? How much of his life and thought has gone to make that name? What fiery trials have spelled it out? What sacrifices does it represent? Or is it only of value to him as it stands for some secular interest or some social position? The name will be really precious only as it sums up or embodies an experience that goes down to the centre of his being, only as it is inscribed in living letters upon his heart.

II. Not only is there danger that mere words and titles in religion may make us insincere or superficial, but that they may also make us exclusive and bigoted.

Here, again, we have need of the lesson that Jacob was taught,—that we must evermore and evermore seek realities rather than names.

1. Never allow a name to become a bar to investigation.

Do not refuse to hear what a man has to say, if he *has* anything to say, because you do not like his label. Let a minister, for example, speak of the universal love and goodness that fold this erring world like a beautiful mantle that can be trusted in all

worlds, and the heart of the hearer is glad, until some mail-clad deacon upon the watch-tower, on the look-out for heresy, suggests: "This is verging toward liberalism. Our minister will be a Universalist or Unitarian first thing you know." Then the mind of the hearer closes with a "bang." Instead of asking, "What truth has this man to teach?" he will stay no longer. The name frightens him. He wants a council called to try the minister for teaching "false and heretical and damnable doctrines." And, on the other hand, there are many liberals who would have just as little patience with Orthodoxy. The bigotry is not all on one side. Let truth stand on its own basis, by whatever name it may be known.

So, again, in science. To how many the names of Darwin and Huxley and Spencer are synonymous with all sorts of warfare upon religion! With many people, if you call a man a Darwinian or an evolutionist, you might just as well go a little farther, and call him the Prince of Darkness, and have done with it. For, if he believes that the universe grew through many ages, and was not manufactured in six days, they think he is trying to undermine Christianity; and they will hear no word of explanation. They cannot conceive that one may so hold the teachings of science as to entertain higher and better ideas of God and man. It is not what a man has to say, but what people call him, that determines whether he shall have a hearing. The terms "radical" and "conservative" are supposed to end all debate. Neither side thinks that there is truth enough in the other to warrant investigation. Real reformers—those who have the welfare of their fellows genuinely at heart—are often refused an audience, because they have been mistakenly classified under some term that belongs to the enemies of society. If a man proposes changes in existing conditions, no matter what the change may be, he is too often stigmatized as an "anarchist." Juliet did not know what she was talking about when she said that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." There is a great deal more smell in the name than in the rose, especially if it be a bad name. Nothing can exceed the power of a name to prejudice people. There was a time when the Puritans of New England called the Episcopalians "atheists" because they used the Book of Common Prayer. They could not conceive how any one could believe in God who read prayers to him out of a book.

What an important part nicknames have played in history! They have done as much as statesmanship and gunpowder. Every one knows how the terms "Black Republican" and "Copperhead" were bandied during the Civil War. And long before the epithet "Federalist" was used by way of reproach. It did not matter whether the origin or meaning of the derisive title was known or not: all that was necessary to awaken prejudice was simply to pronounce it. Judge Gaston of North Carolina relates that, in travelling on his circuit through the backwoods of the State, he learned that the people of a certain town had elected a Democrat in place of a Whig to serve them in the legislature. He asked the reason of this change, and his informant, an honest, rough-looking man, replied, "We didn't re-elect Mr. A., because he's a fetheral." "A fetheral!" exclaimed the judge. "What's a fetheral?" "I don't know," was the reply, "but it ain't a human!" An old writer well said, "You have only to paint an angel black, and people will surely take him for the devil." Give a man a name that frightens people, he may have truth and reason upon his side, but they will never listen. His voice will be that of one crying in the wilderness.

2. Never allow a name to become a barrier in the way of fellowship.

Many religious sects live to-day simply because they were once started, not because they are longer needed. They took names that at first justified their origin. The differences their names indicate, in many cases, no longer exist. But the name cannot be given up. This is why so many villages have more churches than they can support. This is why the question is so rarely asked, "What kind of a man is he?" but always, "What church does he belong to?" Not—"Does he love God and his neighbor?" but—"What is his label?" And very often the label ends the matter. "Well, I shouldn't think he would attend *that* church: that's all I want to know about him." Here are two lumps of quartz. One of them says of the other, "The idea that there should be any gold in that rough, angular-looking thing!" And the other

says, "That lump did not come from the same rock I did; and I'm very sure there can be no gold there." But after a while they are ground down in the mill, and the grains of gold are separated from the mass: they are melted together, and shine in the same jewel, adorning the same crown. We might as well be fraternal in this world; for whatever gold there may be in any of us, however we be divided one from another, will be brought together in the next world, to form a crown for the King of kings. And no one can tell then from what particular lump of quartz or from which church the gold came. If we have to live together at last in heaven, we might as well shake hands down here sometimes.

III. There is danger that we shall be satisfied with mere names in religion, and thus we shall cease to grow in our apprehension of things divine.

How little of the deepest truth can be expressed in words and names!

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Heart to heart can never teach
What unto itself was taught!"

There has never been a love worth having that could express itself completely. Never was there a true prayer that could voice the feelings to perfection. If you can tell all about your religion, it is not worth the telling. We cannot talk of it as we do of other matters, because it lies so much deeper. A clergyman relates: "I called once upon an old man suddenly threatened with death. He was a parishioner. We had met many times before, but for some reason had never spoken of religion. It never seemed to come naturally around that we should. If you judged by the ordinary standards, you would say that man had lived indifferent to these great themes. At that trying hour, as I stood by his bed in silence, he raised his dying head from his pillow, and simply said, 'I want to tell you, I feel—I am conscious—I have tried to live, —I can't tell you, but I know it is all right.' And then the tears came to his eyes, and he grasped my hand as if saying: *Do* you understand? *Can* you understand? And these few broken words were to me a better proof of the reality of that man's faith than if he had repeated by rote all the creeds of Christendom."

And our thought of God!

"Who dare express Him,
And yet profess Him,
Saying, I believe in Him?"

From the clamor of tongues, from the strife of parties, from the confusion of creeds, let one withdraw himself, and listen to the inward voice, falling back upon his native convictions. Here is your starting-point: in spite of doubts and fears, you may know, though you may not be able to tell how, though you can put your hand upon no tangible evidence reduced to propositions, that there must be, that there *is*, a larger life in this universe, broader, deeper than your own,—a life of which yours is but the dim image, as far off upon the horizon one sees at night a faint flush upon the sky, and knows that somewhere a mighty conflagration is raging, of which this glow is but the reflection.

But who can name him? Who can throw around him the boundary line of a definition? Augustine says, "God exists more truly than he can be thought of: he can be thought of more truly than he can be spoken of." Even in the New Testament there is no attempt to reduce God to a formula. Now, as then, our experience will shape our expression; and the more we live, the higher our thought soars, the deeper our feeling goes, the more will the expression change. One who is in doubt and perplexity suddenly finds his problem solved, looks up, and exclaims, "*God is Light!*" Another, to whom human affection has brought more joy and peace than his wildest dreams had pictured, in the midst of his family and in the society of his friends lifts up his heart in thankfulness, and says, "*God is Love!*" Another who has sorrowed, but whose sorrow has turned into tenderness, will speak of him as the "*God of all Comfort!*" Still another who, by severe discipline, has found the better way, who has been made to smart for his transgressions, in a moment of awe and gratitude acknowledges, "*Our God is a Consuming Fire!*" One who has thought of him as local and partial,—as did the woman of Samaria,—in conversation with those who can enlarge the sphere of his vision, will come to see at last that neither in Samaria's sacred mountain nor yet at Jerusalem does God exclusively dwell; for "*God is a Spirit!*"

Thus in various ways do we reach him, by various names do we know him. Each new experience modifies the old name, and opens the way to new possibilities. Eternity itself will not exhaust the revelations. There, as here, we shall move forward; and the word that will lead our upward march through endless ages will be the same that has shone before us on the toilsome pathway of earth, gilding our hills of difficulty, lighting our valleys of humiliation, shining upon seas of storm, comforting in deserts of loneliness and desolation,—the word "God." But it will blaze with ever-increasing brightness, it will expand with perpetually multiplying elements of beauty.

EVOLUTION.

I. ITS LIMITATIONS.

[This article was submitted by the editor of the *Unitarian* to Rev. E. P. Powell, one of the ablest writers in this country upon the religious bearings of evolution. Mr. Powell's reply to its questions and objections follows the article.]

There is one side of evolution which, in all my reading, I have failed to see discussed. Evolution, with all of its truth, has become a fetich with many minds. It has been placed upon a throne, and worshipped; and its power has been invoked on every occasion and for all sorts of purposes. Now, I am an evolutionist of the deepest dye. I stand by every proved fact of evolutionists, and with them I accept hypotheses consistent with known facts or made necessary by them. Of course, standing as a Christian minister, I cannot be supposed to have much in common with materialistic evolutionists. If evolution is materialistic, then it is either untrue or there is no such thing as religion. I hold, with John Fiske, Herbert Spencer, E. P. Powell, and John Tyndall, that atheism is intellectual suicide. So, then, it shall not be my purpose in this article to prove that true evolution is not atheistic; but, to prove that that form of evolution which is accepted by many so-called Christians is purely so, I feel that I have a right to assert that that statement of evolution is atheistic which says (1) That matter is non-created (and non-destructible); (2) that force is the same, therefore a quality of matter; (3) that life is evolved from non-life, or that matter *per se* is alive, and that organic life is simply a form of material energy; (4) that man is derived completely from the lower animals, or, as a recent writer has put it, that "man has been evolved, *body and soul*, from a lower animal form."

If matter is eternal, it needed no creator. Matter is not matter without its attributes; and, if it and its attributes existed always, then it has not required a God of any description to plan its course or direct it in its progress from the original *nebula* to man.

This is not the old false cry of putting law in the place of God, for that cry was false, because there was left the most commanding necessity for God; but here there is none.

Again, if it is assumed that life is simply a new and more complicated exhibition of cosmic (chemic) force, then all that comes from that (unless some new element is introduced from above, which is "special creationism") *must* be of the nature of that from which it is derived; namely, material. So all that we can know or can feel is of the earth, earthy. And, further than that, when the peculiar conditions under which these thoughts or these feelings have been produced have passed away, then they must be eternally impossible. Love, aspiration, and hope, coming under the law of conservation of force, are changed to heat, light, and electricity.

It is an easy thing to say that all of the qualities of manhood are derived from similar qualities in the lower animals. We can satisfactorily demonstrate that man's body was thus derived, and perhaps that many of his qualities have thus come down to him. But, when we say *all* have been thus derived, we make a statement which, if true, has most tremendous significance. If all that man has, has come to him by evolution, then one of these three conclusions is absolutely required:—

1. Animals have no souls,—*i.e.*, are not immortal; and, therefore, man has no soul, and will not live forever.

2. Animals have souls, low in power, but still immortal; and man is but a developed type of this soul. An amœba has an eternity of life as well as you or I.

3. Animals have a germ soul; *i.e.*, are partly immortal. As they progress in the

scale, they become more immortal. In the same way some men are one-half immortal, and others are two-thirds immortal, etc.

This sounds ridiculous; yet it is forced upon us by the very facts in the case, unless we make that hated "special creation" assumption.

Man cannot be immortal unless animals are, unless there is such a thing as progressive immortality. We cannot conceive of a thing's becoming immortal by progression. It is the old mathematical problem of trying to get infinity by adding finite quantities. A being either is immortal or is not. There is no chance for evolution here.

When science demonstrates that *all* man has he has derived from his animal ancestors, then I, for one, am ready to give up my hopes of immortality or grant the same hope to the amœba and the flea.

Now, I would be the last one to exclude the scientist from any legitimate field. The reason we have had so much error in the past is that the scientific spirit has been wanting. But this we have, certainly, a right to say: that each class of workers must confine themselves to work that is of the nature of their specialty as long as they stick to one method. I do not deny the coal-digger the right to polish diamonds; but I do say that, when he would polish diamonds, he must lay his pick aside and take up the emery and the flame.

Evolution is a process of change. It has no word to say about beginnings. It recognizes this in regard to matter. It does not attempt to say that matter was evolved because it has not any supposable material out of which to evolve it. Nor does it stand paralyzed before this problem. It assumes this beginning. Well, assuming matter, our path is clear from primeval chaos to a world complete, but dead. But another more startling thing confronts us. Here is life. Whence came it? We try in our laboratories to create matter. It cannot be done: therefore, we assume that no material agency can produce it. We try to generate life in the laboratory. We cannot do it. There is not one particle of proof that archebiosis is a possibility. Well, what does the evolutionist do here? Does he make the same assumption as before? Oh, no! He now assumes that possibly, ages before, such a process could have been a success. He inveighs most vigorously against the dogmatism of religionists; and yet where, I ask, in all religion is there a more flat-footed *prima facie* dogma than this of the creation of life from non-life?

Something besides evolution was necessary in the creation of matter: the Christian said "God." There is something necessary here besides evolution: the Christian still says 'God."

But, if evolution can be evoked here to perform this miracle, then again God is driven out. Remember, I do not say that it cannot be; but, if so, there is no use of God here, as there was no use of him in the beginning. I am not arguing with atheists: I am only pleading with Christians not to make those assumptions which, if true, would forever do away the need of a religion. If they are proved true, I, as a lover of truth, will bow my head, and accept them, and sit with broken heart at the tomb of my loved ones.

But, passing upward from the beginnings of life, the path of evolution is smooth again until we come to man. We can easily see all the evidence that points to the origin of man's body. It is plain that that is a brute inheritance. Man's brain, too, is one differing, perhaps mainly in quantity, from his brute ancestors. But we find accompanying these characteristics a something different in kind. Always we find in man a religion, a hope, an aspiration, an ideal. We find in him something which is distinctly above the physical plane, and above physical condition. This something we call a soul. I am not now arguing for its existence to the atheist, but I am speaking of that which all Christians and religionists of all ages assume. Whence came this something? No laboratory test can be applied here except the vast laboratory of human experience. That has told us that this something is common to all humanity, and was absent from all brute creation. Can it be evolved from that which did not contain it? If it did contain it, has it not an immortality such as ours? There is no chance for difference in *degree* here: it is difference in quality, or else is the same. Immortality is not a quality alone, but it is a quantity. It has a time element. We cannot conceive of some animals living five minutes after death and some ten, some a

day, some a year, some ten years, and so on, till we had one that should never die.

So, here again is a beginning. But evolution is powerless in beginnings. It has nothing to say of them. It says: You give me material, and I'll tell you what happens. You give me matter and force, and I'll create a world. You give me life, and I'll evolve a man. You give me soul, and out of a savage I'll evolve a Newton or a Christ.

So I feel that it is a dangerous admission on the part of a theist to acknowledge that matter and force need no creator, that life is evolved from non-life, that all man has he has obtained from brute ancestors.

Now, I am not making *a priori* arguments. If these things were proved, I should accept them; but they are absolutely unproved. So why play into the hands of the atheist by accepting exactly the conditions that he needs to totally wreck your system of religion? If these points are true, as you seem willing to assume, you are certainly illogical to hold to any religion. There is no room for any. It will not avail to say that God has been *in* the world always. Then the world is God, God cannot be distinct from matter. But the necessity of a God disappears, as far as we are concerned, if we are to die, and never *know* him. There can be no evolved immortality: that is unthinkable. And so, with these conditions accepted, the atheist is standing upon the "impregnable rock," and we upon the sinking sands. But, with these points held in our favor,—and all science is upon that side to the unprejudiced thinker,—God is all in all, the maker of all, and the giver of life and immortality. So, then, not believing in miracles, we yet see the necessity for the *creating act of God, at three points in the world's history* at least, namely: first, in the creation of *matter* and of *force;* second, in the creation of *life;* and, third, in the creation of *soul.* But God is also present in evolutionary methods every moment, and in every phenomenon. All physical activity, then, is but the action, the result, of this thinking of God. A. C. GRIER.

La Crosse, Wis.

If you can't pay for a thing, don't buy it. If you can't get paid for it, don't sell it. So you will have calm days, drowsy nights, all the good business you have now, and none of the bad.—*Ruskin.*

EVOLUTION.

II. IS IT A FAILURE?

The article (immediately preceding) which you kindly allow me to examine pleases me for its frankness, straightforwardness, and art of putting things. There surely are some great difficulties for mortal man to encounter in any effort to solve the problem of the universe. Evolution as held by any rational man does not profess to expound and clear away all that stumbles the reason, nor to make absolutely clear all that is open to investigation. It barely assumes that no hypothesis so well suits all the data concerning the processes of development, physical and psychical, as does that propounded by Darwin and Spencer and their followers.

But at the outset we must see that evolution is in no way responsible for the doctrine that matter is non-created and non-destructible. This conception of matter was reached by science before Darwin wrote a line. The same must also be said concerning the non-creatibility and non-destructibility of force. If we are to contend with these propositions, which will be a serious matter, we must understand that we are not touching on any part of the evolution hypothesis; and we must not mix the two intents. It may be well to stop a moment, however, to note the difficulty which the author sees in the way of accepting this fundamental principle of every school of modern philosophy and of science. "If matter is eternal, it needed no Creator; and . . . it has not required a God of any description to plan its course or direct it in its progress from the original nebula to man." I should much prefer to refer the writer to Leibnitz, Spinoza, Hegel, and all the earlier scientists of this century concerning this question of the non-creatibility of substance; but is it not in his mind a difficulty arising from intimacy with those theistic writers who speak of "pushing God as far back as possible" and making room for law? I quote that masterly leader of the theists, Prof. Diman, while Porter and others essentially use the same language. Law, as revealed in the physical universe by the Newtonian theorems and by Laplace, was so clearly *doing* the work of

world-making that it was necessary to put God farther back, and make him the giver of the law. Science does not get the credit, but it nevertheless has done this: it has stopped pushing God back and back, and as far back as possible, and has brought him right forward again, to the very front. It uses the language of Paul,—"There is one God over all, *in* all, through all." That is, science does not teach, at least not now, the unspirituality of the universe; but it denies with emphasis and anger the materiality thereof. I should find it difficult to name ten leading scientists of America who speak of the universe as mere mechanism. Cope, Le Conte, Ward, Shaler, Fiske, are very happy illustrations of the drift of science and investigation. Will you read Cope's "Origin of the Fittest" and Shaler's "Interpretation of Nature"? Cope says evolution is "an attempt to formulate the thoughts and plans of the Author of the universe." Shaler says: "It seems now as if the end of the long dispute between the materialists and the spiritualists may soon come, through the growing conviction of physicists that all matter is but a mode of action, of energy; that the physical universe is not a congeries of atoms which are inert, except when stirred by dynamic powers; that all phenomena whatever are but manifestations of power. In other words, the students of nature are nearer those who have trusted for guidance to the divining sense than ever before." "Naturalists are driven to hypothecate the presence in the universe of conditions which are best explained by the supposition that the direction of affairs is in the control of something like our own intelligence." In other words, you will not find science denying the infinite eternal intelligence and life in the universe. This is the glory of science,—that it has driven out materialism. It has abolished the idea of a universe, a God,—a universe and a God,—and given us a God universally present and operating in matter. Mind and matter are no more to be conceived of as separate in the universal than in the individual. The universe can be rationally conceived only as One Absolute, including eternally all the material and all the spiritual. Now, the theory which science has exploded really gave us an eternity of lawlessness till God devised law, and an eternity of deathfulness till, at a certain time, God said, Let us create living creatures.

Evolution, I said, is no way responsible for this conviction of the unity of the universe; the idea that the universe is alive with Deity; that his will, his presence, is in every part, in molecules as in constellations; that God interpenetrates all, as Prof. Seelye expresses it. But evolution has gladly accepted and worked on this basis. Dean Burgon well says: "We cannot get on without mysteries. It is a great mystery why God left the universe lifeless until at a time he concluded to create." I do not quote his exact words. Evolution has never said anything about these mysteries. It assumes they exist only in the minds of those who are compelled to accept of Mosaic science and mediæval philosophy. It goes on quietly assuming that there is eternal law and will and life, and tries to explain the process of life and purpose in its unfolding within the possible range of our investigation. You may say that all science is henceforth "a study of God," if you choose, or, dropping that term, "of eternal will and intelligence."

This seems to me to be a just statement of the nature of evolution as a working philosophy of science. It is not necessary to say the hypothesis of evolution has had a little evolution of its own; yet it is quite natural that it should have been so. The grandeur of the idea as applied to life, forms, and functions by Darwin, dazed investigators at first; and no one could for an hour say what it was coming to.

It is quite another question to which the author of the paper quickly introduces us: "Again, if it is assumed that life is simply a new and more complicated exhibition of cosmic force, then all attributes of life, when the conditions that developed them have passed away, must be material; and all knowledge, all feeling, is of the earth, earthy." I slightly compress the statement. If we have safely gone through the previous proposition, and felt the presence of infinite, loving, purposeful life, it hardly seems necessary any farther to be troubled with materialism or any of its children. The beginning of organic life-forms on this earth, it is true, remains as a puzzle. It is possible that Sir William Thompson's theory will yet find demonstration,—that the first living cells

reached this planet in meteoric carriage. It may be true, as some have theorized, that, when the conditions of origination are present, universal life will become particular life. This problem Darwin resolutely refused to touch. He said he assumed a creator, and only proposed to trace the process of life-development. Later evolutionists go farther, and say a creator helps the case none at all; for we can get things *ab nihilo* quite as well, without assuming an unaccounted for creator. There practically are but two hypotheses: (1) All is eternal, both intelligence and matter. There is no cessation of the development of mind and matter. Frederick Robertson calls matter "the body of God." (2) There was an eternal Being who did not fill all the universe, in some sense was above the universe, who by a potential will from nothing caused all that is to be. On the first theory we live in God: on the second we live in what he has created. On the first theory all that is always was and always will be: on the second theory he who created can uncreate; and no one can tell but he may, at some point of time, uncreate the whole.

But it is impossible to justly handle such questions in the compressed form of an article such as you can admit to the columns of the *Unitarian*. I have discussed the one noted above, to the best of my ability, in "our heredity from God," and can only refer the writer to what is there said.

The subject of our immortality, as stated by the writer, follows. Animals having common origin with us, and we being but developed animals, they must be in the same category with us, sharing the same lot, or, reversing the proposition, we must share the lot of other animals. Before replying, allow me to add a proposition equally troublesome, but one that evolution is not accountable for. If all men are created immortal, and no animals are, then the vilest wretches, the product of long heredity of a criminal sort,—creatures whom we confess to be incurable products of vice and crime,—are as immortal as Gladstone and Whittier. The next life must be a turbulent mob of good and bad and worst, or there must be a separation of a few into paradise and the bulk into what they will make hell. Have we become so familiar with this latter conception as to be patient with it? If you compel me to a choice between the Apache Indians and their ponies, I vastly prefer the latter. But, having bluntly stated the argument by retort, I am ready to say that evolution has never assumed to settle the question of animal immortality. It is a problem that is just as seriously in the way of those who hold to a creation *ab nihilo*. The only reply given under that hypothesis is that God has *given* eternal life to man, and not to the animals.

But, if I read the Bible aright, it bids us find our life in God. "That they all may be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they all may be one in us." The idea of Jesus and Paul and John seems to be that we are to seek to identify ourselves and our purposes with the Eternal. To become thus one with the purpose and intent of the universe is to become one with vital being in a grand co-operative unity. "I and my Father are one."

No writer on evolution has ever, to my knowledge, gone on any other path than I have suggested. There is a process in the evolution of being that rises from mere consciousness to a consciousness of himself as having moral obligation and intellectual duties. From this standpoint, man obtains a conception of that Being which is eternal, necessary, absolute, and of the relation of himself to such Being, as having with him unity of purpose and unity of will and unity of the involved consequence; that is, moral joy. He therefore logically and lovingly expresses this relation in father and child. Evolution, from that point, becomes the unfolding of the ties involved in the new relation attained by rightness. On the side of man to succeed is life, to fail is moral degeneration. On the part of God the obligation is to meet every moral uplook of his child with sustenance. Evolution leaves the question at this point: What is the finality of the degenerating? That question remains. It is a glorious field for hope. All we can be assured of is that the secret of eternal life lies not in our physical (animal) heredity, but in our heredity of the Eternal Moral Purpose (God). He that wills with the Supreme Right is saved from degeneration, which is the only death. Behold your life is hid in God. It certainly will be excusable if I refer for a fuller dis-

cussion to my book, "Our Heredity from God."

If now the writer to whom I reply will read Cope's "Origin of the Fittest," he will see that he is not warranted in saying that evolution assumes a beginning. It denies it. As for the assumption of life, I have involved in what I have already said an answer to that. "From whence came life?" Emphatically from *life*,—LIFE. Evolution denies any rise of either matter or life or intelligence from nothing, or from an inadequate origin. "The creation of life from non-life" is so far from the trend of evolutionary argument that I wonder at its attribution. Evolution has for its very cornerstone, *Nothing* can be originated *ab nihilo*. Only Mr. Bastian has attempted to demonstrate spontaneous origination of life. Prof. Tyndall tumbled him and his tests out of sight forever.

My friend—for he is not an antagonist, since we are both children of God and both looking upward—will see that what he argues ahead really involves no new proposition. But it does involve that intense warm love for the divinely good, and that deep desire to know God, to see the right path, with which every honest soul sympathizes. But why can he not see that there is exactly as much comfort in saying that life is created from nothing as to say it is evolved from nothing? Both propositions are equally comforting, equally irrational; and we can afford to drop them. There is a far better Christian and evolution doctrine; for there is one God over all, in whom we live and move and have our being. But I find myself, at the very last, slightly annoyed when I read that "it will not avail to say that God has been *in* the world always; for then the world is God. God cannot be distinct from matter." I have been in my body from its conception. Am I not distinct from the matter which I waste every day and renew daily? The proposition is astounding. Suppose we say, "God has been in the world from its origin by creation; therefore, the world is God. God cannot be distinct from matter." The logic is as good in one case as in the other. But I imagine it is not acceptable to either party. It is a case of *non-sequitur*. However, let us not disagree any farther than we need. The one great end, surely, is to find the life that in us grows unto life eternal, and unto Him who is, who was, and ever will be our Father. E. P. POWELL.

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SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

The religious world has not yet ceased to discuss the subject of salvation. It has been the great theme of revivalists and theologians and preachers for hundreds of years, and the matter has not been fully settled yet. What is the nature of salvation? How is it effected? What are its results? These questions still need to be discussed, though they may have been answered thousands of times and settled in the estimation of those who have answered them. Still, they will come up for solution, and we must consider them; for they are practical questions, and, to some extent, upon the manner in which we answer them depends their influence over our lives and conduct. In this brief article I throw out a few suggestions only.

No intelligent reader of the Bible can get the idea from Christ or the apostles that salvation is deliverance from a hell of eternal torments, for they never use it in that sense. The original Greek word σώζω means, in a physical sense, deliverance from peril, to make well, to restore to health, to heal It is used in the instance of Jesus' miracles to indicate restoration to health: "Thy faith hath *made thee whole*," addressed to the woman whom he had healed (Matt. ix. 22). The ruler of the synagogue addressed him, saying, "My little daughter is at the point of death: I pray thee, that thou come and lay thy hands on her, that she *may be healed*" (Mark v. 23). So the noun is used by Paul in the same sense. "Take some food: for this is for your *health*" (Acts xxvii. 34). By an easy transition it was applied to spiritual deliverance, or salvation from sin. "He shall save his people from their sins" (Matt. i. 21). "The Son of man came to seek and save that which is lost" (Luke xix. 10). Jesus came to save the world,—that is, from sin,—and give spiritual health. So the gospel is called "the power of God unto salvation" (Rom. i. 16). And this is wrought through Christ, the Deliverer. The name Jesus means a Saviour, or Healer. He is so called because he came to deliver men from their sin.

And this opens before us an interesting aspect of the question. Jesus is the great physician. (Matt. ix. 12). "They that be whole [or well] need not a physician, but they that are sick." The sinner is sick, morally diseased. He needs a physician. Jesus is that physician. He came to cure. "For God sent not his Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world through him might be saved" (cured) (John iii. 17). So "the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations" (Rev. xx. 2).

Sin is a disease, not of the body, but of the soul. It is not natural, but abnormal. Health is normal; disease, abnormal, or unnatural. Man was created upright. He is a sinner because he wilfully transgressed God's laws. He thus brought spiritual sickness and death upon himself. He is in a state of alienation from God. This is not his natural condition. It is contrary to the will of God who made his laws to be obeyed. It is hostile to the sinner's peace, for there is no peace to the wicked. It is estrangement from his heavenly Father's house, for he has wandered away, and sought pleasure among rebels and outcasts. He is starving and helpless; he is prostrated on a bed of pain and disease. Jesus, the physician, comes to cure him. He comes not to judge, to torment, to kill, but to heal. He applies the remedy. If the patient accepts it, and follows the directions, he is made whole, his disease is driven away. He is put into a condition in which he can relish healthy food. His strength gradually returns. Jesus is his Deliverer. Gospel truth is his medicine. He is saved by it.

¶ I suppose no one who reads the New Testament understandingly will deny that it teaches clearly and emphatically the doctrine that Jesus is the Saviour of sinners. "In none other is there salvation; for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). Jesus' spirit, personal influence, and redeeming love, as expressly manifested in his death on the cross, shall take hold of us, diseased in sin, suffering, racked with pain as we are, and raise us up, and restore us to life and health. He came here for this very purpose. We are to believe in him. Faith in him is an essential condition of our salvation. "By faith are ye saved." He says: "He that believeth on me hath eternal [or spiritual] life." Spiritual redemption and spiritual health will be ours. We shall be cured of all our moral maladies.

And Jesus is a sufficient Saviour. He is endowed with all resources to do his appointed work. "His name is above every [other] name." It is a talisman to draw all souls to himself. He came to reconcile sinners to God. "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world" (1 John xi. 2). He is competent to heal, and he will heal. "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied." He will draw all men to himself. Salvation is sometimes called character. This is not inconsistent with our position. Jesus is the physician. He cures the sinner of his moral maladies: he gradually restores him to health by removing disease and bringing him back to a state of purity, in which he can grow in grace to the full perfection of the highest character. This is the end of his being, and this is the object of Christ's mission into the world.

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THE "HIGHER CRITICISM" UNDER FIRE.

A notable series of lectures has just been given in this city [London] in opposition to the methods and conclusions of the more advanced school of Biblical scholars. I think a brief account of the same may interest the readers of the *Unitarian*. I refer to the "Merchants' Lectures," delivered by the well-known Congregationalist minister, Rev. J. Guinness Rogers.

Mr. Rogers is a (metaphorically) striking member of the Church Militant. Anglicanism, Ritualism, Sacerdotalism, Priestism, and all their allies, are his favorite targets; and he hits them with pointed arrows. Mr. Rogers is now giving Sacramentarianism a period of rest from his weapons, while he aims his shafts at the "Higher Criticism." Prof. Cheyne, Prof. Driver, Prof. Ryle, Robertson Smith, and other Biblical scholars are effecting a complete revolution in the historical study of the Bible, especially the Old Testament, its origin and growth. Mr. Rogers represents those whose faith and patience are severely strained by this revolution. He attempts to decry the criti-

cal study of the Old Testament on *a priori* grounds. His cardinal objection to it is that it takes no account of the spiritual value and fruitfulness of the Bible. For instance, he states: "The work the Bible has effected is the best answer to all critics. It inspires the faint-hearted, and strengthens those endeavoring to do God's work. It puts the bridle upon human passsion, and spurs the noblest and best in human purposes and human affections. The writers of the Psalms, upon which so much criticism is being expended, were holy men, and spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. The criticism of man, therefore, was of no avail."

This is an echo of the assaults made years ago on Dr. Davidson, Bishop Colenso, the "Essayists and Reviewers," the author of "Supernatural Religion," Prof. Robertson Smith; and it is somewhat surprising that Mr. Rogers has not learned what is patent and incontestable,—that the real power of the Bible has gained immensely as the main positions of these writers have become established. Mr. Rogers fails to distinguish between the historic evolution of the Bible as the record of a nation's religious thought and life and the permanent elements of the thought and life which it reports. It is a confusion commonly made; but for a leader and teacher among Congregationalists to fall into it, to betray no suspicion that he is confounding things which are essentially different, makes one almost despair of attempting to produce in the popular mind accuracy and clearness of thought.

The historical origin of particular doctrines or ideas which are expressed in the Old or the New Testament does not touch the question of their spiritual value. Yet Mr. Rogers does not see, or at least does not acknowledge, this fundamental distinction. He would at once recognize it, and insist upon it in other fields of investigation. Take "Hamlet." What materials did Shakspere use in composing that tragedy? What of those materials did Shakspere reject, what accept, sublimate, and illuminate with his divine light? What excisions, additions, or alterations have been made by editors of the drama? What in it is local and temporary, what universal and permanent? These are questions which, Mr. Rogers would confess, are radically different from the intellectual and moral teaching of the tragedy, and questions the solution of which does not weaken, or in the least degree affect, those thoughts of the drama which penetrate to the innermost parts of our being, which continue to move and thrill, to awe and inspire us, to find their response and their verification in the depths of our own souls, whatever our opinion on the literary history of the play. Mr. Rogers shrinks from applying this method to the Bible. With him, the inspiring power of its spirit and of much of its teaching makes "the criticism of man of no avail." His view may be good reason for special caution and reserve in accepting new ideas; but it is idle to invoke the spiritual influence of the Bible to defeat critical and historical research, conducted upon sound principles and limited to its proper sphere. It would seem, indeed, a very pious act to trace the origin of all those difficulties, incongruities, and contradictions which have caused in many minds a total rejection of the Bible, and been a fruitful source of infidelity. The "higher criticism" is the ministrant to a nobler faith.

Mr. Rogers says, "The whole attitude of the critical school is dogmatic." Let us see. Prof. Cheyne is one of the most advanced of "Higher Critics." He has recently been giving an interesting series of discourses on the Sermon on the Mount at All Saints' Church, Norfolk Square, in this city. Believing in the fearless application of scientific principles to the study and interpretation of the Bible, he urged his hearers to welcome every endeavor to liberate the interpretation of the Gospels from the bondage of preconceived opinions. He maintained that, though the Christ who is made known to us by such free inquiry, may not be exactly the Christ of any current theological system, yet he is One who is fairer than the sons of men, and can at once give rest to our souls and stability to our social order. "The whole attitude of the critical school is dogmatic!" exclaims Mr. Rogers. What an unpardonable misapprehension! What are the chief practical conclusions Prof. Cheyne draws from the early part of the great composite sermon? The first is that the religion of Jesus Christ is joy and peace. So far from impoverishing

or mutilating human nature, it enriches and expands it. The second is that, though its highest blessings are spiritual, this religion aims incidentally at a transformation of the material conditions of life. The true Christian need not be a political partisan, but must be interested in social as well as religious reform, and should not be surprised or distressed if he meets with opposition. A third lesson coming from Christ's reinterpretation of the law of murder is that to be a citizen of the kingdom of heaven is no easy thing. The responsibilities of citizenship are equal to its privileges. The law which governs Christ's sermon extends to the thoughts and imaginations of the heart, and it is more exacting than that of Moses. We cannot, as a nation, go backward. Nothing can erase the first elements of Christ's teaching from our hearts. The future of Christianity depends in no slight degree upon ourselves, upon the degree in which we have learned to apply the principles of Christ's life and teaching to our national and individual wants. Our religion is based ultimately on a few great, simple, but deep truths, elucidated and verified by a few great facts. Jesus Christ has revealed those truths; and, by himself being in perfect accordance with them, he has proved that he came from God, not merely to be a revealer of truth, but a Saviour from sin. That which he was in the days of his flesh, he is still,—the lifter up of fallen and oppressed humanity. Shall we grudge any pains in finding out the most historical form of the early traditions of his life? Will not study, if pursued in this spirit, become the purest act of faith? Will it not bring us nearer to that glorious Being who is so simple and so truly human in all his ways, and yet in the perfection of his communion with God so truly divine,—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"? This imperfect summary of Prof. Cheyne's conclusions on that Sermon on the Mount is a sufficient commentary on Mr. Guinness Rogers's inconsiderate dictum, "The whole attitude of the critical school is dogmatic!" The contrast between the temper of the two men is noticeable. Mr. Rogers attempts to cry down accomplished scholars, whose sole crime is a wish to communicate what they consider truth on topics of great moment. Prof. Cheyne offers contributions toward the propagation, not simply of right opinion, but also of a right temper and attitude, with reference to question on the literary history of the Old Testament. The spirit in which these questions are approached is more important than an immediate solution of them; and there are abundant and increasing signs of the spread of a right and wise spirit. Mr. Guinness Rogers, however, unhappily, presents an exception. I have singled him out because he is a representative man. The Bishop of Liverpool and Dr. Joseph Parker have spoken in the same strain. These in recent addresses, and Mr. Rogers in his Merchants' lectures, made plainly manifest that they have not given to the subject that patient examination and re-examination of the evidence out of which only solutions of the questions at issue can come.

S. Fletcher Williams.

London, Eng.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF TRUTH.

Trust not the judgment of a mere specialist. He who knows nothing but his speciality knows not that. It is because some scientists have studied nature too much in fragments that they have banished God from the universe. It is not the great scientists, but the small ones, that lose sight of God. The trend of science is to bind all the differences of the world into an organic whole. If we could know completely one thing, even a tiny dew-drop that sparkles like a diamond in the sunrise, we should know all things. So there is true wisdom, as well as true beauty, in Tennyson's song to the flower: —

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower,—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Just as in science man puts the world under different laws until in time he arrives at the grand conception of a universal law, so in religion he puts the world under different gods until he finally gets the belief of one God.

Each sect in religion has had a fraction of truth, in some cases a splendid fraction; but it has mistaken the fraction for the whole number.

What is the most significant characteristic of the intellectual life of the century? It is the decay of sectarianism in science, in medicine, in the philosophy of government, in literature, in education, in religion. The progress of any sect may be measured by the extent to which it has moved forward into the broad, free empire of the fellowship of all truth and all men. The utterances of the wise men of the Parliament of Religions was the divine symphony of intellectual liberty and human fraternity.

The sectarian is like the man who looks at the starry firmament through a small tube: one star occupies his whole vision. Thus he looks at religions: one truth fills the whole mental horizon. But God has many stars shining in their lustrous beauty; and he has many rays of truth streaming into the mind of the race. The sun illuminates all the planets as they go whirling round it; but it illuminates them in different positions, and with different degrees of intensity. So does the spiritual sun of truth beam out upon the nations of the earth, striking at different angles the great human intellect of the world. Hence all nations have a mission from above, and all the great religions a message to give.

In the alternating dynamo, as the electricians call it, when a current of electricity is started in one direction, a counter-current is set up in the opposite direction. Out of this antagonism come heat, light, power. Now, the intellectual nature of the race is a kind of alternating dynamo. When one mind starts a line of thought in one direction, it is sure to provoke some other mind to a counter-line of thought. Thence you have the fire and light of controversy. Error gets eliminated; and the vital, permanent truth comes uppermost. The great divine, Robertson, said understandingly, "Every truth is built up of two apparent contradictory propositions." Let us not seek so much to prove other religions false as to try to find in them what is true. Whatever seems helpful to high characters and high living, that belongs to me; and I shall be in no wise anxious to label it with a stamp of this or that sect. Truth is the common property of all who can receive it. This shall be thy commandment: freely and willingly receive, freely and willingly give.

"There should not be a seer who left
The world one doctrine, but I'd task his lore
And commune with his spirit. All the truth
Of all the tongues of earth,—I'd have them all,
Had I the powerful spell to raise their ghosts!"

G. W. BUCKLEY.

Sturgis, Mich.

ELIZABETH PEABODY, AND THE KINDERGARTEN MOVEMENT IN EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS.

It is becoming increasingly evident every year that the kindergarten movement is one of the most important in modern education. As is well known, the honor of introducing this movement into America, and of having been for twenty-five years its leading apostle and exponent here, will forever belong to Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody.

Yet this is not Miss Peabody's only claim upon the love and regard of the American people. She rendered large and valuable service to her generation, and gained much fame, entirely aside from her connection with the kindergarten, and before that part of her life-work began.

The object I have in view in this address will be best served if I first glance very briefly over Miss Peabody's life as a whole. This will open the way for a better understanding of her labors in behalf of the kindergarten, and for a consideration of the principles involved in that very important and now (I am happy to say) rapidly advancing educational movement.

Elizabeth Peabody was born in Salem, Mass., in the year 1804, and hence, at the time of her death, three months ago, was approaching her ninetieth birthday. Truly, as one of her intimate friends has lately said of her, she had for many years seemed like a notable landmark of the past. Yet up to almost the time of her death she kept up not only her interest in education, religion, and everything of most importance that was going on in the world, but her practical activity as an educational worker, especially by means of her pen. One thing, however, her failing powers at last prevented her from doing, which would have been a real

service to the world: that was the completion of an autobiography which she had hoped to leave behind her at her decease. She had lived so long, and seen so much, and herself been a part of so much that is great and memorable in the history of this country and this century that such a work from her pen would have been of great interest and value.

She spent her childhood in Salem, where her father was a physician. In early womanhood she removed to Boston, in which city or its immediate vicinity she made her home nearly all her subsequent life.

After coming to Boston, she engaged much in teaching. For a time she was connected with that famous school of Bronson Alcott, which, besides being criticised so much, was financially so unsuccessful, but which was stimulating to educators in a remarkable degree, sowing good seed which bore fruit in better educational methods in Boston, in New England, and later in the whole country. It was she who wrote the volume entitled "The Record of a School," which first gave to the world accurate information regarding Mr. Alcott's methods and principles, and which still remains one of the most suggestive of books to any teacher who wishes to make his work with children fresh, real, and vital.

For some years, beginning with 1839, she had a bookstore in Boston, and gave special attention to the importing and publishing of foreign books. She also kept a library of foreign books. Thus her store became a rendezvous for the most eminent literary men of the day.

She was for many years a most intimate friend of Dr. Channing, and rendered him much service in the capacity of private secretary. They read much together; and it was partly due to her that so many of his sermons were published. In the year 1880 she gave to the world a volume of "Reminiscences of Dr. Channing," which is perhaps the most vivid and complete portrayal that we possess of the character of that great preacher, religious reformer, and philanthropist. In this book she tells how she performed the remarkable feat of copying, from his often almost illegible manuscripts, some fifty of his sermons, while he read aloud works on philosophy, education, and other subjects requiring careful attention and thought. This gives us a glimpse of Miss Peabody's extraordinary mental powers.

But it was not alone with Channing and Alcott that she came into early and intimate relations, but with all the literary coterie of Boston, which at that time was the most distinguished in America, and especially with all the leaders of the notable and historic "Transcendental movement," which so profoundly affected the thought of New England. Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Ripley, Dwight, Theodore Parker, Freeman Clarke, were all her intimate friends. One of her sisters married Hawthorne, the greatest of American novelists, and another, Horace Mann, the greatest of American educators.

At one time she edited the *Dial*, that remarkable periodical which was for a time the organ of the Transcendentalists. The literary merit of her contributions to this and other periodicals was conceded to be very high. It is claimed by some of those who knew her best that, if she had devoted herself to literature as her main life-work, she must inevitably have risen to a rank little, if any, lower than the highest.

Dr. Bartol says of her: "While an associate of Channing, Emerson, Alcott, and Parker, she was their prophet. She made no claim for herself, though fully their equal." And Julia Ward Howe declares that "her personality was as great as theirs." Though she did not devote herself primarily to literature, but to education and philanthropy, she was the author of a number of books. Among the principal of these I may name, besides "The Records of a School," "Æsthetic Papers," published in 1849; "Crimes of the House of Austria against Mankind," 1852; "The Polish-American System of Chronology," 1852; "Guide to the Kindergarten," 1869; "The Kindergarten in Italy" (United States Bureau of Education Circular, 1872); "Reminiscences of Dr. Channing," 1880; "Lectures to Kindergartners," 1886.

There was hardly a public movement of her time looking in the direction of educational progress, or moral or social reform, in which Miss Peabody did not have an active part. She was prominent among the agitators who demanded the abolition of

slavery. She advocated woman suffrage and the higher education of women. She rendered efficient aid to Horace Mann in his educational and philanthropic work. When considerably past middle life, she learned the Polish language because of her deep interest in the struggles of Poland for liberty. She was the friend of Mazzini, and took an active interest in his efforts and those of Garibaldi for the liberation of Italy. She was greatly pained by the wrongs suffered by the American Indians, and did much to secure better treatment and higher appreciation of the Indian race.

In religion Miss Peabody was a Unitarian, believing in a religion that is rational, progressive, and wide as the ethical and spiritual needs of humanity, and holding all truth to be God's revelation. At the same time her love and reverence for Jesus were strong and constant. She believed with perfect faith in the "inner light" of God's spirit; and her piety was loving and tender, earnest and devout.

She came to the end of her life cheerful and happy, thankful for the long life God had given her, and with perfect trust for the future.

At her funeral in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, there were addresses by Rev. C. G. Ames, the pastor, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Said Mr. Sanborn, speaking of her long life and rich experience: —

Miss Peabody remembered the beginning of this wonder-working century. She remembered this country small, weak, torn by sectional strife: she saw it great and united, and freed from its worst faults; and she could say for herself that she had promoted all the good causes which tended to these results.

Said Mrs. Cheney: —

All united in Miss Peabody to the development of a great personality. Her life flowed out in every direction, giving welcome to love whencever it came. There was no limit to her human interest. The first anecdote that she told me of her life shows her respect, even when a little girl, for her own individuality. When her parents wanted her to drink obnoxious medicine, she threw it out of the window. To this she attributed her vigorous health in later years. She loved and respected her parents, however. Her father made her bear the sight of blood without fainting, in order that she might have courage in any emergency.

She almost inevitably became a teacher. She believed in developing the child's own nature in perfect freedom. She was the friend and associate of the greatest men of the day, yet she never neglected her teaching.

She lived through that wonderful revolutionary time in which many European thrones tottered. In all these struggles for freedom she took an active, personal interest,—not only in the movements themselves, but in the destitute refugees who reached these shores,—Hungarians, Germans, Poles, Jews, Italians. Her house was their home.

She resolutely combated the prejudice of color in this country. She never recognized that differences in color exist in men. When she walked down town arm in arm with a colored man, the whole city was indignant. But she did not care: she had done what was right. In her latter years a new light shone into her mind on the subject of education. It came from Germany, and from Frederick Froebel, the great originator of the kindergarten movement. No one can know with what self-sacrifice she devoted herself, after this new light came, to the new care of expounding kindergarten methods.

It is worthy of note that Miss Peabody did not begin this great work of her life —this work for which she will be longest remembered, her apostleship of the kindergarten—until she was nearly sixty years old.

This is very remarkable. At an age when most women and men, too, are beginning to feel that their work in life is essentially over, this woman takes up a new enterprise, sets out upon a new mission of service to the world, and one large enough and arduous enough to tax the strongest powers. But so young of heart and courageous of purpose was she that she set out with all the ardor of twenty, defying time. The result was more than twenty-five years of splendid service to the new cause that she had espoused.

The way in which she came to have her attention called to the kindergarten is interesting. It was in the year 1859, when she was quite intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schurz. One day Miss Peabody asked Mrs. Schurz how it was that her little girl, aged six, knew so much. Mrs. Schurz replied that she had been trained abroad in

Froebel's kindergarten. Miss Peabody inquired what that was; and her German friend, as well as she could, explained its principles and methods. A little while afterward, on returning to her home in Wisconsin, Mrs. Schurz sent to Miss Peabody one of Froebel's books. Miss Peabody read it carefully, and saw at once that it contained ideas on the subject of the education of children that were in advance of any that she herself held or had met with in this country.

She at once set herself to the task of mastering the new system, and thought at first that she could do it through books. But, after several years of study and effort to understand the kindergarten and put it in practice, she was dissatisfied with her results, and in 1867 determined to go to Germany, and become a learner from Froebel himself. This determination she carried out, being gone some fifteen months.

With this preparation she found herself in a condition to begin the new education in this country with such knowledge and prestige as made success only a question of time.

The rest of the story of Miss Peabody's life is quickly told.

On beginning in earnest her kindergarten mission after her return from Germany, she felt that three lines of work must be undertaken. One was writing and speaking,—calling the attention of the people, but especially of educators, to the kindergarten idea through the medium of the pen, the press, and the lecture platform.

The second and even more important line was that of creating an object-lesson,—actually setting in operation one or more first-rate kindergartens, to the end that people might see them and judge of their value from actual observation of their methods and of results obtained from them. And, third, provisions must be made for the thorough training of kindergarten teachers in this country.

All these lines of work Miss Peabody undertook. She began at once to write and to speak, and never ceased for twenty-five years. She wrote for educational journals. She wrote for periodicals of many kinds wherever she could get an opportunity to put the new ideas of education before the people. She wrote for the United States Bureau of Education. She wrote books. For a number of years she published a monthly magazine, devoted entirely to the kindergarten movement. At the same time she gave numerous lectures and series of lectures on the subject of the kindergarten, in various parts of the country. In 1872 she went to England for the same purpose.

As soon as possible she opened a kindergarten in Boston, under a thoroughly competent teacher trained by Froebel himself. And in connection with this kindergarten she soon established a training school for kindergartners. A little later she did the same thing in New York.

Then, in St. Louis, Miss Blow, a wealthy, intelligent, and philanthropic young lady, under Miss Peabody's influence, resolved to train herself as a kindergartner, for the purpose of introducing the system into that city, which she accomplished with remarkable success. And so the work spread. As soon as a few good kindergartens in various parts of the country were really in operation, and a little time had elapsed, so that fruits could be seen, the work of pushing forward the movement became easier; for the kindergartens themselves, seen in actual operation and in the results which they plainly accomplished in the children, were the best advocates of the system that could possibly be devised.

Always the best plea for beauty is beauty itself. To see it is to be drawn to it. Always the most eloquent advocate of goodness is goodness itself. It carries its own recommendation. So with the kindergarten: to set it in operation in a community, under a teacher of training and natural ability, able to make it what it ought to be, has almost invariably been, sooner or later, to conquer the community in its favor. The worst enemy to the kindergarten has everywhere been the pseudo-kindergarten,—the school started under the kindergarten name by persons who have had no fitness or proper training for the work. Such counterfeits have brought the real kindergarten into evil repute in numberless places. At last their counterfeit character is certain to be discovered; but often it is not until great mischief is done, and great prejudice is created in the public mind, which it takes long to eradicate.

Less than thirty years have elapsed since

Miss Peabody began her great task of transplanting the system of Froebel to our soil. But already it has taken root in every State, and in almost every city and town of any considerable size from the Atlantic to the Pacific. American kindergartens are now to be counted by thousands, and training schools for teachers by scores, if not by hundreds.

In not a few places, including such great cities as Boston and St. Louis, the kindergarten has been adopted as a regular and important part of the public school system. Multitudes of other places are pushing forward with the same goal in view. It is becoming the ally also of the charitable association and the church, as well as of the public school; for more and more is it being discovered that in no way can religion be better taught, and in no way can the poor and degraded inhabitants of the slum districts of our great cities be more effectually lifted up, than through the agency of the kindergarten. Thus everything indicates that this educational system, now so widely planted in American soil as in the soil of so many other lands, is going forward until the kindergarten becomes everywhere the inseparable ally of the school, the church, and the home.

Probably few persons adequately realize what a complete transformation has been wrought within the past fifty years, both in this country and in Europe, in the whole theory and practice of education,—especially education in those earlier years of the lives of children which are more plastic and formative than any that come later, and therefore for educational purposes the most important.

The education of children is hardly the same thing at all now that it was at the beginning of this century, either in America or in any of the more enlightened European States.

Its aim is largely different: its methods are almost wholly different.

What is the cause?

Largely, perhaps I may say mainly, three men,—Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel.

In a sense, we may say that Rousseau began the new educational movement. Not that he wrote much that was of value in a direct educational way: indeed, many of his educational ideas were about as wild and impracticable as can well be conceived; but by his very extravagance, coupled with his great warmth and eloquence, he broke up old conventionalisms and kindled thought to an extraordinary degree. Probably his greatest positive contribution to education is to be found in the fact that it was one of his books (his "Émile") that woke up Pestalozzi, and caused him to give his life to the great and sorely needed work of educational reform.

Pestalozzi may be called the father of modern primary education. Under his touch, primary schools passed from death unto life. He turned the education of children from the abstract to the concrete,—from books, books, eternal books, to things. He broke down the artificial, and introduced the natural. He transformed education from mere instruction into mental development. Above all else, he was a great quickening, arousing, vivifying force in the educational world, setting Europe aflame as no other man has ever done with zeal for educational improvement.

Froebel was inspired to do his work largely by Pestalozzi, and came forward with equal genius to complete what Pestalozzi had so well begun. He added system to what had been left by Pestalozzi too fragmentary and chaotic. He excelled in construction, in which Pestalozzi was comparatively weak. Pestalozzi's methods had done comparatively little to cultivate spontaneity, originality, invention, in the child. Froebel's methods were very strong and fruitful here. Froebel went far beyond Pestalozzi in training the child to a recognition of his social relations, in fitting him to live worthily in society. Perhaps, most important of all, Froebel had the genius to see that education, to be effective, should begin earlier than the ordinary school age,—indeed, should go back to the very nursery.

For educational purposes, he said, for the moulding of habits, tastes, dispositions, and character, the first seven years form the most important period of human life. And, of these, the second, third, and fourth years of the child's age are quite as important as any that come later. Why, then, should these years be lost to education? Why should they be neglected, squandered, nay, often filled with influences of positive evil, that stunt and warp the intellectual and

moral life? Why should not our educational systems plan to cover these critical and immensely important early years, and turn them to permanent account for good? This Froebel's kindergarten system undertakes to do.

The kindergarten is much more philosophical: it seeks to touch deeper springs in human nature, it aims at results broader, subtler, deeper, more lasting, than are generally supposed by those who have not carefully studied it. Many suppose it to be scarcely more than an ingenious method of amusing children, or, at the best, of imparting a very little useful knowledge with the amusement. No conception could well be more shallow.

Let me try to point out very briefly a few of the leading objects that the kindergarten has in view, as understood by its founder and by those who know most about it. Thus we shall be able to see, I trust, how subtle and yet how powerful is its influence in moulding the characters of the children brought under its influence, and therefore why a woman with the ability and the large and serious views of life of Elizabeth Peabody should have felt it worth her while to devote so many laborious years to the establishment of kindergartens in this country.

First of all, the kindergarten aims to promote and to teach pure, harmless, happy play. It recognizes happiness as good, and play as the child's normal way of securing happiness. It says: Play is as natural to the healthy and free child as to the lamb or the colt, and should as much be provided for as any other of the child's wants. Neither body nor mind can grow strong and vigorous without play. It is Nature's method of building up the mind into hope, courage, alertness, and joy, and the body into activity, health, and strength.

Moreover, there are everywhere in vogue around us *bad* plays,—plays that are immoral, coarse, vulgar, brutal. The instinct for play is so strong that children not taught good plays are very apt to learn bad ones. The kindergarten recognizes this fact, and comes to the child on the very threshold of his play life, bringing him plays of the brightest and most attractive character, and yet all of them pure and good in their influence,—tending to teach, not cruelty, meanness, selfishness, or brutality, but fairness, justice, kindness, honor.

What a blessing it would be if the whole child world could be filled with such plays! It will be, in the future, just in the degree in which the kindergarten method and spirit are introduced into homes and the schools.

Again, the kindergarten early gives the child command, as does no other form of education known, of his own faculties and powers. It teaches him to use his hands, his feet, his eyes, his ears, his whole body. It teaches him to observe, and to go through life awake and alive to the world he is in. This systematic awakening of the mental faculties shows its results in the subsequent school life, in the fact that a child trained in the kindergarten can, as a rule, go through its public school course easily in a year or two years less time than a child who has not had the previous kindergarten training.

In another way also the kindergarten shows its results. It lays the best of all foundations for that industrial education which is such a crying need of our time. Our present system of education in our schools lays the foundation for industrial helplessness. The ordinary graduate from our high schools is about as poorly prepared as one well can be to enter upon the real work of life. He has never been taught to use his hands. There is nothing that he can do. There is not even much that he knows except what he has found in books. This is all wrong. He ought from the beginning to have been made acquainted with things, with the objects around him, with the world he lives in, instead of merely with books. From the first he ought to have been trained accurately to see, to know forms and colors and properties of matter, and to use his hands, in drawing, in the construction and invention of forms of beauty and use, in clay modelling, in the use of tools, leading on step by step to carving and simple work in wood and iron; and, in the case of girls, to sewing, cutting garments, and cooking. With such a training as this, young people would not graduate from our high schools helpless. They would not have been made by their school training ashamed to work, as well as unfitted to work. Their *hands*, as well as their brains, would have been trained. They

would have learned to feel that work with the hand is noble, and not degrading. They would not only have been prepared to go out into the world and take their place among the world's workers, but they would already have been given to taste the joy of work.

Now, I say the kindergarten idea distinctly contemplates all this, lays the foundation for it, cultivates a taste for it, starts the child in it. The kindergarten idea is essentially the industrial idea. Its thought is training for the body just as much as for the mind, discipline through doing, and not through merely receiving.

Most important of all, the kindergarten is the most effective system ever devised—I do not think I am speaking too strongly in saying this—for the *moral* training of children.

It begins at the beginning, at the nursery, at the mother's knee; for the kindergarten system distinctly contemplates the intelligent co-operation of the mother in it all. Thus it leaves no fallow soil back, at the initiatory period of the child's moral life, unoccupied and neglected, in which evil seeds may find lodgment to grow and bear their subsequent baleful fruits. It takes the virgin soil of the child's opening existence, and from the very first begins the divine task of planting it with the holy seeds of love and truth. Thus occupying it from the beginning with the true, the beautiful, and the good, the evil is forestalled, and the tastes, habits, and desires of the child are started right. It is easy to see the importance of this. It is easy to see that, even if in later years the child falls into evil associations and under evil influences, the impressions of those earliest years and the desires kindled then cannot wholly be lost, but may prove in many a crisis time of life his safety and salvation. The kindergarten idea aims at not a partial but a complete and rounded development of the child. It does not forget the body, but trains, as I have said, the head, the foot, the eye, the ear, the whole physical system. It does not forget the intellect, but trains the faculties of observation, perception, comparison, invention, imagination, memory.

Passing right on to the highest of all, it does not forget the will, the conscience, the heart, the social, moral, and religious nature of the child, but aims steadily, and above all else, at the cultivation of these.

The kindergarten is a little well-ordered community or social organism, where social rights and duties are carefully guarded and taught, where each member soon learns that he is in a world of human relations, that he cannot live for himself alone, but that everything he does must be done with others in view as well as himself. Thus the whole experience of his kindergarten years is a constant lesson in gentleness, kindness, co-operation, sympathy, justice, truthfulness, helpfulness. Yes; and, beyond all these, of respect and reverence for those who are older and wiser and better than ourselves, which quickly and easily passes over into reverence for religion and God. You see, then, what I meant when a little while ago I spoke of the kindergarten as one of the most valuable of known allies, not only of the school, but also of the home and the church.

When shall we learn that, if the world is ever to be saved, the work must begin in a much more intelligent, systematic, and thorough-going movement to save the children than we have ever yet even dreamed, ever yet undertaken, or even seriously contemplated? Let us have our colleges, all that we have now and more. Let us have our high schools and intermediate schools and primary schools, just as now, only simplified and improved, so that the education they impart shall be less an education of books, and more an education of things, less a cram and more a discipline, less an intellectual routine and more a training to fit one for a place in the actual world. But, above all, let us have an education that shall teach the mother, and join hands with the mother, and thus begin back at the very *beginning* the holy work of moulding human beings, and including in its system of training and culture, not only the intellect, but every faculty of power of body and mind and spirit that enter into to form complete and rounded lives, noble characters, perfect men and women.

There is a quaint and beautiful saying, imbedded like a shining jewel amid the rubbish of the old Jewish Talmud,—a saying so replete with wisdom that it has lived on over the centuries, and is likely to live forever. It is this: "The world is saved by

the breath of the school children." Let us learn the full meaning of this great word that the oldest time has contributed to the newest, and we shall shape more wisely the forces that are to mould the civilization of the future. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

THE GROWTH OF TRUTH.

Give me the mind of man or maid
  Intelligent enough to know
Pure seeds of thought, in darkness laid,
  Must have their proper time to grow.

When wildest winter rages round,
  A wilderness is only seen:
In early spring, above the ground,
  Peeps forth the prophet-speck of green.

Through busy days and restful nights,
  Through changing sleet and sun and rain,
Through disappointments, griefs, and slights,
  Matures at length the golden grain.

First is the blade, and then the ear,
  Then comes the full and ripened corn.
Thus goes the wise and wondrous year,
  Since man to time and truth was born.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

"*DAS BLUT IST DAS LEBEN.*"

This is the sweet German phrase of Luther's Bible. And it has been the symbolic speech of many tongues in many times and places, that "the blood" stands for "the life."

Yet some of the sternest battles of Christian theologians against each other have been due to a strange confusion in our Western World concerning that Oriental metaphor,—a confusion between the sign, "das Blut," and what it signified, "das Leben."

This confusion is the more strange when you think that it does not arise, at least in our day, until the blood spoken of is the blood of Jesus. A preacher chooses as his text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." With perfect clearness he sets forth the historic fact that, under the Jewish "dispensation," the blood of rams was only a red metaphor flowing down on Jewish altar-sides to represent a coming Saviour.

But, having thus pointed out that the ram's blood shed by Hebrew priests was but a symbol of the blood of Jesus shed on Calvary, he does not go on to show that the blood of Jesus, as referred to in the text, is but a symbol of the life of Jesus. Here the Western tendency toward literal interpretation leads off the preacher's mind into an error; for he goes on to declare, or to imply, that the literal shedding of the blood of Jesus worked a literal sacrifice for sin.

Now suppose that, instead of this confusion, the symbolic use of blood be seen as clearly in relation to the new dispensation as it was seen in relation to the old. In the text read "life" instead of "blood." "The *life* of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

But you do not yet understand this; for you have been told that it is the *effect* of sin, its stains, which the blood of Jesus washed away. Yet how much more the text will mean to you if it be taken this other way, that the life of Jesus cleanses us from sin itself! How does it cleanse us? The answer is familiar. By faith and in him. And faith in Jesus Christ means to live like Jesus. Strive, then, to live like him; and, inspired by his life, you shall be cleansed from sin.

The atonement with God through Jesus Christ was *revealed* by Jesus, not *worked* by him in place of our own work. It was the revelation of a means and of God's mercy. We are to work out our own salvation, as the apostle says; but it is Christ that worketh in us. It is the *blood*—that is, the *life* of Jesus, if we make it ours—that saves us.

Where, then, you say, does the idea of sacrifice come in? Why, as the other thought was metaphoric, and not literal, so this idea of sacrifice is spiritual, not material. Jesus died upon the cross as the crowning act of a life of self-devotion to the truth, an example for our following, and by means of which we have the strength to follow. Like him, we are to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. Why should we be told to do this if Jesus did it in our place? Yet it is true that Jesus died for us, if in no other sense than as he lived for us, to show men how to live through death into eternal life, so that, inspired by his life and death and resurrection, we, too, might live and die and rise again.

Salvation was no mere dramatic spectacle for us to look upon and live. The story of

the serpent uplifted in the wilderness has led us away from truth, if it seemed to teach us that. No: salvation can be nothing but an hourly, practical process in the life of him that would be saved. It is becoming righteous instead of sinful. It is to be pure in heart, that we may see God; and this is the atonement,—to be at one with God.

If we and the Father are to be one, just as he and Jesus are one, it is because our spirits are divine, as that of Jesus was. The difference between his spirit and ours is not in kind, but in degree of manifestation. He is the first-born among many brethren. Every one of us is a son of God. He, an elder brother, came to show us how to be at one with his Father and ours.

When the wretched sinner, the perjurer, the thief, the pilgrim, carrying still a pack of sins upon his shoulder, feels its weight, and asks you for advice, do not confuse your terms by telling him that God died in his place. Say to him rather, God will be no longer angry if you turn from your evil way. Turn, and you shall live; and, as for your past sins, they shall be no more remembered against you forever. Tell him Jesus lived to show the people around him, and through them a world in darkness, this great light,—that Jehovah was not seated over them, a judge inexorable, but bending down to lift them to his bosom.

We have been blind to the chief significance of that often quoted parable, in which Jesus meant to make so clear the unresentful love and absolute forgiveness of his Father for the younger son that went astray. For when the prodigal humbly confessed, and said, "Father, I am no more worthy to be called thy son," his father did not answer, "It is so, my child; but I can take you back because a sacrifice has been provided for your sins." Oh, no; but he put a new white garment on him, covering up the rags, and said to all his household: "Rejoice, and let us feast together. For this my son was dead, and is alive again. He was lost, and is found."

Whether the death of Jesus mean something more than is suggested here; whether it bore some mystical relation to that problem of permitted evil which has baffled every human mind; whether violated law indeed required and obtained in him a sacrifice ideal and infinite,—I do not know. But it seems to me these questions are speculative, as distinct from practical. I believe that any man may have eternal life without settling them. And it seems to me that, if Jesus was that true light, lighting every man that cometh into the world, he must have done so in some simple yet effective way that all mankind could understand, whether they have power to grasp or whether they dispute the reasonings of Paul. Nor do I think it is too much to say that the salvation of no human soul depends on the holding or rejection of a doctrine concerning the atonement, which, in spite of all our guess-work and conclusions, may yet lie among the hidden things of God.

WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

Harrisburg, Pa.

BISHOP PAYNE AND THE AFRICAN METHODIST CHURCH.

The recent death of this venerable and devoted man recalls to our mind the connection which the American Unitarian Association had with this African Church.

At the close of the war the colored people were beginning to assert themselves in all directions; and, among other things, they desired to free themselves from the injurious influences which came from an uneducated ministry.

The African Methodist Church was already in existence, and needed their support. The foremost men of intelligence and piety among them first sought encouragement and recognition from the Southern Methodist Church. They met with the cold shoulder, so difficult was it for the South even in the Church to free herself from race prejudice. The matter caused considerable discussion at the time. The Northern Methodists felt pained at the situation of affairs, but they were powerless to do anything to help matters; and the slights of our townspeople and neighbors are the ones that always sting the most. There were already probably a good many colored members in the Southern Methodist Church, but their position was one of inferiority; and, when they found at this hour of freedom that their unequal position was going to be perpetuated, they could not bear it, and they went out, and with their other

brethren supported the "African Methodist Church."

We find in the journal of Rev. Charles Lowe, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, that he and Rev. Edward E. Hale were among the first to express sympathy for this Church. Mr. Lowe spoke on the subject before Mr. Hale's people. The African Methodist Church held about a year before, in Baltimore, the first meeting of the second half-century of its existence. Rev. J. F. W. Ware and Dr. Rufus Ellis attended the meeting. They were very much impressed with the ability and excellence of this body of men who had stood by the Union. They had already two hundred thousand members, besides Wilberforce University. Mr. Lowe proposed to send them our books and tracts, and also to vote them money to furnish a library, the books to be chosen by a committee from both sides; also to provide them with a better educated ministry by furnishing the salary of a man whom the Unitarians should choose, with their approval, to preach in Charleston, S.C., where they wished to start another college. The project took our people by surprise, but they entered into it; and the orthodox community could hardly believe that we intended to help this African Church without any thought of making Unitarians of them. A letter from their corresponding secretary thanks the Association as the first body of religionists who had said such words as their secretary, Mr. Lowe, had done; namely, "We shall be glad to work with you, and avail ourselves of your noble instrumentality."

Daniel A. Payne was born of free parents in Charleston, S.C., in 1811. After teaching some years, he entered the Lutheran Theological School in Gettysburg, Pa., and studied for some years. He entered the ministry of the African Methodist Church. In 1850 he was elected a bishop, and was the oldest bishop of the church at the time of his death, which has recently occurred at the advanced age of eighty-four years. His fine organizing power, his zeal for foreign missions, and especially his work at Wilberforce University at Xenia, Ohio, brought him first to the attention of our Unitarian people. In 1868 we held a great theatre meeting in Boston, to stimulate the good work at the South for the freedmen and others. Bishop Payne and Bishop Brown of the African Methodist Church were present, also Rev. Mr. Ganner, the able editor of the *Christian Recorder* (African), who "excited," in the words of a reporter at the time, personal sympathy from our people, adding much to the interest of the occasion.

We recall distinctly the appearance of Bishop Payne at that time. Slight in figure, with a skin moderately dark, delicate features, and a kindling eye, he attracted all who heard him by his modesty, simple earnestness, and spirit of consecration to his work. In 1869 Rev. Charles Lowe, still secretary of the American Unitarian Association, made a visit to Wilberforce University, and reports himself "delighted" with it, and also with Bishop Payne, "the heart and soul of it." The presiding elder of the Second Quarterly Conference of the African Methodist Church writes at a later date a letter, thanking the American Unitarian Association for the libraries which had been sent out, and says, "Language fails to express our sense of gratitude and high appreciation of so invaluable a contribution."

In the year 1870, in the month of October, a National Conference of Unitarians was held in New York. Bishop Brown was present, and made a very interesting address. He said he did not know which of the three gentlemen to thank most, Mr. Hale or Mr. Lowe or Mr. Ware, and went on to tell how young and even old colored men were getting hold of the little libraries sent by the Unitarian Association, and learning Latin and Greek, and preparing to preach. The bishop also paid a warm tribute to Rev. S. J. May and Dr. J. F. Clarke for their early service to the State.

We do not recall these facts in our history as a denomination in a spirit of boasting, but in order to remind our brethren that this church of the colored people at the South, reared and sustained by their sacrifices, still needs our assistance, and, above all, that sympathy which blesses both the giver and the receiver.

May it not be that the departure of Bishop Payne, this consecrated man, who has now gone to his reward, will recall to many his appearance at that meeting in Boston, and revive in their hearts an interest in the great work to which he gave his life?

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.
Somerville, Mass.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Rev. Charles G. Ames, in his New Year's sermon at the Church of the Disciples, Boston, made the following stirring declaration of faith, which we quote from the Boston *Gazette* of January 14: —

We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker and Ruler of all the heavens, all the earths, and all their creatures. We believe in Him without pretending to comprehend or define Him; and we believe in Him all the more surely because He is past finding out, and must be trusted out of sight as greater and better than all our thoughts.

Believing in the Maker, we believe also in what He has made in the essential goodness of the universe; in nature and man, as the expressions of divinity, to be studied, honored, and loved; in the past, present, and future, as scenes of the divine activity; in their entire contents and processes, as belonging to one system of wise order.

We believe that this is the right kind of a world for the beginning of man's history, and that man has in him the right kind of stuff to be developed toward physical, intellectual, and moral perfection.

We believe that the highest object or end for which this earth exists is to produce a noble race of beings,—beings wearing the image of their Author, because capable of sharing in freedom His wisdom, goodness, and power.

We believe the earth is not merely a hospital for diseased humanity, nor an asylum for creatures with disordered minds, nor yet a nest for hatching out evil spirits, nor a forwarding house to perdition, but a home, a school, and a temple for the children of light and love,—a nursery of young angels.

We believe that creation is in no sense a failure, but a grand success; that the Author of it has never been sorry for His work; that, if He once pronounced it "very good," He has not changed His mind; and that He never has, and never will, let any part of it fall out of His own hand.

We believe that man is a divine institution; that he is here by appointment of a wisdom which makes no mistakes; that there is a divine parentage behind all our fathers and mothers, a divine purpose within every life.

We believe that sin and suffering, disorder and disaster, all the tragedy and woe of history, are subordinate parts of a sacred drama, whose outcome will vindicate the Supreme Management, and make the heavenly light all the brighter in contrast with this apparent darkness,—a darkness which belongs to our blindness, and not to the Eye which sees all things as they are, and foresees the end from the beginning.

We believe that our own spiritual life and growth is provided for in the order of the world, so that even what we call follies and failures and wrongs are a part of the course of instruction for the human race,—surely, no more disappointing to the Father of all than the weak waywardness of infancy is disappointing to human fathers and mothers.

We believe that, "when God hath made the pile complete," it will appear that there is no waste material in the universe; that in the large order He has a use for all the forces, a place for all the facts, and a worthy destiny for all the creatures. If there are many grades, reaching from monad and insect up to archangel, He does no wrong to the lowest by His grace to the highest. If

> "He sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,"

it is because He gathers the life of the sparrow into His own boundless bosom as truly as He receives the ascending soul of His beloved Son. There can be no outside to His love, as there is no outside to His being.

We believe that man is educated to virtue through the law of consequences; that he is left to learn the good of goodness and the bad of badness through his own experience; and that all the infernal conditions into which he may sink by violation of law are the necessary counterpart of the heavens into which he may rise by loving obedience. Retribution, or the solemn shadow of inward darkness, is, therefore, the only form in which mercy can appear and appeal to one whose face is averted from the heavenly light.

We believe that, in this throng of imperfect human beings, partly submerged in animal conditions, partly blinded to spiritual truth, or to the beauty of holiness, and "moving about in worlds not realized," the pure, wise spirit can see His own waiting image; that He comes near to us all as the inspirer of every true thought or right de-

sire; and that the wisdom of wise men and the influence of good men belong to the system of agencies by which He guides mankind to their own advantage.

We therefore believe in Jesus, as representing among his human brethren that brightness of the Father's glory which has ever been shining on the earth, and that express image of his person which can be traced in all mankind,—clearly at their best, faintly at their worst.

We believe that the large anointing of love and wisdom which made Jesus "the Christ" has been measurably given to many others, in all times and lands; and we still delight to apply the name "Christ" to every manifestation of divine powers and qualities that may anywhere be seen or felt among mankind.

We believe, therefore, in the continual coming of the kingdom of heaven; in the rightful and growing supremacy of "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit."

We believe that the spread of truth and goodness, or the growth of all forms of excellence, in the individual, and thence in society, is at once the chief interest and highest happiness of the race, on earth or beyond.

We believe that the Church exists to represent and promote this kind of interest and happiness, by establishing everywhere centres of the clearest light and the noblest life; and that the Church, therefore, includes all faithful people of every name and creed.

THE LARGER UNITARIANISM.

The Unitarianism of the spirit is larger than the Unitarianism of the label, and it is with the spirit that we must be mainly concerned. The label will generally take care of itself. We shall be called by that name; we shall call ourselves by that name, if only for convenience. And the name itself, like every other, will stand for what we stand for: it will gather to itself such associations, honorable or otherwise, as our words and works may justify. We neither disclaim the name nor contend for it: we contend only for "the faith which makes faithful," for the life more abundant, for the victories of love and light and liberty.

The larger Unitarianism, therefore, is always "open at the top." It tends to identify itself with ever-broadening interpretations of religion and life. It responds to the sympathy and symphony of universal religion. Its passion is the passion of Jesus for the perfection of humanity in sonship to the Highest and brotherhood to the lowest. It demands free access to the treasures of the universe, and the progressive development and use of all our divinely given resources, spiritual and material. Are there many inside and outside of all the churches who mean and say the same thing? The larger Unitarianism says, So much the better! "For the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

In this attempt to be everything, say everything, and do everything, is there no danger of vaporizing our body and dissipating our energy in empty space? Yes; and that is precisely the danger of the larger Unitarianism. Its brave and magnificent generalizations go for nothing, unless it pulls itself together and harnesses itself to definite service. *It must apply its limited force to some limited work.* Just as every individual must, unless he is content to be a bag of gas, minus even the bag. Effective work is only done by directing energy to a few well-selected points, and steadily pegging away. Since we cannot do everything, let us do something.

To do anything at all, we must work together,—must forego differences and concentrate on agreements. This means union, organization, action, under accepted limitations. To promote the largest objects, we must do many small things, though no petty ones. The larger Unitarianism is to do its best work and win its noblest victories in the minds and hearts of private individuals, —in the lives of the children whom it trains up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, of the men and women whom it enlightens and inspires,—in the habits of lowly fidelity, the influences of good will, and the means of personal and social culture which it fosters.

The field of the larger Unitarianism is the household, the parish, the voluntary association of churches for local and general work, the beautiful and sacred work of learning, teaching, and preaching truth, and of letting our light so shine that others

may see our good works and glorify God for such an object-lesson of pure Christianity, or of freedom, fellowship, and character in religion.

All of this means that, in the main, our ministers and churches are on the right track. They are learning that a good spirit deserves a good body, that the best workmanship requires the best tools, that the divine business can be done only on business principles. The *talk* of liberalism is one thing: its *task* is quite another. The talk alone tends to lose itself in frothy rant and cant. The real task includes the talk, but it includes much more. We must do our part toward putting into the private and public life of America the principles and powers of reason and righteousness. If we know these things, happy are we if we do them.—*Christian Register.*

TRUST.

O boundless ocean of deep trust
  On which we float, calm and serene,
While dazzling lightnings round us flash,
  While winds are high, and stars unseen.

Ineffable thy power, thy strength,
  To stay the soul, in doubt, in ill;
Life's terrors vanish when we cast
  Ourselves on thee, rest, and are still.

Hushed are the tumults of our hearts,
  Silenced the questioning of our moods;
A new and sweet companionship
  Is lent to life's deep solitudes.

Our vision widens, wondrous scenes
  Unfold before our searching sight;
Time and eternity are one,
  And through all darkness there is light.

Be ours this trust, in life, in death;
  Firmly on God our souls take hold;
No pain can fright, no wrong can daunt,
  If but his love and strength enfold.

—Hattie Tyng Griswold.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Inspiration is one of the greatest religious questions of the day. The friends and defenders of the old and now decaying forms of scholastic opinion find themselves compelled to retire from their outworks in order to concentrate their forces around the citadel. There the friends of religious progress are prepared to meet them. No one of the popular doctrines has been more mischievous than the common notion of "Bible inspiration." Alike unscriptural, unphilosophical, and unreasonable, it has compromised the Bible, adulterated its influence, weakened its power, and made unbelievers by myriads. Like most falsities, this one has generated a corresponding falsity. All-inspiration has led to the theory of no-inspiration. The true theory finds in the Bible a human element as well as a divine, and it finds that the divine is due to a higher moral and spiritual consciousness and a nearer converse with God.

Dr. Sanday's book, "Inspiration: Eight Lectures on the Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration,"—the Bampton Lectures for 1893,—is a noteworthy contribution to one aspect of this question. On the great problem of inspiration itself it is a disappointing production. The central question is touched upon, but not grappled with. Dr. Sanday approaches within sight of it now and again. Face to face with it he does not come. It takes an incidental, not a primary, place. The historical aspect is in the foreground. As the result, we have a work which affords comparatively small guidance on the main road, but not a little valuable help on the by-paths of Biblical research. The learning, the moderation, the balanced judgment, the calm, judicial tone, are admirable. We could have wished for a fuller deliverance on the crucial point of inspiration itself. But we must be thankful for what Dr. Sanday has given us; and on the history of the formation of the canon of the Old and New Testaments he has given us much that calls for intellectual gratitude.

Where Dr. Sanday does speak of the methods of inspiration, his position is indicated in sentences which, though brief, are clear and cogent. For instance: "Just as one particular branch of one particular stock was chosen to be in a general sense the recipient of a clearer revelation than was vouchsafed to others, so within that branch certain individuals were chosen to have their hearts and minds moved in a manner more penetrating and more effective than their fellows, with a result that their written words convey to us truths about the nature of God and his dealings with man which other writings do not convey with equal fulness, power, and purity. We say that this special moving is due to the action upon those

hearts and minds of the Holy Spirit. And we call that action inspiration."

Is this special influence present in the field of Biblical history? Dr. Sanday maintains that it is. For what purpose? Not to give absolute freedom from error in the use of historical material, but to reveal the divine current in history, to open the vision to the formative and guiding principles of which historical events are the expression.

Dr. Sanday feels unable to confine inspiration to the canonical writings. Who would say, for example, that the Book of Esther is wholly filled with the Spirit of God, and the Book of Wisdom wholly devoid of it? There is a descending scale within the Canon, just as there is an ascending scale outside of it. Dr. Sanday accordingly admits that a measure of inspiration may be justly claimed for some books in the Apocrypha. This admission opens the door to a broader view of inspiration than even liberal Orthodoxy is generally willing to concede, just as the function of inspiration in Biblical History, on Dr. Sanday's definition of it, is seen in operation as truly in Carlyle's "French Revolution" as in the Book of Isaiah.

The South Place Society, Finsbury (London), is one of the links between England and America. Large numbers of Americans go up to the house of Mr. Moncure D. Conway. A delightfully interesting story is told by Mr. Conway of a pleasant incident in connection with Longfellow's visit to South Place. The story was told to Mr. Conway by Longfellow himself. On the poet's third visit to Europe, in 1842, he spent some time in Dickens's London home of English hospitality, Tavistock House. During the time of what he himself calls "a most delightful visit here in London" he went on a Sunday morning to South Place to hear William Johnson Fox, the famous pulpit orator, who drew the best and brightest minds of London, of all ranks and profession, within the magic of his power. A surprise awaited Longfellow. He heard his own "Psalm of Life" sung as a hymn! The effect upon his emotions was almost overpowering. His presence in the congregation was unknown, and it gave him a thrill of joy to find that his poem was in the South Place treasury of song.

The union of America with the famous society is not confined to "the living present." In fact, the congregation owes its origin to the apostolic enthusiasm of an American,—and an American set on fire with the love of God. The founder of the society was Elhanan Winchester, born near Boston, Mass., in 1751. His father, a mechanic, had his quiver full,—fifteen boys and girls. To the boys were given Old Testament, to the girls New Testament, names. The Hebrew Elhanan slew Lahmi, the brother of giant Goliath (1 Chron. xx. 5), "whose staff was like a weaver's beam"; but the New England Elhanan (signifying "God-given") did better:—

A weaver's beam was small compared with the spear of Calvinism which our Boston Elhanan encountered. He carried to the combat one brief text, "God is Love." With the divine love his heart was aflame, his brain inspired; and he went through his own country, and then through England, publishing the new gospel, that all mankind would be ultimately saved!

And yet this man was at first a preacher of the straitest sect of the Calvinists, and it is worth while recording how he was converted to Universalism. A young lady, whom he casually met in his travels, quietly told him that all must be saved, inasmuch as she "beheld an infinite fulness in Christ for all mankind." He silenced her with texts, and passed on his way; but her sentence carried his destiny with it. He never saw her again, never even knew her name or abode, and lived eventful years of regret that he was unable to tell her that she had been the instrument of his salvation.

Winchester was before his time a prophet who prepared the way for Channing, Emerson, and Theodore Parker in America, and for William Johnson Fox in England. Yet, as Mr. Conway quaintly says, he "had an enormous capacity for belief." He was a millennial enthusiast, who published sermons on "The Three Woe-trumpets" of Revelation, in which he confidently identified the French Revolution, just opening, with the Second Woe. He reached England in 1787, and after six years of promiscuous preaching dissenters of various shades united to build or purchase for him a chapel in Artillery Lane, where on Feb. 14, 1793, the society came into co-operate being. Winchester did not assail Trinitarian dogma, but bore down vigorously on

hell, the slave-trade, capital punishment, and other anti-humanitarian institutions. He died in America in 1797, and was succeeded by Rev. William Vidler, his first ministerial convert.

Since then South Place has passed through a variety of phases. It has never been tied to a creed. It has never been in the bonds of a sect. Its varying complexion of thought is indicated in the names which, at various times, the society has either adopted or received: "Philadelphians," "Universalists," "Society of Religious Dissenters," "South Place Unitarian Society," "The South Place Society," "The Free Religious Society," "The South Place Ethical Society." These changes of name imply that the society has never been tethered to any particular type of thought. It has "stood" for flux and flow. William Johnson Fox was a Unitarian, decidedly. So were those who built the chapel for him. So were many of his supporters. But the society abandoned Unitarianism long ago. It may be said now to have abandoned religion. Recognition of God is gone. Prayer is gone, Worship, in any proper sense of the word, is gone. Theism is gone. Not a vestige of any form of religious thought is left. Secularism, pure and simple, is dominant. "Free thought" it is termed. But it is thought not really free. I mean that true freedom insures freedom for thought in every direction. The "free thought" of South Place is freedom to run in the direction of agnosticism, but not of Christianity, of non-theism, but not of theism. Like the churches around it, it has its bonds. It is in the bondage of a non-religious radicalism, with no liberty of movement toward any form of orthodox belief or of Unitarian faith. Mr. Conway, indeed, illustrates liberalism of thought by indulging in shots at Unitarians and Unitarianism. It is harmless and trumpery pea-shooting, but it serves to show that the claim of absolute freedom does not mean freedom for Unitarianism at South Place. Yet, as the *Christian Life* points out, the South Place Society meets in a chapel built by the liberality of Unitarians, and built by them for the purposes thus expressed in the trust: "as a place for the public religious worship of one God, even the Father, and for instruction in the Christian religion." That these purposes are not now fulfilled Mr. Conway himself would be the first frankly to admit. He would claim "an advance" on these, and would urge that he has accomplished what he denominates "the liberation of Unitarians from moral superstition." It would be a splendid testimony to the high, keen sensitiveness and moral robustness of the "South Place Ethical Society" if the congregation would rise to the height of giving up a building to which they have no moral right, and would erect a temple, not "sacred to the one God, the Father," as the present chapel is, but "sacred," in Mr. Conway's own words, "to the Supreme Light and Fire, to Reason and Love in their struggle with Unreason and Inhumanity." That the South Place Society fills an important niche in the intellectual life of London is beyond all question; that its powers are not now devoted to "the public religious worship of one God, even the Father," and to "instruction in the Christian religion," is equally beyond all question.

A series of remarkable "Lenten" sermons is now being delivered daily at St. Edmund's Church, Lombard Street, under the auspices of the Christian Social Union,—a society which is vigorously promoting objects which will be at once understood from the phrase a "forward movement" in the Church of England. The sermons are all on social subjects; and their aim is to put the yeast of a Christian democracy into the dough of our commercial, civic, and national life. The service is held at mid-day, from ten minutes past one to ten minutes to two, —the "refreshment" time of our busy city men. The mental food thus provided must be sometimes more difficult to digest than the physical fare; for it has several times been very spicy indeed, and served up with a good deal of sauce. The church is densely packed every day. The preachers are all men of note in the Church of England, who see what a fatal policy it is to make that Church "the type of all that is privileged and propertied and jealous and unsympathetic," and who would fain see her taking her place as the friend and protector of the people. They seek to arouse her to a sense of duty in the great social agitations which are now on foot. Whatever one's judgment on particular opinions of the preachers may be, there can be but

one verdict on the boldness, the independence, the bracingness, and the intense earnestness of their utterances. Whatever the result of these sermons in the sense of any organized movement, the effect on the quickening of thought and the deepening of interest in methods for the regeneration of life must be vital and far-reaching in individual cases. Perhaps the noblest of these discourses, so far, is that of the new Dean of Ely on "The Democratic Creed of the Church,"—a vigorous presentation of the dean's interpretation of Christ's social ideas, and an eloquent attempt to transform the Church of England from an instrument of the aristocracy into a genuine spiritual power wielding a vast influence on behalf of social reform in England. It is a healthy sign that busy merchants are drawn from the crowded mart to listen to these inspiriting addresses; and even those who may not be able to adopt all the articles of the preachers' social creeds will yet catch a measure of their reforming humanitarian spirit, and the leaven will work.

S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

London, March 1.

CHICAGO LETTER.

The *Unitarian* has already taken note of President Harper's course of lectures on Genesis, which have aroused the old note of theological alarm from some of his orthodox brethren; and it has also noted Dr. Harper's method of reply to these critics, which is justly pronounced "timorous and equivocating." The words quoted from Dr. Henson, the valiant defender of the Baptist faith and who has acted as principal spokesman on this side, to the effect that the distinguished doctor's explanations mystify more than they explain, find an echo in many of the comments from more secular sources. Dr. Harper, in his first irritation and presumable confusion over these attacks, made the unlucky mistake of throwing the blame on the public press, declaring that his lectures were not fairly reported, and adding, rather gratuitously, that there were not ten reporters in Chicago who were capable of reporting such lectures. As may be imagined, this made our daily newspapers bristle with defensive pride. The *Herald* replied with a mixture of gentle irony and amusement, venturing the opinion that obscurity was a poor sign either of scholarship or mental profundity, and that, where lectures were so difficult to understand, the fault must lie not altogether in the reportorial mind, but was more likely inherent. The letter printed for private circulation, in which the lecturer made another reply to his critics, betrayed the same feeling of nervous alarm which nowadays, on such a matter, excites more amusement than sympathy on the part of the general public. It is indeed, as the *Herald* said, hard for a man to pose before the public as an advanced Biblical student and a leader in the ranks of Orthodoxy. When Dr. Harper talks on Genesis and kindred themes, he naturally likes to talk up to the understanding of other specialists on this theme. It is hard to possess a learned and critical mind, and not give one's self the pleasure of exercising it; equally hard to explain either to the instructed or uninstructed mind how, if the story of Noah and the flood is a "naturalistic myth," or "an historical fact preserved in a multitude of forms by a multitude of nations," we should go on regarding it as a special divine revelation to a chosen set of people. Well, those who stand in the position of Dr. Harper and other representatives of the "new Orthodoxy," though I suspect the doctor would repudiate even that term of mild distinction, are to be more pitied than blamed; while those minds belonging to a more rational and candid school, standing on the firm, broad foundations of natural religion, cannot be too thankful they have escaped the mental obliquities and bewilderments of a half-fledged liberalism.

The recent death of Mrs. Myra Bradwell has removed one of the pioneers of social reform in our midst. Mrs. Bradwell is best known as the woman who first made application for a license to practise law in the courts of Illinois. This was not granted until several years later; and in the mean time Mrs. Bradwell had associated herself with her husband in the editorship of the *Legal News*, a standard publication of its kind, whose fame and success are directly connected with her name more than with her husband's, who has been a busy practitioner, able and progressive at his profession all these years. Failing to secure her

license to practise with him, she made application for the post of notary public; and a friend, writing a sketch of her life, gives a humorous account of the surprise, not to say consternation, which seized the governor and his advisers at so unprecedented a request. It was at last "gravely decided that a married woman was not eligible to such a high position, because, being absorbed into the Nirvana of wedlock, her identity was lost in that of her husband, and she could not, therefore, give a bond; and the ludicrous part of it was that the governor apologized for his action, and threw the blame upon the law. 'There is no one whom I would more cheerfully appoint if the matter were within the limits of my official discretion.'," In later years Mrs. Bradwell was not as active in public work as many others; but she never lost the prestige of her early heroism, and her sympathy and counsel were never wanting to any worthy cause, either for woman's or the world's advancement.

Another loss much deplored is that of Dr. William F. Poole, our well-known librarian. The story of his life shows how the boy and youth prefigured the man of indomitable industry and energy, who has left such a deep and lasting mark upon the intellectual interests of the city in which he has lived for so many years. He began the organization of the Chicago Public Library in 1874, remaining its efficient head until 1887, when he resigned the position to accept one of still greater distinction in the establishment of the Newberry Library on the North Side. He was known not only as a practical librarian, but enjoyed a national and even international reputation as a bibliographer. Poole's Index is known wherever English-speaking people are found, and it is interesting to read how early in life the lines of his future career began to shape themselves. In the preparation of a topical index in Yale, for the use of the students, began that interest in books, their right use and classification, which was to determine his particular life-work.

In some printed announcements from the Third Church, which has lately fallen into my hands, we learn of a new feature in Sunday-school work, the formation of a covenant class, which is like the confirmation class in other churches. The object of this class is to give special instruction to the older young people of the church prior to their formal admittance as members. Anything tending to enlarge and enlighten the general understanding of our young people in the principles of the liberal faith, to deepen the religious consciousness and the sense of personal responsibility in church relations, is good. The study here undertaken will be along the lines of Unitarian history, Biblical interpretation, and natural religion, and "henceforth faithfulness in the covenant class will be the condition and means of assuming the rights, powers, duties, and fellowship of the church." The minister of this church, Mr. Blake, also makes printed announcement of a book of anthems selected for the use of our liberal churches. No one is better qualified than Mr. Blake, both in musical and literary judgment, to fill this long-felt need. His peculiar touch and quality in work of this kind are well understood; and it is greatly to be desired that Unity Hymns and Chorals, the Song and Service Book, and the Festival Collection, should be supplemented with a book of anthems suitable for the service of a rational and progressive faith.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

March 14.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SUNDAY.

Trust for the Day.

Because in a day of my days to come
  There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb,
  In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
  Like a pulse-beat, threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
  From delight in the pure and true?

In the harvest field shall I cease to glean,
  Since the bloom of the spring has fled?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noonday sheen,
  Since the dew of the morn hath sped?

Nay, phantom ill with the warning hand,
  Nay, ghosts of the weary past,—
Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand;
  Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,
  But as bright the sun shall shine;
For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,
  The light of the King divine.

MONDAY.

Our Own.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
  And smiles for the some time guest;
    But oft for "our own"
    The bitter tone,
  Though we love our own the best.

Ah! lip with the curve impatient;
  Ah! brow with that look of scorn,—
    'T were a cruel fate
    Were the night too late
  To undo the work of morn!

TUESDAY.

The Edelweiss.

Far up on sternest Alpine crests,
  Where winds of tempest blow,
They say that, all unfearing, rests
  A flower upon the snow,—
A tiny flower, pale and sweet,
  That blooms o'er breath of ice;
And glad are they, on any day,
  Who find the Edelweiss.

Ah! far on heights of sorrows cold,
  Where tears are dropping slow,
Some hearts have found, and, finding, told
  How fair a flower may grow.
With petals pale, but perfume rare,
  It garlands days of ice;
And blessed are they who, weeping, pray,
  And find Faith's Edelweiss.

WEDNESDAY.

In Common Days.

In days supreme, of fond delight,
  When happy thoughts within us dwell,
Like vestals robed in stainless white,—
  Who time their footsteps by the swell
Of sweet-voiced bells upon the air,—
Then have we least the need for prayer.

In days obscured by veiling folds
  Of grief, or clouded o'er with dread,
While dumb suspense relentless holds
  Its sword above the shrinking head,—
Then, even in the soul's despair,
Is not the deepest need of prayer.

God keep us through the common days,
  The level stretches, white with dust,
When thought is tired, and hands upraise
  Their burdens feebly, since they must.
In days of slowly fretting care,
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

THURSDAY.

Do we know?

Do we dream how our petitions
  Granted, might, like swords of wrath,
Sweep away the sweet conditions
  And the mercies from our path,—
Leave us shorn of all our pride,
Fenceless, trampled, cast aside?

Do we know? O dear compassion,
  Gracious ruth, that bids us wait,
Though we mourn, in thankless fashion,
  That the answer tarry late,
And, o'erwhelmed by waves of care,
Have no patience in our prayer!

FRIDAY.

A Sea Fog.

Fair in the east, lo! a line of light
  Pulsed and quivered and broke.
God's finger moved in its gentle might,
  God's silence tenderly spoke.
The sea fog lifted! The fears took flight!
  The soul from its trance awoke.

Ah! whence shall the wrecked on the perilous reef
  Of doubts that, like mists, arise,
Find the flash of the lances that bring relief,
  If not in the morning skies?
And where shall they cry through their utter grief,
  Except unto Paradise?

SATURDAY.

Growing Old.

Nothing lost of all we planted
  In the time of budding leaves,
Only some things bound in bundles
  And set by,—our precious sheaves;
Only treasures kept in safety
  Out of reach, away from rust,
Till the future shall restore it,
  Richer for our present trust.

Whatsoever that be within us that feels, thinks, desires, and animates, is something celestial, divine, and consequently imperishable.—*Aristotle.*

When I consider the wonderful activity of the mind, so great a memory of what is past and such a capacity of penetrating into the future; when I behold such a number of arts and sciences, and such a multitude of discoveries thence arising,—I believe, and am firmly persuaded, that a nature which contains so many things within itself cannot be mortal.—*Cicero.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

He who looks back over the past cannot fail to see that no struggles have been more lamentable, no wars more bloody, and no enmities more bitter and contrary to the spirit and teachings of Christ than those which have so often raged between religion and religion, and between Christian sect and Christian sect. He, therefore, who cares either for religion or humanity surely ought to do what in him lies to prevent such struggles and enmities in the present and the future. In the light of this thought we wish to call attention to the association known as the A. P. A. (the American Protective Association), which is doing so much in all parts of the country to stir up distrust, hatred, and antagonism between Protestants and Catholics. Grant that Catholics often fall far short of perfection, both as men and as citizens: do not Protestants also? and will Catholics be improved by so treating them as to stir up all the enmity, fanaticism, and ill-will there is in them? Will suspicion and bitterness on our part beget love and fairness on theirs? We are told that they always vote for Catholics and never for Protestants for office. This is not true: they often do vote for Protestants. But is there any way, course of action, on our part so certain to make them vote solidly for Catholics as to array ourselves against them, and to deepen the feeling of antagonism between us and them?

Rev. Washington Gladden has done a service to the public by an article on the A. P. A. movement, in the March *Century*, in which he points out the evils that must inevitably arise from it. Any anti-Catholic crusade is to be deprecated, just as would be an anti-Methodist crusade or a crusade against the Irish or the Germans. This crusade has two especially bad features. First, it resorts to secrecy and oaths. Second, it exaggerates and misrepresents. The stories it so industriously circulates about the Catholics forming military companies, and arming and drilling, and so on, turn out on investigation to be pure scares. Dr. Gladden shows that the A. P. A. has circulated forged documents, purporting to bear the official signatures of a number of American archbishops and of Cardinal Gibbons, deprecating the rapid diffusion of the English language, and calling on the faithful to crowd out heretics from office and from places of public and private employment. Of course, such unscrupulous methods are to be condemned. It is not necessary for us to approve of the doctrines and principles of the Catholics, or of all the methods which they employ to advance their cause. But it is necessary for us to be truthful and just—yes, and large-minded and charitable—in our dealings with them and everybody else.

One of the mistakes made by the A. P. A. is that of judging the Catholicism of to-day by that of three hundred or five hundred years ago. They forget that there is a new Catholicism rising in our time, just as there is appearing a new Presbyterianism and a new Episcopalianism. It would not be fair to judge the Church of England to-day by the spirit and deeds of that Church in its old persecuting days. It would not be fair to judge American Presbyterianism to-day by the Presbyterianism of John Calvin when he burned Servetus or of John Knox when he enforced his iron decrees in Scotland. In the same way it is not fair to judge present-day Catholicism in America by the Catholicism of the Spanish Inquisition. The world advances; and, though Catholic and Protestant both may boast that they do not change, yet they do change. Both are swept forward by the spirit of the time into a religious life that constantly grows more rational and more humane. As Professor Swing has well said in an excellent sermon upon "The New Catholicism": "No one can reason over the words 'Protestant' and 'Catholic' without making great use of the phrase 'long ago.' Over the Piedmont massacre John Milton wrote his eloquent lines:—

'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks.'

"But we must not permit our indignation to make us forget that more than two hun-

dred years have passed since that massacre, and that in the mean time the Protestants have put to death many witches, and have dealt heavily in slaves, and have run an inquisition against Africans. . . . If there can come a new form of Protestantism,—a form that does not intend to enslave Africans again, or burn witches,—so can there come a new Catholicism. There is no choice in the matter. It must bow to fate."

Nothing more disgraceful has occurred in this country for several years than the recent revival of interest in pugilism, partly causing and partly growing out of the Corbett-Mitchell fight in Florida. Perhaps the worst feature of the matter is the conduct of the newspapers. It ought to be said, to the everlasting honor of two or three of the great dailies of the country, that they refused to report the Florida contest. But these were only a drop beside the ocean. Almost every daily in America the next day, and almost every secular weekly in America the following week, made the report of it their most conspicuous feature. Great "scare heads" emphasized its most exciting and disgusting incidents; columns, and in many cases pages, were given to the report of its brutal details; and all the more "enterprising" papers favored their readers with pictures of the combatants and the scene of the fight. These pictures and these reports, written generally with no sign of disapproval, but with enthusiasm, and with a relish for blood better suiting the nature of tigers than of men, going everywhere, and being read with eager excitement by nearly every boy and young man in this country, must produce evil moral results of the most serious and lasting character. Is the public really powerless to protect itself against such waves of corrupting and brutalizing reading? What are the churches about, that they do not rise as one man in protest? What are our legislatures doing, that they do not provide *legal* remedies, if no others can be found?

In the death of Mr. William F. Poole, for a long term of years the librarian of the Chicago Public Library, and more recently the organizer of the splendid Newberry Library of that city, the country loses a great public benefactor. Mr. Poole was best known by his "Index to Periodicals," which had come to be an essential in every important library of the country. But his greatest public service was probably that which he rendered in helping the people of this country to understand the real value and importance of libraries, and in so improving the methods of administering libraries, cataloguing books, etc., as to make libraries far more useful than they had ever been before. His conception of a library was as a great silent university, to which all classes of persons could go and find knowledge on all subjects in which they were interested, with the least possible trouble or delay. He made the libraries with which he was connected pretty nearly that. And, what was better, he did more than perhaps any other man to set the librarians of the country generally working toward that high ideal. He believed that the two great popular educators should be the free public school and the free public library. The first we have everywhere, and see clearly its benefit. Now let us have the second,—great libraries in the great cities, with branches in all the suburbs, and smaller libraries in every town, village, and hamlet. It is a high ideal; but there are already many indications that it is practicable.

We have just had the pleasure of a visit to the Armour Institute, the thoroughly equipped and somewhat unique institution of learning which Mr. Armour, the millionaire pork-packer of Chicago, has recently established in that city. The idea of the founder has been from the beginning to create a school of high grade explicitly for the benefit of the laboring classes. Hence he has located it in one of the sections of the city most densely populated with mechanics and wage-earners. His first plan was to make it distinctly a trade school; but this idea has been somewhat modified, so that now the institution combines features of the trade school, the ordinary manual training school, and the college of technology. Mr. Armour's desire was so great to make his Institute helpful in the largest possible way to the sons and daughters of poor men that it was for a long time a question whether any tuition should be charged. But, having learned from his

large experience that men prize what they pay for, he finally decided to charge moderate tuition fees, which in special cases, however, will be partly or wholly remitted. The building is one of the largest and finest educational edifices in the country. No expense has been spared in providing the best and most perfect apparatus and equipments of all kinds. Mr. Armour has long believed that the education of the country, generally, is shaped too much in the interest of those who expect to get a living by the use of their brains alone, and too little for the benefit of those who expect to work with their hands as well as their brains. It has been with the purpose of doing what he can to remedy this defect that he has established the Armour Institute in Chicago. We may add that he endows the Institute heavily, and thus insures its permanent efficiency.

Two features of Mr. Armour's great public benefaction commend themselves as worthy of especial praise. One is the fact that it meets a real want: it aims to furnish a kind of education that we have far too little of, and to benefit a part of our population quite too much overlooked in the establishment of our institutions of learning. Another is, the benefaction is planned and carried into effect by the donor himself, while he lives, instead of being merely provided for in his will, as something to be created by others after his death. Thus the benefaction is made a certainty instead of being left a mere contingency, liable to fail, as do so many brave plans for charities and beneficences resting on dead men's money.

It is gratifying to see an announcement, just made, that Mr. Armour seems disposed to go forward still farther in the path upon which he has started, and accordingly has just made a donation of $500,000 for the establishment of a manual training school in San Francisco, in connection with the public school system of that city.

It has always seemed to us amazing that rich men could consent to miss the high privilege of using their wealth for such ends of permanent public good as these.

The *Christian Leader* of March 8 gives an account of an effort recently made in Pawtucket, R.I., to admit Universalists to full membership in the Young Men's Christian Association of that place. It seems that particularly friendly relations exist between the Universalist and the evangelical churches of Pawtucket. All work together in various charitable and philanthropic enterprises, and even have gone so far as to hold revival meetings in common. It seemed, therefore, to many of the leading members of the local Young Men's Christian Association that it was only a proper thing that their doors should be open to these Universalists whom they were fellowshiping and working with in so many ways. But, knowing that this would be contrary to the regulations laid down by the National Young Men's Christian Association Convention in what is known as the "Portland test," they addressed the convention on the subject, urging that they be allowed to admit their Universalist brethren, and, if this were not possible under the Portland rule, then that that rule be changed so as to make provision for the larger fellowship. The petition was considered by the national body, but was refused. According to the "Portland test," no one can be a full or voting member of any Young Men's Christian Association organization who is not a member of an "evangelical church"; and an evangelical church is defined as one holding to a very narrow form of Orthodoxy, including such doctrines as the Deity of Christ, vicarious atonement, and everlasting punishment.

Several years ago the Young Men's Christian Association of Detroit, Mich., solicited a subscription for its work from one of the leading Universalists of that city, a man of high standing and of great influence in the community. He offered to give five hundred dollars, but made the condition that he should be allowed to join the Association as a member in full standing. His offer was refused. Later, when a Young Women's Christian Association was formed in the same city, an effort was made to get that placed upon a basis broad enough to permit Universalist and Unitarian women to enter. It was recognized that in these liberal churches were some of the most active workers in all good causes to be found in the city. But no matter. By an overwhelming majority it was voted to keep the organ-

ization strictly evangelical and orthodox, according to the narrow and traditional understanding of those words. There is everywhere a great willingness to accept Unitarian and Universalist money, but not our thought. Of course, it is entirely legitimate for these organizations to adopt and maintain such doctrinal regulations as they see fit; but it is time for all liberals to understand what these regulations are. In many places liberals have given money to them freely on the supposition that they are "unsectarian" and broad. As a fact, they represent one of the very narrowest, least intelligent, and least progressive forms of religion in this country. A few Students' Christian Associations in colleges have not adopted the Portland test, and are distinctly broader in their spirit. But these are exceptions. The regular Young Men's Christian Associations of the country, as a whole, cling rigidly to the doctrine of an infallible Bible, and all the backward-looking dogmas that go hand in hand with that. We cannot but believe that a day of greater enlightenment and breadth will some time come to these organizations. But it has not come yet.

We asked Secretary Reynolds of the American Unitarian Association to send us for last month's *Unitarian* an account of the needs and prospects of our national missionary organization. He did so. We do not see how any one who loves the liberal Christian faith can read that statement without being stirred by it. We have a great and immensely important cause to maintain. If we lay it down, no one else will take it up,—no one else can. The demands made upon us from both our own and foreign lands are great and constantly increasing. Only a few of these are we able to meet. Surely, we must not abandon any of the work which we have undertaken. Yet we shall be compelled so to do unless our churches increase their efforts. Only a single month remains before the accounts for the year must be closed. Will not every church, small as well as large, that has not yet contributed, and contributed all it can, do so without a day's delay? We talk of hard times. Yet really might we not raise twice or even four times as much money as we are doing for the promotion of our cause, without hardship to anybody? Are we really making sacrifices for our faith? Yet is it not worth making sacrifices for? Says Secretary Reynolds, "It makes my heart bleed even to think it possible that, by any lack of enthusiasm or effort or sacrifice, the blessed work of liberal truth should, in our day, suffer injury or be retarded."

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Easter Sunday was more widely observed than ever in our Unitarian churches. The central truths which give such a rich significance to the day are being more and more dwelt upon, such as "The New Life in Nature," "Consolation," "Immortal Hope," "The Resurrection Power in Life," and "The Sovereign Reign of Divine Love." The service issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society for this year proved so helpful that it reached, through various editions, a larger number of printed copies than have any services of any kind published by the same society before. Fourteen thousand copies were printed.

One thing follows closely on another in this busy world, and the Sunday-schools will soon hold for their next commemoration Flower or Children's Sunday. There are some schools who observe this on Whitsunday, but the majority select some other Sunday later. The Unitarian Sunday School Society, in obedience to the common demand, will issue a special order of exercises for 1894. It will include some of the old and popular carols with a few new ones, thus satisfying different tastes. By this plan there will not be so much need of rehearsal, breaking in on the class lessons, and favorites in music will be heard again. It is gratifying to know that the efforts of the Sunday School Society in the direction of special services have been encouragingly successful.

I would call attention to a little book issued in London called "A Child's Religion." The price is 60 cents, and it will be sent to any address on application at 25 Beacon Street. This book has in it material very suggestive to teachers, and certainly quite helpful to parents. The topics are those which relate to essentials in religion and morals, and the style is very direct and clear.

The lessons prepared through the past winter by Rev. W. W. Fenn for the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society are now completed, and will soon be out in pamphlet form. These lessons are on "The Life of Jesus," with a picture for each issue, the

subjects of the illustrations being masterpieces of art. This is a striking and effective way of presenting New Testament themes; and it is to be hoped that, gathered up into book form, these fresh and modern lessons will find a wide sale.

Mr. Fenn has also run, parallel with these lessons on "The Life of Jesus," a series of most valuable studies on "The Acts of the Apostles." The Unitarian Sunday School Society has published these from month to month, and they are now complete. Nothing so adequate exists; and, when these lessons are made up into book form, as they will be soon, ministers and teachers will have a perpetual resource. These lessons will group what is the latest and best in higher criticism, elucidate some difficult matters, and give, best of all, a strong picture of Paul, the missionary worker and apostle. This manual will be ready in complete form for the next current school year.

The Boston Sunday School Union had for its subject at the March regular meeting the following threefold topic: "The Co-operative Relations of the Church, Young People's Societies, and Sunday-school,"—(1) "The Church," speaker, Rev. John Cuckson; (2) "Young People's Societies," speaker, Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley; (3) "The Sunday-school," speaker, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer. Associate work, hearty and continuous, is of all needs most pressing, to bring the forces of a church into joint action and full power.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE DEAD.

An Essay read before the Young People's Guild, Northfield, Mass, by Edith Callender.

This grand and spacious world in which we live was built for us by the dead. The green earth, the flowing rivers, the high hills, all plant and animal life, are only made possible by the existence of other forms that have long since passed away.

It is the same with our civilization; for that, also, is the outcome of a long series of struggles upward toward the light. From the time when our barbarian ancestors first began to tame the cow and horse and plant the fields, each generation has reaped the fruits of the toil and self-denial, the high thought and strong endeavor, of the preceding generation. Now we should hardly recognize our barbarian ancestors as fellow-creatures, and our world is another world from theirs. Yet all this change has been wrought by the ceaseless energy of mankind.

We speak of the inventions, the scientific discoveries, and humane institutions of the nineteenth century. In reality, these are not the work of one century or two, but were slowly evolved, step by step, from the time when the principles applied in them first dawned upon the minds of men. Every link may be traced in the chain of progress, from the sedan chair to the electric car. Between the beautiful Hebrew story of creation and the modern theory of evolution long ages of thought and patient investigation elapsed. A long line of heroes and martyrs mark the advance of humanitarian principles from the days when Las Casas labored alone to suppress the slave-trade in South America to the days when a nation's sufferings brought about the abolition of slavery in our own borders.

In literature and art it is not difficult to trace the influence of the dead. Homer and Plato, Shakspere and Milton, Phidias and Praxiteles, Raphael and Michel Angelo, though dead, yet speak; and multitudes of lesser names have left the stamp of their individuality upon the age in which they lived.

If our government and social life are better than those of ages past, it is because statesmen and patriots have studied and toiled and suffered and died to make these things possible.

The religions of the world hold in themselves a history of human life.

> "Out from the heart of nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old;
> The litanies of nations came,
> Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
> Up from the burning core below,—
> The canticles of love and woe."

All the thoughts and aspirations of holy men, their noble lives and deeds, stored, not only in the religious literature of all people, but still more in the lives of those "made better by their presence," feed and refresh our religious life to-day, even as the mighty ocean feeds and refreshes and unites the continents that lie in its bosom. We cannot help believing that the influence of Jesus deepens as the years go by, and that every man who has taught or lived the truth as he saw it has helped to make the religion of our day broader, purer, more spiritual.

Finally, what are we ourselves but a reproduction, a strange composite of the blood and tissue, the vital energy, the spiritual force, of countless generations of mankind? In us their thoughts and passions, their vices and virtues, still live.

The influence of the dead! It cannot be estimated. All that was true and good and beautiful in them lives on forever, and adds to the sum of human achievement. It is a mistake to think that this kind of immortality belongs only to the great names of the world. It is not a name: it is an influence,—subtle, measureless, linked with the power of God himself, and flowing forth

from every good and honest soul that ever lived on earth.

It must be that the influence of personal character rises from a strong instinct of human nature, and has a meaning worthy of our study. Though sometimes it may seem to us that life is a battle which only the strong survive and that God cares only to preserve the species, still in the depths of our consciousness there is something which tells us that to him also the individual is precious.

When we think of the innumerable forms of life, all differing one from another, we realize that God has a purpose in this diversity, and believe that he has given something of his infinite power to each. When we see that all the progress of humanity, material, intellectual, spiritual, has been the result of a long series of individual efforts, we realize that not one life could have been spared in this endless sequence.

"Each thing in its place is best." Your life and mine, each is sacred in the eyes of God and necessary to humanity; and, when we die, the faithful work we have done, the help we have given other lives, shall build for us a monument more enduring than marble.

"May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

A very favorable report comes from the guild at Exeter, N.H. This is the seventh year of the organization. The interest is very general. From the beginning meetings have been held every Sunday evening. For the first half of the year once a month the subject has been some early Italian painter, once a month a distinctively religious topic has been considered, while the other evenings have been filled respectively by a talk from the pastor about Europe and a miscellaneous subject. As examples of the last may be mentioned "The World's Fair," "The Year's New Books," and "Temperance Reform." There has been a good attendance of young people generally, older ones coming in on the minister's special evening. New ones from the Sunday-school are coming in. The guild is interested in helping a scholar at the Montana Mission.

We are glad to record the formation of a guild at Roslindale, Mass. It very promptly connects itself with the Alliance by sending us the names of two delegates, Mrs. I. N. Cutter and Mrs. R. P. Stevens.

We estimate there must be as many as fifteen organizations that have not joined the Alliance.

Winchendon, Mass., sends us the manual of the Charles H. Wheeler Guild and a list of topics and leaders for the season, from January 7 to June 27, meetings occurring every Sunday evening. We quote a few of the subjects,—"Act in the Living Present," "Dreams," "Money: Its Uses and Influence," "Promises," "A Cup of Cold Water," "Rowing and Drifting." This guild dates from December, 1891, and was named for the former pastor. There are seventy-six members; and a goodly number, from fifteen to twenty, of them take part in the meetings. The Charity Committee has found much work to do, and has interested the Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church and the societies of the Methodist and the Baptist church to join in the same work. An entertainment was given by these organizations together, and $200 was realized for charity. The Roman Catholics also gave some help.

The Channing Guild of Waltham celebrated its sixth anniversary on Sunday afternoon, March 4. Invitations having been sent to all the young people's societies of the city, acceptances came from the First Baptist, the Congregational, the Methodist, and the Universalist church. There were special devotions and a musical programme, with a solo by Mr. Fred Stearns. The subject of the meeting was "Our Undiscovered Selves," and this was discussed by Mr. Frank P. Rutter, leader, by members of the guild, and visitors. The attendance was very large, while a spirit of good fellowship prevailed.

A society was organized in Bolton, Mass., in October last. It has held weekly meetings since on Sunday evenings. At first four months were given to the study of "The Life and Writings of Saint Paul." The course was much enjoyed. Every one in the parish is invited to join the guild, and the response is encouraging. We select some subjects from the present series, reaching from February 18 to May 27,—"Ruth," "Unitarianism" (continued through several meetings), "The Lend a Hand Movement," "The Gospels."

The president of the Alliance had the pleasure of visiting the guild in Lexington, Mass., and addressing the meeting held on March 18. Mr. Luther Sherman, president of the guild, led the meeting; and Rev. C. A. Staples also spoke. Some of the topics of the present course, running fortnightly from January 21 to December 23, are here given: "Forgiving One's Enemies," "Low Aims or Lofty," "Ideals," "Seed Time and Harvest," "Self-control."

The president addressed the Sunday School Union, which met March 19, on the subject of "Young People's Societies in Relation to the Sunday-school and the Church."

B. R. Bulkeley.

UNITY CLUBS.

At Andover, N.H., much club work is done without any very distinct organization. Among the students of Proctor Academy, a young men's debating society meets fortnightly, and a Shakspere class meets weekly among the young women. An evening has been given to the subject of how to cultivate the memory, and one to a lecture on the White City. Last summer the young women procured thirty dollars to put into books for the public library, by means of a dramatic entertainment. Many of the young people take part in conducting the Sunday-school for a Sunday, under the direction of the superintendent. The Sunday evening service is often arranged for the purpose of aiding, and is sometimes conducted by, the young people. Readings from George Herbert have occupied one evening. Wordsworth two, and Robert Browning one. Other poets, whose writings are sufficiently elevated for the hour of worship, will be made Sunday evening guests.

The Unity Club of Nantucket, Mass., began its work under much depression last autumn, owing to the removal of Rev. Cyrus A. Roys, who organized the club, and who had conducted it with great efficiency and success. The club has gone on very prosperously, however; and the interest has never been higher. The membership is limited to two hundred and twenty-five, and the waiting list has been very large throughout the season. The literary study this winter has been devoted to Lowell and to the younger American authors. The essays given have been of an excellent quality. Many of the members have responded with anecdotes, quotations, and expressions of opinion bearing on the author of the evening or some one of his works. Some of the more recent meetings have been given to home travels, and the descriptions of personal experience and observation have been most entertaining. The social, musical, and dramatic committees have helped the club very much by the entertainments they have provided. It is not too much to say that the club fills a great need in the community. It numbers the best people in its membership, and is the leading organization of the kind in the town.

The Unity Club of Quincy, Ill., is divided into three sections. The social section holds six meetings, on one of which the history of the church is to be given and the church trustees elected. The literary section is devoting eight evenings to Ibsen. The following are the special topics considered: Modern Norway, Bibliography of the Poet, Reactionary Tendencies in Thought, The Conventional and the Ideal, Individuality in Women, Commercial Hypocrisy, The Problem of Heredity, Self-obliteration, and Self-realization. At each meeting one of Ibsen's works has been selected for special readings. The club has also carefully discussed the dramas and the problems which are suggested by Ibsen's methods and ideas. In the social science section the subject has been "A Study of the Development of Civilization." The principles of evolution have been discussed, as well as the development of the various political functions and the development of ethics and religion. This section occupies eighteen evenings with its work, and about one-half of its meetings are held on Sunday evenings.

The Follen Fraternity of East Lexington, Mass., has this year been organized into a Washington Irving class and a Current Topics class. Seven evenings were devoted to the study of Irving, three essays being read on each evening, and several carefully selected readings were given. These meetings were well attended, the essays were uniformly excellent, and the interest was good throughout. The Current Topics class has considered a considerable number of important social and economic questions, such as the causes of the financial depression, the municipal ownership of natural monopolies, the good and the evil of Socialism, the Chinese question, and the aims and methods of the modern church. A series of entertainments have also been held, consisting of plays, concerts, and readings.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

IRELAND AND THE DRINK QUESTION.

A striking article has been published in the *Fortnightly Review*, and later in *Littell's Living Age*, upon "The Ireland of To-day." After showing various causes working to the deterioration and ruin of the unhappy Irish people, the writer describes the vastness of the mischief of their habit of drink. In every Irish community big enough to have a grog-shop one-fifth of the male population, at the lowest, and "far more often a third or even a half of the whole, . . is body and soul at the service of the publican." It is worst in the larger towns, "worst of all in Dublin." The government of these towns is generally "in the hands of a majority named and actively supported by the publican and the liquor and brewing interests." In Cork a complete tramway line has been built "for no other reason than to facilitate Sunday travel out to the subur-

ban resort of a leading publican-politician." It is in such demoralizing influences that the boys grow up. Loafing and rowdyism of course prevail. In whole districts of Ireland the distillery and malt-house are the only industries left. As in the case of a very bad disease, the lower the vitality of the system is reduced, the harder it becomes to throw off the fever.

Here, then, is a picture, drawn by a friendly hand, of a whole people going to the bad. Of course, drink is not the only cause; but it is so great a cause that, if it alone could be removed, Ireland would begin to be prosperous again. And yet, seeing such object-lessons on a great scale, we here in the United States play with the gigantic evil; and we look on almost with indifference while in our own cities the same sinister power captures and corrupts our local governments for its bad ends, lays its deadly hands on our boys, and educates "toughs" and criminals.

C. F. Dole.

WOMAN'S WORD AND WORK.

The fifth regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held in the Lenox Avenue Church, New York, on Friday, March 2, at 11 A.M. The president, Mrs. Chadwick, called the meeting to order. Reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and approved. Mrs. Chadwick then announced that, in place of the Religious News and Philanthropic Reports, a paper written by Miss Barton of Meadville Theological School would be read. The subject was "A Life of Service," and the paper was read by Miss Chapman of Brooklyn. It was an interesting and beautiful story of the wonderful usefulness of the life of a young woman whose resources were very limited in every direction but that of service to those around her. The subject of the day was "The Working Church,"—(1) Aims and Methods, (2) Amusements, (3) Pulpit Work. The first topic, "Aims and Methods," was treated by Miss Elizabeth Curtis of Staten Island.

Miss Curtis considered that in all ages the church had in view moral growth, and she felt that development of character and improving the individual life ought to be the aim of the church. As an institution, no church should be a centre of philanthropic work. Any charity originating in and carried on by a particular church becomes sectarian; and very often the same ground is gone over twice, and two church organizations interfere the one with the other. All charitable work should be absolutely unsectarian, and all educational and philanthropic work. The aim of the church should be to so educate and develop men and women as to make them useful, intelligent workers in all unsectarian work of reform.

The second topic, "Amusements," was treated by Mrs. Bolles of New York. The history of the church revealed the fact that the universal desire of the human race for amusement was recognized at a very early day, and the first form of the drama was religious. Afterward, as the drama gained in favor with the secular world, it was condemned by the church. But some form of amusement has always held favor. Just how far a church is justified in calling to its aid amusements as a means of raising money or increasing interest is a question. Something depends upon the location of the church. In isolated country districts, where there are no amusements except such as the church can offer, there seems only one course open. But in cities, where our young people have always a surfeit of amusements, the case is very different; and it often is a question as to whether the desired result is attained. Efforts to interest young people in the church by amusements seem to indicate that the interest rarely extends beyond the amusements. Mrs. Bolles criticised severely the elaborate and expensive entertainments given in aid of charity. As a means of raising money, the church fair seems a necessity; but those who have most to do in getting them up hope the day is not far distant when such work can be abandoned. While heartily favoring moderate amusements, Mrs. Bolles felt that a church depending upon them to any extent for its support was not carrying out the real object of a church.

Rev. Florence Buck of Cleveland, Ohio, read the third paper, on "Pulpit Work."

Miss Buck spoke of the statement so often heard to-day, that the pulpit was losing its place in the community, and felt that this was not true. While it has no longer the unique position of former years, much of its older work being done now by lectures and the wide distribution of literature, yet it still holds a place of its own. The function of instruction still belongs to the pulpit, because busy men and women have not the time to study minutely the great ethical principles which underlie our organization as a nation. All questions of the day are proper subjects for the pulpit. They should not be treated in a narrow, partisan spirit, but the aim should be to make clear the situation; and the pulpit is a power only when it identifies itself with questions of the day. The past is only valuable as far as its difficulties help in the solution of present problems, and the pulpit must be a great ethical force in the solution of these problems. It has a future only as it applies philosophy to life.

After singing a hymn and repeating the Lord's Prayer, the meeting adjourned.

M. H. H.

The spirit of man, which God inspired, cannot together perish with this corporal clod.—*Milton.*

LITERARY NOTES.

The Channing Club of Boston has taken upon itself the much needed task of examining the books written for boys and of publishing for the use of parents and librarians a classified descriptive list of such as are approved. The list is divided into three classes,—one of interesting stories; one of works of history, biography, travel, science, etc.; and one of books which, through the moral principles taught, are especially suited for Sunday-schools. No book has been rejected because of doctrinal teaching, as the list is intended for all denominations; but, wherever such teaching is prominent, the fact is noted. Besides the necessary items of publisher and price, each title is followed by a summary of the story, or a description of the scope of the work if in the second class, thereby enabling the reader to choose intelligently. The work seems to be excellently done, and is calculated to be widely useful. The catalogue of books approved may be obtained by sending a stamp to William M. McInness, 53 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Religion, Old and New, the monthly paper which Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport, Ia., has been publishing for two or three years, is now to be issued in two editions,—one from Davenport and the other from Des Moines, Rev. L. N. Harvey and Mr. Judy being the joint editors. Thus each minister will have his parish paper, while both unite to make a paper which shall as fully as possible represent the State. Best of all, they have associated with them Rev. T. E. Dotter, pastor of the Universalist church in Des Moines, who will edit a "Universalist Department," thus aiming to make the paper representative of both wings of the liberal army of the State. Send subscriptions to Rev. L. N. Harvey, Des Moines. Price 50 cents a year.

"Common-sense Theology." A second series of Tracts for the Times. London: British and Foreign Unitarian Association. p. 164. Price 2 shillings.—These excellent tracts, written by eight English and four American Unitarians of eminence, we have noticed already as they appeared in pamphlet form. They are mainly doctrinal, and well calculated to enlighten the public regarding the doctrines, the principles, the aims, and the spirit of Unitarianism to-day. They make a valuable book for missionary use.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the First Independent Christ's Church, Baltimore, Md., has been commemorated in a handsome pamphlet containing the proceedings at the rededication, with fine photographs of the church and sermons by Rev. James De Normandie and Rev. Grindall Reynolds. It is for sale at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Price, 25 cents.

"A Chorus of Faith," as heard in the Parliament of Religions, Chicago, Sept. 10–27, 1893. Compiled by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.—The object of this book is to preserve in brief collected form the noblest utterances scattered throughout the seventeen days of the Parliament, those utterances which were most ethical and spiritual in their character and broadest in their spirit, —in a word, those that struck most perfectly the chord of universal religion. They are grouped in the volume under the following suggestive heads: Greeting, Harmony of the Prophets, Holy Bibles, Unity of Ethics, Brotherhood, The Soul, The Thought of God, The Crowning Day, and Farewell. Mr. Jones furnishes a short introduction. The selections, which are one hundred and sixty-seven in number, from one hundred and fifteen different authors, are well made. The book is a very interesting and inspiring one,—a noble reminder of the most memorable and prophetic religious gathering of modern times.

"The Religion of a Literary Man." By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: G. P. Putnam's.—This is a book similar to which there have been many; but almost invariably they have been failures. This is a success,—a literary layman's championship of Christendom. To hit the perfect plane of good taste between journalistic vivacity of expression and the reverent tone of true religious feeling has rarely been the privilege of any writer. The pen of Le Gallienne, however, trained to the literary style of the highest class of English newspaper editorial work, at the same time responds to the mind of a deeply religious thinker; and we have as a result in these brief, condensed papers a remarkable combination of poignant expression, homely illustration, and clear religious thought. They are calculated to hold the interest of the busiest man of the world, and convince him of the fundamental, needful, living truth of Christianity. At the same time no ecclesiastic or theologian can fail to profit by the fresh treatment here given of the deep problems of religious life. Truth always comes as Christ came in the garb of simplicity.

"A Symphony of the Spirit." Compiled by George S. Merriam. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.—There are gathered together in this beautiful little book sixty-three short poems or poetical extracts, among the very finest in the language, on the subjects of death and immortality, or perhaps it would be better to say on the deathless nature of love. It is a book for all who

> "Look to see the breaking day
> Across the mournful marbles play,"—

to all who hope and trust (as who does not?) that

> "Life is ever lord of Death,
> And Love can never lose its own."

"The Aim of Life." By Philip S. Moxom. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is an admirable volume of addresses to young people. It is full of simple usefulness. It is as forcible as Drummond, as pure as Munger, as loving and sympathetic as Clarke. The usual ethical and educational topics are discussed,—habit, companionship, amusements,—but there is nothing prosy about any. There is a clear, earnest conception of what should be the aim of every young life that permeates the thought and inspires the style throughout. We heartily recommend the book to all parents for their children's sake, and to all young people for their own.

Some of our readers who do not know already may be interested to know that the sermons of Rev. Charles G. Ames of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, are published regularly each week in the Sunday morning edition of the *Gazette*. This is the paper in which James Freeman Clarke's sermons were published for so many years. We have few preachers among us whose sermons are so fresh, inspiring, and spiritually helpful as those of Mr. Ames.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We notice below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

The New World (March).

Lotze's Doctrine of Thought. By Henry Jones.

The Human Element in the Bible. By Philip S. Moxom.

Universalism a Progressive Faith. By A. N. Alcott.

The Song of Solomon. By Karl Budde.

The Origin of Goodness. By Minot J. Savage.

The Problem of Paracelsus. By Josiah Royce.

The Anti-Nicene Doctrine of the Unity of God. By T. R. Slicer.

Dean Stanley and the Tractarian Movement. By A. V. G. Allen.

The Atlantic Monthly (March).

On the Upper St. John's. By Bradford Torrey.

A Greek Prime Minister: Charilaos Tricoupis. By Jeremiah W. Jenks.

The Reform of Secondary Education in the United States. By N. M. Butler.

Talk at a Country House. Assyrian Arrowheads and Jewish Books. By Sir Edward Strachey.

The Arena (March).

Manual Training *versus* the Old Method of Education. By A. H. Heinemann.

Nationalization of Railroads. By Rabbi Solomon Schindler.

The New Bible. By F. B. Vrooman.

The Cause of Financial Panics. By J. W. Bennett.

The Non-Sectarian (March).

Some Old Unitarian Worthies. Part II. Rev. Robert Collyer.

The Difference between Morality and Religion. By Rev. W. S. Crowe.

The Tale of Israel Told Anew. By William B. Smith.

Who are Infidels? By Jacob Marrifield.

The Biblical World (March).

The Theology of Paul and of John Compared. By George B. Stevens.

Paradise and the First Sin. By William R. Harper.

The Duties of Man as Taught by the Book of Proverbs. By C. F. Kent.

Hinduism's Points of Contact with Christianity. By Merwin-Marie Snell.

Biblia (March).

Egyptian Astronomy. By Rev. J. T. Pettee, A.M.

Egyptian Embalming. By Dr. C. H. Davis.

The Sanitarian (March).

Care of the Insane.

Prevention of Tuberculosis.

The Utilization of Garbage. By L. C. d'Homergue.

National Registration a Necessity. By S. W. Abbott.

The Review of Reviews (March).

Childs, the Giver. By Talcott Williams.

A New Constitution for New York.

The Story of the World's Parliament of Religions. By Rev. F. H. Stead.

Clara Barton and the Red Cross. By Sophia W. Williams.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Anamosa, Ia.—The church in Anamosa is new. It is the result of division in the Congregational church. For three years it stood as independent. Last October it called Mr. Charles Graves of the Meadville Senior Class to its vacant pastorate. The congregation was then very small, the finances at low ebb. By diligent work Mr. Graves has steadily increased both the numbers of the congregation and its financial strength, until it now quite fills a hall seating over two hundred. The church has been reorganized as the People's Church, and has united itself with the Iowa Unitarian Conference.

The ordination of Mr. Graves as pastor took place Friday evening, March 2. For

two days previous a conference had been held, with essays, sermons, and discussions, which had been participated in by the Unitarian ministers of Eastern Iowa, aided by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago and Rev. J. H. Palmer, the Universalist minister of Cedar Rapids. The conference was very earnest and inspiring, and the attendance throughout was excellent. The ordination service packed the hall with eager listeners. The order was: invocation and Scripture, Rev. B. A. Van Sluyters, Decorah; sermon, Rev. T. B. Forbush, Chicago; ordaining prayer, Rev. C. E. Perkins, Iowa City; charge, Rev. A. M. Judy, Davenport; fellowship of the churches, Rev. L. A. Harvey, Des Moines; act of installation, Hon. D. McCarn, Anamosa; address to the church, Rev. J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids. This young church has secured already a large and vigorous constituency, and gives fine promise of growth and permanence.

Arkansas City, Kan.—After the departure of Rev. Mr. Rogers last August the church at this live little city slumbered until after Mr. Vail's arrival at Wichita in November. Then it asked him to come down and help them. At first the outlook was not very satisfactory. But through Mr. Vail's tact and persistence the congregation has been drawn together again, some seventy-five to eighty meeting Sunday evenings in Highland Hall. The Ladies' Society has been reorganized, and a Sunday-school is being started. Here also a church building is very essential, and the members of the little company are earnestly canvassing ways and means. The ladies have a small church building fund, and it is understood that one of the members of the congregation stands ready to donate the necessary land. It is hoped that during the coming summer the church will be able to house itself.

Asheville, N.C.—Rev. Henry A. Westall, a native of Asheville, and recently settled in Jersey City, begins his ministry here on March 1. He is a clergyman of tried and proved ability, having been pastor of Unitarian societies in Woburn, Mass., and Bloomington, Ill. He is equally at home in both branches of the Church of the Better Hope, Unitarian and Universalist, his church in Jersey City belonging to the latter denomination.—*Southern Unitarian.*

Bangor, Me.—The latest news from the Independent Congregational Society in Bangor is a year book for 1893-94 just issued. Its table of contents consists of twenty-two lines of headings. About eight of these indicate as many separate organizations. Of these organizations the Unity Circle of the King's Daughters is especially notable for its cooking class and sewing school.

The "Directory" contains the name and address of all the members, and is a handbook of convenient reference in many a household.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society, always active, is one of the oldest charitable associations in the State. The Women's Alliance, though still young, is also awake to its opportunities. Its regular meetings are held once a month, and consist of devotional exercises, the reports of work accomplished at headquarters and in all quarters, proposals of new things to be done, and discussions and voting thereupon. These regular meetings are alternated with an equal number of study meetings, the topics for which are, this year, an outgrowth of the World's Parliament of Religions. Besides the post-office work and cheerful letters, we have sent a little money to the small society at Evanston, Ill., which has as yet no church building, and more to Chattanooga, where they are trying to lift a debt. Repeated letters of thanks come to us from Tuskegee, Ala., for a valuable barrel of clothing sent to the Normal Institute for colored young men and women.—*Church Exchange.*

Bar Harbor, Me.—The enthusiasm manifested here goes beyond all that was hoped for in the beginning. The audiences have steadily increased, in spite of all counter-attractions. Having services at two o'clock in the afternoon and again at seven, it is surprising to see every seat occupied both times. All are eager for the good news, and especially are they anxious to understand what Unitarianism stands for. Mr. Cochrane is giving a course of evening lectures upon our religious faith.

The audiences that greet Mrs. Cochrane on the alternate Sunday evenings to listen to practical, every-day religion are fully as large as those who come to hear what Unitarianism is.—*Church Exchange.*

Boston, Mass.—The various Lenten services in our Unitarian churches have generally been well attended.

The Wednesday noon meetings in King's Chapel have, as in former years, proved an hour in which many ministers as well as laymen sought spiritual rest. The noble sermons at the First Church at Wednesday vespers have had a powerful influence.

The evening lectures at All Souls', Roxbury, upon "Liberals in Literature," have been listened to with growing interest by large congregations.

Many special discourses applicable to the season have also been delivered in many of our pulpits. Rev. Minot J. Savage, in an admirable sermon upon "The Secret of Rest," said: "There are large numbers of people who are work-weary, those who have come to believe that all is useless and empty and vain. There are people who are burdened by their shattered ideas. Then there

are those who are broken in health. There is also a class of people who, 'through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage.' They are haunted by the thought of burial, by the thought of the utter loneliness of it. Let us consider what reliefs there are for these troubles. Jesus says: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden' (text). Jesus' life was not an easy one, but he followed his orbit as peacefully as a star. He shrank from death, but he faced it through and he faced it down; and he died forgiving his murderers. Jesus had found the secret of rest. He had absolute, permanent trust in God. He believed in his Father. Ought we not to rise up to these magnificent trusts and rest? Do all you can: when you have done all you can, lie back and rest."

Cambridge, Mass.—The recently issued announcement of the Divinity School shows an attendance this year of forty-seven students. Of this number eleven are resident graduates, four Seniors, eight Middle Class men, eighteen Juniors, and six special students.

Centreville, Ia.—For some years previous to his entrance into the Unitarian fellowship Rev. G. H. Putnam, now pastor at Carthage, Mo., had been the minister of the Presbyterian church at Centreville. As a result of his liberal teaching, there was a group of intelligent men and women who could no longer affiliate with any of the orthodox societies. Hence they turned to the Unitarian Conference for advice and aid. About the same time Rev. J. H. Bidwell, a well-known Congregational minister of Iowa, came to the members of the same conference, seeking fellowship and work. The man and the place were at once brought together. The result is a very promising movement: an enthusiastic congregation of about one hundred wide-awake, intelligent people; and an organization which has already grappled with the financial question in a vigorous and effective fashion. Such a spontaneous out-reaching of the people in an average Iowa town for a more reasonable faith is evidence that there is still a place for Unitarianism; that it is not as effete as is sometimes said, but is still a light to those who have been sitting in darkness, both ministers and people.

Charleston, S.C. — Mr. Whitman has been preaching on the "Need of Spiritual Life" and the "Law within my Heart." The latter sermon was reported in the *News and Courier.* Life and interest prevail in all the branches of the church. We hear from a faithful correspondent that the annual meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Society was held on the first Tuesday in the new year. In spite of the hard times the finances were never more encouraging. The president gave an account of the inception of the society: "And we are hale and hearty, though our years are more than threescore and ten." Two other meetings of the society have been held during the month. In fact, the meeting of its members is one of the bright, cheery events of every other week.

Helping Hands have put on their thinking cap to bring about ways to again bring in the dollars to their now empty treasury; for they have just paid dressmaking and milliners' bills, so as to present their new *protégé*, the parish house, fully clothed and out of debt. The interest on their investment of more than $225 they feel is well secured by the moral and helpful influences which they believe will ever go forth from that house for the elevation of the entire population of this city.

Mr. Whitman was requested by the Bible Society to deliver a sermon upon the Bible. The *News and Courier* said of it, "The sermon was of a very high standard,—a just yet very reverent criticism."—*Southern Unitarian.*

Cincinnati, Ohio. — Rev. George A. Thayer has been preaching during March upon the following themes: (1) "The Soul: Pre-existence, Reincarnation, or Individuality"; (2) "The Evolution of Man: Will There ever be a Higher Race on Earth?" (3) "The Survival of the Fittest"; (4) "The Rational Future." The last subject was the one reserved for Easter. After the sermon the right hand of fellowship was given to persons wishing to be openly identified with the church.

East Lexington, Mass.—Rev. George W. Cooke has been preaching a series of evening sermons on Jesus. The special subjects have been "Jesus as the Revealer of God," "Jesus as the Friend of Man," "Jesus as the Interpreter of Life." "Jesus as the Discloser of Immortality.

Ellsworth, Me.—There is increased social life in the society here, and a cordial fellowship exists among all the members. The debt incurred through repairing the church has spurred the young people especially to extra effort. During the winter these young people have given an entertainment fortnightly. There has been much latent dramatic skill brought to light and utilized. We are very proud of the dramatic ability and the willingness to put it forth manifested by those who must take the places of the older members by and by. The ladies have given a supper fortnightly during the winter. The Sunday-school is just recovering from the break occasioned through the repairing of the Sunday-school rooms. The pastor has taken the Bible class, and will make a systematic study of the Gospels.

Hopedale, Mass.—The Guild of À Kempis has within the last few months added considerably to its already large membership, and on the first Sunday of March chose new officers for the year ensuing. Mr. Adin Messinger was elected president. The ladies of the parish have furnished their excellent sociables during the month, the young people giving the entertainments. On February 14 a large chorus of young men, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Day, gave us many popular songs and a most delightful farce, "Freeezing a Mother-in-law," which provoked great laughter. The pastor on February 18 exchanged with Rev. E. C. Smith of Framingham. It happened to be the most inclement Sunday of the year, and only a few were able to hear Mr. Smith's most inspiring sermon. There was no regular session of the Sunday-school. On the evening of the 28th the Misses Lapworth conducted the entertainment. The singing by Miss Lapworth and Mr. Charles Lapworth brought forth enthusiastic applause, as did that also of Mabel and Clarence. We were all greatly indebted to Miss Flora Lapworth for the great efficiency with which she carried out the programme.

Iowa City, Ia.—Rev. Charles E. Perkins has nearly completed his second year of work in this university town. He has shown himself an able preacher and a faithful pastor, and has won the confidence of the people of all denominations in the town. The local society is not strong, and the field has been known for many years as a somewhat difficult one. But Mr. Perkins is working on bravely and earnestly, reaching by his preaching and Bible class instruction a very considerable number of students, and succeeding in his general work distinctly better than his near predecessors. He exchanged pulpits two Sundays in March with Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, the editor of the *Unitarian*.

Iowa Conference.—Slowly but steadily the conviction grows that those whom God hath joined together by giving them the same nature and mission, man should not by his selfish and short-sighted sectarianism put asunder. Perhaps the best proof of the growing conviction inside Unitarian and Universalist ranks that the two denominations stand for essentially the same principles, and have really the same aims in view, may be seen in the steadily increasing number of efforts put forth for co operation and fellowship, especially in joint conventions. Michigan has had one such convention, and is soon to have another. Wisconsin has had one or two. Two or three have been held in the East. Iowa has recently held a very successful one, which seems certain to be followed by others. So the good spirit spreads.

In response to your request for a brief report of the Iowa Convention for the *Unitarian*, I send you the following notes:—

At the annual meeting of the Iowa Unitarian Association in Davenport, Nov. 16, 1893, a resolution looking to a joint convention of the two liberal religious bodies within the State, was unanimously passed. The executive committee of the Iowa Universalist Convention cordially indorsed the resolution, and, while precluded from issuing a formal call for a convention, gave their aid as individuals in the preparation of a programme.

The convention met in the Unitarian church at Des Moines, Tuesday evening, February 20, and continued through the two following days. It was well attended, nearly every Universalist and Unitarian minister in Iowa being present, with a good representation of the laity. Among the latter were several members of the Society of Friends. Rev. R. D. Towne, pastor of the Universalist church in Dubuque, had been chosen to preach the opening sermon; but, being absent from the State, Rev. Charles E. Perkins of Iowa City was invited to take his place. Mr. Perkins's sermon was on "Intellectual Scepticism and the Grounds of Belief." Previous to the assumption of the preacher's task, however, Rev. Leon A. Harvey of the Unitarian Church called the convention to order, and introduced Judge O. B. Ayres, the president of the Iowa Universalist Convention, who gave to the friends a cordial welcome, expressed in words showing a warm appreciation of the object which had called them together. An equally cordial and happy response was made by Rev. Mary A. Safford of Sioux City, the president of the Iowa Unitarian Association.

The convention was formally organized Thursday morning by the choice of Mr. Edward Cromwell of Sioux City as president, Rev. J. H. Palmer of Cedar Rapids as secretary, and Rev. Leon A. Harvey of Des Moines as treasurer.

At ten o'clock Rev. Amos Crum, D.D., of the Universalist church at Webster City, read an exceedingly entertaining and able paper upon the theme "The Decline of the American Pulpit." The discussion which followed was led by Rev. T. P. Byrnes of Humboldt, and participated in by several others. At eleven o'clock Rev. H. D. Stevens of the Unitarian church at Perry gave an address upon "The Humanitarian church," which awakened very general enthusiasm. The paper was alive with moral and humane passion, and deservedly ranked among the best things of the convention. The discussion was led by Rev. A. K. Beem of Osage. At two in the afternoon a paper on "Unitarianism and Universalism" was read by

Rev. Charles E. Perkins of Iowa City. The paper followed the historical method in treating of the origin and growth of the two bodies, maintained their individuality, yet asserted for each a natural and growing affiliation with the other. The discussion which followed, and which was led by Rev. W. L. Swan of Clarinda, was very general. In the course of it the convention was favored with a vigorous address, teeming with interesting reminiscence, by Rev. S. S. Hunting of Des Moines, formerly pastor of the Des Moines Unitarian church.

At three o'clock Rev. Arthur M. Judy of Davenport spoke for the pulpit upon "What is Desirable in the Pew?" The address was a noble call to service, full of lofty spirituality, yet strongly practical.

The sermon in the evening was by Rev. J. H. Palmer of the Universalist church at Cedar Rapids. It was earnest and eloquent, quite in the line of the thought and aim which had called the people of this convention together.

Thursday afternoon the convention opened with a paper on "The Renewed Bible," by Rev. C. E. Varney of the Universalist church at Storm Lake. Discussion followed, led by Rev. James Gorton of Marshalltown. Next came a symposium, devoted to consideration of "The Secret of Success in our Work." Rev. A. K. Beem, Rev. T. P. Byrnes, Rev. J. H. Palmer, and Rev. Elinor Gordon spoke to the question. Your correspondent was not present at this session of the convention, but all reports which came to him indicated that it did not fall below other sessions in interest. The closing sermon was preached in the evening by Rev. Mary A. Safford of Sioux City. Miss Safford said that "the convention had already preached her sermon"; but, if this were so, we were all glad to hear it again according to her rendition, and emphasized by her earnest voice and manner. It was a word which fittingly brought the brotherly meeting to an end.

At the business session of Thursday a resolution was unanimously adopted recommending to the Iowa Universalist Convention and the Iowa Unitarian Association consideration of the advisability of holding our annual conferences together, with separate sessions for the business of each body. Other important resolutions were passed looking to more active co-operation in liberal Christian work throughout the State of Iowa.

The Des Moines daily papers gave very full reports of the convention. The Unitarian Society made everybody welcome to their church and to their homes. Rev. Mr. Harvey, as host, seemed to be ubiquitous. He was certainly most efficient.

The spirit and temper of the Conference was all that the most sanguine could have hoped. The essential unity of thought and purpose of the representatives of the two liberal Christian bodies was very noticeable. We believe it is the beginning of larger and better life for both Universalism and Unitarianism in Iowa. C. E. P.

Jowai, India.—On the occasion of the visit of the chief commissioner of Assam, the political head of the province, to Jowai, on November 27, the teacher and children of the Unitarian Free School of Jowai paid him their respects with a formal address of welcome, which he responded to with inquiries concerning the school and the Unitarian cause in the Khasi Hills.

On Sunday, December 24, special sermons on the meaning and value of the Christmas were preached in our meeting hut at Jowai by Kissor Singh and Mar Singh. On Monday, the 25th, the Unitarians at Jowai and the school children celebrated the Christmas with various kinds of sports and entertainments, our heathen neighbors also taking part

The house to house visitation is still continued almost every Sunday evening, our school children assisting us in singing. A native Methodist evangelist, who only a few months ago left the theological training institution of Cherrapoonjee, has joined our ranks, which has much surprised our orthodox friends.

The Nongtalang church and school were closed during the month of December, owing to outbreak of cholera, but have since been reopened, the disease having disappeared.

Will our friends and sympathizers of the Khasi Hills Unitarian Mission kindly send us old illustrated papers, pictures, maps, alphabet sheets, etc., for the use of our schools? They will have the effect of drawing many heathen children to our schools. These may be addressed to me at Jowai, Khasi Hills, Assam, India.

HAJOM KISSOR SINGH.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—The money is raised, the plans drawn, and the contract let for the new Unitarian church here. The work of building will be pushed forward vigorously as soon as the spring opens.

Milford, N.H.—We are very glad of the great Unitarian work done in Massachusetts, and rejoice at the strength of our cause in that State.

We are small in numbers in New Hampshire, and desire to receive all credit rightly due us.

It is often a misfortune to have towns of the same name in different States, especially so when credit due to our little Granite State is given to towns of like names in old Massachusetts.

"Be it known to all men" that the grand work of the past few years reported in the March *Unitarian* has been at Milford, N.H., —not Milford, Mass.

Oklahoma City, Ok. Ter.—Five years ago Oklahoma City was an open prairie without a cabin. To-day it is a town of ten thousand, with three-storied brick and stone blocks, city water, sewers, gas, and electric light. It has also a Unitarian church, with a comfortable home of its own, seating over two hundred, which is filled to the doors every Sunday, to listen to the sermons of Rev. C. H. Rogers, its pastor. This little church was dedicated to the "worship of God and the service of man." Tuesday evening, February 20, the pastor was assisted by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago, who gave the sermon. This is the south-western outpost of the Central West, and stands alone in this new Territory. But, although it is only six months old, the knowledge of it has gone abroad; and some three or four points in Oklahoma have urged Mr. Rogers to "come and do likewise," while two towns have offered land for church buildings, if we will take possession. The field in that direction has fine promise, if only we were able to avail ourselves of the opportunity. Would that the easy-going friends of liberal Christianity could realize the possibilities of these wide-spread fields and the privilege of improving them for God and humanity!

Plainfield, N.J.—Evenings with Charles Dickens at All Souls' Church. March 26, "Bleak House," Mrs. E. W. Conklin; April 6, "Pickwick Papers," Mr. H. B. Wells; April 20, "David Copperfield," Mr. W. H. Riley; May 4, "Little Dorrit," Mrs. F. D. Warren; May 18, "Our Mutual Friend," Mr. E. H. Mumford. Each book will be introduced by a short paper or address, after which a free discussion of its people and incidents is desired.

Topeka, Kan.—The ordination of Rev. Abram Wyman was made the occasion of one of those little conferences in which our Western churches take pleasure. It was opened Tuesday evening, February 13, by a very strong sermon from Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago, on "The Live Olive-trees," which was listened to by a good audience, in spite of the intense cold which followed the severe blizzard of the 11th and 12th.

Wednesday afternoon another choice audience gathered to enjoy the careful and scholarly delineation of the life and character of Paul which Mr. Fenn presented. Seldom has a Western audience been favored with a more perfect work of constructive criticism. Wednesday evening was Mr. Wyman's ordination. The invocation and Scripture reading were by Rev. Prof. Black of Topeka; sermon, by Rev. J. E. Roberts of Kansas City; ordaining prayer, by Rev. W. S. Vail of Wichita, Kan.; charge, by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago; fellowship of the churches, by Rev. W. W. Fenn; act of installation, by F. H. Foster, Esq., of Topeka; address to the church, by Rev. C. G. Howland of Lawrence. Mr. Roberts's sermon was on the true nature of religion, and was full of the charm of his peculiar eloquence.

The Topeka people have quite fallen in love with their young pastor, the congregations have largely increased, and there is every prospect that the church is on the road to satisfactory success.

Salem, Mass.—The session of the Essex Conference at the East Church March 1 was a very enjoyable one. Dr. Moxom's paper on "The Labor Question" was worthy of the occasion, as was also Rev. Mr. MacDougall's address on "Do we need a Change of Name to become a Free Church?" —The union Easter service of the four Unitarian Sunday-schools of Salem at the Barton Square Church Easter Sunday afternoon, with Rev. E. A. Horton to speak, was a very pleasant affair. The new service of the Sunday School Society was used, and much enjoyed.

A very large audience gathered at the Barton Square Church on Sunday evening, March 18, to listen to an address by our senior pastor, Rev. E. B. Willson, on "Fifty Years in the Ministry: A Retrospect."

The Alliance of Barton Square Church had a pleasant and profitable sale at their vestry March 21. This Alliance entertained sister alliances on Tuesday, March 13. Rev. Mr. Manchester gave an address on "The Montana School," and afternoon tea was served.

San Antonio, Tex.—Brother Shultz sends the following: "It is always said that religion is intolerant: that is true. But who are the accusers? The doctors? What about the persecution which Jenner, Harvey, Hahnemann, and others had to endure? The scientists? Who ever propounded a new theory in science and was not hooted and sneered at by his own fellow-laborers? The men of industry? The inventors have been crushed to the earth by the names of crank and fool imposed upon them. He who has the courage of his convictions, be it in medicine, in art, in industry, in science, or in religion, must be willing to be made the target and the scorn of his fellow-men."—*Southern Unitarian.*

St. Louis, Mo.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Snyder was celebrated by the ladies of the Eliot Society at the Church of the Messiah by a surprise in the shape of a reception to Dr. and Mrs. Snyder from the congregation. During the evening Mr. Hugh McKittrick, president of the trustees of the society, presented, in the name of the ladies, to the pastor and his wife a basket of "silver" dollars,—the sum of the gifts of each man, woman, and child in the society.

—The Literary Committee of the Eliot Society is carrying out with great success the programme published in the fall. There have been two meetings in the month past, at which Reade's "Put yourself in his Place" furnished material for papers and discussion on "Trades Unions," and Mary Hallock Foote's "Chosen Valley" on the rights of corporations. Among the notable evenings have been those devoted to Hamlin Garland's "Spoils of Office" and Ibsen's drama, "Nora, or the Doll's House." A feature of many meetings has been a letter to the meeting from the author of the book under discussion. Among such may be mentioned letters from G. W. Cable, Mary E. Wilkins, M. H. Foote, and Hamlin Garland. This work is in the hands of a most efficient committee, of which Mrs. C. H. Stone is chairman.

—Rev. Mr. Johnstone of Grand Rapids recently exchanged with the pastor of the Church of the Messiah.

—At the March meeting of the Unitarian Club Rev. Caroline Bartlett, the guest of the club, presented a paper on "The Promise of Unitarianism," in which the position of the radical wing of the church was ably presented.

—At the March meeting of the Eliot Society the "literary hour" was devoted to "Memories of John Calvin Learned, Late Pastor of Unity Church." Miss Wall presented a paper on "Mr. Learned's Relation to the Educational Institutions of St. Louis"; Mrs. C. C. Allen, "Press Comments and Mr. Hosmer's Poem"; Mrs. C. L. Moss, "Letters." Miss Jewett talked of "Some Personal Traits"; and Mrs. N. B. Eayrs sang in conclusion Mr. Chadwick's hymn, "It singeth Low in Every Heart." The ladies of Unity Church were guests on this occasion, and the evidences of sorrow that marked the funeral service at Unity on December 10 were repeated in the chapel of the church of the Messiah on March 5.

Washta, Ia.—Rev. Ellen Gordon of Sioux City preached at this place on Sunday afternoon, February 25. The Masonic Hall was crowded to full capacity. The subject of Miss Gordon's sermon was "Am I a Christian?" The drift of the sermon was to show that much depended upon the qualification of the word "Christian," as far as liberals were concerned. If the word "Christian" included a belief in any of the present orthodox ideas of Jesus, the answer would have to be in the negative. But, if by Christian is meant trying to follow generally the teachings of Jesus as well as trying to live the Christ life, then the preacher thought most liberals were proud to be called Christians.

Wichita, Kan.—The installation of Rev. W. S. Vail at Wichita took place Thursday evening, February 15. The order of service was as follows: invocation and Scripture reading, Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago; sermon, Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago; prayer, Rev. Abram Wyman of Topeka; fellowship of the churches, Rev. W. W. Fenn; act of installation, Hon. R. A. Sankey of Wichita; address to the church, Rev. T. B. Forbush. It was greatly regretted that Mr. Roberts of Kansas City and Mr. Howland of Lawrence were unavoidably prevented from assisting in the service. Their absence, coupled with the fact that Messrs. Fenn and Wyman were obliged to return North Friday morning, prevented the conference which had been planned for that day and evening.

Mr. Vail, who succeeds Rev. E. R. Shippen at Wichita, is well known in the West, having been the pastor of a large Universalist church at St. Paul, Minn., for some seven years. Being attracted to the Unitarian fellowship, he resigned his St. Paul pulpit, and accepted the Wichita call. He is winning golden opinions from all with whom he comes in contact. The Wichita church is in good condition. The congregation fills the hall. The Sunday-school is excellent, and the Ladies' Society is active and efficient. Steps are already being taken to secure a satisfactory church home, which, when completed, will place the society on a permanent and substantial basis.

Yarmouth, Me.—Rev. E. E. Newbert of Augusta preached here February 18, in exchange with the pastor.

The Ladies' Circle gave a pound party for the poor Friday evening, February 23. A goodly number of packages were received, and have been distributed according to the best judgment of the committee. Fortunately, our parish contains but few really needy people. The Women's Alliance packed, February 24, a large dry-goods box of various articles for wear and house use. Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School is the object of this benefaction. We are glad to assist those who are trying to help themselves.

We are glad to chronicle a pleasant social event. The pastor, with several gentlemen assistants, met the young unmarried men of the parish, to the number of twenty-four, Wednesday evening, March 7. The evening was passed in conversation, playing games, and singing. Refreshments were served at a suitable hour. It is enjoyable to see the young men together in this way. It is democratic and good for morals and religion. Work for and with the young men. They will respond, and heartily, too.—*Church Exchange.*

What springs from earth dissolves to earth again, and heaven-born things fly to their native seat.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

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BALANCE AND BALLAST IN CHARACTER

A SERMON BY REV. W. G. ELIOT, OF SEATTLE, WASH.

"Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity."—JOB xxxi. 6.

"His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."—Ps. cxii. 6.

All parts of the ship, from rudder to figure-head,—all that pertains to the ship,—have illustrated elements and experiences of human life and character. Helm and helmsman, pilot and sailor, compass and wheel, mast and sail, anchor and plummet, voyage and port, shoals and deeps, narrows and open sea, storm and calm, wind and sky and stars, beacon light and harbor bar and haven, have all entered the poetry of our race.

And this justifies the title of the sermon this morning. The ship must be trimmed and ballasted; and by this figure I invite your attention for a few moments to a consideration of the theme, "Balance and Ballast in Character."

I sometimes think that most of the ills of society are caused not so much by deliberate, intentional sinfulness as by lack of ballast in character and lack of balance among the elements which enter into character. A sinful ignorance, a criminal negligence, haunts the background of our lives. A cumulative carelessness surprises us with its power in many of the important issues and crises of life; and even in lives governed by great personal devotion and consecration we note a lack of equilibrium.

This lack is the cause of most of our own weakness, failures, and suffering. Will it not, then, serve us all to consider very thoughtfully and in a practical and concrete way what constitutes balance of character, what is ballast in character, and how they are attained?

I speak to those who desire to attain in themselves this greater balance and ballast. Rescue, more radical salvation, is needed for the leaking and sinking craft. All that the really good-intentioned ask is counsel and help. What they need is education, growth in mind, morals, and motives.

What is our simplest line of approach in this consideration? Shall we begin at once by instancing individual characters in whom lack of balance or ballast is conspicuous? If you will think of it a moment, you will see that this is a hopeless task. Every one of us lacks these qualities to some degree. No: let us look rather at those universal elements which are the groundwork for character, and then deduce, if necessary, from the general to the particular. Psychology furnishes our generalizations.

Psychologists of all schools, in spite of various shades of distinctions made, various explanations of phenomena, various differing analyses of complex operations, and in spite of differences as to which is primal in the several departments of our life, nevertheless agree that there are three moods or functions involved in the unity of the soul's life. These are, of course, the mind, the feeling, and the will. So conscious are we in a rough way of this distinction, and so simple and clear-cut does it seem, that we do not sufficiently appreciate the exquisite difficulty of the analysis of a single simple act, let alone the most complex operations. Nevertheless, if we bear this difficulty in our mind, the broad division above made will help us, for these three functions—mind, feeling, and will—are as necessary to the formal completeness of the soul as the possession of all the limbs and organs is to the completed form of the body; and so there is a symmetry and health among the

parts of the soul, just as there is a symmetry and health among the parts of the body.

Speaking, then, in the broadest way, ill-balance of character is always due to ill-balance among the three primal psychologic elements. The mind or the feeling or the will is weak, and then the character is to a greater or less degree unbalanced. If the weakness is radical or organic, then the difficulty of education, change, or improvement, is very great,—insanity is merely a high degree of such weakness; but, if the weakness in any faculty is not organic, but simply due to lack of training or attention, then the weakness can be changed to strength, and a greater degree of symmetry attained.

Avoiding, if possible, the entanglement of too deep and close analysis, let us see what the various types of character are in cases where any of the three parts is unduly subordinated: First, where the mental element is weak; *i.e.*, the will strong, the feeling strong, but the judgment poor. Here is the character who sees much of his time ill-spent in injudicious enterprises. As a business man, failure is marked upon his brow; as a philanthropist, he is heartful, but headless; as a parent, he is pouring out love or temper on spoiled children; as a reformer, he is one-sided; as a student, he is an apologist or an advocate rather than a true scholar; as a teacher, he is a pedagogue rather than an educator, a driver instead of a leader; as a theologian, he is a bigot instead of a messenger of light; as a citizen, he is a partisan more than he is a patriot.

The finer offices of character are often hindered or wasted or confused by lack of thought. Thoughtlessness sometimes leads to greater wrong than sin. "Discretion is the better part of valor."

Wisdom is better than enthusiasm. Obstinacy is irrational firmness. Mercy finds scanty room in the soul whose mind is set in the business of fault searching. Charity is indiscriminate and harmful when divorced from judgment.

Religion without reason becomes superstition.

What is so of others is, to a greater or less extent, true of each of us. If we are conscious of any wasted effort, if we are conscious of any of the failures in our work or character due to ill judgment or thoughtlessness, let us strive in every possible way, especially in minutiæ, to train the judgment, practise the mind to the wise generalizing from facts, from our past experiences of both success and failure and the experiences of others. Read in a less desultory way; and read slowly and carefully books which require rigid and careful thought. Let us think more ourselves,—make thinking as much a duty as the other daily tasks. In some such way, I think, one who feels ill-balanced in character through failure of the judgment may be helped.

Secondly, I would speak a moment of the types of character where the feelings are ill-developed. The ill-balance in character which finds source in the feelings is due not to the subordination or weakness of feeling as a function, but rather ill-balance among the various kinds of feelings.

Intellect is something much more simple than feeling. Reasoning is a proceeding by steps, in accord with certain fundamental ideas of the consciousness; and in the reasoning process no step can be anything but all right or all wrong any more than a step in a mathematical problem can be partly right and partly wrong, and those very steps in any process of reasoning which we call wrong reasoning are ill-named, for a false step ceases to be reasoning. It is a lapse in the process. Therefore, reasoning in its simplicity cannot be right or wrong, but is always right as long as it continues to be reasoning, and is always the simple responding of the soul in consciousness, in a process along certain inevitable lines, the inexorable path of logic.

Now, feeling is by no means so simple of analysis. There can be wrong feelings or right feelings, and feelings partly wrong and partly right. There can be many different kinds of feeling,—hope, desire, faith, love, chagrin, hate, joy, grief.

I believe that in every one's life the feelings are primal. They are the beginning and the end of all conduct; and, when we say people are without feeling, we mean they are without some special kind of feeling, and are really controlled by some other feeling. And, when we say, for instance, that a man is dispassionate in his thought, it is only that his thought is guided by higher feelings for truth or the right rather than by prejudice.

Now, if feeling is really never subordinate, then the ill-balance of character due to the feelings is not due to a disproportionate subordination of feeling, nor to any subordination of feeling at all, but rather to lack of balance among the feelings themselves.

Thus some men have a sense of justice that knows no mercy, and some men have a fulness of mercy that crowds out justice. Perfect mercy is not inconsistent with perfect justice, of course. It is the lack of the other that makes either incomplete. And right here it may be said that no perfectly good and right feelings hinder each other. In fact, every good feeling in its completeness partakes of all other good feelings, every good feeling being named by its predominant attribute. It is lack of proper balance or harmony in the quality of any feeling that mars it.

Yet more, however, are good feelings unbalanced and even overcome by bad feelings. Caution is perverted by cowardice, love is unbalanced by lust, self-sacrifice by asceticism, liberty by license, simplicity of motive by duplicity. It is goodness and badness of feeling that determines the guilt of a man. Error of intellect alone is not sin, nor effort balked. It is the feelings that give the personal moral quality to thoughts and deeds. If we would search our motives, we must search our feelings.

It is often lack of some special kind of feeling that make our lives little or narrow. What is often called narrowness of mind is really narrowness of feeling. It is because our feelings of interest are limited. Here is one who feels no interest in anything but the every-day affairs of home and business. We say his life is pretty meagre. Here is one whose life is barren of musical or poetic or æsthetic sense. Here is one of broader human interests who loves to follow in thought and feeling the history, past and present, of the doings and thoughts of his race.

And all such broadening of our interests is really a balancing or truer adjusting of the feelings.

What is so of others is, to a greater or less extent, true of each of us. Let each one consider what may be his or her dominant trait, or see if the feelings which dominate your life are adjusted to each other in simplicity and harmony. If not, bend your efforts, concentrate your judgment in adjusting the relations; hush the discord, and fill out the harmony. Let us search our hearts, and see if there be any evil way in any one of us. And, again, if any one feels that his outlook is narrow, if any one comes to feel that his thoughts and feelings are narrow, his aspirations poor and his sympathies limited, let him feed his desires until his interests in all things human grow great with the food that feeds them.

And, thirdly, of those types of character where the will is weak. Here are those whose effort seems paralyzed, in spite of good intention and judgment. If I should describe them, it would be a sad, sad story. It is the story of those whose souls have become the slaves of their bodies. It is the story of those who cannot keep their soul on top, but whose bodies trample their souls in the mud. It is the story of those who have upon their necks the yoke of sin, lured thereto by the delusion of a sinful heart, and by a perverted judgment self-deceived into the idea that the yoke of sin would always remain as easy and its burden as light as at first it seemed.

It is the awful story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde the world over. It is the pitiful narrative of those who have meddled with drugs and fooled with medicine. King Alcohol has more slaves cringing at his heels, flattering him before his throne, or shackled to his chariot wheels, than any royal tyrant of human form. His palace is the saloon; his slaves, the weak of will; his allies everywhere are those who countenance in any degree the unrighteousness of his works and his traffic.

I saw a man, not long ago, who was on the very verge of delirium tremens. His mind was clear. He knew his condition and how he reached it and what was impending. His good intentions were uppermost in mind; and yet his will was gone, and he knew it, and felt it, and was glad to be locked up from the drink, going voluntarily to our city jail. The slave to any sin is usually possessed of the devil long before he knows it. He thinks he can stop at any time; and the ill-balance of his character, the lack of will power, is all the more clearly seen by contrast with the spontaneity of his good resolutions and the alertness of his mind to fashion excuses. The ex-

cuses of drinkers, for instance, have a dismal similarity and a fatality of weakness. He will take just one more drink, and that will be the last. Or here is a friend he hasn't seen for a long time: he will drink one final glass with him. He will drink enough to make him finish this piece of work well; and, when it is done, then he will stop. His nerves need a little stimulating, in order to get done in time. When his job is done, then it will not hurt him to drink because he is not working, and the use of the liquor does not cause him to exhaust or hurt his system; and at last, as a noted physiologist has pointed out, he will, with equal readiness of good intention and excuse, drink so as to get up enough strength to make a strong resolution not to drink. He will drink for strength to keep from drinking.

Yes, the devil sometimes lays tribute upon the conscience itself; and the man will take another drink because he thinks under the stimulant he can do more good to others than he can do harm to himself.

For utter paralysis of will there does seem to be nothing but despair; but I say again what is so of others, what is true of the illustrative types, is true, to a greater or less extent, of each one of us. Each one of us has some weakness of will that serves, to a greater or less degree, to unbalance our character. For the gradual strengthening of the will nothing is so good as practice, exercise in effort, struggle. Paupers are usually people whose will fibre is flabby, and, as Dr. Phillips Brooks has said, "not until you make men self-reliant, intelligent, and fond of struggle, fonder of struggle than mere help,—not until then have you relieved poverty." Every man and woman in their own self-discipline, and in the discipline and nurture of their children, ought to beware of any method or indulgence that will weaken the will fibre, the effort quality, the effort power, in character.

I would speak in all kindness and humility a word of solemn warning to any one of you who may be indulging in any vice or even to a slight degree in drug or medicine or liquor.

We young men need to warn each other. Believe me, the Chinaman in the filthiest opium den, and the men and women whose deeds we sometimes learn, too horrible and loathsome for the newspapers, are not in their unutterable depravity as guilty before God as young men among us—yes, among our acquaintances, and in society and in the world—whose secret lives are a shame to their mother, a duplicity before their friends, a rebellion and disobedience before God. And I beseech you, if you feel yourself becoming weaker and weaker, or if you cannot stop at once and forever, then seek a friend whom you trust and love, and make your solemn promise. That is one of the best helps, I know, and then throw yourself among the good, and avoid the evil-minded. Crowd out lower thoughts and ideas with the nobler, and try to gain a patient confidence in the cumulative effect upon character of daily prayer.

I have been trying, as you remember, to show what are the various types of character in cases where any of the three functions, either mind, feeling, or will, is weak.

I feel that I have hardly opened the subject before I must begin to fashion my sentences for the close.

There are many elements of character, taken in its unity, that we ought to think about, but which we must not linger upon here,—the due balance between mirth and seriousness, quickness and slowness, speech and silence, pleasure and duty, piety and conduct, and many more which I hope will suggest themselves to you for further thought.

And now the speeding moments bid me speak but a word of *ballast* in character. What is that?

When the cargo, however small, is well trimmed, then the ship is balanced. When the cargo is heavy enough and well fixed, so that it will not shift, then the ship is ballasted.

In character balance has to do with the mutual adjustment and proportionate arrangement of the parts. Ballast is a quantity and quality of the whole. Character, however symmetrical, must have a certain integral strength and fixed steadiness. It is the rich life and the fixed heart that ballast the life. Consecrated will and purpose, noble aspirations, holy love, tender conscience,—these are the ballast that steadies us in the stormy sea.

If a ship is foundered in the sea, it is not because of the storm alone, but because the ship is not trim or its ballast shifts. It is

not the strength of wind and wave, but the weakness in the ship; for the same waters would still have borne the ship up, the same winds would still have borne it on, if the ship itself had been stanch.

God sustains us and leads us on in our life's voyage, and it is our sinful weaknesses, our lack of balance and ballast, that makes us tremble and founder before the storm; but with balance and ballast we can give our sails to the wind, and turn what would have been destruction into strength.

THE WRITINGS OF STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

On Sept. 15, 1865, Stopford A. Brooke dated his preface to the first edition of the "Life and Letters of Frederic William Robertson." Fifteen years later, Sept. 15, 1880, he wrote his memorable letter to the Bishop of London, explaining his reasons for leaving the Church of England, and carrying on an independent ministry in the chapel which was his own private property,—this, as all know, proving but a temporary arrangement, terminating in his union with the Unitarian body in the earlier half of 1884.

For these days of voluminous authorship the list of his published works, extending from the beginning of those fifteen years until the present time, is not very long. On the other hand, their quality is distinctively of the first order. Successively appearing before the public in the characters of a biographer, a preacher, a writer upon literary topics, and a poet, Stopford A. Brooke may deservedly claim a high rank in each.

It was in 1859 that Robertson's sermons first became known to the American public. When, about the close of 1865, his "Life and Letters" made its appearance, in the English edition of two volumes, it found a wide circle of readers athirst to learn all that could be told regarding that wonderful, young, Broad Church preacher who, after too brief a career of successful but overstrained ministerial duty in the crowded little Trinity Chapel, Brighton, had sunk beneath a painful illness, aged only thirty-seven, Aug. 15, 1853. It is sad to think how his unique ministry, carried on under a heavy cloud of failing health and a morbid melancholy partly caused by overwork, may be said to have only won its greatest triumph after he was gone. In a few years his sermons ran through many editions on both sides of the Atlantic, one volume having been translated into German, and published at Mannheim. Thousands who had never heard of Robertson while living, now grew to love and venerate his name, which the circumstances both of his life and death almost seemed to encircle with the halo of a martyr. He himself was inclined to consider his life a failure. Could he have looked back to earth a few years later, even his morbid self-depreciation and innate humility would not have hindered him from acknowledging that, to borrow his own language, "An apparent defeat may often be a real victory."

Perhaps, at first, it seemed to some as if his "Life and Letters," despite its deep interest, hardly told us quite enough. We are all familiar with that sense of insufficiency which is apt to steal over us when some long-desired book falls into our eager hands, and we keep craving for even more than it is able to give. Himself still * a young man when he wrote it, Mr. Brooke may sometimes seem to be a little weighed down by the gravity of his subject, and vexed by a most unfounded fear of not being able to do it justice. We occasionally feel the need of a slight relaxing from its all-pervading seriousness, and cannot help wishing for a little more of anecdote and variety, for a slight sprinkling of humor and the lighter elements of life. The impression that perhaps a too-exclusive stress is laid upon the sadder side of Robertson's nature is moreover directly confirmed by the latest book upon this only too rich and inspiriting subject. It was about 1886 that an Englishman, Rev. Frederick Arnold, published a very readable volume called "Robertson of Brighton," not professing to give us a new biography, but merely to supply some slight omissions, and to touch up a few points hitherto passed over, besides furnishing sketches of persons connected with Robertson in the course of his career, and presenting us with glimpses into what had been somewhat ignored,—we mean the more gay and genial side of his complex character, his capacities for wit and joyousness, that, although too often kept down by

* He was born in Ireland in 1832.

the pressure of an overstrung sensitiveness and the imperious demands of a too-exacting, and, indeed, a morbid conscience, were yet alive.

Unquestionably, the biographical matter in Mr. Brooke's memoir is somewhat crowded to one side by the vast wealth of letters, all of the highest interest, and ranging widely over all topics belonging to the intellectual and the spiritual life. Mr. Brooke, from the start, shows the master's faculty of making us wish for more than he has seen fit to give. He reminds us of the Greek saying, that "the half is more than the whole." He displays the artist's power of a restrained intensity and self-control. He has the poet's power of word-painting, so vividly shown in his sermons, and leading us to surmise that one of the "letters from friends" giving impressions of Robertson's personality from a few who had known him (letter E., the only one not signed), describing Robertson's reading of Tennyson's "Ring out, Wild Bells," may have been written by himself. We seem to discern Stopford Brooke's own touch in that quiet picture of the autumn evening, the dark fir-trees dotting up the lonely hillside, the western sky, with a far-off purple mountain-peak, standing sharply out against a flood of yellow light. We like to fancy that it was he himself, in his youth, who sat on the old seat under the elm-tree beside the young preacher as he read those lines, and, as he closed the book, repeated twice over, with solemn hopefulness, "Ring in the Christ that is to be." We like to think it was the future biographer who then listened to Robertson as he rose, and, leaning over the wooden fence, began reciting Keble's well-known hymn:—

"Where is thy favored haunt, eternal voice,
The region of thy choice?"

as they stood there in the evening wind, among what Keble calls

"Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart
For thought to do her part."

To what seems the strong internal evidence of this letter we may add Mr. Brooke's own words in his introduction to the American edition of the "Life": "I shall not readily forget the fervor with which I heard him read 'Ring in the Christ that is to be!'"

It is in this same introduction that he says, "We are going through a religious revolution, and it is not impossible that we shall manage it with as much wisdom as we managed, in 1688, our political revolution." No one reading through these stirring pages, written at least a quarter of a century ago, can wonder at a mind like that of Stopford Brooke having gradually worked its way through even a liberal acceptance of traditional dogmas, and come boldly out upon the platform of the liberal faith. His early orthodoxy, based, we might almost say, upon Robertson's, could not, like Robertson's, remain in that half-emancipated condition which, it may not be too much to suggest, might have passed into a higher and more liberal region but for his premature death. . . .

Reviewing Stopford A. Brooke's volume of sermons called "Christ in Modern Life," the *Church Journal* observes:—

"In clearness of diction, in delicate truth of analysis, in beauty and aptness of illustration, in earnestness and eloquence of address, he reminds his reader continually of F. W. Robertson, while in depth and range of thought, and in profundity of view, he is the superior of that almost matchless sermonizer."

These lines seem clearly and forcibly to epitomize what might be called Mr. Brooke's position with regard to the wonderful young preacher whose biography must be forever linked with his own name, and who may, in many things, be termed his spiritual predecessor.

It is an interesting and profitable task to trace throughout his works the influence of Robertson's mind. We often feel as if the seed of some thought, perhaps carelessly scattered by the elder clergyman, has been carefully cultivated and developed into an undreamed of richness and finished beauty. Mr. Brooke, indeed, as the reviewer says, is superior to Robertson in his range of thought. We have long felt that, while his own mind is fully as lofty as Robertson's, it is far broader, stronger, and more evenly balanced, without the least trace of that morbid vein which pervades and darkens even the most exquisitely tender and poetic utterances of his master. We must, however, bear in mind that none of Robertson's sermons were published during his lifetime

with the one exception of that upon the death of the Queen Dowager Adelaide, called "The Israelite's Grave in a Foreign Land." We are told in the preface that "they are not notes previously prepared, nor are they sermons written before delivery. They are simply 'recollections,' sometimes dictated by the preacher himself to the younger members of a family in which he was interested, at their urgent entreaty; sometimes written out by himself for them when they were at a distance, and unable to attend his ministry. They have been carefully preserved, and are now published without corrections or additions, just as they were found."

The English-speaking world owes a debt of gratitude toward that unnamed family of young persons but for whom we might never have rejoiced in the possession of Robertson's spoken words. It is not surprising if we, here and there, observe traces of haste, and a slight sketchiness, which alternates with passages of the highest beauty. But, when we turn to Mr. Brooke's sermons, all is polished, rounded, and perfected from the start. While sounding the spiritual depths with as much boldness as his predecessor, he does not so often become submerged and stifled, nor does he so readily lose sight, even for a moment, of the high mountain peaks of hope. We might say that—perhaps owing to his more healthy temperament—we breathe a more bracing and invigorating atmosphere. There is less asceticism in his views of existence; and the duty of self-denial, while duly insisted upon, is yet never allowed to interfere with his theories of the corresponding duty of self-development. Less mournfully and persistently tragic than Robertson, he rises up into as high a realm of spiritual poetry, and pours forth his words with even greater richness. There may be a touch of what we are accustomed to call Transcendentalism now and then. Like all poets, he cannot escape being sometimes Utopian. We enjoy the pure and stimulating air of his reverential adoration for Milton and for Wordsworth. We expand in the cheerful consciousness of his genial many-sidedness. As long ago as 1867 he declared his disbelief in the doctrine of eternal punishment. He says, "If one soul perishes forever, it is failure,—evil has won the day."

Normal and healthy humanity, in a word, exists more perfectly in Stopford Brooke than in Robertson, while coexisting with a larger and a stronger growth. Hence it can hardly surprise any one to see how his career took a turn far outreaching all that his friends or he himself would have foretold thirty years ago. There is no mistaking his ardent though liberal orthodoxy when he wrote Robertson's Life. Nothing can exceed his reverential worship of the divinity as displayed in Christ which pervades all his earlier sermons. We do not know whether, like Robertson, he had to struggle against the paralyzing influences of evangelicalism in his youth. We wonder whether it was he himself whom he mentions as some one who had been "saved from Unitarianism" by one of Robertson's interpretations of some doctrine. It seems appropriate that the volume, published soon after his formal departure from the Church of England, containing his letter to the bishop, already mentioned, should be called "Faith and Freedom."

Turning to his more purely literary labors, we find the same characteristics in his lectures on the theology in the English poets as in his preaching, with, of course, the difference that the distinctly ethical element, necessarily foremost in the sermons, in the lectures comes to us filtered through, or at least intertwined with, his criticism of the poetry. Designed, as he tells us in the preface, to supply a want felt by many who hardly care to go to church unless provided with something more of intellectual gratification than they usually find there, these lectures, whether we view them as moral or as literary nutriment, rank in the highest class. It would require many pages to deal adequately with their merits, as various and unfailing as those of his sermons, and rivalling in force and beauty any critiques upon such subjects that our language can show. It is charming to hear him declare that "humor" is the "guard of intellectual and moral sanity"; * and that "enjoyment is a necessity of life, and its morning air. It is equally vain and wicked to lessen or decry it, for we have not half enough of

* Have we not all known of clergymen who, in the pulpit, would have been saved from frightful offences against good taste by a little sprinkling of the sense of the ridiculous?

it." Lovers of animals rejoice to find him assert that "one of the things, then, that our Christianity has to get rid of is the destruction of life for the sake of sport,—of all sports which bring with them needless suffering of animals and needless irritation of men."

We have not space to discuss his spirited and concise "Primer of English Literature," among whose opening lines it is charming to find the definition, "By literature we mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way which will give pleasure to the reader." A pithy formula which too many writers are now inclined to disregard, or perhaps turn upside down by persistently dwelling in the regions of a dreamy realism where the reader finds pleasure well-nigh impossible! Nor can we do justice to the grace, clearness, and high imagination of his poetry. Here is no uncertain claim to praise. Bearing traces, now of Tennyson's and now of Wordworth's influence, it is yet boldly and beautifully individual. Kingsley says of Byron that "he has the disadvantage of being always intelligible,"—a remark, we think, founded upon a similar saying of Byron's regarding Pope. This "inverted praise," especially delightful in an age when too many poets fancy that they can imitate Browning by being obscure, is also applicable to Mr. Brooke, who, always musical, terse, and strong, is always sufficiently easy to understand. No one can readily forget the beautiful lyrics "Together" and "Apart," nor the tragic story of "The Lioness," while the series of exquisite word-pictures intertwined with a mournful tale of love and grief, called "Venice," appropriately close a volume which, were it the work of an unknown author, would suffice to make him known, and, as one of the latest utterances of a man of many-sided genius, seems to fit as a sort of keystone into his fame. A new and elaborate work upon Early English Literature has just been given by Mr. Brooke to the world. This we have not yet read. But all who have enjoyed any one of his other writings may rest assured that, in this as in former cases, his own definition will still hold good, and that it will "give pleasure to the reader."

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HERBERT SPENCER AS A THEOLOGIAN.

I. HIS RELIGIOUS POSITION STATED.

It was no less a person than Charles Darwin, I believe, who first invested Mr. Spencer with the title of "our great philosopher." This title was a deserved one. The great intellectual achievement of the nineteenth century is unquestionably the establishment of the law of evolution as the dominating law of the world. This law has created a revolution in science, art, morals, and religion, only approached by the great change in our ideas that took place when the geocentric view of the universe was displaced by the heliocentric. Herbert Spencer was not, of course, the discoverer of evolution. It was an idea familiar several generations ago to Lamarck, Goethe, Von Baer, and Kant; applied in philosophy by Leibnitz, in physiology by Bonnet, and in biology by Malpighi; and in a vaguer way, as a fascinating general theory, you may find it shimmering in more than one Greek, Hindu, and Chinese speculation. Spencer's merit is not that he originated the idea, but that he first organized it into a philosophy, gave it such full and satisfactory exposition as to convince the general public of its truth, and thus became recognized as its authoritative expounder.

At the time when Herbert Spencer began to think and write upon the subject of Evolution, one of the great epochs of thought had been reached. Down to the early part of the present century the belief that the world was a machine, created in six days by successive fiats of God, and set running at once in its present completeness, was the belief which was piously held by all good Christians, and which controlled science and philosophy quite closely. But the investigations of scientific workers, especially the geologists and the anatomists, had, in the course of the next generation, fundamentally altered the conception of the origin of things to all those acquainted with the last results of natural discovery.

Still, the clergy and the literati and the common people held tenaciously to the old view of a sudden, supernatural creation, and claimed that the controversy involved the very existence of God.

How could the dispute be settled? The

usual result was (as Cazelle well describes it) a kind of tacit compromise between the contending parties, the theologians conceding the vast antiquity of the earth, and the geologists conceding preternatural intervention in the regular on-working of the scheme. Natural laws might *maintain* and modify species, mind, and life; but, when we asked as to their origin or how the transition occurred from one of these great realms to the other, a supernatural hand must be called in to lift the car of progress across the chasm. But Spencer saw that the only philosophic view was to consider everything in nature as conformed to *one* universal and inflexible order. He devoted himself, therefore, to the gigantic task of disengaging and formulating a single law, according to which life, mind, man, science, art, society, ethics, and religion have all gradually unfolded, the more complex everywhere derived from the more simple. There is nothing so seemingly independent or exalted but what has its roots in the great whole, and, as we trace out its pedigree, conducts us from historic ancestor to prehistoric ancestor, from remote to remoter antecedent, from simple to simpler type and structure, from rude components to yet more rudimental units, till at length, if we persist in our questions, we are carried back to those more general causes which determined the structure and composition of the earth during its concentration; and, eventually, we are carried back to the nebulous mass in which there existed, undistinguished into those concrete forms which we now know, the force out of which all things contained in the solar system have come, and in which there must have been, as Prof. Tyndall expresses it, "the promise and potency of all forms of terrestrial life."

This evolutionary process, leading up from the nebula to the civilization of to-day, is, of course, not a process capable of strict scientific proof. Its boldness astonished even Charles Darwin. George J. Romanes tells us how he once talked with the great naturalist, whose own theory of natural selection has done so much for the theory of development, about Herbert Spencer's system. "What an extraordinary wealth of thought that man has!" Darwin said. "When I first read his 'Principles of Biology,' I was speechless with admiration. But, on reading again, I felt in every chapter, Why! there is here, at least, ten years' work for verification." And not only does Spencer's evolution system lack verification for the present at a hundred points, but it must *ever* lack it. Where can we expect to find any first-hand testimony to it? In what race of men can we ever discover any Rip Van Winkle or Methuselah of a million times the longevity of the Biblical patriarch, who can ever testify to having observed with his own eyes such changes? And, as to verifying such a theory by experiment, none but the God who originally made the worlds has the infinite power requisite for *that*.

The evolution theory lacks, therefore, and must always lack, true scientific proof. It is simply a brilliant hypothesis built upon a thousand inferences and probabilities. But the guess is such an admirably shrewd one, summing up so many facts and laws and solving so many problems, that it has already become pretty generally accepted by the scientific world.

It is evident, then, how important is the bearing of this evolution theory and the position of its eminent author upon religion, as a factor in the future history of faith. There are naturalists to whom religion is nothing but folly. There are men of science to whom it is a subject always to be ignored or looked upon with a pitying smile, as a credulous illusion. They are like the children who, not content with looking at the rainbow's wondrous beauty, must chase over hill and dale after it, to grasp it and get its prize of silver spoons; and, finding it flee before them as fast as they pursue, deny that there was anything there to see, much less anything actually existing. To a thinker like Spencer, however, whose central principle is evolution, no property of humanity so general and persistent as religion is can be without significance. It must have a history, a cause. It must be the development of some genuine element in human nature, and therefore have its ultimate source in the universe itself. We should expect, therefore, to find Spencer in his system investigating religion seriously and treating it reverently. He recognizes it as a fact; and, moreover, as a fact that stands for something,—for much, indeed.

Ignorant assailants have called him a materialist. That is a gross misrepresentation. Spencer has said, in so many words, that he agrees entirely with Dr. Martineau in "repudiating the materialistic interpretation as utterly futile." Matter to him is only a manifestation of force, and force a symbol of the unknown reality. Of the two, he would regard it as more reasonable to translate matter into spirit than to reduce spirit to matter. Spencer's position is usually called the Agnostic. In one sense it is; but, in another, it is not. He is not an agnostic such as Hume and Comte and the French positivists. He does not limit our belief to mere phenomena and the world of sense, and *deny* to us the possibility and rationality of believing in *any* ultimate reality or divine existence behind all the changing things that eye and hand know. On the contrary, this is one of the central truths in his system,—a truth in support of which he has argued at length; namely, that *behind* all outward manifestations and finite, variable things there is an inner reality, an infinite and eternal force. This is the truth involved in all our knowledge. "An ever-present sense of real existence," Spencer says ("First Principles," page 96), "is at the basis of all our knowledge." "It is impossible to get rid of the consciousness of an *actuality* behind all appearances" (*Id.*, page 97). "This belief, which persists at all times and under all circumstances, and cannot cease till consciousness ceases, has the highest validity of any" (page 98). But, though Spencer asserts most strongly that we cannot doubt the existence of this ultimate essence, yet the moment effort is made to advance a hair's breadth further, and learn something *about* this Absolute Reality, then Spencer becomes the most outspoken and positive of agnostics. The character and nature of the Absolute, he is never tired of saying, is utterly unknowable. We cannot assign any attributes or characteristics to it. All our knowledge is of the relative: hence the Absolute cannot be known. It cannot be classified with anything else. It can be likened neither to matter nor mind; nor can either of these throw any light on the nature of the power which hides in the universe, nor give any hint of what sort of an existence it is. The discordant peculiarities of religious systems refute one another. To find the truth, we must cancel all except the abstract truth, common to all theologies and common to all science, also. And this abstract truth which both the religions and the sciences teach is that "all things are manifestations of a power that transcends our knowledge" (page 100, "First Principles"). Especially must the prevalent conception of the ultimate reality as a personal God, who possesses wisdom, love, will, and righteousness, be rejected. This is a point on which Spencer strenuously insists. Such a conception he regards as merely a symbolical conception of the unverifiable, illusive kind. Such personal attributes, derived as they are from our own human nature, do not elevate, but degrade the Unknowable, and are an unworthy assimilation of the ultimate cause to the likeness of finite and feeble humanity.

The current theologies are then, to Spencer, simply inconceivable. How, then, are we to account for the almost universal prevalence of religion among all races? Is it an accident in human history, or one of those weaknesses of human nature which we shall outgrow? In accordance with the principles of evolution, Spencer must find a natural basis and cause for it, which advance in knowledge and the progress of the ages only transforms from shape to shape, from lower to higher stages. To find the germ of the idea of God, we must go back, according to Spencer, to the dreams of the savage. In these dreams the savage seems to himself dual. While his body lies in his tent, immovable in sleep, his other self, he fancies, goes forth to visit whatever places he dreams of, and the double of his friend or the ghost of his departed companion comes to talk with him or show himself to him. And, when in his dream he sees or talks with a living friend or a deceased companion, it is their double or ghost, he believes, with whom he has held intercourse. Thus arises the belief in ghosts, to whom sacrifices are made at the grave, out of reverent affection; or, if they were cruel and terrible during life, propitiation is made to avert their anger and the possible receiving of injury from such a subtile and mysterious agency. Little by little, the chief of these ghosts, the captains of the bands of departed ancestors, are exalted into gods.

Out of these funeral rites worship took its origin. The poverty of his speech leads the savage to name his kinsmen after animals, plants, or trees; and so afterward, when the real man has become by lapse of time a mere memory, he is confounded with the natural object, and these are worshipped as real ancestors. By means of similar confusions between great chiefs and the mountains, the sun, moon, and stars, after which the chiefs were named, nature-worship in all its various forms arose. "There is no exception," says Mr. Spencer. "Using the phrase ancestor-worship in its broadest sense, as comprehending all worship of the dead, we conclude that ancestor-worship is the root of *every* religion." ("Sociology," vol. i., Eng. ed., p. 440.)

Thus in course of time are formed the conception of the great ghosts, or gods. At first, they are quite material and human in their appetites and form, like the men of whom they were the double; and they are supposed to consume flesh, blood, bread, and wine, and to have human limbs and organs and passions. But, with advancing civilization, these conceptions become sublimated: the divine ghost is dematerialized, ceases to be thought tangible, and next becomes inaudible and invisible. The theologic ideal is modified to fit the varying social needs. At first depicted as a fierce and terrible Lord of hosts, the deity is painted over, as the military system yields to the industrial, into a god of boundless love and mercy. What, then, may we infer will be the future of religion? Based thus upon an erroneous ghost-theory of the savage mind, will it not fade away, and finally disappear before the light of modern knowledge?

One of the old fabulists has a good story of a clodhopper who was watering his ass one moonlight night, and when the ass, by disturbing the water, destroyed the moon's image in the tub, the fool thought his ass had drunk up the moon, and so killed the poor creature to recover the moon. Just so many worthy but timid divines, on the one side, and many conceited iconoclasts and sceptics on the other, confound the idea of God, in the tub of popular thought, with *God* himself, and, when their poor reflection of the Divine is disturbed, think it is all over with the Supreme.

Herbert Spencer has been keen-sighted enough to see that the Divine Reality abides, however much the images of him, which our reason forms, may be jarred. These images form again, in better shape, after each successive generation's handling. Religious history, Spencer finds, has two lessons for us. In the first place, he asserts, the process of a gradual refinement of the idea of God, dropping more and more of the human characteristics still attributed to him, will go on, until the idea of God shall be emancipated from the limitations of intelligence, will, or other personal elements, and the religious consciousness, "by disappearance of its limits, becomes a consciousness which transcends the forms of distinct thought, though it forever remains a consciousness."

"On the other hand," says Spencer, "it is irrational to suppose that the religious consciousness, naturally generated as it has been, will disappear and leave an unfilled gap." False as the savage's ghost-theory was, "the primitive religious conception held within it a germ of truth."

The final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man is that "the power manifested through the universe distinguished as material is the same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness."

The conception to which the investigations of modern science tend "is much less that of a universe of *dead* matter than that of a universe everywhere *alive*." The progress of knowledge is constantly increasing our wonder, disclosing new marvels, and enlarging the sphere for religious sentiment.

Hereafter as heretofore higher faculty and deeper insight will *raise* rather than lower this sentiment.

Thus Spencer comes to the very threshold of an elevated theism, when his agnostic theory suddenly calls to him to halt; and he pulls up his steeds of thought with the check-rein,— that, after all, although this necessity we are under to think of the external energy in terms of the internal energy gives rather a spiritualistic than a materialistic aspect to the universe, further thought obliges us "to recognize the truth that a conception given in phenomenal manifestations of this ultimate energy can in no wise show us what it is" (page 19, "Insuppressible Book"). "And the very notions of

cause and purpose are relative notions belonging to human thought, which are probably irrelevant to the Ultimate Reality transcending human thought" (page 22, "Insuppressible Book").

Such, in brief outline, is Herbert Spencer's thought upon religion. I think it contains both important truth and serious error. In a second article I shall give it careful examination, with a view to separating between the two. JAMES T. BIXBY, Ph.D.

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MODERN SAINTS.

The mediæval saints were not practical enough to meet the wants of society. Their wonders did not reveal any law for the mechanic or farmer or thinker. They were more like the marvels of those magicians who make a palm-tree rise up in a moment in some public street, or who make a rope stand up in the open air. Wonderful exploits, but the gardeners cannot grow such palms in their fields, nor can the sailors and house-painters make use of such ropes. Thus the saints of the Middle Ages could not in any manner blend their power with the daily needs of humanity. A Druid made a little snow fall, and a Christian saint commanded it to melt; but the affair was too local and limited to be of any national value. The Druid made darkness come, and the Christian turned it into light; but the public did not dare count upon a longer day in winter or hope for nights without need of a candle or lamp. Six saints, travelling through a hostile country, made themselves invisible; but the public could never make any general use of their art. Thus much of the spiritual power of those centuries was able to produce only a lonely event. The story of "Jack and his Beanstalk" tells us that his vine wound around the horns of the moon; but that story has never been able to help the common vines of our field to climb any higher on string or pole. Thus the wonders of the Middle Ages did not unveil any principles. Indeed, they ruined the study of principles, because they made the people think only of miraculous incidents. Thus, at last, witchcraft became more prevalent and attractive than science and philosophy.

The American saint is a much less wonderful person; but his exploits make permanent changes in the whole continent, and unveil some general orders of sequence. He cannot make a tree grow in an instant and fade away while you are climbing it; but he can redouble the public love of trees, —can turn the hearts of cities toward great parks, where the millions can be cheered and taught beauty; he can make the fruit grow large and sweet on the branches. He cannot make himself invisible while he is journeying through an enemy's country; but he can make enemies into friends, and then travel through their territory in a flying car. The neighbors get in and travel with him. In the dark ages, if a man wandered outside of his township, he might never return. Each castle had a wall and a ditch, because foes were only a few miles apart. In those places it was a piece of good fortune if some one saint could render himself invisible; but the American saint takes away all the hostility that can harm, takes away the wall and the moat, and travels three thousand miles safely, not because he is concealed, but because he has sixty millions of friends. Thus the greatest miracle is not that one which snatches a Christian away from a frenzied mob, but that one which educates and civilizes the mob. The former was only an ephemeral event, the latter a wide and lasting salvation. The student of history can easily find the line at which the world passed from strange events over to true and beautiful principles.

If the governor of the Flowery State had succeeded three or four months ago in carrying out his plan of checking the degrading and degraded pugilists, he would have illustrated well the quality of the American saint. His soul did not pour out its power upon the magic of some fakir. It did not ask us to come and see Saint Somebody go without food forty days or make a little snow fall in summer. He saw millions of American youth waiting to read about blows and blood; he saw these youth beating, at times, each other in imitation of certain bloody ideals; he saw the poor mothers of the nation trying to teach their sons to do right in a country that permits men to disgrace the reputation of the brute kingdom; he saw the vices of betting and cruelty drawing new life in an age that ought to deal swift death to such corruption; he saw

his own State made the resort of fighters and gamblers, the land of beauty invaded by barbarian infamy; and, to avert such a varied moral calamity, he rallied the forces of his soul.

The governor of a State in the Far West sent word that the fighters need not come hither in search of barbarism, that the confines of civilization had rapidly spread over prairie and mountain! But who is making this trouble for the men of blows and knock-downs and blood? The new kind of saint is seen pouring his power into great principles.

A thoughful writer said not long since that the overthrow of slavery has not brought as great blessings to our Negroes as it has to our whites. Our Africans are still idle and aimless, but our whites are full of new truth and new zeal. They are taking hold of the present, and are catching glimpses of a great future. This the Northern man can believe; for he notes the new progress of manhood and womanhood, and finds here and there large and impressive areas of a new moral power. To the impatient the change for the better is not rapid enough, but it comes with that pace with which all goodness has come. Christ has been coming to the Church for eighteen hundred years, and has not yet fully reached pulpit or pew. One of the sweet pictures of to-morrow is that of the South educated, moral, poetic, populous, happy, and beautiful.

So far as the Christian saints ever lived the lives ascribed to them, they are worthy of some honor. We hope Saint Sebastian helped the archers, that Saint Giles was kind to beggars, and that Saint Catherine would help men out of unbelief; but we must admire more the modern advocates who are made by the wide teachings and demand of the new civilization. Saint Anthony was the friend of dumb brutes, but our age prefers the method and love of Henry Bergh or George T. Angell. This new care does not assume the form of a dream. It is the visible sweep of science and morals.

As principles acquired volume and momentum in 1776 and made this republic by a rush of mental power, so intelligence and religion make a new protection for the animals subject to the cruelty of man. St. Anthony may have planted some seed, but our age has made it yield a great harvest.

These new saints do not shut themselves up in some den and then spin wonderful stories for a biography: they move out into the populous world, and make laws in behalf of animals and utter divine morals for all the higher souls of the human tribes. Mr. Ingersoll seldom grows more earnest or more eloquent than he became in a recent address, when he denounced those savages of England and America who dissect the horse and the dog and the bird while the helpless brute is in full life. The heroes of to-day are not dealers in miracle and magic: they all simply act in the arena of public conduct. Their power is like that of Niagara,—not hidden, not uncertain, not magical, but visible, natural, and tremendous.

Love or sympathy must be infinite, because it must include a world. We have no right to dislike an Arab or a Chinaman. We have no right to cause pain needlessly to the lowest form of life. The heart must think no love worthy unless it is infinite. Suppose you had treated kindly a thousand poor children, could you therefore afford to kill or torment just one small child? The answer at once comes that benevolence has nothing to do with numbers. It must love the ten millionth waif or dove as it loved the first. Can you say I shall treat all human beings kindly, but I do not intend to waste my sympathy on horses and dogs? If you can say this, then you have no sympathy. It and you are strangers. You have never met. You might as well say that you will love beauty on Monday and Tuesday, and will hate it all the rest of the week. The human soul is a unit: it cannot be divided, and made to love a free man and hate a slave.

A saint is a soul so condensed as to be a power. It does not spread over a vast expanse, like a sea: it tumbles over a ledge, like Niagara. Men become great not by their learning and wide sentiments, but by their limitations. Greece and Rome helped educate Gladstone, but Ireland made him. He reads the classics with ease, and has written on all questions of criticism in classic letters; but his power appeared only when he came to the rights of a distinct race. He had to concentrate to become visible.

Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips were broad in all the meanings of that word, but their fame came at last from their narrowness. They espoused the cause of the slave, and became immortal. Saint Francis was a poor saint of the birds when we think of these saints of the slave. Perhaps no American ever surpassed or equalled Charles Sumner in learning, language, taste, and rhetoric; but all these equipments were turned into an avalanche by a single cause. He smote a great wrong, and thus the vast fuel of learning turned into flame.

By looking back not far we can see the saints of womanhood. Fifty years ago woman had little ambition, little education, little hope. By slow steps some soul began to plead in her behalf. Those pleadings were received with derision or anger. The pleaders increased in number and in courage. These new orators had to be narrow, that they might be strong. Whatever their education and their taste, they must make their blows fall upon one obstacle. Last summer many of these toilers met, and saw that their concentration upon a single task had made a wide and deep impression upon modern life. Narrowness had become breadth, fanaticism had become beauty. We do not know what Saint Cecilia did for music, nor what Saint George did for England, nor what Saint Nicholas did for the children of the fourth century; but, when we come to the lives of these latter-day saints, we see the nation grow nobler where their steps have fallen. Oh, these terrestrial saints! They have no angel wings, no halo, no calendar in the Church, no incense, no prayers; but they have a great, happy world! This nation belongs to them, its crude ore melted by their fire and moulded by their art.

Other saints are to come. Great minds educated and informed will take up some task, and inspire it and complete it. The earth is a vast arena of action. God is its wise and generous taskmaster. His children are all made great and happy by their labors. He would not have permitted Jesus of Nazareth to toil so patiently for humanity if a great task were not a great destiny. Out of the education and high emotions of our age statesmen ought to arise. The great past ought to come back, and redouble the wisdom and power of the Hamiltons and Jeffersons and Jacksons.

Saints of arbitration ought to arise who will disarm Europe, and make the thousands of millions of dollars that are going into war go into the world of peace. Within our century seventy disputes between nations have been settled by arbitration; and, perhaps, seventy wars have been averted. Italy is now sinking under its debt of $2,500,000,000. France owes $6,000,000,000. Thus all the monarchies are rendered poor and miserable by the awful taxation that robs peace and enriches war. Whence shall come the men who shall turn their learning, their rhetoric, their eloquence, their genius, against the old barbarian resort of murder in battle, and shall make peace stand forth in an infinite beauty? These saints of arbitration need no help of miracle or magic. They can stand on science and morality and happiness, and smite an old monster to the death.

The lesson is clear. Possess a broad education and a broad love, but do not be an urn that may hold, but be a drop of sparkling dew, be some flash of lightning, or a flying sunbeam, a falling tear, an eloquent word, the friend of some helpless one, the hero of the home or of the nation, or of some great human advance, and thus all be enrolled as the terrestrial saints of God.

DAVID SWING.

Chicago.

UNITARIANISM AND UNIVERSALISM.

It has been my fortunate privilege to mingle intimately with both Universalists and Unitarians, having had a pastorate of three years over a Universalist church, and two pastorates, aggregating a considerably longer period, over Unitarian churches. One thing that has often caused me great surprise in my conversations with Unitarians and Universalists has been the lack of definite knowledge on the part of each of the religious position of the other. The misapprehensions of the Unitarian belief by Universalists, and of the Universalist belief by Unitarians, have seemed to me quite remarkable. Starr King once said that "the two bodies were too near kin to get married," when asked why they didn't unite.

This may be true. They are certainly too near kin to be separated by ignorance or misunderstanding of each other. I have been asked a great many times as to the difference between the two churches, and have explained as briefly and clearly as I was able. Latterly I have adopted a new method in replying to such inquiries. My present formula is somewhat to this effect: "No, I think I don't care to talk about the *differences* between Unitarians and Universalists. If you wish to know about their *points of agreement*, I shall be most happy to tell you." And for the limited opportunities of a casual conversation, I am sure this is much better than to take up the time with a critical account of distinctions. Because in this way it is possible to give to inquirers a speedier conviction of the general agreement between the two religious schools.

In the more ample time of a paper, however, with its freedom to follow the subject uninterruptedly, it will be profitable for me to depart from the formula just mentioned, and to speak first of the distinctions between the two bodies, and finally of their agreements, which I now proceed to do.

First, there is the separate origin. Unitarianism, as a distinct phase of Christianity, has had an existence almost from the age in which the books of the New Testament were written. When you read in your ecclesiastical histories of the Sabellian heresy and the Arian heresy, you are upon the ground of direct Unitarian ancestry. These "heresies" were in their time very powerful. Arianism was at one time the "orthodox" religion. But Trinitarianism triumphed; and the opposing beliefs were branded as heresies, condemned and forbidden. They were never, however, extinguished. In various remote corners of Europe the belief that God is one, and not three, survived until the Reformation. Then, in the universal upheaval of thought, the prescribed belief sprang into life with many intelligent and educated people. We find it in Hungary, in Poland, in Spain, in Italy, in England. Its apostles were Francis David, Lelius and Faustus Socinus, and the martyr Michael Servetus. In Hungary and in Poland it established churches; and those of Hungary, having passed through many fierce persecutions, still exist. The two members of the Socinus family, uncle and nephew, wrote much upon controverted matters in theology; and from them the faith which opposed Trinitarianism became known commonly as Socinianism. The first anti-Trinitarian preacher in England was John Biddle, a contemporary of Oliver Cromwell, who befriended him, and who, for conscience' sake, spent most of his life in prison, as was the fate in those days of most people who dared to differ from the majority on matters of religious belief. In the eighteenth century the faith took somewhat larger form under the teachings of Theophilus Lindsey, who left the Church of England in order to be free to advocate it, and Dr. Joseph Priestley, the eminent scientist, who, for similar reason, left the Presbyterian faith in which he had been trained. From the time of Lindsey and Priestley the belief becomes known as Unitarianism.

But, notwithstanding its long and honorable ancestry, it would be very easy for American Unitarianism to make too much of its ancestral connection. As a matter of fact, our faith has had almost an indigenous growth upon the soil of the New World, and came to be the mother of a separate sect from much the same causes as those which forced Universalists out of the orthodox fold. New England Calvinism was, in the last century, particularly bleak and grim, its bleakness relieved principally by the lurid flames of that devouring pit in which it had boundless confidence. It sought to win souls to God by showing how great and terrible was his power, and how, for his *good pleasure*, he had a right to damn them all, and actually had damned all but the favored elect. It depicted man as a monster of iniquity, refusing to allow that in his unregenerate state there was or could be any good thing in him. It taught the absolute deity of Christ, and that the only hope for lost humanity was through the sufferings and death of God the Son upon the altar of God the Father's invincible justice.

There came a time, as was inevitable, when the intellect and heart of society could endure such teaching no longer. There was a double revolt. Scholars declared against the dogma of the Trinity, upon which, as taught, the whole scheme of Calvinistic theology seemed to rest. Simultaneously the sturdy common sense—the sense of fair play and justice—declared against the horrible

doctrine of endless torments. The one protest took form as Unitarianism, the other as Universalism. But at the beginning and for many years the two movements ran in quite distinct channels, and with little recognition of each other. There were elements common to both. But other elements were in sharp contrast. The early Unitarians stopped short of the dogmatic declaration that all would be saved. Indeed, they have never reached that point, and probably never will. The early Universalists on their side were Trinitarians, strong believers in divine sovereignty and in the doctrine of the atonement. Where they differed from Orthodoxy was in asserting, with tremendous emphasis, not that the atonement was for the elect few, but that it was for all. Rev. W. C. Gannett, in his admirable memoir of his father, Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett, states the distinction very clearly in the following paragraph. Referring to the years following the American Revolution, when religious protests began to be heard, he says: "Other critics more enthusiastic, and therefore more exasperating, were abroad. Here and there a Baptist 'member' broke out in condemnation of election and eternal punishment, and forced a hearing about his county for the gospel of universal salvation. No Deists or Freethinkers there. Rather they out-evangelized the Evangelicals. It was text against text between the two. The bright promise was only promise, because most literally spelled out from words of Revelation. At first their revolt was purely of the heart, not of the head. English Mr. Murray founded 'Universalism' on the doctrine of vicarious atonement; and next to him in fame among the early preachers was Winchester. Both were Trinitarian and Orthodox enough save on the point that the Bible pledged salvation to all. In the enthusiasm of this one discovery, a few itinerants went about, mainly through the countryside and among the common people, gathering little groups of open dissenters.... Murray came to New England just before the war; and before the end of the century the scattered country groups had met time and again in general convention, had assumed a name, and publicly organized themselves a new sect. Nor was this all. Under their eager scanning more truth broke out from the Bible word. Their faith in the doctrine of the Trinity and the Atonement speedily began to waver; and soon after 1800, at the impulse of a few outspoken men, both ideas were discarded by the majority of the denomination." *

In 1803 a convention of Universalists was held in the town of Winchester, N.H., and there and then a Confession of Faith was drafted and adopted which has been ever since the authoritative declaration of Universalist belief. It is in three articles, and reads as follows: —

UNIVERSALIST PROFESSION OF FAITH.

ARTICLE I. We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

ART. II. We believe that there is one God, whose nature is Love, revealed in one Lord, Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

ART. III. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practice good works; for these things are good and profitable unto men.

The strength and the popularity of Universalism lay among the *un*common minds of the common people. Few of its early ministers were men educated in the schools; but they were men of character, of strong native intellect, of conviction, and of great familiarity with the Bible. As interpreters of Scripture upon the ground of its infallible authority, they were simply intellectual athletes. Marvellous in our eyes are some of the tasks which they performed.

Whatever the *reading* of a text, they would demonstrate conclusively that its *meaning* was universal salvation. This side of their work has, it may be admitted to-day, a little bit of humorous suggestiveness. But their service to Biblical theology was really very great, aside from this. They placed Scripture against Scripture, and declared that the announcement that "God is Love" must be the final test of all doctrine. Then came their recruits, learned in the "original Hebrew" and "original

* Memoir of Dr. Gannett, p. 42.

Greek." And under their expositions people awoke to the salutary knowledge that the English rendering of a noun and adjective in a dead tongue is not to be accepted out of hand as summarily disposing of the destiny of mankind. The words translated "everlasting" and "eternal," they brought abundant authority to show, were susceptible of other meaning than infinity of duration. And, taking up the general subject of punishment, they argued successfully that, as referred to in the Bible, it was disciplinary and restorative, not vindictive and without aim save to cause suffering. Not a few eminent scholars in the orthodox churches have reached identical conclusions upon these points with the Universalist commentators, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Edward Beecher and Archdeacon Farrar; while Unitarian scholarship, whenever applied to the question, has sustained to this extent the Universalist position. There can be no question whatever that the influence of Universalist Biblical scholarship has had much to do with modifying the dogmatic character of orthodox or Evangelical teachings. Even where Universalist conclusions are not wholly accepted, conventional Christianity has taken on milder form, and has admitted a larger hope.

The early Universalist preaching was quite after the manner of the preaching in the apostolic age. Men, filled with the enthusiasm of a new discovery, travelled from place to place, speaking in private houses, in barns, in school-houses, now and then in a meeting-house, when they were so fortunate as to secure admission to one. Along with their zeal for the new interpretation went generally, it must be conceded, considerable bitterness against the old. Nor is this to be wondered at; for they were literally a "people everywhere spoken against." Joint debates were common, when some champion of the doctrine of endless punishment would contest before an audience with the Universalist for the Biblical foundation of his belief. I think the general verdict of impartial history would award to the Universalist preachers the superiority in these debates. They certainly were convincing to a great many intelligent, logical people, who dated their abandonment of the orthodox doctrine to some such occasion, when, in their opinion, it was weighed in the balance, and found wanting. Sometimes a church would be founded as a result of a debate. But, whether in this way or from earnest presentation of their views alone, the early itinerants established many Universalist meetings throughout the older of the Northern and Western States.

Then came a controversy within the Universalist ranks which very much hindered ecclesiastical growth. It was believed and taught by some that punishment was entirely confined to this life. Whatever the character of the person, entrance into the future state meant liberation from sin and the penalties of sin. This type of belief became popularly known as "Death and Glory Universalism." It was the extreme recoil from the cruel presentation of divine justice in the old Calvinism. Not avowed by many, it was yet sufficiently prominent in Universalist preaching and teaching to give to the whole movement a considerable degree of discredit. The orthodox seized upon it, and held it up in their sermons and writings as the legitimate outcome of doubt regarding the strict endlessness of punishment. Charged with holding beliefs similar to or identical with Universalists, the Unitarians of that day were quick to disavow any relation with a phase of thought so unphilosophical and so opposed to discriminative justice. The sound judgment of the majority of Universalists led them very shortly to thrust aside this "Death and Glory" belief. But its effect in the religious world remains to this day to cast an undeserved odium upon Universalist theology. It is the common opinion of orthodox Christians that Universalist teaching is to the effect that, without respect to character, all persons, good, bad and indifferent, in passing from this world go direct to the mansions of heavenly bliss.

It is to the credit of Universalist theology that it has had since the days of the controversy just mentioned a steady development in the direction of larger views, as well as in connection with its Biblical exegesis and interpretation. Its religious philosophy, to-day, has assumed a position entitling it to the respectful consideration of the greatest thinkers. It seeks and finds in the great truth of the Christian revelation that man is a child of God, a strong position on which

to plant its conviction that God will ultimately redeem his every child. As to the question of this Christian revelation it finds it affirmed by the universal human consciousness in its loftiest moods. I believe no intelligent Universalist would take exception to the following as a brief statement of his profoundest convictions:—

First, that God had a purpose in creating mankind; and, second, that, unless his will is defeated, that purpose must in the end be achieved. Third, that it is inconceivable that the thing created should be greater or more powerful than its Creator, and that therefore a possible defeat of the divine plan is not for a moment to be considered. Fourth, the purpose of creation in the mind of God is evidently the development in mankind of strength, wisdom, and goodness. Fifth, this purpose will, in accordance with the conclusion just noted, in the end be accomplished.

When this great consummation shall be reached, no Universalist that I know anything about undertakes to say. Punishment for sin will last as long as sin lasts, and as much longer as may be necessary for the good of the sinner. Discipline will be adequate, justice will be done with every offender. God is just. But justice is goodness, and to punish forever would be as diabolical as it would be unjust.

Now, if there is any logical defect in this fabric, I should be glad to have it pointed out to me. Never yet have I been able to detect it. It is grandly humane. It is thoroughly reasonable. As a rule, it is controverted by Orthodoxy simply and only upon Biblical grounds. They admit that it is humane and reasonable. But "God's ways are not as man's ways," they say; and the Bible says, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment."

And what is the relation of Unitarianism to this feature of the modern Universalist belief? Well, speaking for a majority of Unitarians, it is a very near and sympathetic relationship. If there is a difference, it is in this: We are not quite so confident in the ultimate outcome. There seem to many of us to be practical difficulties. I recollect that some one—was it Artemas Ward?—said, "He believed in Universalism, but thought he should like to pick his man!" The question of divine sovereignty and human freedom is a great one. How far are we free? That we are at liberty to go to awful lengths of depravity we know well. Are we free to go to such length as not only to temporarily disable, but entirely drive away that divinity within whose possession constitutes one a child of God? For my part, I do not feel competent to answer the question. Sometimes, when I hear of some marked exhibition of fiendishness on the part of a man or a woman, the thought will come, "What is there in such a person to build a better life upon,—so heartlessly, awfully wicked?" I know what my Universalist friend would say. "This fiendish wretch," he would tell me, "exists by God's permission. He did not create himself. He was the inheritor of a dark, passionate temper, always urging him to the commission of some act of destruction or rapine. Is not divine justice some way concerned to bring him out of the pit and make a man of him?" And to my Universalist friend I confess I can make no reply. To argue against God's will and power to redeem I have neither heart nor desire. But, in spite of all, the doubt returns; and I catch myself repeating: "Is such a person not cankered through and through? Is there in him anything to redeem, anything to build a better life upon?"

And so, while no Unitarian to-day believes in endless punishment, many are unable to declare it as a *certainty* of conviction that *all* will find the heavenly life. We prefer to say we "hope" for such an outcome. Browning well voices the posture of mind which Unitarians, who have faced the subject down, generally hold, when he says,—

> "My own hope is, a sun will pierce
> The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
> That after Last returns the First,
> Though a wide compass round be fetched;
> That what began best can't end worst,
> Nor what God blessed once prove accurst."

And why is this not enough? Why should we seek to make dogma of that which in the very nature of the evidence can never be more than speculation, however logical? God is good, and the thing that *is* just is the thing that will be. Eternal righteousness holds the world. While the soul lasts, there is hope. I can't help thinking that this is the utmost we have a right to assume, either from the testimony of the

New Testament or from the experience of life. And it seems to me that deep wisdom has been shown in limiting human certitude to conviction of these truths. For, unless my understanding of human nature is quite astray, the ground of moral appeal is stronger because of the limitation.

In almost all other matters modern Universalism and modern Unitarianism stand upon essentially common ground; and I am glad that movements for closer union are afoot. Perhaps Unitarians have something in the spirit of their religious philosophy which would be of value to Universalists. Perhaps we should be the steadier for closer contact with the mild conservatism of our sister religionists, and the stronger for alliance with their better, closer church organization. We have quite too much in common ever to pose as antagonists; and, if we cannot become one as to outward organization, we certainly ought to maintain a sentiment and policy of hearty co-operation. All hail the day, then, when the spiritual descendants of Ballou shall strike hands with the spiritual descendants of Channing, in the enthusiasm of faith in the "one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all"! In such alliance there will be great promise for the future of liberal Christianity, and an assured gain for the practical work of religion in the world.

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AFTER THE READJUSTMENT, WHAT?

There has been much insistence among liberal people upon the necessity of a readjustment of religious beliefs to fit the facts and the conditions of the present time. Such insistence has not been out of place; and, as we see the hesitation in changing, which, despite our optimistic temper, we must admit still remains, it would seem that such insistence will not be out of place for many days to come. There are those now who accept all the results of scientific research, and at the same time hold to religious beliefs which have not changed for centuries. They apparently do not see the conflict. There are others who want to accept the results of research, but also spend much energy in trying to explain them in terms of the same unchanged religious beliefs. Neither of these courses is reasonable. There must be such a readjustment as will bring the sentiment of religion to express itself in terms of to-day's language. And, for the interest of the religious sentiment itself, that readjustment must be thorough and sincere. That is one side of the matter, and it must first of all be readily accepted and tenaciously held.

There is, however, another side which is not always seen, but which must be seen if the view is to be complete. While it is undoubtedly true that we must adjust our religious beliefs to new conditions and always be ready to adjust them again, yet, as a matter of fact, there is no necessity for such a continual change. With the most of us one general readjustment is about all that will be made or that need to be made. New facts and conditions do not come so fast as to necessitate a complete revolution every few days. There may be shifting in minor matters, but the general position remains about the same. After we have abandoned certain traditional beliefs, and adjusted ourselves to the position where reason is acknowledged the guide, there will hardly be any fundamental changes during the ordinary lifetime. One should be ready to change, but it is likely that the occasion will not come. The general principles remain fixed, and smaller accessions can commonly group themselves around these without serious disturbance.

To be continually readjusting would certainly be to keep one's self in such a state of excitement that growth would be impeded. Not to hold anything firmly for fear that it may not be altogether true, or to hold anything loosely in constant expectation of change, is to exclude one of the essentials of growth. It is seldom wise to take up the seed after it has once been planted in good soil. It is best to find what is thought to be good soil, and then to allow the seed to remain there until it grows. If a person is continually moving from one house to another, his time will all be spent in ordering express wagons and in packing and unpacking; and he will have no satisfaction in *living* anywhere. He should find a house with modern improvements, and not be content to poison himself and family with gases escaping on account

of an old and imperfect system of plumbing, or even with many inconveniences which belong to old houses. But, when a healthful and convenient house is found, it is certainly worth while for him to wait there long enough to have it warmed, to enjoy some companionship with his family, and to go out from his home to do some work for his own sustenance and for somebody else.

It is all very well to be looking continually for new light in religion; but it is not well to be so constantly and intently looking for it that there is no reading or walking or working by the light already with us. To be sure, one must keep his eye upon what is before him; but his main business is to be walking where he is.

There is a vague impression prevalent that those who have not a creedal form of belief have nothing permanent, nothing stable. This is a serious mistake. If one has made a complete readjustment of himself to present demands, he has then a position which will in all probability remain with him throughout his life. It is as definite to him as any formal statement could make it. It has for him, if he gives himself over to it, as much power of stability as any creed; and it does not have the hindrances which inevitably cling to assent to a formal statement made for the many. The world need not cease moving, in order to have perfect equanimity. What we should do is to put ourselves into a system such as law and order make, and then to do our work as we follow our orderly courses in that system. Surely, it would be unwise to insist still that we are resting on the turtle. We want to move with the planets. But what we need specially to remember here is that it is not the comet which is to be admired most, although it may attract more notice for a few days.

It is possible that liberal people are peculiarly liable to fall into the error here indicated. They have changed their beliefs, and are ready to change again. They must not, on that account, think that their religion consists altogether in changing. Conversion does not here, any more than elsewhere, at once bring perfection or open paradise. Dissatisfaction is sometimes felt because the person who has felt it is not ready to settle down and look around for a moment. It is possible that he knows that "charity" ought to be translated "love"; and he readjusts himself, and so translates it. But it does not seem to sound well. Then let him read it several times, and he will begin to feel its power; and soon "charity" will be the word which will seem strange. And that is what must be done in all cases where a change occurs. That is what is to come after the readjustment.

Now, I cannot but think that here is a point of immense importance. Our religious beliefs, after readjustment so as to be reasonable, must be allowed to yield us their power. If they are true, they have more for us than can come from the novelty of their immediate acceptance. By thinking longer upon them, by seeing round about them, by speaking of them, and by living them for a time, they themselves reveal a grandeur which we did not dream at first that they contained. It is not enough to give accceptance to what is thought to be true. It is more to meditate upon it, and thus to see the treasures hidden from the unaccustomed eye. You do not expect your new home to have everything convenient at once. It will become convenient in a short time if you will only wait.

There are those who refuse to readjust themselves because they are so comfortable where they are. There are also those who grasp at every new and odd thing with a childish eagerness, not being satisfied with anything for a moment. Which is the most unreasonable others must judge. Neither is commendable. If calm judgment is used and the true accepted, it is not likely that anything will be immediately made known which will necessitate or warrant a complete revolution. If we are right in our fundamentals, we may use externals to which we are accustomed. But, if we are constantly shifting about, the fundamentals are likely to suffer from lack of attention. It is well to gather fresh and wholesome food, but the gathering is not everything. It is necessary to eat and digest, if nourishment is to be had. That is, these truths of what we call liberal religion are worth more than the mere superficial acceptance of them, and the mere recognition that they are truths. They are worth holding to until they give us their blessing. They have a force which comes alone when we begin to dig down,

and to find out how deeply they are rooted, and thus how stable they are. They should become sacred to us; and, as with us sacredness cannot be imposed from without, they must gain it by association. The song which has reasonable words, but which is new, can yield to us its musical content only when we have sung it often enough to be familiar with it. Likewise, it is folly to cast aside a song after once singing it, when the casting aside is instigated by an unhealthy passion for novelty. It is not too much to hope that even words which seem new and strange now shall by and by seem holy.

The readjustment is only the first step. Then comes the discovery of the significance of that to which we have changed. The enchantment of these truths must be found. That truth must not remain in the mind: it must go down into the heart. I do not say that the beliefs of liberal religion make sweeter lives than certain traditional beliefs; but I do say that they ought to do so, and will do so when they reach down from the understanding and touch the emotion. Only one instance: the doctrine of evolution, accepted with its full consequences, must be made to have sacredness and to yield spiritual power. But this can come by no half-way readjustment or half-hearted acceptance. We must surrender to these beliefs fully, trust them implicitly, and hold to them tenaciously.

When such beliefs have been transformed into spiritual power, they will be more effective in convincing and blessing men. Spiritual power cannot easily be resisted. The healthy nature demands it. If we but knew it, just here is the opportunity for our most advantageous work.

It is as we are looking in this direction that we see the mighty significance which worship has for liberal people. If readjustment in itself were all, worship might be abandoned with less loss. It is not all. The truth is to take form in song and prayer. It must be made to touch our experiences. It is to be taken into the holy of holies within us. It is to join intimately with our aspirations and to walk with us along the path of duty. Our beliefs have spiritual force for us if we but hold to them long enough to become accustomed to them, and are willing to use the means necessary to obtain it from them. So shall such beliefs be glorious as well as true, strong as well as plain, lovely as well as sure. After the readjustment, the *power*.

HENRY T. SECRIST.

Milwaukee, Wis.

TWO SERMONETTES.

I.

"TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR TO-MORROW."

Opinions are wide apart as to just what Jesus meant by these words. But we may at least believe that he would have men concern themselves about to-day rather than about the future, knowing that, if to-day be well cared for, the morrow will be safe. Thus understood, what a lesson of life this utterance brings before us!

What is a day? Surely, it is not alone the passing of the time between the rising and the setting of the sun. It is not alone the coming and going of twenty-four hours. A day is not a day in reality, unless the time it represents be hallowed by at least one high thought, one good deed, one task well performed. A so-called day, whatever may be its length in hours, is really a day only when it is made to count for God, when it leads man a little nearer the ever-enlarging ideal.

How great is the value of the ever-present now, that precious portion of time forever newly dawning upon us, and full of tasks to be done and glories to be won! How plainly is it wise to be thinking mostly of to-day! Wrote Helen Hunt Jackson:—

"One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That, according to each, shall be our strength.

"One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign sure to win!"

Every to-day as it comes and goes should mark, if not an epoch, at least a step forward in life. But, alas! it is to be feared that to-days do not count thus to the majority of men and women. Why not? Is it

because they possess a wrong theory of life, and know not what is the true purpose and destiny of a human soul? Is it because they look only to the future, and not to the present, dreaming of the good things which they hope will be theirs, and forgetting that a man reaps only as he sows? Do they expect the world to go on to its fulfilment while they sit idly by, trifling with the present moment, letting pass forever opportunities for usefulness and growth? Would that all men understood that they were created to be workers with God, not alone in the next life, not alone in the declining years of this life, not alone to-morrow, but to-day! The great and everywhere heard cry is for present workers. The seed-time is now upon us,—yes, the harvest-time is already here; and shall we put off until to morrow that which should be done now? God forbid! If for any reason we have failed to go out to the by-ways and hedges to redeem; failed to offer the cup of cold water or to act the part of the good Samaritan; failed to love the Lord our God with all our might, mind, and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves; failed to live up to our great and ever-present opportunities,—may we act no longer such an unworthy part in the drama of life, but awake, and in all earnestness set about doing *to-day* that work of God which our hands find to do.

"Up, my soul! with clear sedateness
  Read heaven's law, writ bright and broad!
Up! a sacrifice to greatness,
  Truth, and goodness,—up to God!"

II.

"WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION."

The great plan is that every soul must work out its own destiny. No human being is born under a lucky star: all are born, as was Jesus, into a grand world of *possibilities*,—born to be (if they will) saviors of their fellows. Their advent song of the angels is "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Says Bulwer, "Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, and influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach." So all are not born to exactly the same work in life, any more than all are created to look alike. There must be an infinite variety. In the vegetable world there are leaves and leaves, but no two are exactly the same. Some are round, some are pointed, some irregular in outline, some have serrated edges; some are red, some are green; some are at the topmost branches of the trees, some upon the lowest branches, some at the outside, some in the inside; some are seen, some are not seen. But each fills its own purpose. In the same way God has a separate and special work for each soul to do; and that work is honorable, and leads to exalted ends when not turned from its true course.

All men cannot be bankers or railroad presidents, all cannot be poets or eminent divines; but all may know that, no matter how humble their sphere of action, if it be a true one and well cared for, the end is good, and they are workers with God. May we say, "Blessed be drudgery"? Yes, out of what one man calls drudgery another will get very rich blessings. The work that is given us to do in life we should accept cheerfully, even if it be the digging of ditches or the carrying of mortar. Nobleness of life is what counts, not the mere sphere of action. Character is immortal. Earthly occupations soon pass away. It is well to remember that the most beautiful flowers often grow in the lowliest and the most neglected spots of earth. In the same way pure souls and undefiled are often found in lonely and lowly walks of life. God is as much in the lowly as in the exalted places; and, where he is, no one need be ashamed to be. Therefore, even if our present labor seems too humble or too hard, let us not chafe and fret, but go manfully forward, feeling that it is God's work, and knowing that, in doing it faithfully and cheerfully, as for him, we shall be working out our true destiny.

"Teach me, my God and King,
  In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
  To do it as for thee.

"To scorn the senses' sway,
  While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
  In all be thou the end.

"All may of thee partake;
  No thing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
  Greatness and worth from thee.

"If done as by thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if thou the cause,
The humblest work divine."

LEVERETT R. DANIELS.

South Natick, Mass.

PSYCHE.

If it be true, as legends say,
The soul had wings those æons far away,
Death is no more the change I dread;
Borne from life's chrysalid instead
To the blue sky, my native air,
A Psyche curiously fair.

Some touch of sin, they say, defiled;
Like poisoned shaft, it pierced the tender wing;
Let it be so, love must restore;
The soul, through this, its open door
Of grace, must find its higher sphere,
Joyous beyond its sorrows here.

I saw an insect weave its shroud,
Then lie like any dead thing in its tomb,
Till one fair day, in strange disguise,
It straightway rose before my eyes,
A gorgeous phantom, wondrous fair,
In garb, methinks, the angels wear.

O'erturning this one leaf, I read
The dearest lesson, Nature's best of all:
That death itself is to the soul
Only the transit to its goal;
That the psyche, passing out of sight,
Has plumed its wings for clearer light.

If love's own purity restores
The broken wing, let such pure life be mine,
And love unfeigned, that I may fly,
Like some song sparrow to the sky,
Out of life's sedge, with sweeter song,
For never one remembered wrong.

MARY WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

THE JEWISH MESSIAH AND HIS TIMES.

Messianic hopes do not appear in the Old Testament till the time of the Kings. None are to be found in the Hexateuch, although a few passages are sometimes quoted for the purpose of showing the contrary, notably Genesis iii. 15. After the nation of Israel had been divided under Solomon's son and prophetism became a recognized institution, various gifted and thoughtful men began to teach their countrymen the principles of morality and to project their ideas into the future. Israel had become separate to some extent from the surrounding heathen, and felt a measure of compactness in consequence. But flourishing times were past; and sadness must have possessed reflecting minds as they compared the present with the past, the national deterioration with the time of David.

Messianic hopes are not necessarily connected with an individual. They were at first indefinite, referring to a national future of happy conditions, when religion should pervade the minds of the people generally and the united kingdom of Israel be a glory among the nations of the earth.

The name Messiah is not used by any writer of the ideal king who was expected to reign over regenerated Israel in the future. Its application to him seems to have been derived from Psalm ii. 2, where, however, it refers to an ordinary Jewish king, and from Daniel ix. 26, misinterpreted. The name was used among the later Jews and the early Christians.

Messianic hopes varied with the times and with the prophets who uttered or wrote them. Their development proceeds from the indefinite to the definite and individualizing. At first they were merely hopes of better times, as in the third and fourth chapters of Joel. Afterward they were attached to the house of David, as by Amos ix. 11–15, where an individual of that house was supposed to arise as the restorer of the theocracy; as also by Micah v. 1, etc., Isaiah ix. 5, 6, and Jeremiah xxiii. 5.

Zechariah gives the ideal king the appellation of the Branch; but this may be a collective noun for a dynasty, as Kuenen thinks. The hopes of Ezekiel are drawn out in detailed and definite features (chapters xxxiv. 23, etc., xxxvii. 21, etc.). These hopes afterward revert to the indefinite. In and after the Babylonian exile the hopes are vague, and the deutero-Isaiah either thinks that Jehovah himself will be the deliverer and restorer of the nation or that Israel itself, purified and refined, will be its regenerator. The latter idea is not confined to one prophet; for Haggai, Malachi, and Zechariah have it also. The Book of Daniel exalts the future Messiah to divine rank, for it speaks of his coming in the clouds. In the Jewish Apocalypse called the Book of Enoch, whose parts are loosely connected and which was probably interpolated by Christian hands, the Messiah is said to have existed in heaven before his birth, and a heavenly kingdom to arise. The writer was influenced by the Book of Daniel. In other

respects the statements respecting the coming kingdom differ essentially from those of former prophets. The Messianic kingdom is the fifth of the world's monarchies, introduced after a time of great trouble, everlasting, unchangeable, and connected with the resurrection, as also with the judgment. The apocryphal books which touch on the national future contain only indefinite hopes. Neither Philo nor Josephus speaks of any Messiah. Probably they had no belief in the ideal king of the prophets, and entertained but feeble hopes of their nation's future glory. They looked on the past with more admiration than to think of any future which might be superior to the times of David and Solomon. A passage in the Sybylline oracles resembles the supernatural rank ascribed to Messiah, saying, "God shall send from the sun a king," although much the same language is used in another place of Cyrus.

The expected Messiah is described by the prophets, who speak of him as a majestic king who rules over the restored theocracy as God's representative with wisdom and righteousness. Peace prevails throughout his flourishing dominion. No enemies disturb or tarnish its splendor. The throne of this divinely gifted king was to be set up in Jerusalem. The deutero-Isaiah's description is the highest proceeding from any true prophet:—

"Unto us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given,
And the government rests on his shoulders;
And his name is called
Wonder-counsellor, mighty hero,
Evermore-father, prince of peace."

As to the hopes and aspirations which the prophets fondly indulged, they were not only political, but moral and religious, as might be expected from the theocratic spirit of the Hebrews. Their character was of a mixed nature. Not only was the Davidic dynasty to be restored, but all exiles brought back, and the separated parts of the nation to be reunited, the expected kingdom to be elevated and enlarged. Its duration was to be eternal, accompanied with continual prosperity. Idolatry was to be rooted out of the regenerated nation, righteousness and truth in the ascendant. The reconciliation of Jehovah with his people was to be attended with a general revival and heightening of the religious spirit. The victory and spread of true religion was to prevail. Everything was hoped from the favor and love of Jehovah. Out of the description of different prophets, a beautiful picture could be formed of this happy kingdom. But, alas! it is only ideal. The glory of the future remains unrealized. No Davidic dynasty is destined to arise; nor shall any Jewish Messiah reign over an Israelite kingdom such as the glorious patriotism of the prophets gave birth to. It was a dream of the theocratic spirit. The golden age will never brighten another Israel. SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D.

London, England.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

TO A. E. S.

You ask me, dear friend, if I had not some article I had not used that I would read to a few friends. It occurs to me that I can write you a letter which may answer the purpose. The thought came over me, if I were in heaven, where I hope some time to be, and I knew an earthly friend were longing to hear from me how it all was,—what an *it* that is!—if I had met other friends, and what was the surest passport to entrance there, how quickly should I write if I could. That power is not given to the happy heavenly ones. But to us is given a foretaste of heaven in the blessed privilege of sympathy, which Abraham Lincoln said "is the privilege of the poor." But we, who cannot call ourselves poor, may share this privilege, though daily we neglect so to do.

An article of mine, written for the *Christian Register*, had an odd fate, considering its title, "The Lost Opportunity." It was accepted by the editor, our dear Mr. Mumford. But at his death it could not be found. Tossed into a waste-basket or hidden in a pigeon-hole, it was lost to sight, though dear to my memory, which could only recall the incident that suggested it.

This was a poor man's singing in an aisle of Park Street Church during one of the Moody and Sankey revivals. What he sang most gloriously was, perhaps, "Rock of Ages." Thin, poorly clothed, not prosperous, as the world counts prosperity, he had

evidently found the kingdom of heaven. Appreciating his piety and gift of song, I think it was my impulse to thank him by saying that his song touched the finer chords of the heart as tenderly and strongly as did Sankey's.

But I did not do it. How often will you and I continue not to do it? I lost an opportunity of conferring a blessing; for, as he returned to, perhaps, hard toil, his heart would have sung to think that his outburst of joy was felt by men as well as angels. I lost the opportunity, and losing a paper treating of the topic was poetical justice. Good intentions, lost opportunities, are haunting ghosts of the soul, only to be exercised by some later friendly word or smile. Don't be afraid of giving them by the fear of being officious or cranky. Be willing to be cranky in a good cause. Almost all of us are in bad ones.

There is no pang so sharp, so persistent, in the loss of a friend, as the clear sight which then comes to us of how we have failed in this respect. What sunshine sympathy diffuses even into dreary lots,—the feeling that so and so is sorry for us, however indifferent the mass! How much sunshine is diffused in a neighborhood in times of desperate sickness, when heart and flesh fail, by an offer of service, a gift of flowers, or some delicacy difficult to procure! how much sunshine in a church by an appreciative word to the minister (who has few enough, bearing as he does the cares and woes of many hearts), or a word of approval to some fellow-worshipper, who does not talk of his trials, though he has not a few! The older I grow, the more sure I am that approval (not flattery) does a world of good, while blame or criticism, unless most lovingly administered and with wonderful tact, hardens the heart already sufficiently tried.

If we go to the city, nobody seems to know us and we know nobody. In dear old nodding Boston, when the cows and handcarts and hacks had the right of way, we walked comfortably, strolled I may say, and met many a friendly, familiar face. Now, for dear life, we run the gauntlet of the electric cars, and are propelled into one to our relief as well as alarm, if we are so fortunate as to know the right post,—the white post. Ah! the woe-begone glances I cast before I learned the rôle! The strangers we meet nowadays in the city are not happy, judging from their worried brows and hurried gait. But in those crowded thoroughfares and hot shops there are opportunities for courtesy and consideration not to be lost. And, when one walks about his humble village, better, however distasteful, to wag one's head like a mandarin than, with uplifted gaze, to sniff the air, wilfully unconscious of our fellow-passengers on the familiar way. When we no longer meet them, we shall be sorry to have lost the opportunity of recognition. One does not always want to bow; but, what is still stranger, I am told one does not always wish to pray. I greatly admire Emerson's grace, "We acknowledge the Giver." How can one help doing this constantly?

As a rule, I am principled against writing more than four pages to one letter. It is enough of the persistent *ego* for one time, though egotism is never so permissible as in a familiar letter. But one must not cross those four pages unless he relishes his friends in gold-bowed spectacles. As I cannot echo Phillips Brooks's sprightly audacity when he asked his little nieces at the close of some of his charming letters, "Isn't this a beautiful letter?" I will say I meant well, I have done what I could.

P.S.—Why do women like postscripts? Is it because, never tired of talking, something comes into their heads when they are supposed to have stopped?

Does not this explain those "last words" (men hate) in the hall, after a too long visit in the parlor,—those "last words" at which the husband growls inwardly, as he tries to deafen his ears to the chatter of his wife's visitors, and fasten his attention on his newspaper or magazine? A genteel but not gentle boy once threatened me somewhat to this effect: "If you don't go, I'll kick you down the steps!"—a rough but perhaps needful lesson. I fear his indulgent mother did not rebuke him for his incivility. The mothers are not always innocent of young America's rudeness.

Why does a postscript ramble? Because, escaping the dignity of the main letter, it makes up its mind to talk as it pleases. A dear friend told me he thought my style would be improved by putting a very little of Gail Hamilton into it. At all events, it

is delightful to put on our slippers, throw aside our "best bib and tucker," and sit down to give an account of the charming visit we have paid to the "stay at homes,"—what this one said, what that one wore, and all the delightful courses set off by choice china and glass and fragrant flowers. These commonplaces of existence, our daily food, are not to be despised, if we are careful not to abuse them by losing the opportunity of a generous construction of what others say and do.

Have you read "Ships that pass in the Night?" It stands my test of a good book,—it furnishes so many thoughts worthy of quotation. Its satire is incisive and balanced, its pathos tender and true. It says of one of its characters, "She found more than once that she was learning to measure people by a standard different from her former one, not by what they had *done* or *been*, but by what they had *suffered*." The book is sad, but not overpoweringly so. Here is another quotation: "That flash of light which reveals ourselves to ourselves had not yet come."

When it comes, I think we are not so ready to lose an opportunity of helping or blessing another, and we seek to acquire "presence of heart" as well as "presence of mind." ELIZABETH P. CHANNING.

*GATES OF GOLD.**

Two Golden Gates I clearly see
  As I look forth at morn or night;
And both give riches unto me
    Of hope and light.

Through one the great ships pass the bar,
  White-winged for flight from shore to shore,
To anchor safe in ports afar,
    The voyage o'er.

And through the other souls of men
  Set forth to cross a mystic sea,
To seek, in lands beyond our ken,
    Their destiny.

We cannot see that continent—
  The shore the storm-tossed sailor hails—
Where these brave ships shall float content,
    And furl their sails.

Nor yet may mortal vision here
  That other far-off land behold,
E'en when, on ebbing tide, we near
    Faith's Gate of Gold.

But we may trust the mighty deep,
  The favoring wind, the guiding star,
And Him who o'er each bark will keep
    A watchful care.

And thus upon that utmost shore
  Our faith foresees this happy fate,—
That we shall find at last, once more,
    A Golden Gate.

EDWARD B. PAYNE.

Berkeley, Cal.

*From Berkeley, the seat of the University of California, and the home of the author of this poem, one may look across the splendid San Francisco Bay and straight out through the famous "Golden Gate" (which forms the picturesque entrance to the Bay) over the Pacific Ocean.

PROPOSED REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

Pursuant to a vote passed in September, 1891, by the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, the Council appointed a committee of seven to consider all propositions for a revision of the Constitution, to recommend such changes as might be deemed expedient, and to publish their conclusions six months before reporting the same to the next session of the Conference. The Revision Committee consisted of the Rev. Messrs. E. B. Payne of California, E. E. Hale, C. C. Everett, M. J. Savage and C. G. Ames of Massachusetts, J. W. Chadwick of New York, and Mr. W. B. Weeden of Rhode Island.

At meetings of the committee held March 17 and 19, 1894, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, there were present Messrs. Hale, Savage, Ames, and Weeden; and the views of the three absent members were presented in writing.

After deliberating over seven different schemes or plans of amendment, the committee, by unanimous action of the members present, agreed to report and recommend for adoption the following:—

MODIFIED FORM OF CONSTITUTION.

The Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was formed in the year 1865, with the purpose of strengthening the churches and societies which should unite in it for more and better work for the kingdom of God. These churches have inherited the Christian and Unitarian names. Recognizing these names as the symbols of universal religion,—or of freedom, progress, truth, and righteousness,—we welcome to fellowship and co-operation all of every name who can unite with us.

ARTICLE I. The churches and other organizations here represented unite themselves in a common body, to be known as the Unitarian National Conference.

ART. II. This National Conference shall be composed of such delegates, elected once in two years, not exceeding three from any

church or other affiliated organization, as may be accredited to it by a certificate of their appointment.

ART. III. The Conference shall meet biennially, at such time and place as it may designate at its successive biennial sessions, unless otherwise directed by the Council.

ART. IV. Its officers shall consist of a president, six vice-presidents, a general secretary, and treasurer, a Council of Twelve, including the general secretary and treasurer, of whom not more than half shall be ministers; and a Committee on Fellowship, consisting of twelve,—three from the Eastern States, three from the Middle and Southern States, three from the Central Western States, and three from the Pacific States, who shall be elected at each meeting, to hold their offices for two years, and until their successors are appointed.

ART. V. The Council, during the intervals of the biennial sessions, may fill vacancies in the board of government, and shall have charge of all business having reference to the interests of the Conference, and intrusted to it by that body, which is hereby declared a purely advisory one.

ART. VI. The National Conference, until further advised by its experience, adopts the existing organizations of the Unitarian body as the instruments of its power, and confines itself to recommending to them such undertakings and methods as it judges to be in the heart of its constituency.

ART. VII. This Constitution may be amended at any regular meeting of the Conference, by a vote of not less than two-thirds of the delegates accredited thereto, provided public announcement of the proposed amendment has been given three months in advance.

[It will be seen that the changes recommended consist of a new Preamble, an abridgment of Article I. and of the name of the Conference, the omission of Articles III., IX., and X., with some minor changes that seemed warranted by experience.]

E. E. HALE, *Chairman.*
C. G. AMES, *Secretary.*

Boston, March 23, 1894.

[To enable our readers the better to compare the proposed new Constitution with the old, we print the old below.—ED.]

PREAMBLE.—*Whereas* the great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration, at this time, increase our sense of the obligations of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God, and the building up of the kingdom of his Son,—

ART. I.—Therefore, the Christian churches of the Unitarian faith here assembled unite themselves in a common body, to be known as the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, to the end of energizing and stimulating the denomination with which they are connected to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work.

ART. III.—The American Unitarian Association, the Western Conference, and such other theological, academic, or humane organizations in our body as the Conference may see fit to invite, shall be entitled to representation by not more than three delegates each.

ART. IX.—Reaffirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and desiring to secure the largest unity of the spirit and the widest practical co-operation, we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ.

ART. X.—While we believe that the Preamble and Articles of our Constitution fairly represent the opinions of the majority of our churches, yet we wish distinctly to put on record our declaration that they are no authoritative test of Unitarianism, and are not intended to exclude from our fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims.

JAPANESE AND CHRISTIANITY.

Editor of the Unitarian:—

Noticing in a recent number of your interesting magazine that Buddhist priests returning to Japan from the Parliament of Religions are reported to have criticised the religion of this country, and to have said the Parliament was called "because the Western nations have come to realize the weakness and folly of Christianity, and they really wished to hear from us of our religion, and to learn what the best religion is," I wish to say a word on this subject.

I was in the same house with the other representatives from Japan; and we talked freely together, and I heard no statement of this kind. Before we left Japan it was our belief that our papers would be mostly suppressed, having obtained this idea from many sources, and especially from statements made in public lectures by Christians, who said that heathen papers would be suppressed, and that the Parliament of Religions was for the purpose of exposing the absurdity of other religions. Thus far

the report is correct when it says, "It was a wonderful surprise that awaited us." We were told that any person who does not believe Christianity would be laughed at in America. But, instead, we found the opposite condition. Therefore, we were astonished. Whatever the motive of the American people may be, they are eager to study our thought; and this is contradictory to the statement that we obtained in Japan.

It was never the intention or desire of any of our delegation to propagate the teachings of Buddhism in America. We came to show our true status, and not to disseminate our religion. Perhaps the priests in returning to Japan represented this thought of surprise, as I have stated, and that thought has again been misrepresented. But courtesy to other religions shown at the Parliament could not be interpreted as indifference on the part of Christians to their own; for the Japanese can well understand the idea of tolerance and courtesy, because they are tolerant themselves to all religions. They did not expect this courtesy, and it was their common topic of conversation how surprised and pleased they were to receive it. In short, we found out that Christian representatives in Japan misrepresented the true heart of Americans.

KINZA RIUGE M. HIRAI.

PROFIT SHARING.

AN OPEN LETTER TO EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES.

In anticipation of a revival of business and the consequent reopening of many mills and factories, which now seems probable, we would invite your attention to the importance of introducing some form of Profit Sharing as a feature of your industrial relationships. The method of paying a dividend to the workman out of profits as they are realized annually has been approved by most of the economists of Europe and America as thoroughly practical, and advantageous to both the employer and the employed. We will mention a few characteristics which should commend it to your careful attention.

Profit sharing can be adopted by an employer without risk of loss, inasmuch as he assumes under it no obligations except such as are to be discharged from profits actually made. His prerogatives as manager and his rights as proprietor are not curtailed. Profit sharing would establish a more friendly relationship of common interest between working-people and the employer. This would be the surest pledge of industrial peace and the firmest support in times of commercial distress.

The employee, responding to such an advance by the employer, can increase the quantity and improve the quality of the product under a deeper feeling of personal interest. By his diligence, care, and economy he can actually create an additional profit, which is to be used in supplementing regular wages. Profit sharing includes the payment of the best wages current, and promises a bonus beyond this, which, experience shows, the interested workman can invariably produce in good times.

Profit sharing, as a principle, may be applied in a large variety of ways; and it can readily be adapted to the great majority of productive and distributive enterprises. We invite applications for full information concerning the history and the results of the system, as it is now in operation in many establishments, small and large, in Europe and the United States. The address of the Secretary of our Association is No. 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

For the Association for the Promotion of Profit Sharing.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Washington, *President.*
FRANCIS A. WALKER, Boston, } *Vice-Presidents.*
N. O. NELSON, St. Louis, }
N. P. GILMAN, Boston, *Secretary.*
R. FULTON CUTTING, New York, }
ALFRED DOLGE, " " }
R. R. BOWKER, " " } *Directors.*
HENRY R. TOWNE, Stamford, Conn, }
GEORGE A. CHACE, Fall River, Mass., }

WILLIAM J. POTTER.

HIS INTEREST IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

At the recent memorial service in Boston to William J. Potter I much desired to add the testimony of one who had known him from his mature boyhood, before he entered Harvard College; but the time was well occupied until too late an hour for additional offerings to be acceptable. To what was so well spoken regarding his noble, saintly character I am impressed to add

that his educational advantages had not so much influence thereon as might be imagined. William J. Potter was born good. There was no evil apparent in him. The characteristic features of his life were not acquired by contact or association with good and true men, but were innate, inherent. He could give, and many received from his lips; but he could not take, for he was full and overflowing with his goodness. Zealous men have attempted to follow him and copy his noble traits; but few have approached sufficiently near to be recognized as disciples. On occasions when clouds of doubt or adversity overshadowed the spiritual vision of his friends, even a touch of his garment, metaphorically speaking, has sent them away with renewed hopes and faith and courage.

Among the first public acts of Mr. Potter, after accepting the position as pastor of the Unitarian church at New Bedford, was to manifest his interest in the cause of temperance by assisting in the formation of the New Bedford City Temperance Society. He wrote its constitution and by-laws, and delivered the opening public address. Although his parishioners and supporters included many wealthy men who, as generally believed, were more or less addicted to the use of intoxicants, he nevertheless expressed his views fearlessly nearly every year in sermons relating to temperance and prohibition, and on one or more occasions avowed his intention to vote the prohibitory ticket at the approaching election.

In November, 1886, he delivered a powerful sermon on "Two Sources of Political Iniquity,—The Liquor Saloon and the Purchase Ballot,"—at the close of which he said: "I may have pained personal friends; I may have made enemies. But duty summoned. I could not feel that this pulpit would be true to its traditions, *nor* I faithful to its solemn ministry, if I had kept silent. I trust that I have spoken no wanton word; and Heaven grant that I may not have spoken in vain."

In December, 1886, the month in which the *Index* was discontinued, one of Mr. Potter's editorial articles was on "The Saloon in Politics," in which he said,—"Any party that through mortgaging itself to the liquor interest secures a victory at the polls will have to pay the mortgage in full, however much its honorable and cultivated leaders may blush at the terms." Also, "Just so far as the saloon influence is dominant in political affairs, all the high interests of good and orderly government, of national prosperity, enlightenment, and virtue, must be sacrificed."

Now that the temperance question is receiving more attention by the Unitarians as a denomination, I trust that the life-long interest therein by one of its foremost ministers will be duly recognized and remembered. GEORGE KEMPTON.

Sharon, Mass., March 30, 1894.

CHICAGO LETTER.

The most prominent recent literary event in our city was the visit of Prof. John Fiske of Cambridge, who was invited to give a series of historical lectures at Armour Institute, and whose numerous friends and admirers were quick to avail themselves of his presence among us to secure other lectures, single and in course, all of which were well attended, and have added much to our intellectual stock in trade. Among other opportunities of hearing this distinguished man, the foremost thinker in America, was one offered on Sunday morning, March 19, at All Souls' Church, in absence of the regular pastor on a short rest-trip to the South. The speaker's subject here was "The Mystery of Evil," and the church was thronged with men and women who counted it no hardship to stand in order to hear. Prof. Fiske went a little into Biblical criticism in introducing his subject, telling how the story of the serpent was probably inserted into the Pentateuch after the return from the captivity, adopted from a similar one found in the writings of Zoroaster. The mystery of evil, how to reconcile its existence with the thought of a powerful and good God, is one that has disturbed the minds of men from the beginning of time; and thus far the solution has been reached only through the hypothesis of two forces at work in the world, in opposition to each other, thwarting and overcoming each other in turn. This belief in the dual government of the universe is hard even for many liberal minds wholly to abandon. Monotheism, rightly conceived, is a direct result of an abandoned belief in the devil; and the

help which science gives to this idea in the knowledge of law, not only in its immutability and universality, but in its beneficence, makes it more intelligible and acceptable to the modern understanding. "Evil is not interpolated: God is the creator of all, with no diabolism or special creations. . . . The mystery of evil is a mystery still; but it is no longer a dissonance, a discord. We know it only as a part of the harmonies of the universe."

As this is the last letter before our Western anniversaries, it is matter of regret that I cannot report in full the programme of the various meetings; but plans are still under discussion and subject to change. The Western Conference, with its allied organizations, will hold its meeting, probably, the same week as the Congress of Independents, which at least all of my clerical readers must be fully informed about through the numerous printed documents that have been distributed broadcast by the committee in charge. The most active spirit in this movement is Mr. Jones, whose recent utterances in *Unity* show the earnestness of his feeling in the matter. It is hoped by some of the friends of both the conference and this new movement that the two gatherings may be held close together, to accommodate guests from a distance; but I am told that others not identified with the conference prefer a complete separation in time, probably in the interests of keeping the movement free from any special denominational influences. With regard to the conference programme, I can say that we are to have an essay on "The Effect of the Liberal Movement upon Theological Study," by Prof. Christie of Meadville, probably an essay by Rev. Merle St. C. Wright of New York, and a symposium on the Relation of the Church to Morals,—in Music (which particular division of the subject will be taken up by Prof. Tomlins), in Amusements, in its Intellectual Work, etc.

The Congress will be held in Sinai Temple, the congregation having already raised the sum of $300 toward expenses.

A Unitarian council was held early in the month in Rock Falls of this State, under the management of Mr. Gould. For two years a little band of devoted men and women have been doing what they could to promote the interests of the liberal faith here and in the adjoining town across the river, Sterling. Monthly meetings have been held, at first in charge of Mr. Duncan, the State secretary; but, upon his resignation of that office for the pastorate of the new society at Streator, the work fell under the administration of the Western Unitarian Conference. This council was held simply in the interests of good fellowship and to give such encouragement and support to a difficult enterprise as might be. The opening discourse was given by Mrs. Woolley on "The Thought of God," who also took charge of the opening exercises the next morning, when Mr. Judy spoke on some of the modern theories about Jesus, from the progressive orthodox and ethical and Hindu sources, quoting in particular some recent utterances of Prof. Egbert Smyth, Mr. Salter, and Mr. Mozoomdar. In the afternoon Mr. Judy spoke again on some of the social problems of church life as suggested in the work of the college settlements, and Mr. Fenn preached in the evening. Mr. Gould and Mr. Duncan made several short addresses. The movement at this point deserves the sympathy of all and the more practical help of those who are sufficiently near to extend it. A good sign of the stability of the work is the formation of a Sunday-school, with a young people's class, which meets regularly at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sterling, whose hearts and hands are thoroughly consecrated to their task.

The Chicago Women's Club is making arrangements for a symposium of the federated clubs of the city, of which there are about twenty-five. The meeting will be held in Central Music Hall on the 22d of this month, and the subject to be discussed is one which has grown out of the past winter's work among the unemployed: "Woman's Relation to Modern Industrial Problems." The topic is divided in a way to take up the legal, social, domestic, and ethical aspects of the question, several speakers have been selected, and the occasion promises to be one of unusual interest. Nearly all of the regular activities of the club the past winter has centred about this emergency work, with results differently estimated by those engaging in it. The question we all want answered is whether the help thus bestowed has tended most to

strengthen or to weaken those who have received it; but the answer is one that admits of many shadings, and cannot be given in the lump. All kinds of character and all degrees of honesty and ability were met with on the part of the beneficiaries, and as many mental types were perhaps to be found among the benefactors. Most opinions gathered on such a matter would have a strong personal bias; but it is not altogether a question of the amount of relative good or harm done. Under circumstances such as the late financial distress brought about, the humane heart will not stop to decide its duty on too nice a settlement of abstract questions, will forego political economy in favor of brotherly compassion. Many who engaged in this work felt it to be a distinct compromise with cherished principles, but opportunities for human activity are rare which present the alternative of the whole of wisdom and truth on one side, the whole of error and wrong on the other. Individually and collectively, we are often obliged to choose between, not the absolute right and absolute wrong, but a lesser right or wrong and a greater one. Probably the best results of the emergency work will be found in the enlarged outlook and renewed humanity of those engaging in it, and that will be a gain no one can discount.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

It was reported recently that Mrs. Booth had just visited Vassar College, and had given an account of the work done by the Salvation Army girls among the poor outcasts in New York and other cities. It so touched the hearts of the young women who heard her that nearly a score of them, daughters of wealthy men, resolved then and there (perhaps it would be more correct to say took a vow, for there was something sacred in the purpose) to spend their lives in rescuing women from peril and sin.

May not the Salvation Army furnish a field for the philanthropic energies of many young men and women who are at a loss what to do? There are such who are tired of idleness, unhappy because their lives are absolutely aimless, and of such sympathy and sensibility as to be ashamed of their luxury while there is so much poverty and ignorance all around them. There are many who are fitted for the work of helping others, and would find a great joy, yea, their own salvation, their highest development in it. The time may come, perhaps it has already, as the young Vassar women seem to think, when the Salvation Army will open an opportunity for the noblest service that one man or woman can render another. In other times, when women of wealth and fashion became weary of folly, and sighed for something serious and noble, they believed they would find it in the seclusion of a convent; and so they retired from the world, and spent the rest of their lives in religious meditation. But here is something better than that, something which is already a religious force, and may grow into a powerful religious order, where high enthusiasm may find ample scope, where young and generous-minded men and women, whether rich or poor, may do that work to which they feel called by an inward voice.

C. G. HOWLAND.

Lawrence, Kan.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

SUNDAY.

A Prayer.

O God, our Father, if we had but truth!
  Lost truth,—which thou perchance
Didst let man lose, lest all his wayward youth
  He waste in song and dance;
That he might gain, in searching, mightier powers
For manlier use in those foreshadowed hours.

If, blindly groping, he shall oft mistake,
  And follow twinkling motes,
Thinking them stars, and the one voice forsake
  Of wisdom for the notes
Which mocking Beauty utters here and there,
Thou surely wilt forgive him, and forbear!

Oh, love us, for we love thee, Maker,—God!
  And would creep near thy hand,
And call thee "Father, Father," from the sod
  Where by our graves we stand,
And pray to touch fearless, of scorn and blame,

Thy garment's hem, which Truth and Good
we name.

MONDAY.

The Future.

What may we take into the Forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown
portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling: in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here:
No word came with our coming, to remind
us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us,
Naked we glide:
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er
us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black
and hollow,
Our footsteps fare:
The beckoning of a Father's hand we fol-
low,—
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

TUESDAY.

Solitude.

All alone,—alone,
Calm, as on a kingly throne,
Take thy place in the crowded land,
Self-centred in free self-command.
Let thy manhood leave behind
The narrow ways of the lesser mind:
What to thee are its little cares,
The feeble love or the spite it bears?
Let the noisy crowd go by:
In thy lonely watch on high,
Far from the chattering tongues of men,
Sitting above their call or ken,
Free from links of manner and form,
Thou shalt learn of the winged storm,—
God shall speak to thee out of the sky.

WEDNESDAY.

Retrospect.

Not all which we have been
Do we remain,
Nor on the dial-hearts of men
Do the years mark themselves in vain;
But every cloud that in our sky has passed
Some gloom or glory hath upon us cast;
And there have fallen from us, as we
travelled,
Many a burden of an ancient pain,—
Many a tangled cord hath been unravelled,
Never to bind our foolish heart again.
Old loves have left us lingeringly and slow,
As melts away the distant strain of low
Sweet music—waking us from troubled
dreams,
Lulling to holier ones—that dies afar
On the deep night, as if by silver beams
Claspt to the trembling breast of some
charmed star.
And we have stood and watched, all wist-
fully,
While fluttering hopes have died out of our
lives,
As one who follows with a straining eye
A bird that far, far-off fades in the sky,
A little rocking speck,—now lost; and still
he strives
A moment to recover it,—in vain;
Then slowly turns back to his work again.
But loves and hopes have left us in their
place,
Thank God! a gentle grace, a patience, a
belief in his good time,
Worth more than all earth's joys to which
we climb.

THURSDAY.

The Invisible.

If there is naught but what we see,
The friend I loved is lost to me.
He fell asleep: who dares to say
His spirit is so far away?
Who knows what wings are round about?
These thoughts,—who proves but from with-
out
They still are whispered? Who can think
They rise from morning's food and drink!
These thoughts that stream on like the sea,
And darkly beat incessantly
The feet of some great hope, and break,
And only broken glimmers make,
Nor ever climb the shore, to lie
And calmly mirror the far sky,
And image forth in tranquil deeps
The secret that its silence keeps.
Because he never comes and stands
And stretches out to me both hands,
Because he never leans before
The gate, when I set wide the door
At morning, nor is ever found
Fast at my side when I turn round,
Half thinking I shall meet his eyes,
From watching the broad moon-globe
rise,—
For all this shall I homage pay
To Death, grow cold of heart, and say,
"He perished, and has ceased to be:
Another comes, but never he"?

Nay, by our wondrous being, nay!
Although his face I never see
Through all the infinite To Be,
I know he lives and cares for me.

FRIDAY.

Tranquillity.

Weary, and marred with care and pain
And bruising days, the human brain
Draws wounded inward,—it might be
Some delicate creature of the sea,
That, shuddering, shrinks its lucent dome,
And coils its azure tendrils home,
And folds its filmy curtains tight
At jarring contact, e'er so light;
But let it float away all free,
And feel the buoyant, supple sea
  Among its tinted streamers swell,
Again it spreads its gauzy wings,
And, waving its wan fingers, swings
  With rhythmic pulse its crystal bell.

So let the mind, with care o'erwrought,
Float down the tranquil tides of thought:
Calm visions of unending years
Beyond this little moment's fears;
Of boundless regions far from where
The girdle of the azure air
Binds to the earth the prisoned mind.
Set free the fancy, till it find
Beyond our world a vaster place
To thrill and vibrate out through space,—
As some auroral banner streams
Up through the night in pulsing gleams,
And floats and flashes o'er our dreams.
There let the whirling planet fall
Down—down, till but a gleaming ball,
A misty star; and, dwindled so,
There is no room for care, or woe
Or wish, apart from that one Will
That doth the worlds with music fill.

SATURDAY.

Faith.

The tree-top, high above the barren field,
  Rising beyond the night's gray folds of mist,
Rests stirless where the upper air is sealed
  To perfect silence, by the faint moon kissed.
But the low branches, drooping to the ground,
  Sway to and fro, as sways funereal plume,
While from their restless depths low whispers sound,—
  "We fear, we fear the darkness and the gloom;
Dim forms beneath us pass and reappear,
And mournful tongues are menacing us here."

Then from the topmost bough falls calm reply:
  "Hush, hush! I see the coming of the morn;
Swiftly the silent Night is passing by,
  And in her bosom rosy Dawn is borne.
'Tis but your own dim shadows that ye see,
'Tis but your own low moans that trouble ye."

So life stands, with a twilight world around;
  Faith turned serenely to the steadfast sky,
Still answering the heart that sweeps the ground,
  Sobbing in fear, and tossing restlessly,—
"Hush, hush! The Dawn breaks o'er the eastern sea,
'Tis but thine own dim shadow troubling thee."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A book purporting to be a new Life of Jesus, heretofore unknown to the Christian world, has been published recently in France, and seems to be arousing there a good deal of curiosity. The man from whom it comes is a Russian, named Nicholas Notovitch, the author of a Life of Alexander III. Notovitch's story is that for some years after the close of the Russo-Turkish War he travelled in Central Asia, Persia, Northern India, and Thibet. During these travels he found many Buddhist priests and others speaking often, and always with great respect, of "Issa,"—the name given by them to Jesus of Nazareth. These priests claimed that Jesus spent some years of his earlier life studying and preaching among the Parsees, Brahmins, and Buddhists, and afterward returned to Palestine, where he was put to death. They also claimed that in certain of their Buddhist convents they had ancient records of Jesus and his sojourn in the Far East. All this naturally awakened Mr. Notovitch's interest. At the great convent of Himis in Ladak, where he remained for a considerable time (detained by the accident of a broken leg), he obtained access to these records. They were read to him by an interpreter, he taking down carefully what was read. Thus he obtained what he found to be a new life of Jesus, from sources wholly different from our New Testament Gospels. According to this "Life," Jesus ("Issa"), although born of Jewish parents in the land of Israel, and dying in the same land, was really an incarnation of Buddha. His teachings are

represented as embodying the central ethical and spiritual doctrines of both Buddhism and the Christianity of our Gospels. He produced a profound impression in all the countries where he travelled and taught, as well as in Palestine; but this was effected by the nobleness of his life and the lofty character of his teachings, and not by the working of miracles. His aim was to save mankind, but not by a sacrificial atonement or through any such "redemptive scheme" as that of orthodox Christianity, but by teaching men the worship of the true God, the loving and merciful heavenly Father, and how to live lives of virtue and holiness.

If Mr. Notovitch furnished any evidence of the truth of his story, it might well create a sensation; for such a view of Jesus as this "New Life" contains is revolutionary. The weak point in his claim is that he furnishes no proof. Indeed, this fact alone will condemn his document in the minds of all careful scholars. The conditions are favorable, however, for a sensation that may have a considerable run; for the popular mind is ever on the alert for the new, the strange, the startling. This view of Jesus will be especially welcome to all that class of persons who accept theosophy, esoteric Buddhism, and occultism, and who see in India and the Far East the source of all highest spiritual truth. Indeed, the theory that Christianity and Buddhism had a common origin, and that Jesus himself either spent a part of his life in India or else received instruction from learned Buddhist missionaries who had come into Egypt or Palestine is by no means a new theory, but has sprung up again and again in the past, and, indeed, has been urged strongly by writers in our own day. The only trouble with it is, it does not stand the test of investigation. It is a theory very fascinating to many minds; but again and again it has been shown to be without historic foundation. Mr. Notovitch revives this theory in a somewhat new form, with what seems at first sight to be new and decisive evidence of its truth. But, when we look a little closer, we find that the document which he offers as evidence is one that is wholly unvouched for, and one which we have no reason whatever to believe originated elsewhere than with himself.

The story which Mr. Notovitch gives of the document since it came into his possession is, to say the least, curious. He tells us that after his return from the East to Russia he showed it to Monseigneur Platon, "the celebrated metropolitan of Kiew," who, while recognizing its importance, advised against its publication. A year later, being in Rome, he showed it to a cardinal who was intimate with the pope. The cardinal said: "Why publish it? You only make enemies." At Paris Cardinal Rotelli advised against publication, on the ground that it was "premature." At last Mr. Notovitch took his treasure to Renan, who, he tells us, was pleased with it, and offered to write a paper about it for the French Academy. But this he would not permit, lest Renan should thus get all the glory of giving this new life of Jesus to the world. So he waited until after Renan's death, and then published it to the world himself. This is Mr. Notovitch's story. His book has already passed through a number of editions in Paris, and is being translated from French into other languages. How long the sensation will last remains to be seen. Some of our readers may be interested to know that this so-called "New Life of Christ" was published in abridged form (omitting the least interesting portions) in the Boston *Commonwealth* of April 7.

Since printing in the March *Unitarian* the articles of Mr. Badger and Mr. Wendte upon the new "Book of Prayer and Praise," a considerable number of communications have been received upon the subject, though none in shape for publication. Most of them have taken essentially the position advocated by Mr. Wendte, that we need a deepening of spiritual life in our churches, and the distinct cultivation everywhere of the spirit of worship, but questioning whether an elaborate ritual, like that offered in the book under notice, can effectively help us to the attainment of these ends. The feeling does not seem to be against a ritual, but against so long and elaborate a ritual, and one that contains expressions which some of our churches cannot quite conscientiously use. Indeed, there seems to be among our churches a wide-spread and a growing desire for some form of service in which the congregation, the choir, and the

preacher can all take part. But it must be much shorter than those found in the "Book of Prayer and Praise," and much more simple. We are of the opinion that it would be possible for a competent committee, thoroughly representative of our societies, working with the same conscientious care that was manifested by the committee which produced the volume now before us, to compile a small book of services which would be gladly introduced within a few years' time into a large majority of all our churches.

There is probably no denomination in America in which one passing from church to church will find at the present time so great diversity in forms of worship as among us. Large numbers of our ministers and laymen deprecate this, and wish it were possible for our churches generally to unite upon an order and form of service that would be essentially the same everywhere. This is a thought that has been in the minds of some of the friends of the new "Book of Prayer and Praise." But, unfortunately, that book, instead of helping toward that end, stands directly in the way of it. By no possibility can any large number of our churches be brought to unite in the use of so long and elaborate a ritual as is there provided. The few that do accept that will be thereby separated farther from, instead of drawn nearer to, the great majority. What is needed is such an effort to develop the worship side of our church life as will at the same time draw us all nearer together. We believe that a book of services can be compiled that will do this. Indeed, we already have several that look in this direction. Perhaps the best is that called "Sunday Services," compiled about three years ago by Rev. Charles G. Ames. These services are simple; they are rich in ethical and spiritual quality; they have the advantage of being made up largely (though not wholly) of Scripture,—those great Scripture passages which are the gems and the fine gold of the Old Testament and the New. The musical parts of the services would need to be abridged or improved, or both; and a competent committee would make other changes. But here is a book which (with the exception of its musical part) seems to give almost universal satisfaction wherever it has been tried; and we cannot but believe that we have in it a model on the basis of which a volume of simple but very rich, noble, and inspiring services can be prepared that will be generally acceptable to our churches, especially if we can have it bound up (for those societies that want the two together) with an equally good collection of not more than four hundred hymns.

We print on another page the report of the committee appointed by the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, in September, 1891, to consider the subject of the revision of the Constitution of the Conference. The matter is one of much importance, and should be acted upon only with deliberation and the fullest understanding of the import of the changes that are to be made. The committee was ordered to publish its conclusions and recommendations six months before the next meeting of the Conference. This was wise. It allows time for sufficient consideration, and, if desired, discussion of the changes proposed, so that our churches ought to be ready by the time the Conference meets to act intelligently and wisely, as it is to be hoped also that they may see their way clear to act with reasonable unanimity.

Before another number of the *Unitarian* reaches its readers our May anniversary meetings in Boston and Chicago will have passed. The Boston meetings will be held as usual the last week in this month. It is yet too early to announce subjects or speakers with much definiteness. For these we refer those interested to the usual sources of information, the weekly and daily papers. Partial information regarding the Western meetings will be found in our "Chicago Letter." It will be noticed that, besides the regular meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference, plans are maturing for a wider Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, without reference to denomination or name. The two should not conflict, but each should help the other. We only regret that in the larger Congress we cannot have representatives of the so-called "orthodox" as well as the so-called "liberal" forms of religion. For common work there must be a reasonable unanimity of thought and purpose, but for inquiry and discussion the diversity can hardly be too great.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The New Flower Service, issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, meets with great favor. The plan of combining popular old songs with some new ones seems to hit the mark. The composers of the music are Arthur M. Raymond, Eben H. Bailey, R. H. Clouston, Carl Pflueger, Frederick O. MacCartney, Arthur F. Burnett, Mrs. A. T. Cobb, and Howard M. Dow. Words by Edward A. Horton. Price five cents single copy, four dollars per hundred.

The Old Testament leaflets which have been in course of publication this winter are now finished. The entire number is thirty-six. This carries the course of study, for those who commenced at the first issue in September, to the beginning of June. It is very difficult to plan courses of study that will suit every school, because customs vary so much. But the majority of our Sunday-schools relax their activity in the summer, and a great many close up entirely. On general principles it seems as though thirty-six lessons with the reviews might be made to cover an ordinary school year. As we have said before, these lessons have proved unusually successful, if we are to judge by the way in which they have sold, and from the praise which they have received from expert teachers. It has been a course devoted not simply to Old Testament stories, but has drawn within its range a large variety of illustration and application to life. The course has combined historic, Biblical, ethical, and religious instruction. Our Sunday-schools are very much indebted to the devoted labors of Rev. W. H. Pulsford and Rev. W. H. Lyon, who were the special working members of the committee in preparing these leaflets. The "Talks" at Channing Hall every week on the subject of the Sunday following have been very well sustained. It is planned to continue this course by a series of studies next year on the New Testament, prefaced by five lessons covering the ground from the prophets to the coming of Jesus, and showing the preparation in history for Christianity, This set of lessons will also be in three grades, as the preceding was.

The Committee on the "New Song and Service Book" for Sunday-schools is actively at work. There is some hope of publishing the book next autumn or by the beginning of the new year. Although a great many appeals have been sent out for suggestions and for samples of services and the like, the committee finds rather scant response. It is in this case, as in so many similar matters, much easier to indicate what we do not like, and to tell how not to do it, than it is to make a distinct production. All this is quite natural. The views of our Sunday-school workers with regard to a book of this kind are so varied and contrasted that it cannot be hoped to send forth anything that will be entirely satisfactory. The aim is to do the best possible, and to show an advance in the new book on everything that has preceded it, both with regard to music, words, and services. This would only be following the past examples, for every book that has been published for this purpose in successive years has been a gain on the preceding one; and, in the light of our experience, we see how to remedy certain defects.

The regular Anniversary Meeting of the Sunday School Society will be held in the usual place, King's Chapel, on May 31, 2 P.M. The programme of speakers and subjects will be as attractive as ever. The awakened interest all over the land in the study of child-life, in education, in the more careful guidance of growing youth, affects very favorably, at the present time, our Sunday-school work. When a tide sets in, every inlet is flooded. This increase of attention and enthusiasm tends to swell the loyalty and better handling of our Sunday-school methods and instruction. The meeting at King's Chapel will reveal this situation very clearly. The time is not far off when our best minds and most skilful teachers will gladly share in the administration of Sunday-school affairs. Somewhat disdained in the past years, this part of education begins now to take on its rightful dignity and fill its proper function. That education is incomplete which omits the religious and moral element,—about as unfinished as an arch when the key-stone is left out. A few years may not show this after a boy or girl has left the public school. Smartness will hold its own for a while. But in the long run of the years character tells, and character cannot be developed without the instruction and nurture peculiar to rational religion.

Our friends of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society are planning to hold a summer session in the form of an Institute at Tower Hill, Wis., the first two weeks in August, from the 6th to the 17th. It is intended to furnish valuable matters for consideration to those who may attend, in the way of discussions of methods and results, topics and teachers' meetings, and "all the other matters that perplex the teachers of the liberal Sunday-school." The appeal which the enthusiastic president (Rev. A. W. Gould) sends forth is very strong. He asks this question, which most

decidedly deserves an affirmative reply: "Would it not be money well invested for the schools themselves if each of them should pick out its best worker, whether minister, superintendent, or teacher, and send him or her to Tower Hill to spend the first week in August, to get new inspiration and wisdom and strength for another year?" It is to be hoped that Mr. Gould and his associates will find hearty support in this project. I have been favored with an invitation to attend; and nothing would please me more than to accept, believing as I do that I should obtain valuable hints and no little inspiration. But engrossing duties here in the East prevent me from finding my way to the Arcadian Tower Hill region. Success to the enterprise! We in the East have often broached this idea of a Summer Institute, and I doubt not something tangible will come out of it in due time. There are many teachers who would gladly repair to some attractive country spot, and combine with the leisure of vacation and companionship of friends something just strong enough to keep the mind active and to equip them as Sunday-school teachers for the coming work of the winter.

It is interesting for an observer to watch the gradual growth into acceptance of ideas which in the beginning are scouted. Take this proposition of paid teachers: I can remember, when to suggest it, was to bring on general condemnation. It had a mercenary sound, and was so much against ordinary customs that but few stood ready to defend. All this is gradually changing. At a recent meeting of about one hundred and fifty Sunday-school teachers and officers the arguments for paying teachers were fully stated, and they seemed to meet with very great favor. Indeed, it is not a matter of theory. The steady pressure of facts and conditions is brought to bear on the solution of the matter. Necessity is now compelling Sunday-schools to pay kindergartners and teachers of advanced classes. I have already said in these columns that I believe the time is near at hand when, for city Sunday-schools and many others, a rule will be adopted of hiring a skilled teacher for the primary department and one for the advanced or senior grade. In between would be the usual volunteer and generally efficient work. In the first instance, the primary requires expert knowledge of methods. In the second case, of the advanced classes, there is a demand for scholarship and information not easily obtained. It would be a mistake, it seems to me, to apply this idea to the whole school. We want a mingling of the two methods. Some of our best work, richest influence, and noblest results have been attained and can be secured through the labors of volunteer teachers, devoted men and women who throw their whole souls into this personal relationship.

I am often asked to forward some pamphlet which will give an outline of organization for a Sunday-school, together with suggestions as to the conduct of its affairs. We in the Congregational Unitarian ranks have been so individual that nothing of that kind has been considered needful. Each Sunday-school, like each church, has undertaken its own organization; and very few Sunday-schools adopt any formal order. Now, when everything is being systemized, and even Sunday-schools are taking on more compact arrangement, the applications naturally increase for some light on these matters. While the Unitarian Sunday School Society does not publish anything of this kind as yet, although it may, I can mention a little book which contains many valuable helps in this direction. It is called "The Model Sunday-school: A Hand-book of Principles and Practices," by Rev. George N. Boynton, secretary of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. There is in this book a constitution and by-laws, and directions on almost every phase of Sunday-school work. Quite naturally, there are many views and suggestions in this book which are not applicable to a Unitarian Sunday-school. But there is a great deal else of no little helpfulness for those who wish to introduce more system and order into Sunday-school affairs. The price of this book is seventy-five cents, postage prepaid. Our standards in the Unitarian Sunday-school, and our ways of proceeding, are in strong contrast very frequently to the Trinitarian Sunday-school, and we have no desire to change; but in this little book are chapters on topics such as these: "The Sunday-school and the Home," "The Sunday-school and the Pastor," "Organization of the Sunday-school," "Classifications and Departments," "The Superintendent," "The Teacher," "The Teachers' Meeting," "Sunday-school Music," "Sunday-school Records," "Sunday-school Literature," "Finances and Charities," etc. Rev. Mr. Boynton is a progressive man in the Congregational Trinitarian ranks, and the spirit of his "Hand-book" is of the best.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

FETICHISM.

Read before the Guild of A Kempis of the Hopedale Parish by Ella S. Day.

The word "fetich," said to be derived from the Portuguese, appears to have been brought into common usage by the writings of some travellers on the western coast of Africa. It is now comprehensively em-

ployed to signify any object of worship not representing a living, or rather, perhaps, a human figure, thus excluding idols, properly so called. Fetichism is the worship of material substances, and prevails very extensively among barbarous nations, and especially those of the Negro race. Among the latter, tribes, families, and individuals have their respective fetiches, which are often objects casually selected, as stones, weapons, vessels, plants, animals, etc. One thing will do almost as well as another for a fetich, provided the worshipper can believe his god resides therein. In this general sense, fetichism coincides with the belief which is also to be found among monotheistic nations. It is generally allowed that the lowest forms of religious belief are those that prevail among the Negro tribes in the central and western part of Africa, and which consists in the reverencing and worshipping of objects usually classed under the name of fetiches. The rude natives of Africa seem to possess no rule to determine the kind or number of their fetiches. They often take along with them on their journeys a living animal as a fetich, which is preserved with extraordinary care. Inasmuch, also, as the ancient Egyptians and their neighbors went to war on account of injury or insult to their gods, so vindictive wars and dissensions spring up between Negro tribes if either, maliciously or accidentally, kill or injure a fetich of the other. The Moors of Northern Africa, who, as Mohammedans, are opposed to the worship of idols, are attached to fetichism. They honor the fetiches as divine beings of an inferior rank, and carry them about their persons as amulets or charms.

In some parts of Africa a small insect called the creeping leaf is highly honored. He who gets a sight of one considers it a happy omen, and he who kills one despairs of success. The serpent, also, is worshipped as a fetich, in temples, by priests set apart for that purpose. In Benin fetiches are more numerous, and, in part, of an entirely different description. The whole material universe is believed to be animated and furnished with spiritual powers. Water, land, animals, stones, trees, and vegetables of every description are full of divine spirits and secret influences. He who makes any eatable article his fetich touches nothing of that sort whatever, while he consumes without the slightest hesitation what others consider holy. There is a depth and mystery in this superstition which cannot be very clearly understood. As far as can be reasonably conjectured, this species of fetichism implies a connection between the visible and the invisible, and that everything may, by certain means, be made to have a relation to man and his destiny. The first step out of fetichism is when ignorant tribes cease to be satisfied with believing merely in the magical power inherent in their fetiches, and begin to ascribe a certain conscious operation to the objects of their worship, especially to the fetiches in the forms of beasts or men. In this way a fetich becomes an idol, and fetichism an idolatry. The lowest form of such idolatry is when the savage does not hesitate to throw away, to chastise, or even destroy his fetich, if it does not appear to gratify his desires. Fetichism shows religious instinct degraded into its lowest form.

The *Christian Register* gives an interesting account of the series of meetings which have been going on in Pittsfield, Mass., under the auspices of the guild, and which we noticed some time ago. Much interest has been awakened in the presentation of the ideas of different denominations. It was quite unprecedented to have the Shakers take a church pulpit in their turn.

A guild was formed in Brockton, Mass., just before the resignation of Mr. Littlefield. The organization pressed on alone through the interim before Mr. Dillingham came, who is now giving it help and sympathy. A union service was held with the King's Daughters on Easter Sunday evening, at which time Miss Kate L. Brown gave an address. The special work before the guild now is the help of the free kindergarten movement in Brockton, which is much indebted to the young people for its opening activity and success.

The society in the Unitarian Church of Hudson, Mass., has done a very important work recently in making a church organization in that parish. Some of the young people were accustomed to attend the communion service; and the guild has now accomplished a definite end in establishing a church. We hope to learn further details soon.

A Young People's Religious Society has been organized in Bridgewater, Mass. It has gained the interest and co-operation of some of the normal students. On April 1 Miss Brown addressed the society, she having graduated at the normal school. Mr. Allen is doing good work among the students, among whom there is increase of interest in the doctrines of Unitarianism.

Our corresponding secretary has also addressed the guild of Saint Christopher at Revere, Mass., the Winkley Guild in Bulfinch Place Chapel, Boston, and the Young People's Religious Club of the Second Church, Boston.

Let the guilds bear in mind the business and platform meetings of the National Guild Alliance to be held in Anniversary

Week, and choose delegates to represent them. Arrangements will soon be made in detail.

We learn of the hearty interest shown in the guild at Norton, Mass., which kept up evening meetings before the present minister was settled. Rev. C. A. Young is now adding his help, and he is greatly encouraged by the response. B. R. BULKELEY.

UNITY CLUBS.

The Unity Club of Marietta, Ohio, has been devoting eight evenings to the study of politics. These studies have taken the very practical form of making the members acquainted with the methods of conducting the business of municipalities, town and city. Such subjects as the powers and duties of mayor, councilmen, health officer, grand jury, and governor; police regulation and justice courts; pardoning and veto powers; character and powers of legislation; special legislation and private bills, and the lobby,—have been carefully considered. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" has been made the basis of many of these studies. The leader has been the minister of the church, Rev. George B. Penny. Connected with the church is the Young Ladies' Lecture Committee, the object of which is to arrange for high-grade lectures and to aid in other ways the broader church life." The Boys' Club "aims to extend the usefulness of the church and make it a week-day influence." Its rooms in the church are open four evenings in the week and Sunday afternoons. In its reading-room are to be found the leading periodicals, and in the same room a variety of games of skill. The Reading Circle is composed of young ladies, and meets to read and discuss standard authors.

The Unity Club of Omaha has done its work in three sections, embracing the history of political economy, the history of painting in Italy, and miscellaneous lectures or dramatics. It has had six lectures, eight evenings with political economy, and eight with the history of painting. Its programme is attractively arranged, and gives careful references to the best authorities. The club has met weekly through the winter, and all its meetings are regarded as a part of the work of the church. The control of the club is left within the membership, but outsiders are welcomed. Those who are not members pay a small fee of admission.

The church bulletin of the New South Church of Boston says that "the Unity Club is designed to promote the intellectual and social interests of the young people. The exercises consist of biographical sketches of authors, readings, and discussions. All young people, whether they are connected with the church or not, are cordially invited to join." The club has during the winter devoted twelve evenings to some of the great English authors. The programme has also included two lectures.

The Unity Club of the Spring Garden Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, celebrated its ninth anniversary in January. The report of the club in the "Year-book" of the church indicates a very active organization, with considerable additions to its membership, a long course of lectures, and several social and other entertainments. The secretary says, "I doubt if any club of similar size and pretensions in the city could show such a list of well-known names on its programme for the year, and I am sure that many of much older growth have not listened to so much valuable information put in such charming shape."

GEORGE W. COOKE.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A largely attended meeting was held in the New Old South Church, Boston, Monday evening, April 16, in the interest of the Norwegian Bill. Among the speakers were Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Mr. John G. Brooks, Prof. F. G. Peabody, Dr. G. R. Gordon, and Rev. D. N. Beach of Cambridge. The Liquor Committee of the legislature of Massachusetts had reported against the expediency of introducing this bill. Inasmuch as an able and impartial committee, appointed by Gov. Russell in behalf of the State, had expressly recommended the bill, the Liquor Committee seem to have taken undue responsibility upon themselves in refusing to report it. It is always interesting to notice the unwillingness of the politicians to trust the people. Meanwhile a campaign of public education is going on over the Norwegian system which must result in good. It is incredible that the people should rest content to leave the liquor business in private hands for private gain and public debauchery, when they have found out the merits of a plan, already well tried, that quite removes the greed of gain and "politics," while retaining the local option feature of the present law.

In South Carolina we are already seeing the danger of the mixture of "politics" with the liquor business. Here is another argument also in favor of the principle of local option. No American community wants a liquor law imposed upon it by outside au-

thority. Neither ought legislation to try to march in advance of public opinion.

Dean Farrar of Westminster Abbey has a forcible article in the last *Contemporary Review* upon "Abstinence." Among quite "impartial authorities" he quotes the distinguished physician, Sir Andrew Clark, as follows: "Health is a state which cannot be benefited by alcohol in any degree. Nay, it is a state which in nine times out of ten is injured by alcohol. It can bear it sometimes without obvious injury, but be benefited by it never. Alcohol, even in small doses, will take the bloom off and injure the perfection and loveliness of health, both mental and moral. If there is any honest man who really wants to get at the truth, I should risk all I possess upon the back of the statement that, as certainly as he tries the experiment for a month or six weeks, so certainly will he come to the conclusion that, however pleasant alcohol is for the moment, it is not a helper of work."

C. F. Dole.

WOMAN'S WORD AND WORK.

The sixth regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held in Unity Church, Brooklyn, on Friday, April 6, at 11 A.M., the president, Mrs. Chadwick, in the chair. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and approved. The Religious News Report was read by Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot. The Philanthropic Report was read by Mrs. James D. Smillie, and was an account of the Home Hotel in New York City, an institution for the benefit of authors, teachers, and others engaged in like pursuits, who are in need of a home and rest. Mrs. Dix then gave a brief account of the work of Rev. Helen Putnam, and asked for interest and sympathy in her work. A collection for that work was then taken.

The subject for the day was Unitarian Literature. (*a*) As distinctly such. (*b*) In General Literature. (*c*) Hymns and Hymn Writers.

The first speaker was Rev. Ida C. Hultin. She regarded Unitarianism as a religious movement, with the emphasis on movement as well as religion; and a study of its literature revealed the fact that the living passing present registers itself upon its own age. Past thought is a prophecy of the present, and present thought is a prophecy of the future. So, instead of finished thought, we have a history of growth. The message once delivered to the saints still awaits developments from saints yet unborn. The first real contributions to Unitarian literature in our own country were early in the nineteenth century. This was the period of evasion, better known by the questions they did not discuss than by those they did. The time came when a change was demanded, and Channing was the apostle of this change. Here followed a sketch of Channing's work, the work of the elder Frothingham, of Parker and Emerson. Then the connection was traced between these men and Hedge, Dewey, Bellows, Peabody, and Clarke, also Allen, Alger, Learned, Starr King; then the apostles of scientific thought in religion, as Chadwick, Gannett, Savage, Symonds, Jones. Miss Hultin closed with calling attention to the changed attitude of Unitarians toward all phases of liberal growth.

Mrs. Jackson treated the second topic, "In General Literature," in part, as follows: —

Freedom of thought is everywhere. Liberality in a book is no longer a bar to its publication. However, one rarely finds doctrinal teaching from our *great* authors, many of whom are Unitarians. The lesser literary orbs best reflect our ideas. Many of the modern analytical novels, as "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward," "Love and Theology," "Margaret," and "Pilgrim and the Shrine," have an object,—the propaganda of liberalism.

Poetry, to be a work of art, must drop the didactic; but it can sing the great convictions of the soul, the truths common to all religions. Our Unitarian poets make no enemies with other creeds. They are the peace-makers. Scientific discovery being responsible for much of the liberality of to-day, we naturally find many popular works on Evolution.

The third topic, "Hymns and Hymn-writers," was treated by Miss May Ovington. A careful analysis of many popular hymns was made, and their elements of strength considered, such as their personality, their sense of worship, and so on. It was felt that many changes which Unitarians made in old hymns were objectionable, the effect often being to weaken the hymn. It is better to sing them as they were originally written, and not change them because the words once were used in a different sense from that now commonly accepted. Miss Ovington felt that we have not yet availed ourselves of the richness and strength which this field of Unitarian literature offers.

After singing a hymn and repeating the Lord's Prayer, the meeting adjourned.

M. H. H.

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the reviews of the month:—

Biblia (April).

Scarabæi. By Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh.
Chapter LXIV. of the Book of the Dead. By Rev. J. H. Cooke.
Queen Hatasu. By W. G. Hogarth.
Were the Children of Israel ever in Egypt?

The Biblical World (April).

Jesus Christ and Gautama Buddha as Literary Critics. By Rev. F. F. Kramer.
The Fratricide: The Canite Civilization, Genesis IV. By Wm. R. Harper.
The Attitude of Christianity toward the Higher Criticism of the Bible. By L. W. Batten.
The Bearing of Criticism on Edification. By Rev. T. K. Cheyne.

International Journal of Ethics (April).

Some Remarks on Punishment. By F. H. Bradley.
Occult Compensation. By Henry C. Lea.
Relation of Ethical Culture to Religion and Philosophy. By Frederic Harrison and Felix Adler.
Italy and the Papacy. By Archbishop Satolli.
The Combination of Capital. By E. Benjamin Andrews.

The Non-sectarian (April).

Spinoza, Jew and Atheist. By M. M. Mangasarian.
Altruism in Evolution. By E. P. Powell.
The Empire of the Soul. By Rev. W. D. Simonds.
God in the Constitution. By John Snyder, D.D.

To-day (April).

The Relation between Rome and the Early Kentish Church. By John S. Bassett, Johns Hopkins University.
Two Interesting Letters from John Fiske. By T. O. Marvin.
Browning's Interpretation of Life. By Marion D. Shutter.

The Arena (April).

The Liquor Traffic without Private Profits. By John Koren.
The Catholic Church and the Higher Criticism. By Merwin-Marie Snell.
Heredity and Environment. By A. M. Holmes.
Municipal Reform: The Need of a Positive Programme. By Rev. L. Williams, D.D.

The Review of Reviews (April).

The Progress of the World.
The Three English Liberal Leaders: Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Rosebery, Sir Wm. Harcourt. By W. T. Stead.
Negro Progress on the Tuskegee Plan. By Albert Shaw.
A New Work on Municipal Franchises. By Carroll D. Wright.

The Atlantic Monthly (April).

Gen. Lee during the Campaign of the Seven Days. By E. G. Scott.
Nature in Old English Poetry. By Richard Burton.
The Secret of the Wild Rose Path. By Olive Thorne Miller.
Some Causes of the Italian Crisis. By Wm. R. Thayer.

The North American Review (April).

Personal Reminiscences of the Vatican Council. By Cardinal Gibbons.
Tariff Reform and Monetary Reform. By the President of Brown University.
How we restrict Immigration. By Dr. J. H. Senner.
The Suppression of Lawlessness in the South. By Gov. Stone of Mississippi.

LITERARY NOTES.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for early publication a book by Stopford A. Brooke of London, on "Tennyson: His Art and his Relation to Modern Life."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Marcella," is meeting with a rapid sale, and is winning high praise.

A new, thoroughly revised, and enlarged edition of Dr. Samuel Davidson's very valuable "Introduction to the Study of the New Testament" (two volumes) is announced as nearly ready for the publishing house of Kegan, Paul & Co., London.

The last volume of Renan's great "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël" has been published in French, and, it is hoped, will soon be ready in English. In it the author points out what he regards the "Causes of Christianity" other than Christ himself. His thought on this subject he epitomizes as follows: "The remote cause of Christianity was the ancient prophets of Israel. A nearer cause was the eschatological movement which, since the Book of Daniel, had so strongly agitated the Jewish spirit. A still nearer cause was the Messianic School of Judea, whose manifestoes are the Book of Enoch and the 'Assumption of Moses.' The immediate cause was John the Baptist."

We mentioned last month the consolidation of the *Universalist Monthly* of Newark, N.J., and the *Non-sectarian* of St. Louis. We have now to add that the *Liberal Co-worker* of Wisconsin joins the union. The *Non-sectarian* is to be the name of the three in one. Rev. J. F. Schindler, who has been the editor of the *Co-worker*, becomes the general agent of the new periodical, proposing to devote his whole time to it, attending liberal conventions in its behalf, and as fast as possible visiting the principal liberal parishes in the West.

We are just in receipt of the official announcement that the Plymouth School of Applied Ethics will be held again the coming summer, from July 12 to August 15. The plan of the school will be essentially the same as in the past. In the department of Economics there will be lectures as follows: By Prof. H. C. Adams of the University of Michigan, five lectures upon the "Historical Basis of Modern Industries," and four upon "The Relation of Economic Theory to Social Progress." By Prof. J. B. Clark of Amherst College, three lectures on "The Ethics and Economics of Distribution."

By Prof. R. Mayo-Smith of Columbia College, three lectures upon "The Ethnic Basis for Social Progress in the United States."

By President Andrews of Brown University, three lectures on "Civilization and Money."

By Prof. F. H. Giddings of Bryn Mawr College, three lectures on "The Social Functions of Wealth."

By Prof. J. W. Jenks of Cornell University, three lectures on "The Relation of Political and Industrial Reform."

By Dr. E. R. L. Gould of Johns Hopkins University, three lectures on "Practical Problems in Municipal Economy."

Announcements of subjects, dates, and lectures in the other departments will be made soon.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Battle Creek, Mich.—To the very great regret of his church and almost the entire community, Rev. W. D. Simonds has resigned the pastorate of the Independent Society here, to take effect on the first of July. Mr. Simonds has been here six years, and has shown himself a very able and popular preacher and an excellent organizer and pastor. He has drawn congregations that have filled the large church to its utmost capacity, and much strengthened the society in every way.

Boston, Mass.—Four years ago the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston received complete control of the institution known as the Parker Memorial, a big building on the corner of Berkeley and Appleton Streets, in just the sort of situation where Unitarians in the past have usually failed to be able to live. This very institution in times past had so failed. But experience has borne fruit, and something better than ever accomplished before has this time been successfully achieved. Under the wise yet enthusiastic inspiration of Rev. E. A. Horton, the president of the Fraternity, a great threefold work has steadily grown up in and about this historic centre, till the Parker Memorial has a living and attractive meaning to hundreds of needy souls, and is known to be the home, the work-room, and the pulpit of a vital humanitarian movement. Its popular Sunday evening services have this winter attracted great congregations of the unchurched. The best preachers of our most fashionable churches have been heard there on great and thrilling themes. An admirably managed Sunday-school is held every Sunday afternoon. During the week, under the keen oversight of the resident superintendent, Mr. Arthur A. Wordell, an imposing programme of classes, instruction, entertainments, and debates, is thoroughly carried out. Any poor stranger lad, be he Jew, Greek, or Gentile, a wanderer in the city, can here find a friend. If in distress, he can be helped to his feet. If ignorant, he can be taught. He can learn tailoring, carpentry, printing. All the best influences of active life he can find there; and the highest, simplest, purest teaching of Christianity will be in the air he breathes. The Parker Memorial bids fair to be a gem in the Unitarian crown upon the brows of our beloved city.

A truly great discourse was delivered at the April meeting of the Unitarian Club, as so many of the very highest utterances have first been spoken there. It was the address by Dr. Felix Adler of New York,—remarkable from its condensed power and simplicity, its clear analysis of a profound philosophy, and its personal expression of the admiration, indeed devotion, of a Jew to the great Master, of whose influence and teaching for over eighteen hundred years his own race has been bereaved.

A great loss to the personal and executive power of Unitarian activities has befallen us in the death of Mrs. Mary Hemenway. She was the promoter and supporter of so many noble enterprises, and she gave to each so much of her own thought and earnestness, that it seems impossible to supply her place.

Burlington, Vt.—A correspondent says: "When Mr. Horton, in his admirable sermon at the installation of our pastor on the 10th of October last, made the statement

that the walls of prejudice were falling down, we little thought that in less than six months we should see its verification here among us to such a degree. Mr. Metcalf has been received by the clergy of other denominations as a 'man among men'; and it was an unusual sight to see at a Unitarian church sociable the pastors of two Baptist churches, one Methodist, one Congregational, and one retired Congregational minister, also the wives of two of them. Still more unusual was the baptism by immersion by our pastor at the First Baptist Church, through the courtesy of its pastor and authorities, of one who wished to unite with us. But to go back a little: when our pastor began work, he found the Sunday-school with eleven teachers and an enrolment of one hundred and ten scholars. He immediately began to hold weekly teachers' meetings, which are well attended; and with the one-topic lessons, which have proved much more satisfactory than the old go-as-you-please method, the Sunday-school has grown, till on April 1 we had seventeen teachers and one hundred and sixty-six names on the roll. Easter Sunday the evening service was given up to the children; and the service issued by the Unitarian Sunday School Society was used, and brought out an audience which filled the house even to the galleries. The service Easter morning was attended by forty Knights Templars in full regalia, which added much to the impressive service. The able discourse was listened to with closest attention. The church was decorated with palms and Easter lilies; and very noticeable was the Maltese cross sent by the Sir Knights, with their motto, "*In Hoc Signo Vinces*," in purple immortelles, on the background of carnations and lilies. At the annual meeting of the society held March 19 the reports showed the society to be in flourishing condition, with a substantial balance in the treasury. From the pastor's report we learn that he had been away only one Sunday, and that most of the time he has preached two sermons a day to congregations averaging three hundred, besides making three hundred parish calls. He has also held four religious inquiry meetings, at which he has given an informal talk concerning the main points of Unitarian belief, which have been largely attended, and with such good results that on Sunday, April 1, the right hand of fellowship was extended to forty-six and the rite of baptism administered to twenty-eight of these and to four children. Very many from other churches were present, and it was a day never to be forgotten. Truly, since Mr. Metcalf has been with us there has been a great spiritual awakening; and, surely, the "Spirit of the Lord is upon us." *Christian Register.*

Cleveland, Ohio—The Unitarian church here, under the inspiration of its two pastors, Miss Marion Murdock and Miss Florence Buck, is a busy hive of activities. Besides its regular Sunday services, it has a Sunday-school (with a teachers' meeting), a Ladies' Society, a Unity Club, an Emerson Study Class, a Young Ladies' Circle, a Lend a Hand Club, a Young Men's Debating Society, and a Postal Mission.

Concord, N.H.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian society was held Tuesday evening, March 6. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Charles C. Danforth, moderator; Thomas B. Little, clerk; F. S. Streeter, George F. Underhill, L. C. Merrill, Miss M. A. Downing, and Mrs. William W. Hill, Prudential Committee; Geo A. Foster, treasurer and collector.

Interesting services were held on Easter Sunday. The church was beautifully decorated with palms, cut flowers, and Easter lilies; and the music was appropriate for the day. The pastor, Rev. Frank L. Phalen, preached a strong and earnest sermon from the text, Job xiv. 14, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

At 4 P.M. a special Easter service was held, at which an interesting programme was given, consisting of selections by the choir, remarks by the pastor, and carols by the Sunday-school. The new Easter service was used, and the carols were sung with much spirit. The Easter offering of the Sunday-school to the Children's Mission (Boston) was $9.85.

The annual collection for the American Unitarian Association was taken at the morning service. It was announced on the preceding Sunday; and during the week Mr. Phalen sent a circular letter to every member of the parish, explaining the object, work, and needs of the Association, and closing as follows: "I confidently appeal to you to renew your generous aid to the Association. Let us not fall behind the efforts of past years, but continue to give proof of the value we put upon our faith by the enthusiasm with which we support and diffuse it,"—also enclosing an envelop in which to put the contribution. The result of this was very satisfactory, the amount contributed being $206.15 by the society and $50 by the Women's Alliance.

Erie, Pa.—The Universalist church is experiencing a great renewal of life under the leadership of Rev. Howard MacQueary. Thirty-six new members joined the church at Easter. The number of families interested in the church has been doubled since Mr. MacQueary came early in the winter.

France.—An article in the last *Contemporary Review*, written by a "French Official," says, "The form of belief which is gaining most ground in France is Unitarianism, which is professed already by many of the intellectual élite of the French nation."

Jackson, Mich.—The spring meeting of the Michigan Conference was held here on April 24 to 26. The programme included sermons by Rev. H. Digby Johnston of Grand Rapids; Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago, and Rev. Reed Stuart of Detroit; two devotional meetings, led by Miss Bartlett of Kalamazoo and Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor; and papers by Mrs. Sunderland, Rev. G. W. Buckley of Sturgis, Rev. W. D. Simonds of Battle Creek, Rev. Giles B. Stebbins of Detroit, Mrs. I. M. Turner of Grand Rapids, and Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago.

Kennebunk, Me.—The work in the Kennebunk church is going on in a very satisfactory manner. The attendance at both morning and evening services has steadily increased the last year and a half, the vestry in the evening being often filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Prescott's remarks are always helpful, and the service attracts many of the young people of the village. In the Sunday-school there has also been a steady and healthy growth. No sensational methods have been employed, but classes have steadily gained in numbers, until the average attendance is about one hundred; and there is a demand for more teachers. There is a large Bible class under the leadership of the pastor, having among its members a goodly number of young men, who show a marked interest in liberal thought and are becoming a valuable factor in church work. A pleasant custom which is observed by all, from the youngest to the oldest, is giving each Sunday either a passage of Scripture or some short and appropriate selection.

The Sunday-school concerts are of much value in maintaining the interest of the school. The services prepared by Mr. Horton have been used with success, the recitations by the scholars are well prepared and given in a pleasing manner, and the singing is well rendered and spirited. The Easter concert was one of the best, and was well attended, notwithstanding a severe rainstorm, as was also the morning service, when a large audience listened to an excellent sermon from the text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and enjoyed the special music by the choir and the floral decorations, which were unusually fine.

The Young People's Guild takes charge of the evening meeting once a month. The subjects are well chosen, and the meetings ably conducted, the well-filled vestry testifying to the interest in them. The guild has been quietly at work through the winter, ministering to the wants of the needy among us, distributing many gifts of clothing and other necessaries of life.

Quite a large class meets with the pastor Wednesday evenings for discussion of some of the important topics of the day, and is much enjoyed by all who attend. The textbook used at present is the series of lectures given before the Brooklyn Ethical Association for 1893. On one of the evenings Rev. N. P. Gilman of Boston gave a talk on "Profit-sharing," which was very interesting to all who were present.

Lawrence, Kan.—We have received an interesting letter from Rev. John S. Brown, whose Post-office Mission work shows such remarkable results. Mr. Brown is always glad of recent numbers of the *Unitarian*, which he can distribute throughout his State. We quote from his letter:—

"I have, since the year commenced, been working an exchange of denominational papers with orthodox ministers, proposing to exchange the *Christian Register* with the papers they are taking. An Episcopal minister writes me: 'Your kind, fraternal letter, with the accompanying *Christian Register*, came duly to hand, for all of which accept my thanks. You are quite right. We stand together in dealing with wickedness, in whatever form it may appear, and are seeking after and standing up for *truth*. I hail with joy any man or number of men who band themselves together for the common good, and mentally shake your hand, and offer you my best wishes and God's blessing. I shall be pleased, as you suggest, to exchange papers.' I find that since April 15, 1893, I have distributed over eleven thousand papers, sermons, tracts, etc., affirming and illustrating our Unitarian gospel,—the glad tidings which Jesus proclaimed nineteen centuries ago in the land of Palestine. I have received from various sources (a large part coming from personal friends) some $125, and have expended as much for stamps and things necessary for carrying on my work. I shall need for this year $150 to carry on the work as vigorously as I would like. It seems to me that among all our societies interested in this Post-office Mission work that amount might be forthcoming."

Manchester, N.H.—The resignation of Rev. W. H. Ramsay has been received with sorrowful acquiescence by the Unitarian society. The great popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, and their deep and abiding hold upon the hearts of the people, has been shown in many delicate ways. No more striking exhibition of the affectionate manner in which the retiring pastor and his wife are regarded by their people could have taken place than that at the final farewell gathering. From eight o'clock in the evening until a late hour the rooms were full to overflowing; and, as the last of the well-wishers departed, a testimonial of esteem and affection signed by over one hundred and fifty members of the society and accompanying a well-filled purse was handed to Mr. Ramsay. The only wish of the congregation here is that Mr. Ramsay's sterling qualities of heart and mind may speedily

be drawn to a successful ministry in such an important field as that for which he is eminently fitted.

Marietta, Ohio.—The Unitarian church here is well organized, and active in a variety of ways. Besides its regular Sunday services and its Sunday-school, it has a Unity Club, a Sewing School, a Ladies' Aid Society, a Social Circle, a Young Ladies' Lecture Committee, a Boys' Club, a Post-office Mission, and a Reading Circle. Under the efficient leadership of its present pastor, Rev. George B. Penney, the church is advancing to new prosperity.

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.—A Unitarian mission service was held in Mt. Pleasant, April 3, 4, 5, and 6, conducted by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo and Rev. H. D. Johnston of Grand Rapids. Through the efforts of Miss Bartlett and Mr. Johnston the interest of the liberal thinking people has been aroused, and the woman's society has been reorganized with a large increase of membership.

Mt. Pleasant and Midland have united in a movement to engage a minister to take charge of the two churches.

The society in this place is now fairly revived, and needs only a good organizer to finish putting it in a flourishing condition. Rev. Moore Sanborn of Detroit has preached here several Sundays, and the church would be very glad to secure him as its pastor. Prof. Bellows of the Normal School has occupied the pulpit several Sunday evenings.

Newton Centre, Mass.—The Newton *Circuit* of March 31 gives the following account of the Unitarian society of this place:—

"The first religious service was held Nov. 11, 1877. Rev. Dr. Rufus P. Stebbins came; and the society was organized April 21, 1878. During his ministry a small house of worship was erected, and the work and influence of the church warmly commended to the community. He died Aug. 13, 1885, and left here a good work well done and a blessed memory.

"He was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, and he by Rev. Mr. Bowser. During the latter's ministry the church building was enlarged, and convenient and attractive parlors and social rooms added to the structure.

"The present pastor, Rev. B. F. McDaniel, took charge Sept. 1, 1893. The officers are: Charles Everett, president; A. C. Ferry, clerk: A. J. Blanchard, treasurer; E. B. Tarbell, Moses G. Crane, and L. C. Melcher, executive committee.

"The Stebbins Alliance is the Woman's Aid and Missionary Society. The president is Mrs. Edwin Melcher, and the secretary is Mrs. Corken.

"There is a dramatic club which has given several excellent entertainments the past season.

"Two societies of King's Daughters carry on charitable work. Under the leadership of two ladies, these girls and young women do a great deal of good in a pleasant way.

"Teachers' meetings are held by the pastor on Friday evenings for the study of the Bible and to devise work for the Sunday-school. The Emerson Class, led by the pastor, meets on Tuesday evenings for the study of the writings of Emerson and the questions presented in them. Membership is open to all, irrespective of church connection.

"The Sunday work of the society includes the morning service at 10.30, the Sunday-school at 12, an evening lecture-room talk and social religious meeting in the parlors, and a vesper service at 4.30 on the last Sunday in each month. This service takes the place of the evening meeting of that day.

"This society believes in cultivating the social side of life. An interval of fifteen minutes between the close of the morning service and the assembling of the Sunday-school is devoted to social intercourse. Strangers are heartily welcomed."

Oak Park, Ill.—Unity Church held its annual banquet and parish meeting Monday evening, March 26. Covers were laid for one hundred and twenty-five. Reports were read from all the organizations connected with the parish, which showed them all to be in a flourishing condition. These organizations are the Sunday-school, the Ladies' Social Union, the Y. P. C. U., the King's Sons, the King's Daughters, the Juvenile King's Daughters, the Young Ladies' Saturday Night Club, and the Study Club. Three of these societies have been formed during the year. The Sunday-school numbers one hundred and twenty, and reported receipts and expenditures amounting to about $150 each, with a balance on hand of nearly $250. The Ladies' Union, receipts of $390, with a balance of $125. The Y. P. C. U. has fifty members, with an average attendance of forty, and has $50 in its treasury. The treasurer of the parish reported a revenue of $3,488.94, with all bills paid and a small balance. $100 had been paid to the pastor, Rev. R. F. Johonnot, in addition to his regular salary. $165.29 has been given for charitable purposes, and also $35 for missionary objects. The pastor's report showed twenty-five members added to the church, and eighteen new families to the parish. The Study Club has held weekly meetings since November 1, under the leadership of the pastor. Meetings of the Sunday-school teachers have been held weekly. An interesting feature of the meeting was the reading of the reports of the Juvenile King's Sons and Daughters by their presidents, aged eleven

and nine years respectively. The parish is without a cent of debt, and full of enthusiasm over the prospects for the coming year, which is expected to be the best in its history.

Pacific Coast Conference—The tenth session was held in San Francisco April 10–14. Rev. Messrs. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., and C. W. Wendte, in turn, presided, in the absence of the president, Hon. Joseph Shippen of Seattle, who was greatly missed. The treasurer reported $1,268.34 contributed by the churches to the conference. Rev. C. W. Wendte, as superintendent of the American Unitarian Association, reported concerning the missionary interests of the coast, in the main encouragingly, and gave a summary of statistics recently collected by him. Twenty-two societies out of twenty-seven made returns. The number of families enrolled were shown to be 2,130; average Sunday-morning attendance, 3,229; average evening attendance, 1,306; value of church property, $454,015, on which there is $94,463 of indebtedness. During 1893 there was raised for current expenses the sum of $56,-125.21,—for land and building purposes, $25,012.90; and $4,225.45 was raised for other local purposes. The contributions to denominational interests amounted to $1,825.45. From denominational treasuries some $8,740.15 was received. The number of Sunday-school pupils enrolled was 1,732; average attendance, 1,259; number of teachers, 221; number of library books, 4,640. The report concluded with the statement that eight years ago there were but six Unitarian churches on the Pacific Coast, with about eight hundred families and $150,000 worth of property, showing a most remarkable increase, as seen from the figures, previously quoted for 1893.

A discussion on the advisability of establishing a denominational divinity school at Berkeley, the seat of the State university, took up the early part of the afternoon session, and was finally referred to a strong committee. Mr. C. A. Murdock reported concerning the *Pacific Unitarian*, our vigorous monthly newspaper. It circulated twelve hundred copies, and was $236 in arrears. The amount was voted from the conference treasury; and the paper will go on, and soon be, it is hoped, on a self-supporting basis. Rev. L. W. Sprague gave some account of the work done by the Unitarian headquarters in San Francisco, maintained jointly by the American Unitarian Association and the conference. Reports followed from twenty-three churches of our order. Many of them were very interesting, and, when one considers the state of the times, surprisingly good. We sadly missed the presence and word of Rev. Messrs. A. J. Wells, J. F. Dutton, E. M. Wilbur, H. G. Spaulding, G. H. Greer, and other of our fellow-workers on this coast whom home duty kept away.

Next came the intellectual part of our feast. Rabbi S. H. Sonneschein, now settled over a synagogue in San Francisco, read a paper on "Unitarianism as manifested by Judaism," and was followed by Rev. T. H. Horner, who traced it in early Christianity, and Rev. Mrs. E. T. Wilkes, who took up its history down to Channing's day. In the evening Dr. Eli Fay gave a powerful sermon, with that fire of delivery which is so characteristic of his pulpit efforts.

The second day was chiefly devoted to two sessions of the Women's Pacific Unitarian Conference, presided over by the retiring president, Mrs. S. K. Lothrop, and Rev. Mrs. E. Tupper Wilkes, assistant pastor of the church at Oakland, who succeeds her in that office. The various reports were quite encouraging, especially that of the Post-office Mission work performed by the Channing (San Francisco) and Portland Auxiliaries, read by Miss Elizabeth B. Easton and Miss Davison. A bright account of her visit with other delegates to the Conference of Unitarian Women at Chicago was read by Mrs. Horace Davis. Greetings were sent to the Women's Western Unitarian Conference and the National Alliance of Unitarian Women. The most notable action taken was the unanimous vote by which the Pacific Coast Women's Conference joins the National Alliance,—a course long in abeyance, but now adopted with the utmost cordiality.

The papers read were all excellent. Mrs. T. L. Eliot of Portland sent an essay on "Woman in Church Charities." Rev. Caroline E. Norris, recently settled over our new society in Los Gatos, Cal., made an excellent impression by her paper on "The Home and the Church." Mrs. Harriet K. Fay of Pasadena spoke on "Woman's Work in the Parish," and created quite a breeze by her spirited attack on church fairs and entertainments. Altogether, it was a notable session.

During the next two days the sessions of the main conference were resumed, those of Friday being held in the Second Church in San Francisco, which Rev. Mr. Van Ness called into being and Mr. Sprague is carrying on so successfully. Prof. M. B. Anderson of the Stanford University treated of the Unitarian Movement in Literature; Rev. Dr. T. L. Eliot, in Philanthropy and Reform; Hon. John Irish, in Politics. Rev. J. H. Crooker spoke with his usual clearness and force on the Theological Method of Unitarianism; Rev. E. B. Payne, on its Idea of God; Rev. George R. Dodson, on Evil; Rev. Mrs. Lila F. Sprague, on Jesus; and Rev. J. H. Garnett, on Immortality—excellent papers, all of them.

The meeting of the Sunday School Union

was interesting, and covered the usual range of topics. A thoughtful paper on "Theism and Agnosticism," by Rev. E. M. Wilbur, and one on "The Religious Aspects of Modern Science," by Prof. J. Carey Jones of the California University, were followed by a brief presentation of "The Higher Criticism," by Rev. J. H. Crooker, and a well-considered essay on "Comparative Religions," by Rev. W. E. Copeland of Salem, Ore.

The last day was given to tributes to eminent representatives of our faith. Rev. C. W. Wendte spoke on Channing; Rev. G. H. Rice of Stockton, on Parker; Rev. U. G. B. Pierce of Pomona, on Emerson; and Rev. Dr. Stebbins, on Martineau. With bright, strong papers on "Unitarianism in Orthodox Christianity," by Rev. A. G. Wilson of Spokane, Wash., and Rev. S. Slocombe of Cayucos, Cal., the formal exercises closed. Rev. L. W. Sprague spoke in a hopeful strain of the outlook for our cause; and Superintendent C. W. Wendte, who presided, uttered a few heart-felt words of farewell. Rev. J. S. Thomson of Los Angeles preached at the First Church the closing sermon, on "The fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is,"—a powerful, searching word, that fitly closed an interesting session. The charming hospitality of the San Francisco churches should be mentioned. The local newspapers gave excellent reports of the proceedings, and so spread the good news everywhere.

Pasadena, Cal.—On March 22 this city lost by death one who was perhaps its most distinguished and beloved citizen, Hon. Amos G. Throop, familiarly and affectionately known as "Father Throop." He was for more than forty years a resident of Chicago, where he became wealthy, and was widely honored, useful, and influential. About ten years ago health considerations brought him to California. Here he has used his money most generously for many good causes, particularly for the advancement of Universalism, in which he was a firm and ardent believer. He made generous donations to several Universalist parishes in Southern California, but especially to that in Pasadena. He also established here an institution of higher education, called the "Throop Polytechnic Institute," which he endowed to the extent of $200,000.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The activities of our Spring Garden Unitarian society have been of an unusually helpful character during the winter, the services at the morning service being well attended, especially by the younger people, the inspiring sermons of Rev. William I. Nichols being well suited to attract their interest. Following the sermon are the sessions of the adult class, under the care of a committee of their own, which has been very successful in point of numbers,—average attendance, fifty to sixty, and interest manifested. At the same time the Sunday-school services are held in the parlors below, which continues to interest our young people. The one-topic system is pursued in all classes, excepting the infant and oldest class, the time being occupied with Series 3, "Questions for Bible Study," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, in which both scholars and teachers have much enthusiasm.

The oldest class—Channing Club—lately gave an evening's entertainment for the benefit of Tuskegee Normal School, and were able to forward $50 to its treasury. Unity Club has been more than usually successful, the attendance being large and the exercises of a high and elevating character. The club has also had frequent socials, at which all were made welcome, especial care being taken to reach the new members and the occasional visitor, with very satisfactory results. Sunday evenings the pulpit has been occupied by prominent men, who have given addresses on topics of live interest to our community, such as municipal reform in the leading branches of our city government, how to deal with the criminal classes, temperance, forestry, etc.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Our pastor, Rev. Carl G. Horst, is doing excellent work in bringing our church and the so-called evangelical churches into closer fellowship. Unity Church recently united with six other churches in a series of special meetings under the direction of Rev. Frank Russell, D.D. Mr. Horst was invited by his brother ministers to draw up resolutions concerning Dr. Russell's work in our city. The following were adopted unanimously at the March meeting of the Ministers' Club:—

"We, the members of the Pittsfield Massachusetts Ministers' Club, having heard with great interest and pleasure the several addresses of Rev. Frank Russell, D.D., desire to express our high appreciation of his work in our city. We recognize Dr. Russell's plan of reaching all sorts and conditions of men as most admirable. And

"*Whereas* we believe that the time has come for churches of different denominations to unite forces in building up God's kingdom on earth, and

"*Whereas* we believe that Dr. Russell's method of doing united Christian work is of unequalled excellence, and

"*Whereas* we believe that lasting good to the community will result from faithfully executing the plan set forth by him, be it

"*Resolved*, That we will enter heartily upon the work laid out for us in the various districts agreed upon.

"*Resolved*, That we will, to the best of our ability, carry out Dr. Russell's plan, whereby every individual within our bor-

ders may be brought under the influence of the gospel.

"*Resolved*, That we heartily recommend these stirring addresses by Dr. Russell on co-operative church work, which, wherever given, cannot fail to create such a spiritual impetus as will hasten the time when all men will know themselves as members of one family, whose head is God.

"W. W. Newton, President (Episcopal); Carl G. Horst, Clerk (Unitarian); W. V. W. Davis (First Congregational); I. C. Smart (South Congregational); H. S. Johnson (First Baptist); John F. Clymer (Methodist Episcopal); J. E. Cross (Advent Church)."

The series of denominational lectures under the auspices of the G. G. S. still continues, and the meetings are largely attended. Thus far we have had ten lectures, the last one being by Prof. Theodore F. Wright of the New Church Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., who spoke on "What does Swedenborgianism stand for?"

Easter new members were received into the church by the right hand of fellowship, and our annual collection for the American Unitarian Association was taken up.

Salem, Mass.—The Essex County Unitarian Club had a very interesting and inspiring meeting at Hamilton Hall on Thursday evening, March 29.

It was Ladies' Night, and one of the addresses was given by Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence. The other address was by Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Boston.

The subject of the discussion was "The Thought of God," and was treated by both speakers in a very able and interesting manner. The club is in a flourishing condition.

Shelbyville, Ill.—An anti-saloon reunion was recently held at the Unitarian church, which brought together a good representation of the temperance people, not only of the town, but of the country for a long distance around. All had dinner together at the church; and afterward there were addresses, singing, recitations, plans for the future, etc. Rev. Mr. Douthit has been speaking on the A. P. A. movement, deprecating its motives and methods, and urging the need of cultivating friendship instead of enmity between Catholics and Protestants.

Sturgis, Mich.—The Unitarian work organized here two years ago by Rev. George W. Buckley has prospered to an unusual degree. Ably seconded by his wife, who is a natural organizer, Mr. Buckley, by his scholarly discourses and broad treatment of important public questions, has largely overcome the suspicion which at first the movement drew upon itself, until now the Sturgis Unitarian Society is gladly recognized in the city as one of its most hopeful and efficient working factors. The growth of the society has naturally been slow; but it has been a healthy growth, and now includes prominent public men, school teachers, and many others whose membership gives weight and increasing influence to the work. The meetings of late have been held in a larger and more comfortable hall, and at the special Easter services a large room adjoining the hall had to be thrown open to accommodate the dense crowd that sought entrance. The local press gives frequent and unsolicited notice to the movement, and its prosperity seems now an assured fact. Recent issues of some of the papers speak of "religion becoming a vital truth to those who hear Mr. Buckley's sermons," and congratulate the society on its promising endeavors.

Washta, Ia.—Rev. Mary A. Safford preached at this place Sunday, April 1. By special request the preacher took for her subject "The Real Hell." The gist of the sermon was to show that wrong-doing was a violation of law, and that retribution was its natural outcome. Miss Safford continues to draw a good audience. A collection was taken up for home missionary purposes, and was well responded to.

Wilmington, Del.—Rev. Alexander T. Bowser was installed pastor of the First Unitarian Church of this city April 6. The church was tastefully decorated with palms and flowers; and the exercises, which were very interesting and impressive, were attended by a large congregation.

The services began with an anthem sung by the choir, after which the congregation repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison, led by Rev. William H. Johnson, who recently resigned the pastorate of the church to accept the pastorate of a church at Cambridgeport, Mass. The Scripture lesson for the service was read by Rev. D. W. Morehouse of New York, secretary of the Middle States Conference of the Unitarian Church. A solo, "Guide us with thy Heavenly Light," was sung by Miss Wales. The installation sermon was preached by Rev. James H. Hodgins of Germantown, Pa. The prayer of installation was offered by Rev. D. W. Morehouse; charge to the minister, Mr. George W. Stone; address to the people, by Rev. William H. Johnson.

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect. Remember this: that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

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HELP FROM ON HIGH.

A SERMON BY REV. J. COLEMAN ADAMS, PASTOR OF ALL SOULS' UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Ps. cxxi. 1.

Those are words which do not appeal with their full force to any but lovers of hills and hill-countries. To dwellers on the plains they need interpretation. Because such men and women have only a faint comprehension of the way in which a man like the Psalmist, bred among ranges of mountains, accustomed to the sense of protection of their overshadowing heights, to the sense of freedom and elation which come in climbing their sides, to the health and strength born of their bracing airs, comes to look upon these hills which girdle his home. They seem to make a part of his life. They are his friends and his guardians. They are like dumb watchmen over his home. They are like ramparts and castles between him and his foes. He longs for them in absence. He flees to them in loneliness, he loves and looks up to them as to a Higher Power.

His hills are like a seat of the divine might, a near type of the throne of the Almighty. Now, the words of the Psalm utter his thought: "Thou dost set fast the mountains by thy strength, being guided with power." They bear in upon his soul a sense of the invisible power. They are a material sign of immaterial life and force. And so, when for any reason his heart fails or his strength gives way, or he feels the sense of dependence and of weakness, his craving and desire are for the hills. It is out of such a yearning, which any man or woman among you will understand who, from his present home on these levels of the interior, looks back to a youth among the hills,—it is out of such a craving that the Psalmist cries, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

But he utters it, too, out of another craving and another knowledge of his nature. He knows not only how good are the high places of this earth, when brain and body are weary and the eye longs for a grander outlook. He knows, too, how consoling and restoring are the high places of the spirit when courage fails or hope grows dim or temptation presses. He has not only been on the mountains which his feet could climb, but also on the heights where God is found. And, out of his own experience as a religious man, he looks for his help from the highest forces and powers. He has evidently learned the uselessness of seeking his help from the lower resources of men, from shifts of reasoning, from conventional sentiments, from politic rules of action. When his hours of need come upon him, he does not turn to these for help, but looks higher, up to the mountain tops of the great truths he has mastered about God and his love and his providence. He has learned to look to the highest truths, the highest principles, for all of his help. Hence it is that his very next words are that confiding yet unspeakably lofty exclamation, "My help cometh from the Lord."

How much hardship and how much grief we should all of us be spared if we, too, loved the highlands of the spirit! Our mental trials, our sorrows and our temptations, are all enhanced because we try to meet and deal with them on too low a plane. We fall back upon devices and palliatives which are at best but temporary and delusive. They do not touch the root of our difficulties. They are wide of the mark at which they are aimed. There are people who are living in some dark and misty sor-

row, overcome with a gloom which seems immovable, and which is and will be immovable as long as they stick fast in their narrow faith and their short-sighted views of life. The only things they can use as even a pretence of comfort are cheap reflections on the inevitable, and comparisons with the possibility of worse things happening. No such rush-lights will dispel the darkness. They can only get away from their troubles by rising up to higher ground, standing on loftier faith in God and his providence. That is all that will cure their trials. Let them lift up their eyes unto the hills. Their help also cometh from the Lord.

I. Take in illustration our own personal lives. Why do we find our duties so hard, our faith so uncertain, our tempers so acrid? Is it not because we look for our moral resources too low down? How many of us there are who are governed simply by social bonds and the opinions of our neighbors. When we instruct our consciences, we do not look to God's law for our authorities, but to the code by which our neighbors live. We do not look up to the everlasting law of right, but down to the shifting practices of expediency. We do not seek the hills where God abides, but the valleys where men live. Most questions of right and wrong are decided finally by the custom of the neighborhood or the social circle in which our lot is cast. It will not do to be any more rigid in our morals than our neighbors are. If they recognize questionable people, we will do it, too. If they go to see doubtful plays, there is no reason why we may not. If they tamper with the dangerous drinking habits, we can venture as much. We settle our ethics by a study of our neighbors' habits. It is only the rare few, the brave, the believing, the clear-sighted, who "lift up their eyes unto the hills." But they are the only ones who find the true answer to their questionings. There is no true rule of duty save the eternal right. A lie is a lie, though all men agree to stand by it. An adultery is an adultery, though all the community agree to ignore it. Gambling is gambling, though society decks it out in its gayest liveries and most fascinating displays. The law does not alter on the heights where the divine nature enacts the statute for all eternity, because men in their valleys and lowlands, in their caves and their dens, refuse to see it and believe in it. And we shall always be losing ourselves and falling into troubles and moral disasters as long as we take the law of our life and practice not from the heights, but from the depths!

Our faith, too, is quite too much a matter of habit and education, and hence partakes of the lower tempers and traits of the earth. We take it from other men, from our fathers and mothers, from creeds, from churches, and from our Bibles; and that is right enough so far as it goes. But too often what we get from all these sources, good as they are, is only so much surface opinion, and does not take hold on our very souls; and, when any trouble comes, and losses weaken us, and bereavement darkens our sight, and treachery or enmity imbitter us, we lose our hold on what we had thought was our faith. It fails us. It vanishes. It seems as empty and as void of comfort as the conventional words with which men try to console and to cheer us. But there is another kind of faith that is not so weak. It is the kind that comes to us when we have been up the heights of thought and of experience, and there been brought face to face and heart to heart with God. The faith that is handed to a man ready made out of somebody's else heart or mind is not his. It belongs to the soul that first wrought it out. It can only be his by the adoption that comes of hard thinking and deep feeling. God must first teach it to him out of the lessons of life. That is the only faith that ever solves doubts or puts strength into weak hearts or drives the will to noble action. Theodore Winthrop used to say that every man must either accept a theology or think out a religion. That is true of all who are in the least thoughtful. But merely to accept a theology stands in about the same relation to real vital faith that reading a bill of fare stands to eating a dinner. So that he who accepts this help out of his doubts takes a broken staff. There is no lasting good to be gained from it. If you want a faith that will help you in actual trouble, you must get it for yourself, by earnest thinking and courageous looking into the mystery of life. You must be willing to go up into the solitudes of these great facts of life, love, pain,

change, grief, sickness, death, and seek from them some outlook into the breadth and beauty and beneficence of divine providence. These are the great heights of life. Some of them we call depths. But we do wrong. All the great experiences of honest hearts, every one which comes to us, aside from sin and its sequences, is a high experience. It is uplifting. It is saving. It is broadening. It blesses and sanctifies. And it is only the faith that we find on these summits that is like a rock to the feet. Do not content yourself with anything less. Do not look into the faces of your fellow-men for your faith. Look higher. Seek it in the face of the Lord. Turn seriously into your own soul. Question your own life. Ask yourself why you are here, what you are doing here, what will be left after you are done here, whither you will go when you leave here, who put you here, keeps you here, takes you hence. These are the high questions whose answers brings faith. You will get no good and lasting help for your soul until you ask these questions for yourself, take only those answers which justify themselves to your own mind and heart, and accept only the creed which has imbedded itself deeply in your own nature. I do not say that a man may not or cannot take for his own the creed put in shape by another mind. I only say that it does not become yours until you have had it from God, and not from man; that is, until it has come to you as God's revelation of himself to you, his divine word to your spirit, his affirmation of his ways and works to your own individual soul. The help you get from such a creed is help from the hills, indeed. No other can be.

Years ago I spent a night on one of the granite hills of the Pine Tree State. We pitched our camp in the pine woods that fringed the summit; and before we slept we climbed to the highest peaks, and there sat apart from one another in silence and in wonder. The moon, full-orbed, and brilliant, was three hours high in the heavens. The few pale stars that could be seen through the glory of that full moonlight glittered faintly in the depths of the firmament. And these were all the world there was for us. For the fog had rolled up the mountain sides, the billowing vapors had filled all the valleys, and drowned out the plains, and buried all but the last and topmost summits of the highest hills around us. The earth had sunk. The firm world was gone. To us it seemed swallowed up and lost. But there were the heavenly worlds—the moon, the planets, the stars—shining on and keeping their ceaseless vigils just the same. And I know it was borne in upon one heart in that scattered group of silent watchers, as it never was before, by those orators that are without speech or language, and whose voice cannot be heard, yet whose line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world, that, whatever happens on the surface of things in the lower world, in the passing lives of men, in the deeps of being there are things that abide,—God, love, duty, life eternal. The truths of those old words became from that hour forth burned into his heart,—

"Above the clouds the stars are shining."

"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts, saith the Lord." And in times of trial, in hours of hardship and pain and loneliness, that lesson learned on the mountain top, that help from the hills, is a living force of hope and joy.

But consider one more of our daily practical difficulties, and contrast our common way of treating it with this truer and higher way of the Psalmist. We are, unfortunately, the slaves of our temperaments. Every one of us carries through this world the cross of his constitutional weaknesses and failings and faults. One man is born impatient and hot-tempered, another slow and surly, a third jealous and quick to burn with envy. God gives us each some foe like this to strive with, some special battle to fight with self. Now, it is possible to treat these tempers of ours in very different ways. Some men can never do anything with themselves except circumstances and every outside condition favor. They can be pleasant, agreeable, and considerate as long as the weather is good, and the business prospers, and friends are attentive, and the cook spoils no meals, and the children make no noise. And a pretty poor time they have of it, and a conspicuous failure they generally make. They are fair weather sailors on the seas of life, and under the buffetings of its rude

gales they seldom make anything but shipwreck. For he who has no other guarantee of cheerfulness and good temper and fairness except the favoring conspiracy of circumstance is like one who waits for his dinner until the birds of the air bring it to him. The lowest of all helps to a good disposition is this sort of mendicancy toward the elements. A man who cannot be good-natured in spite of his stomach, his thermometer, and even his neighbors, hasn't much hope of winning distinction in that direction. Neither has the man who hopes for victory simply from the considerations of selfishness and of convenience which are suggested by regard for other men's good opinion, by thinking what the world will say, by the restraints of mere self-esteem. These are helps too low and superficial to carry us through the strain of a single day of worry, fatigue, and annoyance. They may be serviceable. They can never be largely effective and saving to the soul. They are like so many slender dams across the great currents of temper, liable to be utterly swept away before the first freshet of passion. Even the most vigorous efforts at self-restraint, put forth simply in the spirit of denial and self-striving, will not lift one out of the level of his trial. He is hemmed into himself. He is getting no help from allies without, and the result in such a contest is almost inevitably against a man. You may argue with yourself that it is absurd to be annoyed by trifles, absurd to be bothered by these blinding mists, and foolish to stumble over these pebbles in the way. But nevertheless, so long as you stay at this level, so long as you gain to yourself no alliance with higher ideals and forces, you will be troubled and blinded and footsore.

There is only one way by which we can permanently and surely triumph over these circumstances. It is by getting our help from on high. It is this same process of going up to the hills for it. There are certain great passions whose clear atmosphere we enter when we go up to the heights of our own natures, in which all these petty ailments, ills, and troubles seem to dwindle quite away. Did you ever notice how easily the nurse's arm tires under the weight of the fretful, sick baby, and how tireless under that same weight is the mother's slender clasp? The difference is because the strength of the one is generated by the weekly stipend of three or four dollars, and that of the other comes out of the boundless love of a fond and devoted heart. Love lends a limitless strength to our natures, and makes them capable of the most tremendous efforts. The passions which yield to nothing else *do* yield to *superior* passions. The mind whose constant home is in the near neighborhood of these great and ennobling passions is the one which best lives down the worries and frets of life. In the very heart of busy London, where the city's roar is loudest, where the waves of business and traffic and strife and sin beat the most furiously, there are gateways and courts which will take you in twenty seconds into secluded enclosures where flowers, fountains, and green turf furnish a complete isolation and retreat from the uproar, where body and brain may find rest as absolute as in the fields or forests leagues away. Or one may turn aside into the ever-open doors of the churches, and sit in the silence of consecrated walls; and the noise of the great Babylon dies on the ears, and all its confusion becomes as a dream. Thus the busiest life may have its solitudes and its retreats, in the shelter of the great principles, the divine affections, the high hopes which a Christian life affords. And, seeking shelter and help in these seclusions where the soul is alone with God, one finds the hardships of life fairly conquered and overcome by the sweet and silent influence of that higher life. "We must go," says James Martineau, "in contemplation *out of life*, ere we can see how its troubles subside and are lost like evanescent waves in the deeps of eternity and the immensity of God. A mind that can make this migration out from the scene by which it is surrounded is removed from all vain strife of will, and gains its tranquillity without an effort; feels no difficulty in being gentle and serene, but rather wonders that it could ever be tempted from its pure repose."

Was it not such a power that upheld the Son of Man, and kept him serene and unmoved while ignorance rebuffed him, and malice pursued him, and hatred slew him? It was not the Epicurean's indifference, nor the Stoic's impassiveness, nor the philoso-

pher's studied coolness. It was the life sustained out of the vast resources of a boundless love, a sublime consciousness of a Father near at hand, of an *eternal* world overshadowing the passing conditions of *this* one, a mission whose aims conducted him high above the disturbances of men's enmity. These were the secret of Christ's serenity and sublime superiority to the common perturbations. He could conquer hunger because his meat and his drink were to be the will of his Father. He could bear the present estrangement of men because he saw and believed in the power of his cross to draw all men to himself. He could pray for forgiveness on his murderers because he loved them. When he had need of help, he lifted up his eyes unto the hills, whence that help came to him also.

II. There is another application of this thought of our text which demands a word of enforcement. Think how common, how almost universal, indeed, is the disposition to settle all our social and political questions, whatever relates to the general welfare and security of society, by appeals to the lower principles of expediency instead of a calm reliance on the higher one of justice and of right. Men are afraid to trust the conscience of society. They are afraid to lean on the law of righteousness. They take counsel of their lower selves, and fall back on the favors of the evil-minded, and their clamorous activity. They try to settle the conflicts which arise between wickedness and law, both human and divine, by compromises, by concessions, by stretching the law and minimizing the crime. And, if they can in this way get past a given crisis, round some hard corner in affairs, win an election, or accomplish a successful "deal" in business, they think they have won a great victory, and give themselves ovations on their successes. And, if we were only living from hand to mouth in this world, and there were no long processions of consequences trooping after our deeds, perhaps these exultations might be excusable. But what sort of shrewdness is there, on the very lowest plane, in building a house on quicksands, and congratulating one's self on having kept it standing long enough to get its roof on? Doesn't the shallowest intelligence understand such a temporary success only makes the final crash all the more tremendous? Every story you add to your house unstably built makes it the surer that it will tumble down at last. Why cannot men see that the victories of an evil principle, the successes bought by compromises with the moral law, are the most dangerous that can be won? Then they would not grovel and abase themselves before majorities and wire-pullers and demagogues. They would understand that these are not the men who command the conquering legions of the world. They would not live in bondage to that old lie that God always fights on the side of the strongest battalions. He never does that, save when those battalions are the champions of some eternal principle, true for all the ages. There is no permanence to the enactments which come of violence against God's righteousness. And so the only help which really helps in the solution of our moral problems is that which comes from the highest law. There never was a truer word spoken than that memorable sentence, "Nothing is ever settled in this world till it is settled right." The only help we ever get toward the permanent solution of our troubles is that which comes from the everlasting hills where God, in his holiness, maintains the eternal and changeless laws of right. If you want to be on the real winning side in this world, then vote, decide, act in harmony with the everlasting righteousness. For it is with the right as Phillips used to say of liberty, "Whether in chains or in laurels, it knows nothing but victories."

> "For right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win.
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin."

Do you realize, dear friends, what a tremendous power is wielded by the souls that thus put themselves in alliance with the heavenly kingdom and its forces, whose "help cometh from the Lord"?

They are the men and women of unfailing and vigorous spiritual vitality. And such people sway the world. Vital force, the strength that springs from abounding life, is contagious. And, as it runs from heart to heart, it carries influence, power, new life with it. But this life is born and fed in the high altitudes where the soul

meets with God. The indomitable resolution of a Luther is trained in the very presence of God. The unswerving fidelity of Savonarola's conscience is a power imbibed from the moral atmosphere in which he dwelt. Paul could do all things; but it was through Christ that strengthened him. Jesus himself was fed on meat which they about him knew not of. If you seek that strength which leaves its impress, live near to God. Go up on the heights; seek the high place of duty, love, and trust. Do not treat the mountains of God as so much scenery of your life, a mere background which gives it a little more picturesqueness, —just as some women use their prayer-books, as one more frippery of fashion; just as some men use their pews in church, as one more token of respectability. But let these heights be in the very foreground of your life, the near retreats to which you can flee in trial, storm, or weakness. Make them a real and present part of your surroundings, familiar, sweet, and dear, and you shall soon learn the full meaning of the Psalmist's words: "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

HERBERT SPENCER AS A THEOLOGIAN.

II. HIS THOUGHT UPON RELIGION WEIGHED.

In a preceding article I have endeavored to make as clear and careful a statement as possible of Herbert Spencer's thought upon religion. I pass on now to weigh and criticise it.

Let me at the outset express the gratification which the religious world should feel at the serious and careful consideration which he has given to a subject which so many men of science think it a sign of enlightenment to ignore, and the reverent tone in which he has always treated those faiths and aspirations of the spiritual nature, which not a few of those who set themselves up as champions of his evolution philosphy only mention to scoff at. Spencer has always recognized religion as a most precious and important element of human life. "The substance of the religious consciousness" he holds to be "permanent." Progress, alike in science and religion, has consisted in the successive shedding of all symbols that disguise unsearchable Reality. Science should not seek to suppress religion, but to purify it. "Doubtless," he says in his treatise on Education (pp. 90, 91), "in much of the science that is current there is a pervading spirit of irreligion, but not in that true science which has passed beyond the superficial to the profound." "True science," he maintains, "is essentially religious: devotion to science is a tacit worship, a tacit recognition of something worshipful in the things studied, and by implication in their cause."

It is in this spirit that Spencer has dealt with religion. His system includes profound truths. In his discussions of the religious problem he has put many neglected or unseen points in a clear light. The evolution system, into which he has put so many years of work, has been invaluable in dissipating the gloomy and degrading traditions which for so many ages have befogged the realm of religion. As fast as the conviction of the real unity of the universe and the orderly development of all things according to a few simple, regular laws has spread, just so fast it has tended to remove belief in supernatural interruptions of nature, in special providences, sudden creations, pristine paradises, the primeval fall of our race, and ruin of the world, and a host of popular traditions. His own writings, both directly and indirectly, have been no slight force in that purification of the idea of God from human weaknesses and passions which has from the first been constantly going on, but which has gained in the present generation an unprecedented momentum. And this successive dropping of the lower human attributes, and transfiguration of the idea of Deity to nobler ideals, will doubtless, as Spencer prophesies, continue, and still more refine our religious conceptions. The self-assertive, jealous Deity, the cruel tyrant of the old theology, will surely, as Spencer says, disappear. "The visiting on Adam's descendants, through hundreds of generations, dreadful penalties for a small transgression, which they themselves did not commit; the damning of all men who do not avail themselves of an alleged mode of obtaining forgiveness, which most men have never heard of; and the effecting a reconciliation by sacrificing a son who was perfectly innocent, to satisfy

the assumed necessity for a propitiatory victim,—are modes of action which, ascribed to a human ruler, would call forth expressions of abhorrence, and the ascription of them to the Ultimate Cause of things is even now felt to be difficult,—must become impossible."

Yes, Spencer is right, I believe, in this prophecy, however slow it is in coming true. It must be that such conceptions as these shall, at no distant day, be outgrown by religion. Already it is evident there is progress making in theology. And I cannot but feel that sturdy blows like these must have their weight.

But when I consider the origin to which Spencer traces back our ideas of God, or the end that he predicts for it, I cannot but think him in error. His ghost-theory of the origin of religion has not received the assent of the most eminent investigators in this field. It is not man's dreams that awaken in him the belief in God, and lead him to bow down to an invisible Power that rules his life, but his most serious waking thoughts,—his native emotions of wonder, hope, and awe; his soberest, most penetrating intuitions of cause, of underlying reality, of regnant unity; in short, those most ineradicable instincts that lead man to seek after the supernatural, and to rest content with nothing earthly or finite. To explain the origin of religion by hypotheses that leave out of view entirely the spiritual realities that constitute its substance and motor power is as unphilosophical as to seek to explain chemical changes without recognizing the existence of any chemical affinities.

When Spencer explains the worship of animals, mountains, sun, and moon by the fact that revered ancestors were named after these and made in their likeness, and then confounded with these, he absurdly inverts the natural course of things. To represent the use of the name or the totem as leading to the deification of the animal or the natural object is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. It would be just as reasonable to say that it is our attachment to the American flag that first made these United States dear and venerable to us,—not our love for our country that has made the flag holy in the patriot's eye. Without an anterior belief in the divineness of the being whose outward form or recognized symbol was that of the totem, the reverence of the totem itself is inexplicable. To account for man's belief in a soul within him, different from his body, and for his faith in living divine spirits behind the forms of nature, we need not go afield amidst the abnormal phenomena of dreams, catalepsy, swoons, and their attendant illusions, and from them journey on, through a long course of evolution, amidst long ages of ancestor-worship and propitiation of ghosts, to reach at last the origin of our religious beliefs.

We need, on the contrary, to turn simply to that which is newest and most inescapable; namely, *our own consciousness of an inward self* and the primitive instinct of an essential unity between our own spiritual being and the life that circles within all the forms and masses around us. The conception of personal agents behind the forces and forms of nature, so far from being an idea difficult to form, is rather one most natural to humanity. Man's own feelings, thoughts, purposes, and will are things constantly familiar to him as invisible powers which yet had power to move him and things around him. To suppose that the powers outside him were like the powers within him, and, therefore, also invisible and personal, was an inference almost inevitable. Spencer delights in illustrating with endless detail the errors and superstitions with which religion in its path of gradual evolution has strewn its course.

But this does not demonstrate its origin in mere ignorance and delusion, but shows rather that within there was a vital truth by which the husks were successively thrown off and new and better sheathing for itself constantly developed.

The cast-off serpent skin is the sign, not of death, but of a vigorous and growing life-force. Spencer's theory of the origin of religion does, therefore, not seem to me correct.

Nor can I accept, either, his prophecy of the end of religion any more than of its beginning. To anticipate that the progressive purification and enlarging the idea of God will so abolish all positive qualities in it as to transform it into "a consciousness which transcends the forms of distinct thought," and reduce it to a mere sense of

wonder and "impotence in presence of the mystery of things," would be, indeed, not an evolution of the idea of God, but a dissolution of it; not a completion of the religious temple which through the ages humanity has been rearing to higher heights and grander proportions, but its destruction.

Mr. Spencer sees in this recognition of the unknowable nature of the Ultimate Reality a reconciliation of the conflict between religion and science. It is the reconciliation of the wolf when called in as umpire between the sheep and the goat. The wolf settles it by killing and devouring both of them. The faith in which both science and religion have worked and developed has been, not a conviction of the unknowableness of Reality, but of its knowableness. While, of course, they have always recognized how much was unknown, nevertheless the faith that has led them on has always been that there was not only something to be known, but more than all they had yet attained to. So far from the doctrine of the Unknowable supplying the true basis for religion or being the most reverent attitude, it is logically, and soon would be practically, if generally adopted, the death of religion. To worship anything, we must have reason to believe it possessed of worshipful qualities. But, if the Ultimate Reality be utterly unknowable, as Spencer says, then I cannot see what reason there is to imagine it good rather than evil, wise rather than foolish, kind rather than cruel, grand and strong rather than contemptible.

That formless, "No one knows what," to which we are forbidden to assign any qualities whatever; in regard to which we must answer every yearning of the heart, every questioning of the mind, by slamming in the face of the inquirer a door on which the words, "You can never know," are inscribed,—this is practically a nothing; and it is idle to expect that either sacred aspiration or affection, filial confidence and coworking, or devout consecration should flourish underneath its pall, or that any one should go to such a fog-bank for consolation, hope, or holy communion.

But is not agnosticism, unwelcome as it is, a truth which we must admit? On the contrary, Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable is a medley of confusions and fallacies, most remarkable in a thinker who in so many other fields has shown great clearness of thought. The doctrine has, of course, a certain measure of truth. It is the truth, recognized as long ago as the days when the Psalmist wrote, "His greatness is unsearchable," or when Isaiah put into Jehovah's mouth the words, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." We cannot, of course, fathom the Infinite. We cannot know the Ultimate Reality in itself; *i.e.*, in its inmost essence. All this is true. But the conclusion to which Spencer leaps from this—namely, that the Ultimate Reality is therefore utterly unknowable—by no means follows. It is based on the groundless assumption that there is no mean between a complete knowledge of a thing and a complete ignorance of it. On the contrary, all our knowledge lies between these limits.

There is no friend so familiar to us, no bird nor flower so minutely dissected and analyzed, that we know any of them entirely and as they are in themselves. Our knowledge is always a partial one, through their manifestations and relations to us. So it is with the Divine. We cannot comprehend or fathom him; but we can and do apprehend him. We cannot carry the curve of our thought around this Being, but only a little way into that sphere. We cannot know him as he is outside of or apart from this manifestation and relation to us; but through those manifestations we can and do know him.

If the nature of the Supreme were absolutely unknowable, we could not even know it to exist, we could not even designate it sufficiently to discuss it, we could not distinguish it in thought enough even to reason about it.

In point of fact, it is evident that, though Mr. Spencer so emphatically talks about the Ultimate Reality as "utterly unknowable," he does not really hold this. The doctrine of the Unknowable is simply a weapon which he brandishes while attacking theologians and the believers in a personal deity. As soon as he wishes to defend himself on the other side from the thorough-going agnostics, such as the followers of Comte, he incontinently throws into a corner the blunderbuss with which he has sought to

rout the theologians, and, facing about, glorifies his Ultimate Reality with a plenty of very positive attributes. He now exalts and particularizes this hitherto unnamable and indescribable Being as an infinite and absolute Being,—as "an eternal energy of which all the phenomena of the universe are manifestations," as the animating and indwelling Force within all things, and as "the Cause from which all things proceed." Here, certainly, there is a good deal asserted about the nature as well as about the existence of the Supreme Being, and moreover in terms not simply negative, but positive. It is evident that, if the Ultimate Reality is in truth "utterly unknowable," all these epithets are illegitimate.

Herbert Spencer believes that he is warranted, however, in using them. It is plain, then, that to a certain extent he holds the Ultimate Reality to be both knowable and known. By what reasoning process have these terms been attributed to the Ultimate Reality, or its existence even been affirmed? By our mental obligation—to answer in words that Spencer himself has used—"to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of some power." Arguing for the truth of our knowledge of matter, Spencer maintains that, though we know only the relative reality, yet that that stands in such a fixed relation to the Absolute Reality that knowledge of the one is tantamount to knowledge of the other. We know matter and force (according to him), and *not* erroneously, "by the persistent impressions which are the persistent results of a persistent cause." Now, if this reasoning is good for matter and force,—and to establish those attributes of infinity, eternity, indwelling energy, and omnipresent cause with which Spencer invests the Supreme,—it is good to show us much more.

Herbert Spencer has gone too far not to go farther. If he himself is unwilling to follow out his own logic, that is no reason why the theist should not pursue it.

Every phenomenon of the universe is a real and true manifestation of some element in the character and ways of the Divine Reality from which those phenomena proceed.

We need only, then, to turn to the phenomena of the creation, to learn of the character of that Ultimate Reality which is its indwelling life and creation. The cosmos reveals that order and beauty which give it its Greek name. The universe manifests that unity which suggested its Latin name.

The continual progress in the succession of living forms, in the path of history, the spontaneous activity ever climbing up to higher levels, unfolding and enlarging its powers,—this incessant growth in all fields speaks of that which alone can grow,—a life, the vital force of the First Cause.

And, as the naturalist examines nature, he finds, wherever he turns his investigating eyes, that intelligence has been before him. This order and progress are conformed to thought-relations, and classifiable in them. There are systematic plans and purposes, dominating all the contentions and hurly-burly of the world's forces. Means combine to promote ends.

The same mathematical laws and ratios are found reproduced in the laws of plant-growth and planetary revolution. The developing process, as it runs up from the insensate to the sensate, from the instinctive to the rational, moves toward the fulfilment of one grand design, causes more and more intelligence to shine forth in the world. And this manifested intelligence, permeating the world, this mind, blossoming forth from the central life, must bespeak (on the lowest physical view of its origin) that central life as also intelligent. And these exquisite adaptations reveal not only the working of an intelligent mind, but by their steady direction toward the welfare of all created things they disclose a boundless love in the Source from which all proceed. And, moreover, as we look closer at the play of the social forces and the teachings of history, as in the hour of temptation or remorse or the experience of injustice the still small voice within makes its solemn commands and admonitions heard, we are compelled to recognize a moral element, directing the movements of society and claiming always the allegiance of the soul. Intelligence, love, righteousness,—these are the three great powers whose holy alliance rules the world; and all of them imply a divine personal Being, whose qualities they are. To suppose thought-relations without a thinking Cause, or loving plans without a loving Being, or moral laws without a moral Law-giver, is like supposing

dancing without any dancer, or like asking, (as the little girl did in "Through the Looking-glass") to be shown the cat's grin without the cat.

But to Herbert Spencer such personal conceptions seem a part of that unlawful anthropomorphism which barbarians may be excused for, but the philosopher ought to have outgrown. These suppositions as to the nature of the absolute and the genesis of the universe lead, he claims, to dilemmas of thought which are mutually destructive. They are due from forgetting that the finite can never know the Infinite, and that the Ultimate Reality can have no point of likeness or difference or relation to phenomenal human consciousness. It is strange that Mr. Spencer has not himself seen that his favorite attributes for the unknowable Eternal Energy and "the Cause from which all proceed" are ideas and phrases themselves just as anthropomorphic in origin and character as the ideas of intelligence and will to which he objects. As he has himself in other passages recognized, we know force and energy only through our own sense of effort, and derive all our ideas of causation from our human experiences of initiating changes. No force is ever directly observed in nature. It is always projected into it, by the human imagination, from analogy with its own experiences. To call the Ultimate Reality the mind or will of the universe is just as legitimate as to call it the power manifested there or the life dwelling within it. The contradictions which Spencer finds between the attributes of absoluteness and cause, uniform order, and personal volition as belonging to the Infinite, are all self-made difficulties, due to taking up the investigation at the wrong end, with confused and erroneous ideas of what the terms which he handles properly mean.

The true idea of the Infinite, *e.g.*, is not such an idea as Spencer conceives it,—*i.e.*, a negation of the finite; but it is the positive conception of that which, beginning as finite, passes on beyond the limits of the finite. While the Infinite is thus ever inconceivable, in the sense of not being realizable in the imagination, it is not unthinkable, as is shown by the fact that the mathematicians use it constantly in their reasonings.

And just as the extension of a cylinder to infinity does not change it to something else, and make the whole thing incomprehensible, so the infinity of the Divine is not exclusive, separating him from his creation, and preventing all knowability; but it is inclusive, giving the positive attributes of his character, limitless enlargement, and adding to that which is known the existence of still more beyond that known.

The logical vice involved in Spencer's argument for the unknowableness of God is the very one that *savans* and logicians have been in the habit of blaming theologians for falling into. Borrowed mainly, as it was, from Mansel and Sir William Hamilton, it is in no respect a scientific argument, but a metaphysical one, and that, too, of the most flimsy kind of *a priori* reasoning. It starts with the assumption that the Divine must be at once the Infinite, the Absolute, the Cause of all things, and so on, and from these vague conceptions reasons down to the finite and the created; and, because in this process of deduction and comparison Spencer falls into a good many dilemmas and perplexities, he announces as an unquestionable result that the Ultimate Reality is in every respect unknowable, and that it is illegitimate to represent God under any of those attributes of wisdom, benevolence, will, or other personal qualities with which humanity, through its intuitions and experience, has conceived him. He turns his own inability to argue down correctly from the infinite into an assumed demonstration of the impossibility of the theist having argued up correctly from the finite phenomena of the creation to its Creator. Mathematics, however, show that arguments from the infinite down to the finite are rarely, if ever, trustworthy, while arguments from the finite up to the infinite are often sound and valuable.

If Mr. Spencer could join here in the argument, he would doubtless answer that he declines to recognize any personal traits in the Ultimate Reality, not because this Reality is perhaps inferior to human intelligence or will, but because it is too great to be conceived under any such symbols. The choice, he has written, "is not between personality and something lower, but between personality and something higher. Is it not just possible that there is a mode of Being

as much transcending Intelligence and Will as these transcend mechanical motion?" That is a possibility about which we may truly answer in the words of the agnostic burden itself, "We do not and cannot know." All we know is that personal consciousness is the highest form of existence of which we have any experience or can form any definite conception. Very likely, most likely, God's being has ranges of character and qualities vastly above human personality. The real essence of his being, probably, lies far higher. But if thus, much more than personal, this does not prevent his being at least that. It rather would imply this. For all the teaching of this very doctrine of evolution, in expounding which Spencer has made his fame, is to the effect that there is no break between the higher and the lower, but that that which is above rises gradually from that which is below, without gap in the continuity of the evolutional process. The basis of the higher is ever in the lower; and, therefore, the lower is always included in the higher. The lower is a step toward the higher, or prefigurement of it. The vegetable includes the inorganic; the animal, the vegetable; the man, the animal. Each carries the pyramid higher; but none floats in the air without connection with the other. And so the Divine, though infinitely more than any human intelligence or will, will not be destitute of that which constitutes the glory of the human. "If the energy that wells up in the human consciousness be the same as that power which is manifested everywhere in the universe, known as material," as Spencer has declared it to be, in a memorable passage, I fail to see why that immediate knowledge of this Power which we gain in our inward consciousness, when we go behind the scenes of Nature, as it were, is not good, as far as it goes. Of course, it is partial and inadequate. But it is not delusive. Spencer seems more than once on the very point of recognizing this. And, then, he falls back on his one fixed idea, (an idea absolutely unverifiable, the purest of assumptions, and which it seems strange, therefore, that he has not seen to be quite out of place in any scientific system)—that, from the very nature of finite and infinite, "the Ultimate Power is no more representable in terms of human consciousness than human consciousness is representable in terms of a plant's functions." But what is that which drew attention to his own "Psychology," and through which the great advances in modern mental physiology, to use Carpenter's expression, have been made, except precisely the method of thus presenting and explaining mental action, to a certain extent, in terms of the physical and sub-conscious domain and the phenomena of lower orders of life? Of course, it is only a small part, and that the least characteristic part of human consciousness, that can be represented by such means. So the light which human personality can throw upon the ways and nature of God is only partial. But it is not necessarily delusive. It is not an absolute nothing. Christian philosophy agrees with the synthetic philosophy in admitting that all the attributes that we ascribe to God are symbolic, imperfect representations of the ineffable perfection. But it claims that they are sufficient to point the direction in which that Perfection lies; they are sufficient to indicate, not of course the summit of the Divine Being, but some of the basic elements from which the Unsearchable Heights arise, and the direction in which these Heights lie. While these attributes of Intelligence, Will, Holiness, Personality, are admittedly but relative truths, and fall far short of the fulness of the Divine Reality, why may we not use them in the same way as Spencer himself uses the equally relative conceptions of Force and Cause, of Matter and Motion, in the scientific realm,—"as good working hypotheses,"—the only hypotheses, in fact, that in the religious sphere will work? To limit ourselves, in describing or designating the Divine, to such barren, impersonal terms as alone Mr. Spencer allows,—namely, "the Absolute," "the Infinite Energy," "the Ultimate Reality," "the Unknowable,"—this is so far from exalting our thoughts into a sphere above personality that it inevitably drops us far below it. In our attempt at surpassing height and overwhelming fulness of thought concerning the Divine, we fall into a pitiable pit of emptiness.

Though no human similitudes adequately represent the Almighty and All-transcending God, any and all similitudes are more befitting than none. However imperfect our conception of God as a personal Spirit,

a Being who wisely wills and generously loves, may be, that conception is not an *ignis fatuus*, but a genuine beacon-light, which shows the point of the compass toward which thought must move, to progress at all in the knowledge of God.

Spencer's philosophy of the Unknowable is thus open to the most serious criticism, and cannot, I believe, stand. But, in his exposition of the grand law of evolution, he has accomplished a permanent work, and one that enlarges, not restricts, the religious domain. The champions of the older theologies and the materialists who see in nature only a wheelwork of material parts, of course, consider the theory of evolution as a deadly foe of religion. But the intelligent Christian who bears in mind that matter and motion are but the masks of a deeper Power,—symbols, as Spencer phrases it, of a Cause from which all things proceed,—and who is acquainted with the strong ground that modern science and philosophy afford for reducing all forces to one Force, and interpreting this by the only Force directly known to us,—namely, Will,—ought not to be the least alarmed, but rather cheered.

Trace the origin of the universe back to the primordial atoms in the fiery nebula, yet the necessity of a Cause to produce and organize this primitive germ, capable of unfolding into this present wonderful universe, and the necessity of a Divine Life and Intelligence, sustaining, guiding, and ordering the process, is as great as ever. As Spencer himself has said: "The problem of existence is not solved. It is simply removed further back. The genesis of an atom is not easier to conceive than the genesis of a planet. Creation by manufacture is a much lower thing than creation by evolution." Evolution is not a force, but a course, a process. To work it, there is needed a Divine Power and Wisdom; and, where this is recognized, we find theology enlarged to a grander range, embracing all science in its area. The limits of Divine Creation are stretched out to the compass of æons; and for the weak and short-sighted God of the old-time faith, who alternately created and rested, started and restarted and mended, with his tool-box of miracles, his disordered or deficient world-machine, we have a tireless, omnipresent Almighty Life, informing and moving all, whose habits of action (called by us Nature's laws) were, from the beginning, perfect in their wisdom and benevolence. The process of evolution is but the continuous emergence of the divine ideas, a progressive manifestation of God in time and space. In the glory of each fresh spring-time, in each budding shrub and blooming flower,—each new species pressed to the front by the struggle for existence,—in each novel invention of these modern days, each higher thought and nobler deed of aspiring humanity, there is a fresh thread woven in that ever-proceeding incarnation by which the Divine Spirit "weaves on the roaring loom of time the garment we see him by."

JAMES T. BIXBY.

A GLIMPSE OF CALIFORNIA.

A CHAT ABOUT SIGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS IN A SHORT VISIT TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

You ask me for a familiar talk about what I have seen in my recent all too brief trip to California. The request I am very willing to grant, on the condition that you shall expect nothing that goes below the surface, and nothing at all that is new except the fresh impressions of one who looks upon the unique, the impressive, the never-to-be-forgotten sights of our great western Wonderland for the first time.

My route to the Pacific Coast was by the Denver & Rio Grande Railway to Ogden (the most picturesque of the various United States routes through the Rocky Mountains), and the rest of the way by the Union Pacific.

We entered California in the night. When the sun went down, we were on the very heights of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Deep snow lay around us everywhere, through which a path had been shovelled or ploughed for the iron horse.

In the morning we were in the splendid Sacramento Valley, amid one of the loveliest pictures of verdure and beauty that human eyes ever rested upon. The valley and the foot-hills were covered with the freshest green of the fast-growing spring grass; the early fruit-trees were in blossom; flowers were in all the fields and gardens; the air was that of an Eastern May or June. It seemed to me I had been suddenly let

down into the midst of the Garden of Eden. My stay in California was divided between the middle portion of the State (the region about San Francisco) and the south (the region about Los Angeles).

In San Francisco and its vicinity a day was given to the Midwinter Fair (which as a World's Fair is nothing, but which as an exhibition of the products of the Pacific Coast is excellent), a day to the ocean beach, the Cliffs, the Seal Rocks (and the seals), the glorious Golden Gate, and the fine Golden Gate Park; a day to the United States Mint (the largest in the country), to Nob Hill, where the millionaires live, and to Chinatown, where men who are not millionaires live; a day to the Pioneer Building, full of most interesting relics and mementos of 1849, and of the men who first laid the foundations of the city and the State, to the historic buildings of the city, to the fine Academy of Sciences, built by Mr. Lick, the founder of the Lick Observatory, and to the great wharves and docks lined with shipping from all over the world; two days to visiting our Unitarian churches, ministers, and headquarters, and our excellent exhibit at the Midwinter Fair (better than the Unitarian Exhibit at the Chicago Exposition); a day to Berkeley and its noble State university; a day to the vigorous young Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto; a day to Oakland and Alameda and the splendid hills back of them, overlooking the great bay and San Francisco; and a day to a trip to San José through the Santa Clara Valley, one of the garden spots of the world.

In the south I visited Los Angeles, a wonderful city, containing nearly a hundred thousand population, its residence section the most beautiful I saw during my absence, and its business section containing buildings quite equal to anything in Detroit or Cleveland, and showing everywhere great business activity. Here I spent parts of three days. From Los Angeles trips were taken by rail to a number of the more important and characteristic towns of that section of the State,—as Anaheim, famed for its grapes; Orange and Riverside, unsurpassed for oranges; San Bernardino, rich in climate and much else; Pasadena, perhaps the most attractive inland "resort" and hotel city of Southern California. I also took a trip of one hundred and twenty miles by steamer from Redondo Beach, near Los Angeles, to San Diego. All these days were idyllic. But perhaps most of all I enjoyed that upon the sea. The great Pacific was in the highest degree pacific, the weather was perfect, the pure ocean air was full of invigoration. One felt that he drank in health with every breath from morning till night.

Naturally, in going from the Atlantic Coast or the Middle West to California,—especially to Southern California,—the contrast is very great. Southern California up to twenty or thirty years ago was largely a barren land. Great sections are so still, because of want of water; for the rainfall is less than a third of that of the Eastern States. But large sections have been irrigated, and the touch of water everywhere works miracles. You look out upon a great orange orchard, loaded with the richest fruit, and are amazed to be told that only eight or ten or twelve years ago the ground upon which it stands was a desert. All those parts of the country which lie within reach of water are rapidly becoming as productive and beautiful as perhaps any parts of the world. And yet there is a limit. So far as now appears, very large sections can never be reached by water.

The general aspect of Southern California is tropical. Much more so than is the case with those parts of the State that lie farther north, say near San Francisco. Charles Dudley Warner has written a book upon this unique and in many respects charming region, calling it "Our Italy." And I do not wonder. Many of the features of Italy, and many of Italy's charms, certainly are here,—rugged mountains, sunny plains, tropical fruits, blue and cloudless skies, near-lying sea. Only Italy's human interest, her wealth of art and history, are wanting. These she must wait for.

One of California's poets has written with patriotic and quite pardonable pride:—

"We have the lordly Alps, the fir-fringed hills,
The green and golden valleys veined with rills,
A dead Vesuvius with its smouldering fire,
A tawny Tiber sweeping to the sea.
Our seasons have the same superb attire,
The same redundant wealth of flower and tree,

Upon our peaks the same imperial dyes,
And day by day, serenely over all,
The same successive months of smiling skies.
These are the Alps, and these the Apennines;
The fertile plains of Lombardy between;
Beyond Val d' Arno with its flocks and vines,
These granite crags are gray monastic shrines,
And far to seaward can be dimly seen
The marble splendor of Venetian courts;
While one can all but hear the mournful beat
Of white-lipped waves along the sea-paved street.

"O Italy, beyond the Eastern sea!
O childless mother of dead empires! we,
The latest born of all the Western lands,
In fancied kinship stretch our infant hands
Across the intervening seas to thee.
Thine the immortal twilight, ours the dawn!
Yet we shall have our names to canonize,
Our past to haunt us with its solemn eyes,
Our ruins, when this restless age is gone." *

I suppose I saw California at its best. Every one told me that April and May are its gala months. The apricot, the cherry, the peach, and the plum trees are in blossom; the deciduous trees are putting on their new foliage; flowers in gardens are at their finest; wild flowers in fields and on mountain side are in richest bloom; and the grass is green wherever there is grass at all. But by June and July the freshness is largely gone from nature, and the earth turns from green to gray. If California Aprils and Mays lasted all the year round, there would perhaps be no question in any mind about the delightfulness of California climates and California seasons. As it is, the matter is not quite so sure.

The finest wild flower I saw in California is the eschscholtzia, or California poppy, which, when seen in mass in the meadows or on the hillsides, seems to me to surpass in the brilliancy and splendor of its color effects any flower we have in the East. Of the cultivated or garden flowers of California it is hardly safe to speak, the facts seem so extravagant,—as when one tells of rose-bushes covering the whole side of a large two-story house and bearing two hundred thousand roses, or of geraniums and heliotropes forming hedges, or of fuschias growing up until they become tall shrubs and almost trees, or of callas blossoming in such profusion that a thousand blooms are used in decorating a single church at Easter.

California has some striking and noticeable trees. Her redwoods and pines are the giants of the vegetable world. The eucalyptus, imported from Australia, is now conspicuous everywhere in the State. Palms of many varieties, and some of them of surpassing grace, are also found everywhere in the south and in the warmer valleys of the north. Of all fruit-trees none seem to me quite to equal the orange. An orange orchard of darkest, richest green, loaded with fruit of deepest gold, is a sight never to be forgotten. And yet the real glory of California trees is not found in any of these, but in the live oak. Even the live oaks of Louisiana are not finer than those of Central California.

No visitor to California will fail to have it impressed upon him on every side that he has at last found the healthiest of lands, and that, if Ponce de Leon had only made his way to the region of Pasadena or San Diego, he would have discovered the Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

My observations convinced me that there is some truth and much exaggeration in all this. Doubtless most parts of California are reasonably healthy, though there is very great difference in different parts. The climate of San Francisco is a most trying one. I do not think I suffered so much from cold any time last winter in Michigan as I did in San Francisco the ten days I was there. I noticed that everywhere in the State there are numerous physicians, and they seem to do as active a business as in the East. No papers are more full of patent medicines of all sorts than the papers of California. Nowhere do you hear people complain more of having colds and rheumatism and many other ailments than there. Our Unitarian minister in Los Angeles said to me, "Oh, the number of invalids who come here from the East, hoping to get help from our climate, whom we bury within three months!"

The truth about California as a health resort seems to be about this. In many places, particularly in the south (in the interior, away from the sea-fogs), the climate

* Lucius H. Foote.

seems to be distinctly more mild, equable, and dry than in the Eastern States. Persons in delicate health, but not too far along in invalidism, going there, and adopting an *outdoor life*, are doubtless often greatly benefited. So much Californians may doubtless justly claim for their climate.

On the whole, California, though not without its serious drawbacks, is a most interesting land. Indeed, in many respects it is a fascinating land. It is a land of startling contrasts. It is a land of constant surprises. In an hour you pass from snow to roses. In five minutes you step from the desert to the most luxuriant fields and gardens. The State contains almost every possible climate. No other State of the Union, perhaps no other land of earth, has such a variety of resources and products,—timber and mines in her mountains, flocks and herds on her foot-hills, grain crops in her northern valleys, fruits on her southern plains, fish in her rivers, and commerce on her seas.

No other State has such a variety and wealth of scenery. Hardly a spot can be found that is out of sight of her glorious mountains. Everywhere the ocean is near.

Such a land is made for a great career, —and not only a great career in material things, but in things intellectual and spiritual. It is only a question of time when she will be the cherished home of poetry and the arts. She may sigh that they have not come yet. But think how young she is. How could they have come yet? First of all, a people must plough its soil and build its homes and provide for its physical necessities. After that the arts and the poetry! Indeed, in this remarkable land the arts and the poetry are already coming fast. It is noticeable that some of the most vigorous and original literature of America is already springing into existence on the Pacific Coast. This is only prophetic of what is coming. In no part of our land are the conditions better for a strong and original literature than in California.

The history of California has been short. But it has been as stirring and pregnant with great results as it has been brief. A people that has achieved so much in forty-five years need not fear the future.

Perhaps nowhere is there a greater contrast between the rich and the poor than in California. But at the same time, perhaps nowhere are rich men more disposed to use their wealth for great ends of public good, as witness the splendid bequests to education and charity of such men as Leland Stanford, James Lick, Hopkins, Sutro, and others.

Perhaps no State of the Union has a better educational system or is putting more money and hard work into her schools. This will tell powerfully upon her future.

Finally, I doubt if anywhere the prospects for religion are better than in California. Perhaps there was a more radical break in the religious lines and associations of the people who settled California than in those of the settlers of any other State. Perhaps for a time organized religion had less place in California than almost anywhere else. But this was only temporary; and it was not altogether without its compensations. Men's minds became, in a measure, freed from old trammels, and ready to accept more independent and rational forms of belief. The California people did not permanently dispense with churches, but they asked for less dogmatic and more sensible and useful churches. As a result, it is found that perhaps the best soil for sowing the seeds of liberal religion in the United States to-day is that of the Pacific Coast. Thus within the past eight years Unitarian churches have increased in number on that coast from five or six to nearly thirty.

One of the delights of my California trip was that of meeting our ministers and prominent laymen in many places, and finding how firm was their faith in the future of liberal Christianity in California.

While I was there, a fine new Unitarian church was dedicated in Alameda, one of the suburbs of San Francisco; and, if my stay could have been a little prolonged, I could have had the great pleasure of attending the annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Unitarian Conference, which was to be held in San Francisco the week after my return. But duties called homeward, and I could not stay.

In some respects Unitarianism has been fortunate on the Pacific Coast. Providence has given us there in the years past, three or four men of rare moral and spiritual quality and of conspicuous ability, who have made a

powerful impression upon that whole region. The history of the coast can never be written without giving an important place to the lives, the work, and the influence of Thomas Starr King, Horatio Stebbins, and Thomas Eliot. These men have not only helped conspicuously in moulding the educational systems, the intellectual and social life, and the moral sentiment of the new civilization in the midst of which they have lived and labored, but they have been such brave, eloquent, and persuasive advocates of the distinct gospel of liberal Christianity that they have in an amazing degree conquered men's prejudices, and made thousands ready and eager to hear its message of love and light, who otherwise would all their lives have turned deaf ears to it.

Other men also have done strong and noble work for our cause. A full dozen suggest themselves at once for mention. But I must content myself with referring to only two,—the two who have so conscientiously, energetically, and ably filled the place of superintendent of the missionary work of the American Unitarian Association on the coast. The work of crystallizing religious liberal sentiment, and giving us so remarkable an increase of new churches, has been due largely to them.

There is much more that I should like to say. I should be glad to speak of the liberal and liberalizing spirit of the new literature that is beginning to come into existence in this rising Pacific empire, and especially to point out the broadening and enlightening influence upon all things, religion included, of the two noble universities that are rising, like glorious light-houses, close beside the great capital city of this new empire. But my time is gone, and I must close.

Such, then, in brief, and told in the most familiar way, is the story of my month of wanderings in our Far West. I have found the month a most happy and restful one, filled to the brim with interesting experiences, and with impressions never to be forgotten. I shall be glad if the like good fortune may come at no distant day to many of you, of a trip as pleasant and inspiring, to that great section of our common country which must forever remain our national Wonderland,—our region of happy pilgrimages and of unfailing fascination to millions.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

ON THE WAYSIDE.

Not mine to climb the steep,
  Not mine to reach the height;
But, in the valley deep,
  With wavering, failing sight,
  I watch the growing light!

Not mine to see full day,
  Not mine the victor's song;
Only beside the way
  To hearken, wait, and long,
  While presses by the throng.

When Want and Misery cry,
  A shuddering grief I feel;
But empty hands lift I,
  Powerless to help or heal,
  Or meet Wrong's steel with steel.

The radiant stars are calm.
  Watch they from heavenly towers
How hosts of Good disarm
  And rout the Evil Powers
  Through slowly brightening hours?

Still presses by the throng:
  O leaders, brave and true!
March on with courage strong,
  With faith to dare and do!
  The universe with you!

The day is near, I know;
  Its glory I foresee.
My life's ebb-tide is slow.
  This, this, is left for me,—
  To joy in what shall be!

M. M. G.

FREDERICK ROBERTSON AND PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It seems impossible that such a soul as that of the brilliant young Brighton preacher should not have continued to develop and to unfold its strong wings, even far beyond their youthful flights, had he lived into these days of freedom. According to his biographer, Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, Frederick Robertson's teachings are chiefly valuable for those who are as yet undecided about their opinions. He says: "As long as this large section of men who are unsettled exists, Robertson's influence as a theological teacher will endure. But the moment a man, having used Robertson thus as a means of determining his position, becomes a declared liberal or retires into the opposite ranks, Robertson, as a theological teacher, though not as an ethical or religious teacher, ceases to be of any use to him. Therefore, when liberal Christianity, assisted as it is by the march of social, scientific, and political events, becomes the

regnant form of Christianity among the educated classes in England, Robertson will cease to possess his present wide-spread influence as a theologian. Nevertheleless, he will always be read."

We must yet allow our imaginations to picture what might not improbably have been Robertson's farther progress in the direction of untrammelled liberalism, had he lived into the present age. But he was one of those predestined to die young. In that letter, probably written by Brooke (quoted in a preceding article), are these words: "I do not think he could, under any circumstances, have lived long or ever have been serenely happy."

This, then, may be taken for the key-note of the entire story, mournfully confirmed, as it is, by the parting words of the great Genevese preacher, Monsieur Malan, to Robertson (then only twenty-five) in 1841: "My very dear brother, you will have a sad life and a sad ministry" (*Mon très-cher frère, vous aurez une triste vie et une triste ministère*). Much is said throughout Brooke's memoir about Robertson's highly wrought sensitiveness of mind and body, his inherent tendency to take tragic views, and to be unable to refrain from wearing himself out, because he never could believe that he had really done all required by duty.

It seems strange, in connection with this ever-present element of a morbid sadness, to hear Robertson often compared with Phillips Brooks. The more we analyze their natures, the more any such likeness seems superficial.

Each great Broad Churchman, pre-eminently the first preacher of his own country in his generation, might, we think, have gained much from the other. Brooks was as remarkable for his healthy optimism and his splendid physical vigor as Robertson, unfortunately, was for the reverse. Brooks's letters are like those of a cheery school-boy off on a holiday, who has cast care to the winds, and means to ignore theology and the graver side of life as much as possible until he gets home. Robertson is never weary in his letters of discussing the deepest questions of humanity and the soul. Brooks overflows with frisky joyousness, and fairly infects us with his contagious mirth. Robertson, if he by chance for a time is gay, too soon relapses into his native seriousness. In spite of all his religion and philosophy, he invariably has a tendency to "smell the mould above the rose." Brooks, at long past fifty, still seems young. His friends said, "He always was a boy." Robertson, ere thirty, is feeling old. Brooks unbends from his earnestness to a degree almost startling to those who had only known him in the pulpit, when he writes to his friends at home. Robertson, wandering in the Tyrol, often rises into a region of the loftiest prose-poetry in his descriptions of Alpine scenery, even when his burdened soul cries out in anguish at the awful problems of existence forever facing him on every side. There are numberless passages in his letters which can scarcely be surpassed for spiritual power and tragic intensity by anything which his sermons can afford.

It must be owned that, after calmly endeavoring to compare these two great preachers with each other, we feel forced to admit that the balance of genius seems on Robertson's side. His intellect is finer, clearer, sharper, and with a keener edge even to its poetic power. His mind seems always far more ripened and mellowed even in youth. It would, indeed, have been better for him, had he possessed the American's robust energy of physique, his powers of enjoyment and ability to "be a boy." Our descendant of the New England Puritans was fortunately without any morbid melancholy in his views of life. Overflowing with sympathy for all who suffered, he was yet ever ready to descend from the intellectual eminence which his own self-unconsciousness hardly allowed him to recognize, and to bask in innocent happiness like a child. It is, however, very apparent to any earnest reader that Phillips Brooks must in early life have passed through some sharp spiritual crisis which might be called conversion. There is no mistaking the ring of certain passages in his sermons tending to this point. Once fairly launched upon his long and successful career, it would seem that his mind—partly from its singularly fresh and youthful character—had remained comparatively free from doubting, while always gently tolerant of the doubts of others. In Robertson's case we know that, several years after his entering the ministry, his whole being was racked by doubts which

nearly wrecked health and reason, though he finally emerged from under the black cloud, as he said, with a faith thenceforth unalterable in God and God's goodness. But, while the references to the conflicts pertaining to the new birth scattered throughout Brooks's writings would seem to indicate only a brief season of struggle, Robertson's utterances, veiled and guarded though they are, relating to his own past agony, ring out like a trumpet-blast as they unconsciously soar into passionate outbursts of poetic prose. We will quote but one:—

"It is an awful hour,—let him who has passed through it say how awful,—when this life has lost its meaning, and seems shrivelled into a span, when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counsellors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts which, for aught he knows, may arise from the fountain of truth itself, to extinguish, as a glare from hell, that which, for aught he knows, may be light from heaven, and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless. It is by holding fast to those things which are certain still,—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. . . . Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who, when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because *his* night shall pass into clear, bright day."

"I appeal to the recollection of any man who has passed through that hour of agony, and stood upon the rock at last, the surges stilled below him, and the last cloud drifted from the sky above, with a faith and hope and trust no longer traditional, but of his own,—a trust which neither earth nor hell shall shake thenceforth forever."

There is scarcely anything, we think, in Brooks's writings, beautiful though they are, to match this and similar passages of Robertson's with their awfulness of concentrated anguish. We feel the presence of an elect soul that impresses us with a certain awe. We are sometimes forced to feel that Robertson was too good, too ready to fling himself into the breach, and give himself away more than was his duty. We are sure that, had he carried out his early longing to be a soldier, like his father and grandfather before him, instead of sacrificing himself to his father's wish that he should enter the ministry, he would have been certain to rush needlessly into some forlorn hope, and perish in his youth. It is well that the world did not have to lose him thus, although his life, like Mazzini's, and that of many a spiritual hero, might be called a life of spiritual martyrdom, and of a martyrdom whose crown was only to become visible after he was gone. Many in this country are familiar with the engraving of the marble bust of Robertson in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is probably a copy of the bust executed after his death by order of an English gentleman who picked up a volume of his sermons, and was so struck by them that he had this graceful memorial made to present to the "Pavilion" at Brighton. Nothing can exceed the refined spiritual and intellectual loveliness of the features and expression in everything indicating such a nature as Robertson's, the story of whose life makes us feel the force of those words of Dr. Arnold's,—golden words, which deserve to be inscribed over the department of biography in every library,—"I consider beyond all wealth, honor, or even health, is the attachment we form to noble souls."

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

IN TENT AND SADDLE IN PALESTINE.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM AND NAZARETH.

We landed at Jaffa early in March. After viewing the reputed house of Simon the tanner, and other spots and scenes of interest, we went by rail to Jerusalem. The way lies through the beautiful Plain of Sharon, highly cultivated, and bright in places with wild flowers, and through the Valley of Ajalon, where "the sun stood still and the moon stayed" while Joshua and

the people avenged themselves upon their enemies. Arrived at Jerusalem, we were not to see it for several days yet. Except for a few miles in the south around Jerusalem, and in the north about Damascus, the only method of travelling in Palestine or Syria is on horseback. We were booked both for the "short tour" to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and for the "long tour" to Damascus, Baalbec, and Beyrout. It was wisely decided to take the short tour before "doing" Jerusalem, to give an opportunity to recover from the fatigue of our first horseback riding ere we started on the longer journey. Shortly after five o'clock, therefore, on the morning after our arrival, we were called to begin our first trip. My horse did not exactly run away with me, but walked away, following his mate in another party. Our first lesson in Arabic was to learn to say "whoa." We had also to learn the Oriental method of using the reins, as, when we attempted to handle them in American fashion, the horse executed a dance which was disquieting to body and spirit.

We rode through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, around the Mount of Olives, and past Bethany. An armed Bedouin sheik then joined us for our protection. While this protection is a species of blackmail, it is at the same time necessary; for without it the traveller is considered legitimate prey by the Bedouins *en route*. The present Pacha of Jerusalem has begun a vigorous policy for the protection of travellers. Still, outrages have been committed this season. All the natives carry arms, generally the old flint-lock musket.

We have a picturesque ride of five hours down steep slopes, through bleak and rugged hills and mountains, and stop at length at the inn of the Good Samaritan for luncheon. It was asserted that a part of our repast had been left over from the Good Samaritan's time. Still, it was none the less acceptable. We mount again for another four hours in the saddle, and go through wild gorges, at the bottom of which tumbles the Brook Cherith. Hither Elijah fled from the wrath of Jezebel, and was ministered unto by the ravens. The Greeks have built a beautiful monastery before the cave in which the prophet lodged when the Lord manifested himself in the strong wind, the earthquake, the fire, and, lastly and mostly, in the still small voice. We come at length to the Plain of Jericho. On one side rises the Mount of Temptation, honeycombed with the cells in which monks and anchorites formerly dwelt. On the other, across the Jordan, are the Mountains of Moab, with Nebo and Pisgah, associated with the last days of Moses. We spend the night at Jericho, thought by some antiquarians to be the site, not of the ancient city of that name, but of Gilgal, where Saul was made king, and where Samuel called the people together in solemn assembly. The place now is not much but a heap of rubbish in which a few natives have made their huts. A massive, square ruin is pointed out as the house of Zacchæus whom Jesus visited.

This was the land of milk and honey. Of honey there is plenty now, as wild flowers are abundant; but of milk there is none except that of goats The palms, for which the place was celebrated, have disappeared; and the wild thorn-tree has taken their place. But the mounds which here abound, and the trees of ancient irrigation, attest that this was once the centre of a flourishing civilization.

We are stiff and weary from our first day's hard ride. But here, especially, there is no rest for the weary. So we are up with the sun, our second morning out, for a ride to the Dead Sea. In the clear, bright atmosphere it seems close at hand. But it is miles away, and we ride nearly three hours under a blazing sun to reach it. It is a beautiful sheet of water, pleasant to the eye, though bitter to the taste; clear and blue, giving no hint that it is the abode of death only. We enjoy a most delightful bath (March 8) in the placid waters, and come out encrusted with salt, which makes a plunge in the Jordan desirable to get the salt off. We come at length to the Ford of the Jordan, where tradition places the crossing of Joshua with the Israelites, and the baptism of Jesus. The Jordan is a disappointing stream, small and unpicturesque, and so muddy that all but two of our party refused to enter into its waters. Still, it is sacred with historical associations; and we were glad at being able to stand upon its bank. We recross the flat alkali waste which here extends along the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and are again in Jericho.

The day following we went back to Jerusalem, passing through Bethany, where, of course, everything connected with Mary, Martha, and Lazarus is shown; over the site of the village of Bethphage, where now stands a Greek church; and over the Mount of Olives. This mount is especially attractive on account of its own beauty, the grandeur of the view which it affords, and the sacred associations which gather round it. The garden of Gethsemane lies almost at its base on the Jerusalem side. We reflect that here the Holy One of Israel prayed in agony of soul, and at last said, "Thy will be done," having now the strength which enabled him to drink the bitter cup.

The Dead Sea is more than 1,300 feet below the level of the ocean; Jerusalem, 2,600 feet above that level. The difference in temperature between the two points is great. To pass from the one to the other is like going from Florida to Maine. While we suffered from the heat at Jericho, we ran into a violent hail-storm at Jerusalem. We had come from summer back to early spring. The storm increasing, and giving every indication of lasting for some time, the tents were abandoned for a hotel. All but one of the hotels of the Holy City are outside the walls. Inside the walls it is so dark and damp and dirty, so cramped and narrow, that modern enterprise establishes itself outside.

Jerusalem, seen from a distance,—from the top of any one of the many hills which compass her round about,—is a grand and imposing picture. Standing on a sort of plateau which rises high and abruptly on every side but one, her massive walls still intact, the city is fair to look upon. In size it is about three-fourths of a mile in length and the same in breadth. By walking smartly, one can go entirely around the city outside the walls in a little more than half an hour. The population is about 40,000. The walls are about forty feet high; but, being almost entirely surrounded by a deep gorge, or valley, they seem much higher. Three gates, adorned with Turkish soldiers, are sufficient for the entrance and exit of the people. There are two more open, but they are little used; and two have been permanently closed.

Seen near to, and in detail, the city is miserable and squalid. The narrow and uneven streets prevent carriages from entering the city. A loaded camel or donkey takes up three-fourths of the width of most of the streets. These are arched over, and made into bazaars. The most interesting streets are so dark that they cannot be photographed.

I shall not delay with the sights of Jerusalem. The Church of the Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar are its chief attractions. The former is divided amongst the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, who hold their services at the same time within a few feet of each other. The effect is something like Babel. The Greeks seem to be in the lead, possessing the spot which is the "*exact centre of the earth*," and whence the Lord took the earth for making Adam. We were shown Pilate's judgment hall, the Via Dolorosa, the house of Caiaphas. The fact that Jerusalem has been utterly destroyed, and every trace of the ancient city obliterated, does not deter the churches from locating all places definitely. The city has been so levelled that Mounts Moriah and Zion are only a few feet above the general level. The valley between them has been filled in with nearly one hundred feet of débris.

But, though Jerusalem is squalid to-day, it has been, is now, and perhaps always will be the chief centre of interest for Christendom. Here the prophets taught. Here the thought of one God, and he a God of love, came into being. Here David overcame his enemies. Here small bands of brave souls met the armies of Nineveh, of Babylon, of Egypt, of Greece, of Antiochus, and of Rome. From here the people were led away captive. Hither they returned, a forlorn hope, and again became a nation. Richard and Saladin, Crusader and Saracen, have fought beneath these walls: the shout of battle has often caused the hearts within to tremble or to thrill; and still the star of Jerusalem is rising, and will again shine in glory. Though Israel has been tossed about like a ship on a stormy sea, the ship never sank, but rode the waves, in hope, if not in triumph; and Jerusalem has ever been at once both star to guide and anchor to hold. From these gates Christ went forth to die, and Paul to teach, carrying the light of truth through an ever-widening circle which shall at length embrace the world.

From Jerusalem we made excursions to

places of interest in the neighborhood. At Bethlehem we were surprised to see in the Church of the Nativity a Turkish soldier standing with loaded musket beside the manger and the star of brass, ostensibly to keep the eastern Christian sects from fighting each other. But the Christians claim that the soldier is only a libel on their faith, kept there by the Mohammedans to counteract the efforts of the Christian missionaries among the natives.

The Russians possess many of the sacred sites in and about Jerusalem. There is much rivalry between them and the Roman Catholics. This rivalry leads to a multiplication of holy places. Thus there are two Calvaries with holy sepulchres, two places where John baptized Jesus, two Mounts of Transfiguration, two Jerichos, two Gilgals, two places where Elijah was fed by the ravens, two wells into which Joseph was cast, and, as we found later, two places of Annunciation at Nazareth, two sites of Bethsaida, Chorazin, and other cities on the Sea of Galilee. This multiplicity is not entirely due to ecclesiastical rivalry, but partly to the differences of scholars, and somewhat to the desire of ambitious localities to be hitched to an historical or holy star.

But, whether any sacred site be possessed by Greek or Roman, it is utterly *ruined*, covered with brass and tinsel, the trappings of an offensive theology flaunted everywhere. One is not even allowed the privilege of silence; for the mummery of their priests is ever resounding.

After a four days' sojourn at Jerusalem we set out for Damascus, a bright, clear sky overhead, but underfoot one of the worst apologies for a road civilized man ever saw. The horses must clamber for hours over bowlders and between jagged rocks, in such a manner as to give their riders, if not themselves, a distressing shaking up. None but a sure-footed Arab horse could travel such ways with safety. The way leads over the hill Scopus, where Titus had his headquarters during the siege of Jerusalem. From this point the view of the city is magnificent. On we go through miles of nothing but mountains of bare stone and hills of bowlders,—not a solitary bird or beast or inhabitant to be seen, only now and then a traveller from some distant village. Palestine, from a few miles north of Jerusalem, could supply the world with stone fences, and never miss the material. The rockiest parts of New England are a fertile field compared with this region. Indeed, such is the desolation that the capitalist of the party remarked that he would not give three cents an acre for all Palestine. He was answered, So much the more credit is due those sturdy souls who in former centuries made these hills support a nation. For this they did. One can see that these hills were formerly terraced to their tops, and were green with the olive and the vine. But through centuries of devastation and neglect the soil has been washed away, leaving only the rocks beneath. We, at length, pass Gibeah where Saul was born, and Ramah, where lamentation and bitter weeping were heard, and make our first halt at Bethel for luncheon. Here Jacob, on his pillow of stone, dreamed of the angels ascending and descending. At Bethel is now a squalid village, but numerous ruins tell of former grandeur. The next day we go over the site of ancient Shiloh, important as a religious centre in the time of the Judges, where Eli dwelt, and where Samuel ministered before the Lord. We go down into the field of Joseph, where we see signs of fertility and cultivation. The wheat is eight or ten inches high; and dozens of women are pulling out the weeds, or *tares*, as they call them, not allowing them to grow unto the harvest. We come soon to Jacob's Well, and drink from its depths. The Crusaders built a church over the well, and in the destruction of the edifice the well was filled with rubbish. Within th- past two years it has been reexcavated to the depth of seventy feet. The original depth was much greater. There is no doubt that this is the spot where Jesus spoke with the woman of Samaria concerning the living waters, and uttered the immortal words, "God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Near to the well rise Ebal and Gerizim; and a half hour's ride between and beyond them brings us to Nablous, the Neapolis of Vespasian, the Sychar of the New Testament, and the Shechem of the Old (Gen. xxxiii., xxxiv.).

Our tents were pitched the second night out in a grove of old olive-trees, some of

them six feet in diameter. The Baptist missionary, a native of the place, told us they were two thousand years old, and were called Roman trees, because planted under Roman rule before the Christian era. We visited the Samaritan synagogue. These strange people are now fewer than two hundred in number, and are not so worthy of the title "good" as was the man in the parable. They possess three old manuscripts. You pay to see the oldest, but are shown the most recent one. They tell you that for more "backsheesh" you may see the most ancient; and, when that process has been gone through with twice, you see the manuscript of the Pentateuch, which they claim is thirty-five hundred years old, but which the expert of the British Museum says dates from the fifth century A.D. In the evening the high priest sent his son to sell us genuine leaves from the oldest manuscript. We did not buy.

The ride from Nablous to Samaria over the mountains was of surpassing interest and grandeur. From above we could see the people reterracing the hills and reclaiming the land. In the valleys the almond and the apricot were in bloom, and the fig-tree was putting forth her leaves. The city of Samaria was on a noble plateau, high above the plain. From it the Mediterranean on the west, Hermon, clad with snow, on the north, the mountains beyond Jordan on the east, and the hills around Jerusalem on the south are distinctly visible. Hundreds of columns are to be seen, some dating from the Herods, some even from the idolatrous Ahab. It must have been a magnificent city at its best.

We descend into the beautiful plain of Esdraelon, where armies have met in battle array from the time of Barak down to our own day. We pass through a wretched village on the site of the ancient Jezreel, where Ahab built a famous palace near to the vineyard of Naboth, which the king coveted. We drink of the fountain where Gideon picked his three hundred men, ride through the Shunem of the Old Testament, take luncheon at Nain of the New Testament, and Saturday night, at the end of our fourth day from Jerusalem, go into camp at *Nazareth*. Never were mortals more grateful for the day of rest. Ten hours a day in the saddle over such trails as we traversed make even the natives, born and bred to it, weary. It seems incredible that nearly the whole of Palestine should be utterly destitute of roads. Those constructed by the Romans have reverted to their original state or were destroyed in time of war; for hundreds of years all travel has been on foot or horseback, and all transportation by camels or donkeys. So the idea has not occurred to the natives that anything more than a mule-path is necessary. Our way was now over great bowlders, again through mire which threatened to engulf the horses, up or down steep banks where there was danger of going over the horse's head or over his tail, along a niche half-way up the side of a hill or mountain, across swift brooks and small rivers where horse and rider seemed about to be swept away, along watercourses, sometimes dry, sometimes with all the water the horse could breast, over tumbled-down Roman bridges, and at times through deep sand. The vileness of these ways cannot be exaggerated. An Arabian saddle is about as complex as an American harness. We often had to dismount, and let the horse find his own way down some rocky slope. In one place the path was not wide enough for one of our luggage mules and his burden, and both went rolling down the steep. And yet this is the highway between Jerusalem and Damascus. We allowed to the old historic place the title of "Hades No. 1"; but parts of the road we labelled "Hades No. 2," "Hades No. 3," etc., up to a dozen or fifteen. And one place was "worse than Hades." Imagine our joy, therefore, at the prospect of a day of rest in beautiful Nazareth.

But I am reminded that my letter is already quite long enough. So I will stop here, reserving for your next issue a description of this interesting and sacred spot, and an account of our journey from here to the Sea of Galilee, through Northern Palestine, to Damascus, to the ruins of Baalbec, and across the lofty Lebanon Mountains to Beyrout.

T. G. MILSTED.

Beyrout, Syria.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns!—even as the flowers in spring. —*Herbert.*

ROBERTSON SMITH.

The Smiths are many; and hence convenience long since united with affection, admiration, and a growing fame to name as simply "Robertson Smith" the distinguished scholar whose recent death has thrilled with poignant sorrow the whole world of liberal religious thought. To no one have the common people of this liberal religious world been more indebted during the last quarter of a century than to him. Among great Biblical scholars he has been one of the greatest; but his special function has been that of bringing home the results of the best modern scholarship to people of good average intelligence. For these his work was substantially completed, and the wide regret caused by his death is rather for the friend who has been such a helper than for the loss of some anticipated good. But it is this loss which appeals most strongly to the scholars of his own rank, and those approximating to their standing. The last years of Dr. Smith's life had been given to original research. He had earned the right to this enjoyment of his great natural powers, and he had entered on it with a hearty zest. The fruits of his research were two remarkable volumes, one on "Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia," and the other on "The Religion of the Semites." Nothing that he did before counted for so much with scholars as these two volumes. And from their author how much more could justly be expected, seeing that he was but forty-seven years old. But we shall have no more.

William Robertson Smith was born at Keig Tough, Vale of Alford, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, Nov. 8, 1846. His father was a Free Kirk minister, and early went about to educate his boy for his profession. He could do something in Hebrew when he was six years old. His education was private till he went to Aberdeen University. His theological training was carried on at the Free Church College in Edinburgh, under Prof. A. B. Davidson, afterward one of his best contributors to the Encyclopædia Britannica, and in Germany at Bonn and Göttingen, under "the most learned and exacting of professors," Paul de Lagarde. For a time his inclination to physical science was strongly marked, and he even became a teacher of physics. If Weismann is right in his idea that genius is hereditary, but talent a matter of education and environment, it is conceivable that Robertson Smith's genius might have produced a scientific talent as striking as the theologico-critical which he finally developed. Hardly could it have been so useful to mankind. But his training in physical science did not run to waste. It went to the shaping of his critical mind. It rendered it impossible for him to weigh evidence in the ordinary theological scales.

But he was only twenty-four years old when, in 1870, after teaching physics two years at Edinburgh, he became professor of Hebrew in his own university of Aberdeen. There he remained until 1881. In 1875 he began to write for the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. His first article was "Angel," his second "Bible." While the Presbyterian mind was musing upon these, the fire of indignation gathered strength; and when, in 1880, the article on "Hebrew Language and Literature" appeared, that fire broke out and roared for Prof. Smith's punishment as a heretic and blasphemer. In August of that year a special committee was appointed to consider this article. In October the committee reported him as teaching that certain statements of the Scriptures were not trustworthy, and that God was not their author. He had called the Song of Songs "a lyric drama," and Jonah "a parable"; two chapters in Isaiah he had said were "originally published as broadsides"; and he had declared Ezra and Nehemiah to be "singularly destitute of literary merit." The report of the committee was adopted, and he was enjoined to stop teaching until the General Assembly should take up his case and dispose of it. In 1881 the General Assembly, by a vote of 394 to 233, sustained the report of the committee; and Prof. Smith was deprived of his chair, but allowed to retire on half-pay, —a shrewd device to prevent the interference of the civil courts. There was no conviction of heresy, though this should have been an easy matter in the light of that article of the confession which reads, "the Old Testament in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek, being immediately inspired by God, and by his singular care and providence kept pure in all ages, and therefore authentic."

At the time of his deposition Prof. Smith was described as a man of small stature, with a round, cheerful, beardless face, with dark, brilliant eyes. For some time before his death he suffered from a distressing malady of the brain and spine; and one who saw him not long ago represents him as terribly emaciated, and his hair as white as snow. Perhaps his health was broken by the studious habit of his life; but, as a general thing, the brain is much more apt to suffer from disuse than from abundant exercise. For his reputation and success and usefulness the action of the General Assembly was most fortunate. Appealing to the general public, in 1880 he gave a course of popular lectures on "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," and in 1881 another course on "The Prophets of Israel," which attracted splendid audiences, and, when published, had a remarkable sale. The General Assembly had done its best to advertise his heresy, and so far the success was eminent, but there was more to come; for in 1881 he was made assistant editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and from that time forward he was immensely influential in determining the character of its theological and critical articles. He surrounded himself with men after his own heart. He went to Germany for Harnack and Wellhausen, the latter's article on the "History of Israel" being the most significant article of the whole series. Smith was, in fact, the continuator of Wellhausen, and his master Kuenen, and one of their first interpreters to the English mind. When Wellhausen's larger "History of Israel" appeared, Prof. Smith wrote a commendatory preface. There was more between these two great scholars than the bond of scholarship: they were personal friends. To the influence of Prof. Smith we are also indebted for the thoroughly scientific article of Edwin A. Abbott on the Four Gospels, to the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel frankly adverse. Prof. Smith could not have had a better chair for the propagation of a scientific understanding of the Bible than the chair of assistant professor on the Britannica. All other influences combined have not done so much to spread that understanding among the laity of England and America.

When he set out, he was quite alone among scholars nominally orthodox in Great Britain. Dean Stanley had been an eager follower of Ewald, and even Ewald was a monstrous heretic to the orthodox mind. But from Ewald to Kuenen and Wellhausen the step was a gigantic stride. With Ewald, Deuteronomy was the youngest portion of the Pentateuch, its date 621 B.C., just seven hundred years after the time of Moses, to whom it is definitely ascribed in the Biblical introduction. It was the work of Kuenen, following the hints of Vatke and Graf, to show that the Levitical legislation of the Pentateuch, comprising the most of Numbers and Leviticus and much besides, was produced more than a century later than Deuteronomy, and not published until 445 B.C. These critical conclusions have wide-reaching connections with the whole body of the Old Testament literature. They are by no means merely negative. They build anew the literary and religious history of Israel. As early as 1874 Kuenen's "Religion of Israel" was translated in England under Unitarian auspices, which did not commend its doctrine to the conservative mind, and did not make it any easier for Prof. Smith to take his isolated and heroic stand. But he was equal to the call. He lived to see himself surrounded with a company of English scholars cordially accepting the ideas of his great masters. They are embodied in Driver's "Introduction to the Old Testament." Cheyne has not only accepted them, but gone far to better their instructions. Their echoes sound on every side. Even the High Church authors of "Lux Mundi" yield to them a strange, equivocal assent.

> "All can raise the flowers now,
> For all have got the seed."

Of Prof. Smith's later works I have already spoken. The "Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia" and "Religion of the Semites" were written in connection with his professorship of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, England,—a professorship in which he passed from one chair to another with increasing honor, at the same time being made librarian of the university. Evidently, Cambridge had no fear of his heresy. But he had taken no backward step. Prof. Cheyne hailed him a few months ago as "still in the vanguard of critics."

There was a certain discrepancy between his critical and theological mind. It was less marked, however, than with Prof. Briggs, the scholasticism of whose theology is in amazing contrast with the scientific character of his critical results. There are many who insist that there is here no real discrepancy,—that the Higher Criticism is perfectly consistent with the peculiar inspiration of the Bible, and with the traditional theology of the churches. If it is so, that criticism is a matter of no great importance. If it is not so, the contrary persuasion has a function which must not be incautiously despised. It is a buffer which softens the jolt of the transition from the old things to the new.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

*MARY A. HEMENWAY.**

The sudden death of Mrs. Hemenway was a calamity to Boston. There is no circle which has to do with the higher life of Boston where her presence was not needed and where her absence is not felt. For in the best enterprises of education, of science, of fine art, of health, of patriotism, of philanthropy, of religion,—in all those affairs where religion has to do with the uplifting of the world,—even in the practical detail of all our best affairs, she might always be relied upon. Her large wealth was spent most liberally, wholly unselfishly. More than this, her knowledge of affairs, and what seemed like an intuitive wisdom, directed her strategy against evil.

Mrs. Hemenway was born to a large fortune. She was the daughter of Thomas Tileston, a merchant of the city of New York, one of the princes of the sea in the days of our large foreign commerce. His argosies brought us tributes from every land. From him or from somebody she inherited or gained in early life her habit of studying affairs in a comprehensive fashion, taking a broad view, not only of immediate, but of permanent results.

The following are a few of her great and noble gifts to this city and to the country at large.

She was the leading spirit in inaugurating that great movement for the popular study of history which began in what was called the "Old South Courses," and is now working its wonders, not only here, but in many other cities.

So soon as the Civil War ended, she took upon herself the whole charge of important institutions of education in the Southern cities. If her dear friend, Gen. Armstrong, were living, he would be the first to say that but for her unflinching support, in good report and in evil, for nearly a quarter of a century, the Hampton Institute would hardly exist to-day.

Herself a connoisseur of no mean ability, her hand was present wherever encouragement was needed for fine art. Once, when she had paid a sum at which princes would have hesitated for one of Hunt's Niagaras, she said simply, "I would not pay so much for pictures if I could not arrange that the public should have the good of them."

At the present moment the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics is maintained wholly at her charge,—one would say with princely munificence, but that princes do not do such things. In this school a body of young women, who are to be the gymnastic teachers of their sex, are trained not only in the physical exercises of a gymnasium, but as students in a medical school might be trained, with laboratory work, in physics, in psychology, in chemistry, in anatomy and biology, in hygiene,—indeed, in sanitary science in general. The staff of instruction brings together fourteen teachers who would be recognized among our leaders.

Again, the whole system of training in cooking in the Boston schools, which we believe to be superior to any public system in the world, is due entirely to the plans thought out by her. She instituted the schools. She carried them on, asking from the city nothing but pupils, till the triumphant success of the whole was such that the school committee was glad to adopt them as part of the public system. Then she transferred the whole plant, with all that her experience had gained and her wealth had purchased, to the use of the public.

Yes! And this is the same Mrs. Hemenway who, at her own charge and without thinking of help from the outside, set on foot and has carried on the great archæological expedition which has brought to light such invaluable results in the explora-

*From the Boston *Commonwealth*.

tions made in the South-west of our nation. Her attention was challenged by the visit of the Zuñi chiefs to this city in the year 1872. Beginning with being their friend, she went much further. She secured the service of the men of science who were only eager to carry forward intelligent research as to the antiquities of those regions; and by her promptness and liberality she has thus secured, before it was too late, the clews to a satisfactory knowledge in that remarkable department of history.

Side by side with matters like these, of the kind which are generally left to academies or public bureaus, Mrs. Hemenway had a watchful eye for the needs of individuals and for the best work of our local charities. We owe it to her that the Old South Meeting-house stands and will be a perpetual monument of the Puritan life of Boston. Every public enterprise which was worth helping was well-nigh sure of her liberal subscription, and no one but the Recording Angel can tell how many homes which would have been haggard and hungry have been made cheerful and glad by her almost omnipresent tenderness.

She had known, like the rest of us, what sorrow is. At a moment of acute trial she once cried out, "For every pang that I have suffered a thousand pangs shall be relieved." That promise she fulfilled in a measure which is more than a hundred-fold.

EDWARD E. HALE.

EIGHT CHILDREN IN A DUNGEON.

A PARABLE.

Let us suppose that a certain father with whom you are acquainted, living in the country, invites you to visit him, for the purpose of witnessing his system of family government, of which he thinks he has some reason to be proud.

You accept the invitation, and after dinner he says, "Now I want to show you my children." So he takes you out into the orchard, where the trees are blossoming, and birds singing. There is a swing, and lawn tennis and croquet and all games which children love; and, under one of the trees, a table holding a bountiful supper, all ready for the little ones when they shall weary of their sport. Here you find four children, who at once leave their play, and run to meet their father, and throw their arms about his neck, and kiss him upon both cheeks; and each vie with the others as to who shall show the most affection. Then the father's cheek flushes with honest pride, his eyes glisten with loving gladness, and he says, "Are they not splendid children, and ought I not to be a happy man surrounded by such a family as this?"

To all this you of course give a cordial assent. But presently you say: "Are these your only children? I was told that you had twelve." Then a momentary shadow darkens the father's face, and he answers: "Yes, I have eight others. I will show you them if you like."

So he takes you back to the house, and gets a lantern, and leads the way down a winding stair that seems endless. In speechless amazement you follow him into cellars beneath cellars, while bats fly out of crevices and brush your face with their loathsome wings; and at every step the gloom deepens and the air becomes more chill and poisonous.

At length you reach the lowest dungeon,—a room where the walls are covered with what seems the slime of centuries, and the earth is gray with mildew, and spiders swollen with poison have their webs in every corner, and rats with hideous clamor scurry away before your approaching footsteps. Here you find eight children huddled together, clothed in scanty rags, their bodies starved to skeletons, their faces bleached to the whiteness of wax, like plants which the sun has never kissed. "These," says your conductor, "are the rest of my children."

Very naturally, you inquire what they are doing here; and you hazard the guess that perhaps they have been imprisoned for some disobedience, and will be released just so soon as they submit to their father's will. Even this limited cruelty you are disposed to criticise, and to urge that some less severe form of punishment would have equally served the purpose of reformation.

But he answers: "No, I shall never let them out. At the beginning I resolved that I would be surrounded only by children who loved me and whom I could love. So long ago I gave them a day of trial. They had fair warning. I told them that those

who were obedient during that day should be rewarded with a perpetual picnic, but that those who were disobedient should be shut up in this dungeon, never to come out again. The result is as you see. Eight of them sinned, and four of them preserved their goodness. My system of family government has perfectly succeeded. I have separated the evil from the good. These eight are shut up here where they will never cause me or their good brothers and sisters any further trouble; and the four whom you saw out in the orchard are so frightened by the fate of the others that there is no danger of their ever disobeying me again. Thus I have accomplished what I purposed. I am surrounded by children who love me and whom I love."

Now, what would you say to that father? Why, you would say: "Your system of family government has not succeeded at all. It is the most barbarous and wicked thing that ever I heard of. Doubtless every child is under an obligation to obey its father; but, on the other hand, every father is under an equal obligation to do his utmost for the welfare of his children, following them through all their evil ways with loving reward in one hand and equally loving retribution in the other, and never despairing of their reformation. This plan of a single opportunity, a limited probation, is all wrong. You cannot thus easily lay aside the responsibilities of your fatherhood by shutting your bad children up where they will give you no further trouble, and then enjoying the society of your good ones."

The fact is that no one would approve of such a system, unless it were the children out in the orchard; and they would indorse it only because they did not dare to question its righteousness for fear that they also might be sent to the dungeon.

This parable is told as an illustration of the subject of divine retribution. As a fact no human father can be found bad enough to consign two-thirds of his children to hopeless misery for any cause whatever. What then shall we say of God? Is he more unjust and more cruel than the worst man? No system of ingenuity can avoid the conclusion that what is wrong in the human parent could not be right in the divine Father. To tell me that I, too, shall be sent to the dungeon if I question the justice of the decree which sends my brothers and sisters there, is an argument to my selfishness and cowardice, but not to my reason and conscience. When every possible apology has been made, the fact remains that the commonly accepted belief attributes to God precisely the kind of triumph over his disobedient children as the czar of Russia achieves over his rebellious subjects when he shuts them up in the Siberian mines. In fact, more reason and justice are displayed in the latter case than would be in the former; for the Siberian punishment has an end, and consists in the performance of useful labor, but the suffering endured in the eternal prison would be utterly wasted. If I believed that God was the author of such a decree, I should say that he was an evil deity; but, since I believe in his goodness, I cannot believe him guilty of such a purpose.

If God is not merely an omnipotent autocrat, but the loving Father alike of his good and his evil children, then his will must triumph, his purpose must be achieved, and his method of family government be justified, not by the annihilation or the perpetual imprisonment of the sinner, but by the annihilation of his sinfulness, the enlightenment of every darkened intelligence, the suppression of every evil impulse, and the development of every latent possibility for goodness in every soul, thus fitting it for an eternity of holiness and happiness. This is the only triumph worthy of a God. God triumphs only by changing his rebellious subjects into loving and dutiful children; and, since that is not accomplished even in the majority of cases by the imperfect discipline of this world, it must be achieved by the perfect education of the next. If not, then the God who rules the universe is not the loving Father whom Jesus revealed. J. F. THOMPSON.

Akron, Ohio.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

—*Faber.*

Whoever has a contented mind has all riches. To him whose foot is enclosed in a shoe is it not as though the earth was carpeted with leather? — *Hindu* (*Hitopadesa*).

NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE MANCHESTER MEETING.

The Fifth Triennial Conference of Unitarian and other non-subscribing churches of Great Britain was held in Manchester from April 10 to 13. Manchester is the centre of vigorous Unitarian churches. The pulse of life beats strongly and healthily in the Unitarian communities of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire. Religiously as well as commercially, Lancashire manifests the spirit of enterprise; and the Unitarians are no less animated by the spirit of progress than their orthodox neighbors. Their characteristic energy was manifest in the fulness and completeness of the arrangements for the conference. The delegates came from East and West, North and South, the contiguous districts naturally supplying a large contingent. They were accorded the heartiest public welcome on the afternoon of the first day. Mr. James R. Beard, one of the sturdiest and most earnest representatives of Unitarianism in Manchester, and an able exponent of it, a former president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and a brother of the late Rev. Charles Beard, spoke the words of welcome to the English delegates; and Rev. S. A. Steinthal gave a warm-hearted greeting to the foreign representatives.

Mr. Beard was happy in his description of the cosmopolitan character of Manchester. They had, he said, long welcomed French and German, Moor and Jew, Dane and Greek, to share in their busy city life. In their great Owen's College, now a university, they welcomed the intellectual fruits of every age and race. Now they were glad to welcome representatives of churches in other lands who, like themselves, sought without dogmatic pledges for truth wherever it might be found. Unhappily, but few of such representatives were present; but letters of sympathy had been received from several, amongst others from your Dr. Grindall Reynolds. Rev. C. Eliot won all our hearts by a response for the churches of the United States, breathing a rich spirit of brotherly kindness, and couched in graceful terms. Pastor Hocart of Brussels—always welcome on the platform of English Unitarians—gave an interesting account of his work, and of the general attitude of the Belgians, not by any means sympathetic, toward freedom of thought in religion.

The reception was followed by a Communion Service held in the historic Cross Street Chapel, the mother of many a valiant soldier in famous battles for civil and religious liberty, the originating source of many a movement for social and moral reforms, the scene for more than half a century of the ministry of Rev. William Gaskell, husband of the novelist. The service was conducted by Rev. S. A. Steinthal, who delivered an address of impressive spiritual power. The very large attendance appeared to prove that some recent appeals in the *Inquirer* for a change in the present kind of service had not lessened the attachment of those who value it to its existing character.

The conferences of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday it is impossible to adequately summarize; and, rather than serve up a mere skeleton, I will state my general impressions. In respect of numbers the conference equalled any of the previous gatherings, while in respect of the continuously large attendance at the successive diets it takes the first place. Forty years ago the *Times* solemnly announced that Unitarians in England, as a religious body, were dead. If that were so, I can only say that there has been a wonderful resurrection; and an army, certainly not small in numbers, not weak in militant power, not ill-clad with weapons, and assuredly more charged with life, courage, and hope than ever has arisen out of the valley of dry bones, and for the same reason as life came out of the ribs of death in Ezekiel's vision,—because the spirit of the Lord has blown upon them. Earnestness pervaded all the meetings. That there was a warmth within the heart was felt by all. Enthusiasm is gaining more play amongst us. We are becoming alive to our great responsibilities, conscious of the value of our principles and beliefs, impressed with their application to the theological and religious needs of the day. This consciousness is naturally accompanied with increasing fervor, with not less breadth of thought, but with deepened intensity of spirit.

Besides earnestness, another marked feature of the meetings was their religiousness. I do not mean frothy pietism, nor what Carlyle calls "religiosity," but a strong, healthy, and high-toned spirituality. The devotional services each morning were a real baptism of the spirit, moments of "visitation from the Most High God," and they gave the key-note for the day. Throughout the meetings the response to every declaration, and even hint or allusion, on the importance of emphasizing the affirmative and spiritual side of our faith was eager and emphatic. This was particularly marked when Rev. Frank Walters, in his powerful paper on "The Literature of our Free Churches," pleaded for books of devotion, as well as of theology and philosophy, to be produced by our poets, prophets, and saints. In the storm and stress of our modern life, in the hurry and worry of the exchange and the market-place and the street, there is more need than ever of silent hours of meditation wherein we may gather "the harvest of a quiet eye"; for where there is no vision the people perish. I hope that Mr. Walters's appeal may be met, and that we may obtain from our prophets books for which we have now to go to other sources,—books which will help us into the mount of high thought and spiritual vision.

The grand gathering in the Free Trade Hall, which fitly completed and crowned the proceedings of the conference, was a revival meeting of an inspiring and ennobling kind; and it is for that reason I mention it in this connection. It consisted of addresses by Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Rev. Messrs. W. Binns, T. W. Freckleton, and R. A. Armstrong, on various aspects of "Our Message to Freethinkers." Not many "Freethinkers" of the type it was hoped to attract—that is, secularists—were present. The major part of the vast audience consisted of our own friends; but the four addresses were a real revelation of the spirit. Wisely eschewing points of doubtful disputation, the speakers confined themselves to their deepest spiritual convictions, and their presentation of the realities of theistic faith was devotional and uplifting. One felt that some of these speakers were uttering personal experiences, speaking of a struggling, perplexing, troublous, hopeful, and aspiring life they had themselves known. For earnest seekers after the more reasonable thought of God, duty, life, religion, nothing better has come from our leading teachers for many a day than these four strong, spiritual, catholic addresses. I came away from the meetings by no means weakened in my conviction that our work in reforming theology, in restoring Christianity to the simplicity of Christ's own teaching, is still urgent, important, imperative, but at the same time strengthened in my conviction that there is growing up among us a real heart and soul need for a religion that shall quicken the spirit, and impress it with the sense of God and divine things. A pure, enlightened, rational theology? Yes; but along with it a religion that shall be spiritual nutrition for human nature's daily need, righteousness, peace, joy in a holy spirit.

Besides the earnestness and religiousness, another marked feature was the ardent interest in social problems. But a few years ago the discussion at our National Conference of such questions as wealth and poverty would have been equivalent to a charge of dynamite. So imperious have these and kindred questions become that a consideration of them is not only willingly but eagerly welcomed. Rev. Charles Hargrove read a paper on "The Churches and the Poor." He did not believe that churches could themselves organize the means of uplifting the struggling poor. Their proper function was to preach the word of righteousness, and, in reference to wealth, to emphasize the fact that wealth is a sore temptation and hindrance, that service is success, and that each should seek the good of all. These principles would revolutionize society; and revolution was certainly coming,—peacefully if Christ heads the movement, violently if the Church preaches peace when there is no peace. The discussion on this paper went off into generalities, chiefly on the socialistic assumption that wealth was never more callous and poverty never more dire, capital never more selfish and tyrannous, and labor never more oppressed than now. Rev. P. H. Wicksteed infused a high tone into the discussion by maintaining that a higher moral and spiritual life in rich and poor alike is necessary to human progress.

On "The Duty of our Churches to Tem-

perance" Rev. R. A. Armstrong made a powerful and impassioned plea for total abstinence. None who heard the paper could doubt that it came out of a full heart burdened with a sense of the misery and woe caused by drunkenness, out of an imperative and imperial conviction of duty. It was a paper charged with a prophet's consuming fire. Rev. W. Binns, from the side of temperance as distinguished from total abstinence, read a paper which was undoubtedly smart, clever, brilliant, rich with points of characteristic humor, and sparkling with sallies at the expense of total abstainers. Mr. Binns, who is sometimes the incarnation of the very spirit of mischief, succeeded in evoking loud laughter. But his levity of tone in the first part of his paper was totally unworthy of the gravity of the subject it discussed. He did not, however, confine himself to poking fun at total abstainers. When he came to soberness of mind,—for he had been drunk with the intoxication of his own tricksy spirit,—he strongly urged reforms in our licensing laws, commended the high license system adopted in some of our States, and the Gothenburg system advocated by Mr. Chamberlain. This is a policy for which there is not a little to be said, on which agreement between temperance men, total abstainers, and the best class of publicans should not be difficult of attainment, and in which, possibly, lies the most practicable, effective, and permanent solution of the problem of the drink traffic.

These papers were listened to with close attention, which sometimes broke out in a passion of enthusiasm. Besides these papers, Rev. Copeland Bowie, the able and energetic secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, read a paper on "Our Missionary Duties and Opportunities," and Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford on "Congregational Support and Independence." Perhaps the most important discussion to our own churches was one which I have left to mention last, though it came first in the order of proceedings. This was on the "Mutual Relations of our Colleges and Churches." Mr. H. Rawson, a cultured and influential layman of Manchester, who has made a special study of this subject, led off with a paper in which he advocated a learned ministry. He said that one-sixth of the present occupants of our pulpits were men without collegiate training. This he deplored, especially as other denominations are insisting on higher qualifications year by year. Why did not candidates come forward? Stipends were low, yet they were worse formerly, and other professions had corresponding difficulties. Manchester College and the Home Missionary College ought to be better supported by both funds and students. Short pastorates were undesirable, yet they were on the increase.

He deprecated, amid loud applause, the practice of advertising for ministerial candidates, and urged greater care in avoiding "preaching tramps." The colleges should send men who would feed the religious needs of the age, and not mere distributors of speculative doubt. Rev. L. P. Jacks, successor to Rev. Charles Beard in the pulpit of Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, and just about to become Dr. Crosskey's successor at Birmingham, opened the discussion with a speech which diverted attention from Mr. Rawson's paper, and directed the debate into another channel. He addressed himself to the curriculum of Manchester New College. His central point was that the college had been made to subserve the ideal of a free theological academy rather than an institution for the training of practical ministers. He contended that the stress should be reversed. This speech provoked an interesting discussion, in which Rev. Profs. Drummond and Carpenter, Dr. Brooke Herford, P. H. Wicksteed, C. J. Street, Dendy Agate, C. Hargrove, with Messrs. I. M. Wade, Grosvenor Talbot, Dr. Blake Odgers, and others, took part. The preponderance of opinion appeared to be in agreement with Mr. Jacks; and, among those "silent members" of the Conference who have been communicating their impressions of the meetings to the *Inquirer*, it is noteworthy that the Manchester College ministers support the contention of Mr. Jacks, and urged that the college should aim predominantly at training ministers for our churches. This discussion is a seed that will grow, and doubtless bear fruit in the future curriculum of the college.

Now, whatever other good these conferences promote, they promote the one grand end of tending to unity of spirit, concentration of our forces, cohesion of movement.

Out of them, I believe, will come, just now, that combination which we have long sought, and sought in vain,—the combination of our traditional freedom with effective organization. While among our individual churches there are signs of activity and life, these conferences are hopeful signs with regard to our aggregate denominational life. It used to be said that our churches were but a rope of sand; and many a disparaging contrast was drawn between our want of organization and the well-drilled union of more popular churches. It seemed to be a question of liberty *versus* strength, and men doubted if we had not bought our freedom too dear. It is so no longer. We are working out the problem how to keep free and yet be united and strong. It is not a problem that can be wrought to its practical solution in a day; but we are gradually finding out how, from the attractive power of common sympathies, we may weave ties of fellowship and co-operation, if not as stringent as those of ecclesiastical government and discipline, yet more elastic.

S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

London.

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of the Unitarian: —

Many readers of the *Christian Register* must have read with deep regret the proposed revision of the Constitution of The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches. The regret is, doubtless, equalled by the surprise which it elicited. To such readers the protests of Rev. Mr. Cuckson and others are welcome. They are, I trust, an earnest of numerous voices of dissent among our ministers and churches.

Probably no one believes that the Unitarian Church would repudiate its Christian name,—a name the claim to which it has always stoutly defended against the denial, by other churches, of our right to it. Why, then, should it be stricken from the Constitution of the Conference composed of delegates from Unitarian churches? That Unitarians, Trinitarians, Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Agnostics can consistently work in unison for temperance, peace, and other philanthropic enterprises, no one denies; but they cannot unite in the propagation of each other's distinctive beliefs.

What is the religion of Unitarians? Is it not the Christian religion? Do we not sometimes claim that it is pure Christianity, divested of metaphysical dogmas hard to be understood? Earnest opposition has been aroused by proposals to change the name of Unitarian,—a name honored by venerable and dear associations. Is not the name of Christian more venerable, more sacred, far dearer to us? If we are disciples of Christ, though some other churches deny our claim, how can a conference representing in any degree the Unitarian Church consistently repudiate the name of Christian? If it be not a Christian body, what is it?

What is the purpose of this movement, and whither does it tend? Its expressed purpose is to extend the limits of the Conference to "delegates from any church or other affiliated organization." In this connection the word "affiliated" is somewhat vague. In what degree, for what purpose, affiliated? Catholicity is a gracious element in ecclesiastical bodies until it leads to the sacrifice of their vital principles, and thus effaces their essential character. Is not an invitation to our fellowship extended to "all who wish to be disciples of Jesus" sufficiently catholic?

Will the next step in revision be the elimination of the phrase, "kingdom of God," in order to satisfy some of the Western Conference, who think that too narrow and exclusive? If the National Conference chooses to re-establish itself upon a new basis, and announce itself as a body organized for general philanthropic work, no religious name or profession should be expected of it; but, if it represents the Unitarian church, surely, it should not repudiate the name which that Church claims for itself, and for which its saints and martyrs have made a good confession.

MARY GREW.

Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

Where is God?

The parish priest
Of austerity
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God,
So that he might hand
His word down to the people.

And in sermon script
He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven;
And he dropped it down
On the people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

In age God said,
"Come down and die."
And he cried out from the steeple,
"Where art thou, Lord?"
And the Lord replied,
"Down here among my people."

MONDAY.

The Blessing of Service.

New blessings every morning,
New blessings still at eve,
Our lives with goodness crowning,
We, as Thy gift, receive.
As are the stars in number,
As are the seashore sands,
So many are the bounties
Still flowing from Thy hands.

But of Thy gifts the sweetest,
The dearest, is that we,
Our selfish needs forgetting,
May work and give like Thee.
The world and all its sorrows
Our hearts, like Thine, can feel;
And we, as Thy coworkers,
Can teach and lift and heal.

Then to this holy mission
We pledge ourselves anew:
We give our minds to seeking,
Our hearts to love, the true.
And, grateful for Thy goodness,
We join with Thee to bring
The day when, as in heaven,
Thou on the earth art King.

—*M. J. Savage.*

TUESDAY.

To Pray is Right.

Be not afraid to pray. To pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope, but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay.
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see.
Pray to be perfect, though the material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But, if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to take that wish away.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

WEDNESDAY.

Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which tossed
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
The power to see the way, and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest was past?

There is no little and there is no much:
We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch,
Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold:
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath;
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or death.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

THURSDAY.

Doubt.

Then fiercely we dig the fountain,
Oh! whence do the waters rise?
Then, panting, we climb the mountain,
Oh! are there, indeed, blue skies?
And we dig till the soul is weary,
Nor find the waters out.
And we climb till all is dreary,
And still the sky is doubt.

Search not the roots of the fountain,
But drink the water bright;
Gaze far above the mountain,
The sky may speak in light.
But if yet thou see no beauty,
If in doubt thy heart yet cries,
With thy hands go and do thy duty,
And thy work will clear thine eyes.

—*George MacDonald.*

FRIDAY.

To Truth.

Descend, thou angel of the flaming sword,
And here, upon the noisy battlefield
Of creeds, make known thy presence and thy shield
Whereon is writ the message of the Lord!
Thou shining one, amidst the helpless horde
Of those who grope in doubt's dark regions, wield
Thy gleaming weapon till the shadows yield,
That all may see and worship in accord!

Strike from the slave of ignorance his chain,
And from the eyes of superstition tear
The blinding fillet and reveal the light!
Thou messenger of God, descend, and reign
Upon the earth, and set his standards there,—
Torches to guide his children in the night!

SATURDAY.

Love Deeper than All.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so rare,
But the *love* that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the *heart* of the deed so fair.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The proposed revision of the Constitution of the National Conference has aroused a good deal of discussion. This is well; for the matter is one of considerable importance, and should be acted upon only with careful deliberation. A meeting of all interested has been called to meet in Channing Hall, Boston, Tuesday, May 29, 4 P.M., for the purpose of freely discussing the situation. It is to be hoped that some satisfactory solution of the problem will be developed from the deliberations of this or succeeding meetings. We would suggest that such solution can be reached, not by any vocabulary skirmish and changing of phrases, but simply by dropping the bone of contention. This can be done by eliminating all preamble and preface from the constitution, and adopting the common name of "The National Unitarian Conference" with the necessary articles for the conduct of the affairs of the Conference.

At last our Japanese Mission is comfortably and adequately housed. Japanese papers bring us accounts of the impressive dedication of the new Unity Hall in Tokyo, which has been in process of erection for a year past, and which will now be the home of all our missionary activities. The building is excellently located in the city, and is pleasing in its architectural appearance. It is two stories in height. On the first floor are a large reception-room, an office for the secretary of the Unitarian Association, a room for the use of the students of the Theological School, a room for the professors, an office for the Unitarian magazine and the Post-office Mission work, and a large fireproof library and reading-room. Upstairs, reached by a wide, well-lighted stairway, are five lecture-rooms for the use of the Theological School, and a large assembly hall seating nearly four hundred, which will be used for commencement exercises, lectures, and church services. At the dedication there was present a company of invited guests that filled the hall to its utmost capacity, among the number being the American minister. Besides the devotional exercises and music on the organ, there were four addresses in the Japanese language, by men of influence in educational and religious circles in Tokyo, who are friends of our cause, and an address in English by Prof. Clay MacCauley. Mr. MacCauley's address was a clear and impressive statement of the principles which underlie the free, rational, progressive Christian movement which he represents. It closed by dedicating the building to "Truth in Religion, to Righteousness in Morality, and to Peace in Social Order," and by consecrating it "to the service of the people of Japan."

As was to be expected, our Unitarian missionary work in Japan has not escaped criticism. Among the many charges made against it in different quarters, perhaps the most prominent have been these two: first, that it has attracted very little attention and is producing very little effect; and, second, that it has virtually abandoned the Christian position, and is really playing into the hands of the Buddhists. A very complete answer to both these charges comes to us from a Buddhist magazine published in Japan, quoted in the *Pacific Unitarian.* Says the organ of Buddhism:—

"Christianity and Materialism are the enemies of Buddhism; but Unitarianism is most to be feared, because, while it is near to Buddhism in objecting to Christ's deity and in its sympathy with the idea of evolution in humanity, it is still but Christianity colored by science. It is well suited to the intelligent, but it is yet a pioneer for the importation of Christianity. Unitarianism shines before human eyes; it has the spirit of Christianity; its humanities and scientific character commend it to men. It will

doubtless become the religion of many people in our country. Some among us say that, unless such beliefs as those of Unitarianism become prevalent, the glory of future Japan is not to be hoped for. The tolerance of Unitarians, as compared with other Christians, makes their faith dangerous. Some of our people incline to this faith because Unitarians do not make war upon them. And some of us hold to our faith merely out of pride in it as a legacy from the past. It is not many years since Unitarianism came to Japan; but already orthodox Christianity fears it, and now it has begun to encroach upon the Buddhistic field, as we may see in the alliance of Mr. Saji with it, and in its influence upon others wandering from our fold. Our priests are becoming faithless to their duty. They reject the progressive thinkers of our own faith who appear among us. This is the Unitarian opportunity. Many progressive Buddhists will enter the Unitarian Church. Is not this cause for sorrow? Look, ye priests, at what is going on around you. The thing to be feared is Unitarianism. Why cannot Buddhists find some way to spot Unitarian advance?"

Seldom has there been a more notable Unitarian gathering than the Fifth Triennial Meeting of the Conference of Unitarian, Non-subscribing, and Other Free Christian Churches of Great Britain, recently held in Manchester, a very full and interesting report of which we give in our present issue. It was one of the largest Unitarian conventions ever held in England, as it was one of the most earnest, hopeful, and forward-looking in spirit. Everything seems to indicate that our cause in England was never more prosperous, united, or vigorously alive than it is to-day. Read Mr. Williams's report if you would feel the spirit of our English brethren, who under discouragements far heavier than any we know in this country, and in the midst of conditions in nearly every way less favorable, are holding aloft the banner of our common faith with a devotion and a courage that may well stimulate, if it does not shame, us in America.

We are in receipt of a communication from Rev. Ransom A. Greene of Lowell, Mass., calling attention to what he regards as an unfortunate omission in the excellent article of Rev. Charles E. Perkins in our last issue, on "Unitarianism and Universalism." Mr. Perkins claims an ancient origin for Unitarianism, but does not make a similar claim for its sister faith. This is doubtless merely an omission, easily explainable by the limited scope of the article, which permitted only a few things to be said about either one of the faiths discussed. But we are glad to have Mr. Greene call attention to the fact, too little known, that Universalism is not a new doctrine in the world, or in connection with Christianity. "Universalism," he writes, "was prominently taught long before the Arian controversy. Both Clement of Alexandria and his celebrated pupil Origen antedated Arius by nearly a century, and I am not aware that any competent students of church history deny that they were Universalists." There are many evidences that the doctrine of "eternal hope," or a probation after death, was widely held in the early Church, and in many places at least was not regarded as heresy. Mr. Greene quotes this interesting passage from Ballou's "Ancient History of Universalism," regarding the condition of things in the Church at the beginning of the third century: "It appears that, of the orthodox Christians, some believed the eventual salvation of mankind after a future punishment of the wicked, while others held the doctrine of endless misery. This diversity of opinion, however, occasioned no divisions, no controversies, no contentions among them; and both sentiments existed together in the Church without reproach." This condition of things, however, did not last. As the creeds of the fourth and fifth centuries came into more general acceptance, as "orthodoxy" grew harder, narrower, and better defined, and as the Church came under the dominance of an ecclesiastical hierarchy with its head in imperial Rome, the early Universalism, as well as the early Unitarianism, of Christianity fell under ban as heresy, and little by little passed away. And yet there never has been a time, even in the midst of the "dark ages," when there have been wanting rare souls, with clearer vision and larger sympathies than their fellows, who have clung to the early Universalistic, or to the early

Unitarian, thought. It is not without reason, therefore, that our Universalist brethren claim for their movement to-day that it is, in a measure at least, a return to early Christianity.

By the death of Rev. Edgar Buckingham of Deerfield, Mass., on April 30, there was removed from our ministerial circle, not only one of the oldest of its members, but one of the choicest of its spirits. His life and work had been so quiet that he was less widely known than many a younger man of far inferior qualities, and of far less enduring service to the world. He had passed his eighty-first birthday. He was a graduate of Harvard College and Divinity School, having as classmates in the former (class of 1831) the historian Motley, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips. He held pastorates in Dover, N.H., Trenton, N.Y., and Troy, N.Y., besides his last pastorate, that at Deerfield, which extended over a full quarter-century. He was never what would be called a popular preacher, but his sermons were always valuable in thought and of a remarkably high spiritual quality. He wrote a good deal for periodicals, especially the religious papers and magazines of his own religious body. As a writer, he was fresh and interesting, abounding in quaint, apt, and suggestive expressions which arrested the attention and were not easily forgotten. He was a loving and tireless pastor, and bound his people to him with bonds of affection that nothing could sever. He lived close to nature, studying all her moods, noting all her ways, finding in her constant companionship and delight. The flowers of his garden were to him almost as children. He was always greatly interested in education. Every genuine social, political, or moral reform was sure to find in him an earnest and valuable though quiet helper. He was modest and shrinking in his nature to a degree that was sometimes almost painful, and yet few men were ever morally braver when it came to the matter of saying the word that ought to be said or doing the act that ought to be done. He was almost perfectly unselfish, living always not for himself, but for others. His gentle and beautiful life was a silent inspiration to all who knew him: his memory will be held sacred by hundreds.

As we go to press, another heresy trial confronts the Presbyterian Church. It is yet too early to predict how long it will last or what will be its outcome. The accused, Prof. Henry Preserved Smith, late of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, is a warm friend of Dr. Briggs; and the questions involved are essentially the same as those of the Briggs trial. The case may be quickly disposed of or it may be protracted through a long and severe contest. It will be remembered that hardly was the Briggs trial over before the condemned professor issued a call through the New York *Evangelist* to the liberal Presbyterians of the United States to rally for the defence of his friend, Dr. H. P. Smith, and thus "use every lawful method to undo the damage which has been done to the fair fame of Presbyterianism." "Let no one leave the ranks," he urged, "let no one flinch from the struggle. Let the bugle sound from ocean to ocean, from the gulf to the great lakes, a call to arms of every man who loves the Presbyterian Church." That Dr. Briggs has a considerable following is plain. This came out clearly in connection with his trial; but, whether that following is sufficiently strong to insure the acquittal of Prof. Smith, those who best know the character of the General Assembly now convened at Saratoga are much disposed to question.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The New York Unitarian Sunday School Union is one of the latest proofs of increased interest in Sunday-school work. It has held successful meetings through the winter. At one of the sessions a paper was read by Mr. Thomas W. Butts of Unity Church, Brooklyn. The Union voted to have it printed. It is now issued in tasteful pamphlet form for free distribution. The title is "Religious Education: How shall the Child be taught Religion, and Who shall teach him?" The essay is very systematic, and offers an outline of a graded system. It commends the manuals and lesson leaflets of the Unitarian Sunday School Society for the use of pupils. As the directions are somewhat elaborate, it is far better for those who are interested to read the pamphlet itself, so we will not undertake to give a synopsis. Copies can be obtained of

the New York Unitarian headquarters, or from the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Another significant pamphlet, though on more general lines than the above, is "The Problem of Childhood," a sermon by Rev. John Cuckson of the Arlington Street Church, Boston. This so impressed Mr. Cuckson's congregation, when delivered, that it was requested for publication and free distribution. Copies can be had of the Post-office Mission, Arlington Street Church, Boston. The discourse traverses the fundamental principles which ought to govern parent and teacher in the handling of young life. It contains several important key-notes.

The sixty-seventh anniversary of the Unitarian Sunday School Society brings forward the following talent: Rev. Augustus M. Lord, subject, "The Place and Influence of Personal Character in Sunday-school Instruction"; Rev. William H. Lyon, subject, "What are the Chief Inspirations to Faithfulness in Sunday-school Teaching?" Miss Lucy Wheelock, subject, "When I was a Child"; Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, subject, "How can the Sunday-school re-enforce the Public School?" Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, subject, "Teaching about God." These meetings at King's Chapel on Thursdays of Anniversary Week have become exceedingly popular and equally helpful.

A visit to one of our Sunday-schools, where the sixty-sixth anniversary of its existence was held, led me to think again of the value such occasions possess. There ought to be a wider recognition in our Sunday-schools of such an event. It leads the scholars to consider what the past history means, to esteem more highly the services of the teacher, and also to redouble loyalty. It is an opportunity for the teachers to look back, in order that they may look forward with more hope. That is to say, it is only by looking across quite a stretch of time that one really beholds certain gains and satisfactory results in Sunday-school instruction.

So far as my observation goes, there is not enough attention paid in our Unitarian Sunday-schools to reviewing. There are two great gains when judicious reviews are maintained as a regular habit. First, the facts and information that ought to be retained are brought up and more vividly impressed on the memory. And, second, there is an opportunity offered in the review to get the right proportion, bringing to the front that which is essential, and leaving out that which is secondary. In the hurried teaching of every Sunday this cannot be done. By all means this feature should be developed more if we would deposit in the children's mind that which is to stay and also that which is worth keeping.

There is a grave error on the part of many of our parents, and occasionally with our ministry, in assuming that children do not care for association and the transactions growing out of it. It is often said, "The children have all these things at home," or "These children can have much better plans made for them in every-day life," the result being that the Sunday-school is considered as no place for incorporating little usages, kindly ways, and commemorative events. All this is greatly a mistake. Children like to do things together. The child of richest surroundings is glad to get a pot plant on Easter or to share in some common joy at Christmas. The ordinary attachments of the Sunday-school are of more importance than the adult imagines. In other words, it is because they are doing these things as a school that creates the attraction.

This last thought leads me to the central cause of half our failure in Sunday-school affairs. People wonder why the Sunday-school does not prosper more. The answer, so far as our denomination is concerned, might readily be, Because there is not enough faith in it, not enough dignity given to it, not enough belief in its expanding possibilities. There is more gold and less dross in it than the average judgment decides. Imperfect it is, inadequate frequently it is, in part desultory it no doubt is; but, after all, it is an organization capable of meeting certain wants and fulfilling certain needs not otherwise met. The first thing to do in order to improve our Sunday-schools is to let in the tide of earnest faith. The next thing is to let in the tide of aroused educational methods now coursing through every channel of public thought.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

CHOICE OF AMUSEMENTS.

Read before the Guild of Medfield, Mass., by Mrs. A. A. Bishop.

The word "amúse" means to divert, to entertain, to please. Amid the rush and toil of this busy world some diversion from the dull round of every-day work is necessary for the well-being of all people, both old and young. Therefore, amusements must have their proper place, and come in for a certain share of attention.

Wholesome amusement, properly indulged in, benefits us in more ways than one. Our spirits are made lighter, our tired nerves receive the needed rest and relaxation, and we return to our tasks with renewed zeal

and greater courage. Why? Because our minds, intent on certain trains of thought, have been diverted from their accustomed channel, or our bodies wearied with physical labor have for the time dropped their burdens, and we have entered heartily into the pleasure of the hour.

Both mentally and physically we are reanimated and made able thereby to do better work, for our tasks no longer seem dull and irksome.

Some people are so constituted that they require, or at least they feel that to their happiness a large share of amusement is necessary. These people are sometimes inclined to carry their amusements to excess; while, on the other hand, there are many who are so absorbed in thought or in the toil which constitutes their life-work that they never stop to give place to any amusement. These are two extremes; but with either class life soon becomes a dull round, and in either case it seems an abuse of time.

If we take up any of the newspapers published to-day, we shall see several columns devoted to the advertising of a great variety of amusements suited to every taste. And, when we choose our diversions, we are each influenced by our individual taste or temperament.

One cannot always feel it a pleasure to participate in an amusement that some other person may think highly enjoyable.

Our tastes differ; and we must be governed in a measure by them in choosing our amusements, as in other matters. At the same time a great deal can be done by cultivation. Our tastes can be elevated, and we can learn to enjoy amusements that are truly good. And then, again, we should consider that an amusement which may be pleasing or beneficial to one may be harmful or annoying in its effect on another.

For ourselves, we should indulge in no fun or amusement which will lower our moral standard. Some forms of amusement, continually indulged in, weaken us morally, which, if occasionally enjoyed, furnish the needed relaxation.

And in all amusements, as in everything else, excess should be avoided. It is in the excess of anything that the great harm lies. But, if our diversions are properly timed, we shall not lose sight of the duties which fall to the share of each one of us, and which should not be neglected or overlooked simply for pleasure.

The following is a quotation from a sermon on "Amusements" recently given in a Boston pulpit: —

"There can be no laws governing the moral side of this question. Each one must make them for himself, and it is in the making of these laws that the soul lives or sinks into self-indulgence. Every one should stand on his own feet. Cultivate moral courage to govern yourself."

The Committee on Guild Manual has had several meetings, and hopes during the summer to collect a number of services, each one to embody a particular idea. It is the purpose of the committee to have a compact, inexpensive book, and yet serviceable for all young people's religious meetings. It is also within the plan to have hymns with music. But the cost must be kept in view, and will limit the scope of the book.

The Guild for Christian Culture in Neponset, Mass., observed the seventy-second birthday of Dr. Edward Everett Hale with appropriate exercises, using the service prepared by the Unitarian Temperance Society. Addresses were made briefly touching upon his career as preacher, author, reformer, etc. The largest meeting of the season is reported.

The president of the Alliance visited the society in Newton, Mass., and gave an address on "Consecration and Success." The secretary reports a list of subjects that have been presented, among which we cite the following: "The Good Seed," "Apostles of Jesus," "The Rising Generation," "Phillips Brooks and his Work," "The Present Conception of the Kingdom of God," "Ye are the Temples of the Living God," "I am come that ye might have Life," "The Whole is the Sum of all its Parts." The treatment has been so good that the secretary wonders why more people do not attend the meetings. By another year a fresh start is hoped for.

The Guild of the Good Shepherd of Pittsfield, Mass., reports a membership of thirty-two, and twenty-nine meetings held. Seven sociables and one reception have been given. At the beginning of the year Mr. Lyon's book, "A Study of the Sects," was used; and out of this soon grew the plan of having public meetings in which each denomination could be represented by a minister or member of it. Thirteen of such meetings have occurred, running from January 9 to April 10, all having been largely attended. From collections some money was realized for the church after the expenses were met, and a balance still remained for the guild.

The Channing Club at its last meeting, April 23, gave the evening to the discussion of the subject of "Young People's Organizations in the Church." The cause of "Guilds" was presented by the president of the Alliance, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. George Gordon, D.D., and Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., discussing various phases of the general subject.

We have on hand a guild paper by Miss Mabel V. Brown. We should like to have the name of the guild to which she belongs before the publication of the paper.

The annual business meeting of the National Guild Alliance will be held on Wednesday, May 30, at 2 P.M., in Room 11, American Unitarian Association Building, Boston. Reports of committees will be given. Election of officers will occur. All guilds will please to send minister and two delegates to transact business. Also bear in mind the next notice, and send large delegations.

The annual public meeting of the National Guild Alliance will be held in Channing Hall at 3 P.M., same day. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will preside. Addresses will be given by Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Miss Kate L. Brown, Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D., and Rev. E. A. Horton. B. R. BULKELEY.

UNITY CLUBS.

The Unity Club of Newport took for its main study topic during the winter "Race Influence on American Civilization." The races considered were the Spanish, Dutch, French, English, Negro, Celtic, and Teutonic. The papers were limited to a half-hour in length; and on the same evenings other and more miscellaneous subjects were considered, including "Caricature and Caricaturists," "Influence of Art on Human Life," "Social Standards," and "National Humor." The club also gave one evening to a lecture on "The Origin and Meaning of Personal Names," by Rev. George W. Cutter, and several evenings to social and entertainment interests.

The Unity Club of Geneva, Ill., has held its meetings in the Unitarian parsonage on every Tuesday evening from November 14 to May 29. It has followed three courses of study, one with "Romola," one with "Ivanhoe," and one with Social Science. In the study of "Romola" attention has been given to Florence and its art, Savonarola, and George Eliot's relations to Christianity. Some special topics in connection with "Ivanhoe" have been the Age of Chivalry, the Jews in the Middle Ages and in fiction, the Church and social manners in the Middle Ages. The Social Science section has taken up the following outline of historic study: What is Social Science? Primitive Society; Marriage and the Home; The City; Communistic Phases of the Ancient Religions; Man's Ownership of Man; The Feudal System; Man's Equality with Man; The English Constitution; The Church as a Factor in Social Evolution; Puritanism and Democracy; French Social Theorists, Rousseau, Fourier, Comte; German Social Theorists, Marx, Lassalle; English Social Theorists, Mill, Toynbee, Spencer; Modern Theories; Single Tax; Nationalism; Anarchism; Social Science and Modern Industrial Problems. Of this club the minister, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, is the president.

The literary class of the Unity Club of Lynn, Mass., has devoted seven evenings to the study of Colonial Massachusetts. Its programme is a model for all other clubs, for skill of arrangement, fulness of references, and stimulating suggestiveness. The special topics considered are discoveries and settlements, first-hand accounts, the government of the colonies, conflicts, education, society, religious belief, and persecution. On the evening devoted to first-hand accounts attention was given to Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers" and "Chronicles of First Planters of Massachusetts Colony," Winthrop and his writings, and Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana." The evening given to education considered the ministers, the early books, Harvard College, and the education of the Indians. The ministers taken up were Brewster, Cotton, Shepard, Higginson, and Wheelwright; and there were studies in the books of Young, Shepard, Adams, Felt, and T. W. Higginson. Among the early books considered were those of Morton, Lechford, Johnson, the Bay Psalm Book, and Dunton's Letters. The whole outline is full of attraction and promise.

The Unity Club of Westboro, Mass., announces its objects as follows on its printed programme: "The Unity Club is a factor in the church's life and usefulness. It supplements the other activities of the church. Its object is to promote religious growth. For this purpose it aims to do good to the community in helpful ways of philanthropic activity, to bring its members into closer sympathy and fellowship and give direction to their social recreations, and to realize the sacredness of all truth by doing for literature, science, ethics, history, biography, and art what the Sunday-school does for the Bible." This club has devoted seven evenings to the several forms of literature, including poetry, the drama, the essay, and fiction. Its programme has also included several dramatic and musical entertainments. GEORGE W. COOKE.

God is not a being existing apart from the universe. He is expressed in the universe, which is his living garment.—*Spinoza.*

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Every one who has been watching the so-called "South Carolina experiment" will take note of the fact that the Supreme Court of the State has at last pronounced the "Dispensary Law" unconstitutional. Supreme courts, unfortunately, are sometimes involved in party politics; and this decision of the South Carolina court must probably be interpreted in the light of the bitter conflict in that State between the adherents of the farmer party, or Tillmanites, and the more aristocratic Democrats of the towns. It is thought quite possible that by a change in the judges the present decision may be reversed. Meanwhile we have another lesson of the grave difficulty of enacting laws in advance of public opinion or of making laws at the instance of one section against the will of another section. The world has slowly learned that religion cannot be wisely enforced by law. The world seems not yet to have learned that nothing is to be gained in morals by forcing the conscience of the minority.

Iowa is making a change in her liquor legislation, which is a virtual repeal of the prohibitory law in favor of local option. The fact is that the law was not wanted in the larger towns, and it could not be enforced where men did not really believe in it. The abandonment of the prohibitory law does not therefore mean a real retrogression in the temperance movement. It is a pity that the Iowa people do not seem yet to have heard of the Norwegian system.

The Liquor Committee of the Massachusetts legislature had such confidence in its own wisdom as to try to throw out the proposed Norwegian Bill. It looks now as if the people would demand the new legislation. Tracts and illustrative papers and a "catechism" have been prepared; and wherever the public attention has been secured immense interest and enthusiasm have been roused. Meanwhile the friends of the bill have made certain slight changes to remove possible objections of earnest temperance people. The chief difficulty in certain minds was lest no-license towns should be swept over to the adoption of the Norwegian system. It is now agreed that this system can only be used in places where the vote has gone for "license" for *two successive years.* This provision seems to render it impossible for a no-license town or city to go over to the Norwegian plan of license. Whose interest would it be to change the vote of such a city? Not the interest of the liquor-dealers, surely! And, unless the law utterly failed of enforcement, the friends of law and order would scarcely exert themselves to change the no-license vote. Full information can be had of the Norwegian system by sending to J. G. Thorp, Jr., Esq., Fiske Building, Boston.

C. F. DOLE.

LITERARY NOTES.

A committee of persons connected with the Meadville Theological School, with Prof. Christie at its head, announce a new bi-monthly publication, called the "Meadville Portfolio," which is to make its appearance about the middle of June. It will contain articles from students, graduates, professors, and others, reports of the current history of the school and alumni, and letters from the Harvard Divinity School and from Manchester College, Oxford. It will contain twelve pages, double column, magazine size. Its price will be one dollar a year, or twenty cents per single number.

A new book by Rev. John W. Chadwick will be issued soon, entitled "Old and New Unitarian Belief." It will contain seven chapters, treating of the subjects God, Man, the Bible, Christianity, Jesus, the Future Life, the Great Salvation, together with a general Introduction and a closing Summary. Price $1.20. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, publisher.

A new book is soon to appear from Count L. N. Tolstoï, treating of, or at least based upon, the late Franco-Russian fêtes at Paris and Toulon, and setting forth the writer's views as to the incompatibility of Christianity with what is usually called patriotism.

The *Christian Register* of Boston is publishing an extended series of unusually able, graphic, and interesting letters from Rev. Francis Tiffany, describing his visits to Japan, China, India, and Egypt. We presume Palestine and perhaps some of the countries of Europe are to follow. It is rarely that these Oriental lands have a more intelligent visitor, and more rarely still that they have one gifted with so keen eyes to see and so gifted a pen to describe their peoples, their customs, their woes, and their wonders.

Lovers of Longfellow (H. W.) will be glad to know that a new and complete edition of his poems has recently been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in one volume. The type and paper are excellent. Many of the poems are prefaced with notes giving the date and circumstances of their composition. There is a short but carefully prepared life of the poet, and full indexes to the poems. The price is $2.00. Now will not the same publishers give us as good a popular edition of Whittier's poems,—a great need?

Subscribers to the *Unitarian* who do not care to preserve their numbers for binding or other purpose are requested to send them regularly to Rev. John S. Brown,

Lawrence, Kan., for missionary use. But will they not send him postage, also, for remailing the numbers (12 cents a year), as he does his large Post-office Mission work as a labor of love, and does not have means of his own to pay his heavy postage bills?

We announced last month the programme of the Plymouth Summer School of Applied Ethics, in one of its departments; namely, that of economics. In the department of ethics the general subject will be "Ethics and the Labor Question," with thirty lectures, by Prof. Felix Adler of New York, Prof. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, Mr. William Salter of Philadelphia, Prof. MacAllister of Philadelphia, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence, Rev. R. A. Holland of St. Louis, and Dr. Stanton Coit of London.

In the department of "History of Religions" the general subject will be "The Church and the Labor Question," with thirty lectures, by Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard, Prof. H. S. Nash of the Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, Prof. W. J. Ashley of Harvard, and Rev. J. G. Brooks of Cambridge. There will also be several Sunday afternoon lectures by distinguished men.

"Religion and Modern Thought," and other essays, by T. W. Freckleton, J. Frederick Smith, Walter Lloyd, Brooke Herford, and others. London: Philip Green.—These papers appeared at intervals last year in pamphlet form, under the name of "Theological Essays." Now they are published in a neat volume of two hundred pages. Price, two shillings and sixpence. Besides the subject of religion and modern thought, they discuss Gains to the Bible from Modern Criticism, Miracles in the Old and New Testament, The Problem of Evil, Channing and his Work, Theodore Parker and his Work, Punishment of Sin: Is it Eternal? and Authority in Religious Belief. These papers are, without an exception, strong.

"Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley." By Rowland E. Prothero. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Mrs. Oliver's Memoir of Stanley, which was published ten years ago and ran through several editions, was a most excellent survey of the work, life, and teachings of the "beloved Dean," and has, to a great extent, satisfied the public interest. The present volumes, however, though not published till thirteen years after the death of Dean Stanley, form a splendid and worthy memorial of his noble life. They leave really nothing to be desired, impartially, clearly, and most thoroughly relating the details of all the battles, efforts, and victories of one who was "almost always at the head of a forlorn hope."

Announcement is made that the sermons of Edward Everett Hale delivered at the South Congregational Church, Boston, and published in the *Commonwealth*, are issued separately in convenient tract form, and may be obtained from the Commonwealth Publishing Company at 3 cents per single copy or $2 per hundred.

"The Ideal of Humanity." By John Stuart Blackie. New York: Fleming Revell Company.—It is a far cry from the title to the contents of this book. Associating the name of the author with originality, vigor, and insight, we should expect stirring things from him on "The Ideal of Humanity"; but there is no treatment of the subject in this volume, no preface, introduction, or note to tell why not,—simply six essays, disconnected entirely, on such subjects as "Wisdom," "David," "Women," "Scottish Covenanters." One feels rather disturbed, but the interest of the individual essays is so good that the reader is likely to peruse the volume before he speculates on the "Ideal of Humanity."

"Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions." By G. Matheson, D.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.—We often hear inquiries for something more recent than Clarke's "Ten Great Religions." For a philosophical comparison of the underlying principles of the great race religions, without the detail, quotations, references, and statistics of Dr. Clarke's work, this new volume from Dr. Matheson of Edinburgh meets a very wide-spread demand. The whole spirit, tone, method of treatment, is sympathetic, genial, and calm. The design is to give generalized results. It is as though one asked, after admitting the slow growth under varying climatic and other conditions of the great religions, "To what end?" "What is the distinctive message?" Dr. Matheson aims at a candid, philosophical reply, concluding with a declaration of the all-embracingness of Christianity.

"Courage and Cheer." By Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D. American Unitarian Association, Boston.—The title of this volume gives the true flavor of the whole. Here are twenty-two short, strong, nervy sermons, brimful of the glowing courage of a full and fearless faith, and certain to create strong currents of good cheer in every reader's heart. Dr. Herford has never before allowed a volume of his sermons to be published. We wonder why, for these have the very qualities of popularity and permanence. They seem to lack nothing save the one impossible thing,—the presence, the imposing, enforcing, persuading presence of the man himself. To those, however, who

have heard some of these sermons in the delivery, the very tones and emphasis of many of the boldly uttered sentences will return in memory, while the sermons alone, even to those who never heard or met Dr. Herford, are grandly good and ample in themselves. They are ripe, the mature, nurtured product of an experienced life. We should say they were not either speculative, philosophic, polemic, poetic, nor literary sermons in any inclusive sense, but were practical, being more truly "straight" sermons even than those of Dr. Van Dyke. We find in them the undoubting vision of the message-bearer, the design and blocking out power of the architect or sculptor, the warm, flowing, sympathetic heart-impulse of the lover of humanity. We hope, indeed, for a very wide distribution of these ripened sheaves of courage and of cheer.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN BOSTON.

Owing to the lateness of Anniversary Week this year, we go to press before the meetings have begun. We give below the fullest announcements which can now be made of the many opportunities of a devotional, intellectual, and social nature, which will be offered during the week:—

King's Chapel.—Devotional services will be held each morning during Anniversary Week at 8.30.

Ministerial Union in Channing Hall, Monday, May 28, 10.30. Address by Rev. T. R. Slicer upon "The Moral Value of Optimism." Annual meeting, with address and election of officers.

The Boston Association of Ministers will give a reception to all visiting brethren in the parlors of the Church of the Unity (Pembroke Street entrance) Monday, May 28, 4 P.M. Rev. C. F. Dole will read a paper on "The Service of Worship and the Service of Thought." The hospitalities of this occasion are provided by Rev. M. J. Savage and Dr. E. E. Hale. Supper at 6. Howard N. Brown, Moderator. Charles G. Ames, Scribe.

The American Unitarian Association will hold its sixty-ninth anniversary at Music Hall on Tuesday, May 29, at which business will be transacted and subjects of great practical interest will be presented. There will be three sessions,—in the morning at 9.30 o'clock, in the afternoon at 2.30, and in the evening at 7.30. The delegate and life members will occupy, at the morning and afternoon sessions, the seats in the body of the hall, and will be admitted by tickets sent them for that purpose. Should any fail to receive such, they can be had on application to the Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. To transact the business of the Association, it is necessary that the body of the hall should be reserved for members. But the galleries will furnish ample accommodation for others who desire to be present. At the evening meeting all seats will be open to the public.

At the morning session, after the usual regular business of the annual report of the directors and treasurer, etc., there will be addresses by Rev. Rush R. Shippen of Washington, D.C., and George W. Stone, Esq., of Wilmington, Del.

At the afternoon session there will be addresses on the needs and opportunities of our work in its various fields by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Mich., Rev. Austin S. Garver of Worcester, Mass., and Rev. Ellery C. Butler of Beverly, Mass.

The evening meeting will be devoted to the discussion of the relations and duties of the liberal church to the community. Addresses are expected from the president, Hon. George S. Hale, and his Excellency Gov. Greenhalge, Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston, and Rev. Francis Tiffany of Cambridge, Mass.

The doors will be open at each session three-quarters of an hour before the time of commencing. At the evening meeting hymns will be sung by the congregation. Organist, Mr. B. J. Lang. Clergymen are invited to take seats on the platform at the evening meeting, and to be in the anteroom for that purpose at 7.25.

A meeting of all interested in the proposed change of the Constitution of the National Conference will be held in Channing Hall, Tuesday, May 29, at four o'clock. Both ministers and laymen are requested to attend this meeting, whatever may be their opinions upon the questions at issue.

The Younger Ministers' Association dinner will be given Tuesday, May 29, 12.30, at Hotel Bellevue. Tickets, 75 cents. Those intending to be present will please write to Rev. G. D. Latimer, Salem.

National Alliance of Unitarian Women.—Public meeting in the Church of the Unity (Rev. M. J. Savage), West Newton Street, Wednesday, May 30, 10.30. All interested are cordially invited to be present. The meeting will close with a box-lunch.

Berry Street Conference (for ministers only), in Arlington Street Church, Wednesday, May 30, 10.30. Address by Prof. Crawford H. Toy on "Religious Unity."

"New World" Dinner.—The editorial board of the *New World* invite the clergy and laity interested in the review to dinner at the Hotel Thorndike on Boylston Street, Wednesday, May 30, 1 P.M. Rev. T. R. Slicer will preside, and short addresses will be made by various gentlemen. Tickets to be procured at the hotel immediately before the dinner, $1 each.

National Guild Alliance.—Annual meeting, Wednesday, 2 P.M., at Room 11, American Unitarian Association Building. Reports of the year, election of officers. Each guild will send minister and two delegates. 3 P.M., annual public meeting of the National Guild Alliance in Channing Hall. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will preside. Addresses will be made by Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Miss Kate L. Brown, Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D., and Rev. E. A. Horton. Guilds will please to send large delegations. B. R. Bulkeley, president.

Unitarian Sunday School Society.—The sixty-seventh anniversary meeting will be held at King's Chapel, Boston, Thursday, May 31, at 2 P.M. There will be opening remarks by the president, Rev. Edward A. Horton, followed by twenty-minute addresses: Rev. Augustus M. Lord,—subject, "The Place and Influence of Personal Character in Sunday-school Instruction"; Rev. William H. Lyon,—subject, "What are the Chief Inspirations to Faithfulness in Sunday-school Teaching?" Miss Lucy Wheelock,—subject, "When I was a Child"; Rev. Thomas R. Slicer,—subject, "How can the Sunday-school re-enforce the Public School?" Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop,—subject, "Teaching about God." Mr. Origen B. Young, organist. A cordial invitation is extended to all those interested in Sunday-school work to visit the Rooms of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, during Anniversary Week.

The Children's Mission.—The forty-fifth anniversary of the Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute will be held on Wednesday afternoon, May 30, at three o'clock, at Arlington Street Church. Short addresses will be made by friends interested in the work of caring for orphan, neglected, and destitute children; and brief reports of the year's work will be given. In addition to the usual singing by the children, the Mission will be favored by the Damon Sisters, whose skill in playing upon the cornet, violin, flute, and piano, has given them a high position in the musical world. All friends of the Mission and the public generally are invited to attend. William H. Baldwin, President. William Crosby, Superintendent.

The Lend a Hand Clubs' annual meeting will be held at Park Street Vestry, Wednesday, May 30, at 2 P.M. The president, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, will preside. There will be reports, short speeches, and music.

Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Public anniversary, Wednesday, May 30, 8 P.M. Reception of members and friends at the Union Building, 48 Boylston Street. The occasion will be entirely informal and social in its character.

The Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers (of which all ministers of Congregational churches in the State—Unitarian as well as Trinitarian—are *ex-officio* members) will hold its annual business meeting in the Supreme Judicial Court Room, in the Suffolk County Court House, Boston, on Wednesday, May 30, at 5 P.M. (Enter at the door on Somerset Street.) The convention sermon will be preached at the South Congregational Church, corner of Exeter and Newbury Streets, on Thursday morning, May 31, at eleven o'clock, by Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., pastor of the Old South Church of Boston.

The Unitarian Festival will be held in Music Hall, Thursday, May 31. Tables will be spread for the usual banquet in the afternoon, for clergymen and their wives visiting the city during Anniversary Week. All are cordially invited. The doors will be opened at four o'clock. Dinner at five. Hon. John D. Long will preside. Tickets, at $2.50 each, will be for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. William B. Clarke & Co., 340 Washington Street, on and after Monday, May 21, between the hours of nine and four o'clock. First balcony tickets, $1; second balcony tickets, 50 cents, for those who feel interested only in the speaking.

The National Bureau of Unity Clubs. Annual meeting in King's Chapel, Thursday, May 31, 10.30. Business meeting for the election of officers, etc. The public meeting at 11 A.M. will be addressed by Prof. Francis G. Peabody on "University Extension and the Prospect Union of Cambridge"; Rev. Robert A. Woods, Andover House, on "The College Settlement Idea"; Rev. Rufus B. Tobey, Berkeley Temple, on "The Institutional Church"; Rev. E. A. Horton, on "The New Work in the Parker Memorial"; and Mr. W. H. Baldwin, on "The Value and Importance of the Christian Union in City and Country."

Meadville Alumni Association.—There will be a meeting of this association on Friday, June 1, 10 A.M., for the election of officers and the transaction of business, at Room 10, 25 Beacon Street.

Unitarian Temperance Society.—Public meeting in King's Chapel, Friday, June 1, 7.30 P.M. Addresses by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Mich., Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., and Rev. Christopher R. Eliot.

The Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen will hold its annual meeting at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, June 1, at 12 M. Henry F. Jenks, Secretary.

The Massachusetts Evangelical Missionary Society will hold its annual meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, June 1, at 10 A.M. Nathaniel Seaver, Secretary.

Rev. L. J. Andrew, formerly of the Universalist denomination, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. J. A. Bevington, formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Mr. Horatio A. Warren, a graduate of Johns Hopkins College, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. Leroy Fletcher Snapp, formerly of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. Duren J. H. Ward, Ph.D., formerly of the Free-will Baptist Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Billerica, Mass.—At the annual parish meeting of the First Parish in Billerica, held on the 7th inst., action was taken on the resignation of Rev. C. C. Hussey. Mr. Hussey had previously signified his desire that his resignation should be considered final. Mr. J. Nelson Parker offered the following resolution, which was adopted, and a copy directed to be sent to Mr. Hussey: "After a pastorate of nearly twenty-eight years our very dear and respected friend and pastor, Rev. Christopher C. Hussey, feels compelled to sever his connection with this society. Both the sad and cheerful events in the lives of many or most of us have been made less sad or more cheerful by his kindly word and presence. The breaking of the bonds that more than a quarter of a century have tied so firmly cannot be done without pain and mutual regrets. The reasons which have prompted this resignation, while no doubt sufficient, must necessarily, in the final separation, bring sorrow to our pastor and his family as well as to the members of this parish; and, while respecting his wishes and accepting his decision, we ask that the resignation may not take effect until the close of the present year of his pastorate, October 1, and that he be invited to become, after this date, the honorary pastor of this society, that we may nominally continue the associations that have so long bound us together in mutual friendships, that he and we may seek each other's counsel, and that, while no longer a resident of Billerica, he may still feel that the pulpit of our ancient church is always open to him, and his old parishioners are always ready to hear and welcome him."

Boston, Mass.—Rev. C. M. Crothers has entered upon his ministry at the First Parish Church, Cambridge, as successor to Rev. E. H. Hall.

—Rev. Christopher R. Eliot has returned from his year of study at Oxford and London, and will shortly begin his duties as associate with Rev. S. H. Winkley at Bulfinch Chapel.

—Among our ministers who are to spend their vacations in Europe this year, we hear of Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, Rev. Frederick B. Mott, Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr., and Rev. George D. Latimer.

—Several largely attended memorial services in honor of the late Mrs. Hemenway have been held. Among the largest was that of the Boston public school teachers in the Old South Meeting-house, May 2. An elaborate programme was carried out, which formed a remarkable tribute of esteem and respect to the memory of the large-hearted, clear-headed, loving, wise, and generous philanthropist whose name will long live in the annals of Boston and the country.

—Our suburban churches are not alone in the steady growth recently reported in this column. We hear from the Arlington Street Church that at its annual meeting in May the various reports submitted showed increasing prosperity in every direction. The annual receipts for all purposes reached the handsome sum of $32,000.

—Drawings of the new church which is being built by the First Parish of Brighton are now on exhibition in the book-room of the American Unitarian Association Building. This church will add one more to the remarkably handsome stone structures in which it seems to be the present pleasant tendency of Unitarians to house themselves.

—From the *Visitor*, the parish paper of All Souls' Church, Roxbury, we quote: "The fifth year of the life of All Souls' Church has been the most prosperous of all. Not only has our suddenly gathered and mutually unacquainted society become more consolidated and co-operative in general, but its various special activities have been even better supported than ever, in spite of 'hard times.' The seats are all let, and families are still waiting for vacancies. The chairs in front have nearly all been taken. The attendance on Sunday has been greater, though often broken by the many stormy Sundays. The contributions have all been larger than last year; while new good works, as the New Year dinner for the inmates of the Consumptives' Home, have been added."

Chicago, Ill.—Two religious gatherings of some importance to the cause of liberal religion have been held in this city during the past month. The first was the annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference, and the second the Liberal Religious Congress, which we mentioned in our last issue. We go to press so early as to be able to give only a brief report of the former, and no report of the latter. The Western Conference was held in the First Unitarian Church. It began Tuesday evening, May 15, with a sermon by Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport. Wednesday forenoon, after a brief devotional meeting, there were a brief opening address by the president, Hon. D. L. Shorey, and reports from the secretary, Rev. A. W. Gould, and the treasurer, Mr. W. McFadon. Brief reports from several of the States followed, made by Mr. Duncan of Illinois, Mr. Judy and Miss Gordon of Iowa, Miss Putnam of Dakota, and Miss Bartlett of Michigan. Reports of missionary work in university towns were read by Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor and Mr. Perkins of Iowa City. Mr. Fenn of Chicago gave an address upon the importance of what he called the "mission week," or Unitarian evangelistic work; and Mr. Forbush spoke of the extensive and varied missionary activities carried on by the American Unitarian Association in the West.

At one o'clock lunch was served in the social rooms of the church. In the afternoon the Women's Western Conference held its annual session, with an address by its president, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, and reports from its secretary, Post-office Mission secretary, and treasurer, and the election of officers. Then followed a fine paper by Mrs. Charles T. Catlin of Brooklyn, N.Y., on "The Call of the Hour to Unitarian Women," in which she gave an interesting and inspiring account of the work that is being done throughout the country by the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women. After Mrs. Catlin's paper there was a discussion, led by Mrs. Woolley, of the question of merging the Women's Conference in the General Western Conference.

In the evening Prof. Christie of Meadville read a scholarly and thoughtful paper on "The Liberal Movement and Theology," which, in the absence of Mr. Hirai of Japan, was followed by an address by Miss Hultin on "Some Tendencies of Present Religious Thought."

On Thursday morning from nine to ten there was a memorial service in honor of Rev. John C. Learned of St. Louis, Mo., and Rev. W. J. Potter of New Bedford, Mass., with addresses by Rev. J. Ll. Jones, Prof. Woodward of St. Louis, Rev. J. V. Blake, and others.

At ten o'clock there was a meeting of the Western Sunday School Society, with an address by the president, Mr. Gould, and reports. Then followed ten-minute papers by Mr. Sunderland on "The One-topic System," by Rev. Florence Buck of Cleveland on "Pictures as Lesson Helps," and by Rev. Mr. Judy and Miss Mary L. Lord on "Blake's Unity Songs and Services."

In the afternoon there was a business meeting of the Western Conference for the election of officers, etc. Mr. Shorey was re-elected president, and Mr. Gould secretary. In the evening there was a platform meeting, with addresses upon the question "How to help Morals," by Prof. Woodward, Prof. Tomlins of Chicago, Rev. Celia P. Woolley, and Rev. Elinor E. Gordon.

The attendance upon the conference was very small,—the smallest for many years. This may have been caused partly, perhaps, by the fact that it was to be followed the next week by the Liberal Congress, which had attractions for many. Sixteen churches

were represented at the conference by delegates. The treasurer reported a deficit in the treasury of $1,200. Mr. Forbush reported that, notwithstanding the hard times and the consequent dfficulty of raising money, the American Unitarian Association is carrying on its missionary work in the West with nearly or quite the full strength of former years. He reported, also, the organization of twelve new churches.

—Considerable agitation has been caused in some circles here by an extended article which appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* of Monday, May 14, saying that Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of All Souls' Unitarian Church had decided to take his church outside the Unitarian fellowship. It seems that at the close of his sermon on Sunday morning, the 13th, Mr. Jones made an address to his people, explaining that he desired greater freedom for his church than it yet enjoyed, or than it could enjoy so long as it maintained its present denominational relations. A sum of money ($7,000) had been furnished to the church at the time of its erection, partly or wholly from the American Unitarian Association, which need never be refunded by the church so long as it remained in the Unitarian fellowship. But he believed that the time had come when the church should become entirely free. He therefore asked his congregation to pay back this money, and go forward to a realization of his larger liberty. $3,000 of the $7,000 was raised upon the spot. The plan is for the society, as soon as this obligation is cleared away, to reorganize itself, and proceed at once to the erection of a large building, to be devoted partly to church purposes and partly to business offices, the whole to cost $200,000.

Many persons naturally wondered whether, after this action, Mr. Jones would attend the sessions of the Western Conference. But he was present all through, taking part as usual, and at the close made a speech in defence of his position, claiming that it was the "true," "brave," and "prophetic" one, and urging the conference and all the churches represented by the conference to follow. He announced that he should not at present leave the conference. Whether he would in the future or not depended upon its future course of action. If the conference proved itself to be courageous enough and sufficiently possessed of the prophetic spirit to follow him into the glorious liberty which he and his church were now to enjoy, he would remain with them.

Concord, N.H.—The thirty-fifth annual May festival given by the ladies of the Unitarian society was held at White's Opera House on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, May 1, and was a most charming affair. For many years this festival has been one of the social events of the season; and this year, with its many and varied attractions, it was even more enjoyable than usual.

When, at 4 P.M., the orchestra began the opening selection, every seat in the hall and every inch of standing room was taken. First in order came the children's march. This was participated in by a large number of children, who, with their bright faces and the dainty dresses of the little girls, made a pretty picture.

Then came the crowning of the May queen, and the May-pole dance. This was well done by sixteen boys and girls, who tripped gracefully through the intricate changes without a mistake. A Chinese dance, one of the most unique and pleasing features of the entertainment, was given gracefully by four little misses. Following this came the crowning event of the afternoon,—the beautiful "Pas de Fleurs" (dance of the flowers). This was given by twenty-four young ladies. It was faultlessly executed, and was by far the prettiest thing of the kind ever given in the city.

During the evening supper was served in Union Hall on the European plan. At eight o'clock the entertainment of the evening was opened with statuesque groupings and *tableaux d'art*, under the direction of Mrs. Belle Marshal Locke, by seven young ladies in Grecian draperies. This was carried out with full calcium light effects, and was certainly artistic from every point of view, reflecting the highest credit upon both Mrs. Locke and participants. By request the "Pas de Fleurs" and the Chinese dance were repeated; and then the floor was cleared for dancing, which was indulged in by a large party. The hall was handsomely decorated; and in connection with the festival were tables for the sale of fancy articles,—a crystal table, a flower booth, ice-cream room, lemonade and candy room,—all in charge of different committees, and all of which were well patronized. The fancy dances were given under the direction of Madame Arcanne of Boston. The committee having the affair in charge labored indefatigably for many weeks; and the result was a grand success, both socially and financially, it having netted to the society upwards of six hundred dollars.

Mrs. George L. Stratton and Mr. J. C. A. Hill were chosen by the society as lay delegates to the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association.

Gardner, Mass.—The Unitarian Club, an organization composed of the men who are interested in the Unitarian church, was revived Thursday night, April 26, after an inactive existence of two years. The following officers were chosen: president, S. W. Melendy; vice-president, H. A. Turner; secretary, E. V. Reynolds; treasurer, W. E. Mason; Executive Committee, Rev. J. F. Howard, L. P. Nash, and L. A. Wright. Rev. Mr. Howard outlined briefly

the work of the organization, its aims and future plans. L. P. Nash gave an instructive and thoughtful paper on "The History of Liberal Thought." A vote of thanks was tendered him at its conclusion, after which a general discussion of the subject followed, in which a good many took part. Much interest was manifested, and the prospects of the club are excellent.

Hopedale, Mass.—On Sunday, the 29th ult., Mrs. Wilson came to the pastor's rescue, reading the service and the sermon, Mr. Wilson being confined to the house by the juvenile "mumps." Mr. Godfrey went over to Mendon on that day, and took the minister's place. In both instances the congregations were greatly inspired, so much so that the pastor will feel at liberty to indulge in similar infirmities at any time. The vesper services were discontinued for the year on the 6th. These meetings have been very much enjoyed, many subjects having been taken up and treated by a large number of persons, always in an instructive and entertaining manner. They will be resumed in September.

Humboldt, Ia.—The annual parish meeting held at Unity Church on Tuesday evening of last week was an occasion of enjoyment and profit. About a hundred and fifty people were served at the banquet, following which were toasts and responses as follows: "Our Church," Dr. Vaupel Clark; "Our Ladies' Circle," Mrs. Alice E. Taft; "Our Choir and Orchestra" (from a standpoint of the pews), G. S. Garfield; same, from a standpoint of the musicians, D. F. Coyle; "Our Unity Club," Mrs. C. P. Clark. These toasts were alternated with music by the choir and orchestra, making the occasion literally a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." Every one was in good cheer, and alive to the promotion of the church interests and the enjoyment of the church home. Enthusiastic and cordial resolutions were adopted in recognition and appreciation of the services of the minister and his wife and the musicians for the past, and soliciting their continuance for the year coming. Officers were elected as follows: trustees for three years, Col. J. J. Smart and Dr. Vaupel Clark; trustee for two years, Mrs. Emma W. Shellenberger; president, G. L. Tremain; secretary, G. S. Garfield; treasurer, B. H. Harkness.

Meadville, Pa.—Preparations are on foot for a fit commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Meadville Theological School. Appropriate exercises will take place on Wednesday, June 13, forenoon, afternoon, and evening. It is expected that a large representation of the alumni will be in attendance. Special passenger rates from Boston to Meadville will be secured.

Memphis, Tenn.—The holding of Unitarian services on recent Sabbaths by Rev. Frederick Preston has resulted in the formation of a Unitarian society. A temporary list of officers has been appointed to serve until the details of organization are determined, when the permanent officers will be chosen. The bond of fellowship used and signed was, "In the love of truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ we join for the worship of God and the service of man."

Newton Centre, Mass.—The Unitarian church here gathers strength fast under the able leadership of Rev. B. F. McDaniel. Last Sunday, May 6, the topic of the sermon was "Nature's Miracle." In the Sunday-school a memorial service of E. E. Hale's birthday was used. At 7.30 the "Hale Union," the young people's religious society, held a meeting open to all. This society has been formed for the benefit of young people, and promises to be of much interest and value. It starts out with a large membership; and, in taking Dr. Hale's name, it proposes to partake of his spirit and do his work. The Emerson class is reading the essay on "The Over-soul," and finding in it a wellspring of intellectual and spiritual quickening. It will continue its meetings through this month.

New York, N.Y.—The seventh regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held on Friday, May 4, at the Unitarian church in Yonkers, N.Y. This was the annual meeting. Reports of the secretary and treasurer were read. Then followed reports from the secretaries of the thirteen Associate Branches. These all showed active work in some direction, and many of the reports indicated remarkable growth during the past year. Post-office Mission work holds a prominent place, and many study classes are at work on various subjects. The great value of mutual interest and fellowship was emphasized at every point.

After reports from the Branches, the report of the committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year was in order. The ballot presented by this committee was as follows: president, Mrs. Franklin W. Hooper; vice-presidents, Mrs. John W. Chadwick, Mrs. James H. Morse, Mrs. Robert H. Davis, Miss Emma C. Low; recording secretary, Mrs. A. W. Jackson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. F. P. Whiting; treasurer, Mrs. C. C. Knowlton. These officers were all elected. The retiring president, Mrs. Chadwick, then very gracefully introduced her successor, who responded in a few words of thanks and appreciation. The meeting then adjourned until half-past two in the afternoon.

A pleasant social luncheon was then en-

joyed, after which the meeting was again called to order.

The report of the last meeting was read by the retiring secretary, Miss Low. Mrs. Catlin then spoke of the deep regret which the members felt in parting with Miss Low, who has been the recording secretary of the league since it was organized seven years ago. She moved a vote of thanks for Miss Low's faithful services, which was heartily carried.

The subject for the day was "Our Unitarian Attitude toward Jesus," and the speaker was Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence. Mrs. Spencer gave a full account of the historic development of the idea of Christ, beginning with the earliest Jewish conception of the Messiah. The idea of a religion based on ethical principles was essentially Jewish, and in its earliest stages was full of general hopefulness for all the faithful. This idea gradually narrowed, until the Jews begin to look for the coming of one who was to be the Messiah. The earliest ideas were of a triumphant King, but these were gradually modified to the idea of a suffering King. In the midst of this Jesus was born. He seems not to have regarded himself as the Messiah at first (for whose coming he looked, in common with all the Jews); but afterward, as he marked the effect of his religious genius, he thought of himself in this way. Mrs. Spencer sketched minutely the three years of the active ministry of Jesus, and its effect upon his associates. She also spoke at some length concerning Paul's idea of Jesus, and, in conclusion, showed how the "God-idea" of Jesus had been losing force in the emphasis of the "man-idea."

Mrs. Spencer's paper was followed by a paper by Mrs. Duncan Smith of Yonkers, on "The Communion." Mrs. Smith spoke of the origin of the "Lord's Supper" as based on an ancient Jewish custom, and then spoke of its value to us Unitarians. At the conclusion of Mrs. Smith's paper Mrs. Chadwick announced that Mrs. Spencer was ready to answer any questions that might be asked. Several ladies embraced the opportunity. The questions related to the value of the name "Christian" for us, the resurrection, Easter, Christmas. To all these Mrs. Spencer replied most eloquently; and, while very radical, her words were always marked with a spirit of the deepest reverence.

Mrs. Chadwick then spoke of the pleasure she had taken in the office of president for the past two years. She heartily thanked the members for their co-operation; and, in retiring from office, she promised not to retire from work, but would continue her active interest in other ways. After singing a hymn and repeating the Lord's Prayer, the meeting adjourned.

M. H. H.

Richmond, Va.—Our society here is getting consolidated and making steady increase in many ways. Besides the regular Sunday morning service, which is well attended, Mr. Chaney has given two lectures to much larger audiences. One of these lectures was on Wednesday evening. The subject was "Hawaii and America." It was illustrated with stereopticon views, and proved attractive and remunerative. The proceeds were devoted to the American Unitarian Association. The other lecture, given on Sunday evening, was on "Ingersoll and Talmage." As Mr. Ingersoll had lectured in Richmond the week before, fresh interest had been excited in him; and Mr. Chaney took advantage of it to deliver a carefully prepared address on these two popular representatives of modern belief and unbelief in orthodox Christianity. The hall was crowded with hearers; and the Unitarian literature, which is always placed near the door at every service, was carried away in quantities.—*Southern Unitarian.*

Salem, Mass.—Our churches in this city are seriously regretting the departure from Beverly of Rev. E. C. Butler, who during his long pastorate there has become well known and much beloved in all this region.

—The many friends of Rev. George D. Latimer, assistant pastor of the North Church, wish him a pleasant journey in Europe, where he is to spend the summer.

—The Barton Square Alliance has planned a series of monthly summer outings, the first of which has been held at Mrs. Decker's summer home at Manchester.

Sioux City, Ia.—It may be of interest to your readers to know a little of the strong work done in Sioux City by the two pastors of Unity Church, Rev. Mary Safford and Rev. Elinor Gordon. This church has just entered upon the tenth year of its life, and has, since its organization, received over three hundred persons into church membership. This tenth birthday of the church was celebrated a few weeks ago by the annual parish supper held in the spacious lecture-room below the auditorium. About two hundred people sat down to the tables, which, besides being bountifully provided with good things to eat, were beautifully decorated with plants and cut flowers. After supper the reports of the different church societies were presented, and later in the evening toasts and impromptu speeches were given. The reports gave evidence of the active and successful work being done by the Sunday-school, the Ladies' Circle, the Unity Club, and the Young People's Union. The ladies of the Unity Circle had especial cause to congratulate themselves, as during this last year they finished paying entirely for the fine $3,000 Roosevelt organ purchased three

years ago. Sioux City is fast becoming a liberal centre, as our pastors do much missionary work. They have organized a liberal society at Cherokee, which will soon dedicate a new church building. There being no other Unitarian church near, the pastors have many calls outside the city, and, realizing the growing demand for liberal preaching, are directing the thoughts of a number of promising young people toward the ministry. The spiritual and intellectual life of the church, fostered by the pulpit and study clubs, is a power in the community, and testifies to the superior work being done by Miss Safford and Miss Gordon.—*Christian Register.*

Warwick, Mass.—Rev. Francis S. Thacher preached his last sermon as pastor of the Unitarian church Sunday, April 29. It was an excellent practical discourse on the essential conditions of successful church life. During his pastorate Mr. Thacher has labored earnestly for the welfare of the society, and he has many friends who sincerely regret his departure.

At the meeting of the Unity Club, Tuesday evening, Miss M. A. Ball read an excellent paper on the life and career of John Brown of Ossawatomie. Miss Jones read extracts from an article in the May *New England Magazine* on "Brown's Life in Springfield," Miss Hoxie an autobiographical letter, and Misses G. E. and B. F. Ball read two of his speeches. A rare version of "John Brown's Body," consisting of several thrilling stanzas, was sung. At the close of the exercises Miss M. A. Ball spoke of how successful and profitable the meetings of the club had been, and, in behalf of the members, thanked Rev. Mr. Thacher for his kindness in organizing and carrying it on. On motion of Mr. Bass a vote of thanks to Mr. Thacher was unanimously passed. Mr. Thacher made a brief response, expressing his best wishes for the future success of the club.

Washta, Ia.—Miss Mary A. Safford preached for us on Sunday, April 22. The preacher's subject was "Sympathy,"—certainly a fine theme for a liberal sermon, and made doubly so when coming from the lips of Miss Safford. The text was, "Rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep."

The liberals here have purchased a nice organ, and we have always been very successful in getting some good singers to lead.

F. S. C.

West Bridgewater, Mass.—Rev. Samuel Hamlet has resigned the pastorate of the First Unitarian Congregational Church. He has had a successful settlement of over five years, and will be greatly missed here.

Nothing can alter the responsibility which is laid upon each soul.—*Westcott.*

JESUS.

They may be right who say 'tis best
To let the mystic Jesus rest,
The Jesus whom men deified,
The God who wept and bled and died.

But him, our gracious human friend,
We'll keep till time itself shall end;
That sacred and beloved face
Shall never vanish from our race.

O brethren! think whate'er you may
About his name and place to-day;
But only love him,—we are one,
And naught shall part us 'neath the sun!

And some of us shall ever gaze
Upon his human looks and ways,
And some of us may deem divine
The love which from those eyes did shine.

But we shall all possess our friend,
His being we shall comprehend,
In every varying light and shade,
Till we are in his likeness made.

That glorious likeness each shall find,
To suit the yearning of his mind,
And own him king, with loyal breath,
Who was our servant unto death!

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

Somerville, Mass.

SUCCESSFUL PREACHING.

The most successful preacher is not he who can make the clearest intellectual statement: it is he who can speak the truth in love, he whose word persuades while it convinces. The two must go together,—light and heat. If we preachers fail, I think we must generally blame ourselves for some defect in our way of presenting the truth. Either our thinking is muddy—we have not ourselves a clear vision of divine realities—or we speak over the people's heads, using the language which is familiar only to a few; or our love runs low, so that what is spoken only from the head never reaches the heart. I think all true preaching *penetrates:* it is a living word, and it carries life, it wakens life. It is always personal, it comes home to each heart as a message to himself. It is an impulse passing from one mind to another, as lightning flashes from cloud to cloud. The Christian gospel seems to me like a vibration from the heart of God, transmitted through some human hearts to others, a movement of life, like waves of light and heat, from the centre outward to the utmost bounds of his creation, as if he thus imparted something of himself to us all and through us all.—*Charles G. Ames.*

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THE MODERN READJUSTMENT OF THE MESSIAH IDEA.

A SERMON BY REV. GEO. H. BADGER, RUTHERFORD, N.J.

"I know that when Messiah cometh, which is called the Christ, he will tell us all things."—JOHN iv. 25.

It is an undoubted fact that what is essentially the Messiah idea has existed very often in the world, separated both in time and place from the career of Jesus. Nearly every religion has had more or less clearly defined within its tradition something corresponding to Messiah; has looked forward to the coming of an era of better things, when a god or a demi-god, a prophet or a hero, should usher in great reforms and glories. Indeed, it is well-nigh inevitable that this should be so. Hope's song is a universally persistent song: "It is better farther on." It is the divine impulse of optimism which has never been wanting in a healthy state of society. Some time wrongs now endured shall be righted, some time injustice shall be overthrown, some time dark things shall throw off their mystery and be seen as the day, some time universal joy and gladness shall reign supreme for us and for all people. Wherever human life has been simple and unaffected, wherever imagination has had unfettered sway, this faith in the "better thing coming" has existed, not as a philosophic induction or a vague longing, but a specific confidence and faith. And, more than this, it has always gathered about the expectation of a transcendent leadership. Personality is the divinest, most potent mystery with which mankind has ever been brought in contact. The actual bringing of better things, the working out of all reforms and social blessings, has always, in human experience, found its nucleus of causation in the exceptional bravery or wisdom, goodness, intellectual or spiritual greatness of some heroic soul. And so, whenever the optimistic hope for the future has taken definite religious shape, it has been inevitable that this conception of personal leadership should be projected into it, and the coming of better things—glory, recompense, righteousness, or whatever else it might be—should come because some transcendent personality of unmeasured wisdom and might and goodness should be born into the world.

We are, of course, all familiar with the Messiah idea as the Jews had it. For them the Christ was to be a great military king of the house of David, a leader who should win back for them their ancient glory and strength, avenge the wrongs they had suffered, make for them wise laws, teach them better morality, and in the end convert all the races of mankind into bullock-sacrificing, Sabbath observing, Jehovah-worshipping, circumcised Jews.

We see the limitations of this conception. It was a race, and not a world ideal, one more political than religious. It must be readjusted to meet any change in intellectual and religious progress which might be necessary to arouse that notion of race-exclusiveness, and divine partiality, obsolete.

Such a readjustment took place after Jesus of Nazareth had lived. I am not going to stop to consider now what conception Jesus himself had about Messiahship. I pass by his time, and that of his immediate followers, to the time when his influence had to some degree worked out definite results in Christian theology. That narrow Jewish conception of a race-Messiah was transformed to something universal. Not a tribal king, but an incarnate manifestation of Deity, was put into the Christ idea,—a factor in the scheme of eternal law. Only

as this idea was worked out in the Middle Ages, when the prevailing mode of thought was not simple and intuitive and naïve, but complicated and full of affectation, reflecting the intricacies of decaying Greek philosophy with its elaborate notions of God emanations, and the complexities of Roman imperialism with its tangled orders of legalism, this readjusted Messiah idea was made to take on aspects not simple, but involved and artificial: very God and very man; threefold personality and triune identity; God being his own father and his own son; becoming sacrifice to himself, to appease himself; and, finally, God coming to earth as a man, to save man, and then going away with the promise that in three or four thousand years he would come again for the final consummation of the long-purposed triumph of divine grace.

For, notice this singular thing: even although men believed that the Christ had come, yet that inevitable optimistic faith for the future—the better thing to come by and by—held us; and the faith in a second coming with virtual blessing was still deemed a necessity, for the essential Christ idea must have a future-ward, and not a backward look.

Now, this elaborate idea of Christ could easily fit in with mediæval conditions of thought, with the elaborate imperialism and intricate subtleties of Greek metaphysics reeking in their decay all about. But we live in a different time to-day. The modern world is not the mediæval world: it is larger, it is older, it has riper and fuller experience. I think it is wiser and better. And so we must change those old ideas to simpler, profounder, and more rational form. The God of to-day's thought cannot be a scheming God,—a deity with a three-act or five-act drama of salvation to work out with theatrical elaboration of parts. We must find different terms and different modes of meaning also for our Christ thought of to-day, to make it accord with the life God to-day has given us.

Now, what shall our readjustment in our conception of Christ be? In the first place, we must take out of it that notion of local exclusiveness which it has contained in the past. The idea of God as an absentee God, —to use Carlyle's classic phrase,—only at set times and in set places manifesting himself, and interfering with the natural order of events once in a while, will not accord with our larger thought of God and deeper interpretation of the universe and life which we have to-day. We cannot believe that in any time past God could be nearer or more personally real in his nearness to human life than he is to-day, and will be to-morrow. That men may say that at such a time and in such a place God appeared as man upon earth, and historical arguments be needed to prove the statement against conflicting evidences, and wide historical susceptibility and credulity be needed to give the statement its necessary weight, —this cannot have any profound soul value for us two thousand years after the event, if it involves the belief that God is not now in experimental relations with man as well, and that a race's memory, extended century after century, with the inevitable tendencies of weakening vividness pertaining to all memory, is to be made the fundamental factor in the world's saving knowledge of God. This is Paganism: it is of a piece with the Greek's tale of Zeus and Aphrodite and Apollo taking excursions now and then in human society, and then disappearing. It vitiates the whole modern instinct of religion to presume that any essential sympathy or contact of God with man can become a thing of past time rather than of the eternally present. Here, certainly, one readjustment of our conception of the Christ must come in. It must not contain the notion of an exclusive or uniquely localized manifestation of God in humanity.

But what, then, is left? Have we any present need of that idea of Incarnation—*i.e.*, God manifest in humanity—which is behind the Christ idea? or is that only poetry? And, if there is the need, is there anything consistently real, in fact, to meet the need?

I think so. Let us go back, and approach our Messiah idea again from its lower side and in its cruder forms. I said that it was always part of that universal optimistic future hope which has been interwoven in the religious faiths of nearly all races,—the faith in a coming epoch of better things. Certainly, the experience of the race has vindicated the truthfulness of that faith. The progress of the world has been absolutely in the direction of better things,—

larger life, richer life, cleaner, holier, more righteous life; in the direction, *i.e.*, of a civilization based upon ethical ideals,—on profoundly truer conceptions of Universal Order. There may have been lack of proportion in sense of time or degree or in detail of method; but I suppose no profound student of history would deny that, on the whole, the optimistic faith which has been a part of nearly every religion—that better things are coming, that wrongs are to be righted and ignorance dispelled—has had good, honest support in the actually achieved experience of the race.

But how about the other part of it: the transcendent personality who embodies the better things in his career, and as Messiah ushers their glory in? Why here, too, there has been crudeness of imagination, and yet essential truth. Carlyle is a good deal right in his dictum that the essential history of the race has been the biography of its heroes. A soul sometimes is braver, is more loyal, is purer in heart, and sees with the vision of the pure in heart what other souls do not see. A soul sometimes dares impossible things, and achieves them, and gathers to himself strength of intellect and strength of spirit, and he dominates the world in some little or some great sphere; and, with him to lead, a new, distinctive step is taken by all mankind toward the kingdom of God, and a wholly new chamber in the millennium of better things is entered by the race. The world's progress does not come of itself. Humanity is not a great piece of mechanism wound up like a clock to strike such world-hours, and mark off on time's dial such century moments, to accomplish what we call progress. Progress is always, inevitably, the gain, the increment of advance made first by some one soul, which has here, there, somewhere, stood where no other soul has stood, seen a vision no other eye has witnessed, lived a heroism, endured a type of sacrifice, caught the secret of an experience of soul life no other soul before has shared; and he, at that point, in that thing, is leader, prophet, Messiah, to those who are ready to follow him, and take from him the message and the impulse he can pass down from his vantage ground of vision. That is the story of the world's progress, and little else, I suppose,—progress in material things, as when Watt stood alone once with the mighty revelation of the mystery of steam power his exclusive secret; progress in intellectual things, as when Newton held once within the chamber of his own heart all the knowledge that the world contained about the stupendous laws of gravitation; progress in spiritual things, as when Jesus, bowing, it may be, beneath the baptismal waters of Jordan, saw, as it were, the heavens open, and the spirit of God descending as a dove upon him, in his grandly celestial impulse and intuition of sacrifice as life's deepest solution, which sent him forth to preach and to live and to die for its gospel, for the saving of brother man; progress in all these planes of life, and every one of them in its degree part of that progress by which men pass on to that fuller, profounder, richer understanding and sharing of life which is the kingdom of God. Every reform, every step out of past darkness and meanness into broader humanity and light, has its Messiah, and too often the Gethsemane and the Calvary are there also, but has its exceptional soul to take the new position, first to be baptized with the new faith, and then to lead others onward.

But what then? Is there anything like incarnation here, any manifestation of God through humanity? How shall we approach this mystery, or what can we make of it? Can God at any time in human experience, and in any corner of all the world, have striven to fill one human soul full of his presence and energy, striven to make one human voice become his voice, striven to make one human career, urging onward toward eternal progress, divine through the inworking of his holy spirit, and not have striven just as much at every moment of time, and at the door of every heart of man living, to do the same thing? Who shall tell? Who shall say that the birth of every babe born into this world is not the immaculate conception of a potential Messiahship; and only too often by our clamor of idle voices, and only too often by our fetters of traditionally deforming swaddling-clothes, and only too often by the obscurations of our sins and ignorances we spoil the Messiah part, and minimize the eternal Christship? I do not know. Only I know that I identify with God every factor and every force I find in this wonderful universe I

live in, which makes for diviner and larger living, which makes for the coming of better things in spirit and in truth. I identify with that mystery of divine energy which I call by the dear name of God every manifestation of higher love, or clearer insight, or holier consecration which makes for man's eternal gain. For I believe that, if God lives anywhere in his universe, he must surely live and manifest himself in that which is the highest manifestation of divinity and righteousness and love we find about us,—the soul of local manhood. This phase of the Messiah idea is to me the profoundest thing which religion contains, and I am glad it comes embodied to us in the rich tradition of Jesus. Wherever exceptional manhood appears, wherever a leader of the spirit towers above men to dominate them, wherever a soul has learned a secret of true living which makes progress for me, through that appears not simple manhood as I know it, but manhood transfused and vitalized by the divinest thing I have faith in, the Spirit of Eternal Being, the life of God.

But was Jesus of Nazareth, then, a mere man? That is the question I know some of you are expecting me to answer this morning. How shall I answer it? Suppose you were standing beneath the commanding glory of Mt. Washington when a clear September atmosphere made its noble mass stand forth as a giant brother to the overhanging dome of the heavens, and, as you waited there in reverential silence under the benediction of its spell, some inquisitive friend should touch you on the shoulder, and ask you whether you considered Mt. Washington anything more than a mere pile of dirt and stones. Suppose some humble neighbor of mine in my old Massachusetts home, by the banks of the gently flowing Charles, where the mild murmur of a ten-foot mill-dam, which we called our waterfall, made music all the day,—suppose some humble dweller, I say, by that little cascade were suddenly put in the sacred presence of thundering Niagara, and in his moment of hushed awe and wonder were asked if Niagara were anything more than a mere waterfall. What could he say? Why, in a certain poor geological sense, Mt. Washington is but a mere dirt-heap; and the same thing that makes the rippling ten-foot mill-dam in the Charles a waterfall makes Niagara a waterfall. What then? Who shall tell me what a mere man is, or set bounds to the mighty mystery of potentiality which manhood may involve, when manhood rises to its divinest, noblest attainment of life? He that can mark off for me the line where, in the soul of a human being, brute life ends and man life begins on the one edge of soulship, and can mark off the line where man life ends and God life begins on the other edge of soulship, and measure the reaches of character potentiality which lie between the two mysteries of those lines, is the only man who can dare to talk to me about a mere man! Oh, I am but living on the poor frontier of manhood myself; and every day I am realizing, in the things I might have done, and did not, and the things I might have been, and am not, how supremely vast the possibilities of manhood are, which I know not in my own poor personal experience. And, if I find living anywhere near to me, or if I find in the record of any generation lived long ago, the transcendent story of a soul which seemed to make life a vastly more divine thing than I have succeeded in making it,—diviner in its power to influence other lives and dominate history, diviner in its power to reveal Godhood and glorify manhood,—am I to leap to the rash conclusion that that cannot be manhood, because my manhood is so poor? I do not know as much about the life of Jesus as I wish I did. My neighbors do not seem to know much more. But, somehow, the story of his life, as I read it in the only records that remain, is more of an inspiration to me, helps me understand myself better, helps me understand God better, when I do not seek to make his nature something unhuman, something monstrous in its separateness from ordinary humanity, but something superbly full of that which, in my hopes and aspirations, my ideals and longings, I feel is essential manhood, is humanity more nearly as it ought to be. Jesus was Son of God. So am I. And, if Jesus was better son of God, nearer God, fuller of God than I am, I know from that, at least, that I am not as faithful in my sonship as I might be, I am not as near God and as full of God as it is possible for man to be; but I do not know from that that there must be two kinds of sonship and two kinds of fathership, or that Jesus is not, in the rich-

est sense of the word, my brother, in all that makes humanity meaningful and divine.

And may I add this word more? It is a custom dear and inspiring to many Christians to speak of that nearness of God to men's personal lives, to-day, which we all believe in, by the name of Christ. It was a favorite phrase with Phillips Brooks, that grand prophet whom none shall mourn more than the liberal worshipper, to speak of "coming to Christ" as the great Christian need. It was never an offensive phrase to those Unitarians who loved him; for we know that, though he used a different dialect from ours, the thing he meant we could mean also. What we mean when we speak of the humanity of God and the divinity of man, what we mean when we insist upon a faith in God as a Father-God, near to men and not far from them, making love an inevitable part of justice, and not a frustration of justice, as it were, by an afterthought,—this is our simpler, more direct thought of what other Christians call their Christ. It is all God; and for us the name of God is sufficient for the whole of it. For what in Jesus is dearest to us is not that which would separate him from us, but make him seem like unto us. He helped us understand and see the Father. He was not God; but God is all—and more—that his great heart of love contained. Jesus is our brother: his God and his Father is our God and our Father, now and forevermore.

IN TENT AND SADDLE IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

FROM NAZARETH TO DAMASCUS, BAALBEC, AND BEYROUT.

II.

I closed my last letter with our arrival in Nazareth. This interesting town has about ten thousand people, mostly Christians. It is high up on the hills of Galilee, and can be clearly seen twenty-five miles away when one enters the plain of Esdraelon. The Greek and Roman churches have spoiled every spot associated with Joseph, Mary, and Jesus. Their house, according to the ecclesiastics, was a cave in the rock. Mary had not a window in her kitchen: the angel of the annunciation broke through the solid stone wall. Everything goes here: the more marvellous, the better. But, though the site of the house and workshop of Joseph cannot be located, there is a satisfaction in knowing that Nazareth has never been so utterly destroyed as have Jerusalem and other places in Palestine. The general plan and contour have been preserved. The town is built half-way up a height which rises 1,500 feet above the valley. From its top is a splendid bird's-eye view of the larger part of Palestine, superior to the view from the site of Samaria. Jesus, with his love of nature, must often have gone thither, and read from God's great book made up of earth and heaven, sea and plain and mountain. Here, perhaps, he read and pondered the inner revelation, and, having received the baptism of the spirit, went forth to endure the baptism of fire. No spot in Palestine was more interesting and dear to me than Nazareth. There, in all probability, Jesus was born; there he grew in stature and in wisdom; there he toiled, and was faithful in the things which are least; and thence he went forth to teach the glad tidings of great joy, the blessedness of the love of God and man.

It was with regret that we turned our backs on Nazareth. Monday morning came all too soon, and before the town was well awake we were away. Our path led through Cana of Galilee, where the sound of a piano in the English mission school seemed strangely out of place. Five hours brought us to Tiberius and the Sea of Galilee. We were rowed for some miles upon its waters, past Magdala, whence Mary came, to the sites of Capernaum and other once famous cities, now utterly desolate, the remaining fragments—columns and capitals of structures once beautiful and imposing—emphasizing the complete destruction which has fallen upon those places. The shores of this sea, once teeming with life, are now a wilderness, so much so that it is hard for the imagination to repeople them with the souls of eighteen hundred years ago. We went into camp near the ancient Bethsaida, and not far from the mount of the Beatitudes.

We travelled on past the waters of Merom; and two days brought us to Baneas, the source of the Jordan, and the site of the once famous Cæsarea Philippi. We saw the stones of noble old buildings

made into fences and rude Arab huts; tops of arches protruding from the ground; broken column made into walls, sluiceways for the water, and pavements. We saw this same thing all through Palestine, noble old columns supporting the mud roofs of native dwellings, blocks from old monuments and temples made into door-posts and gate-ways to the fields. Towns ambitious for a bit of good road roll the streets with a section of granite column.

The source of the Jordan is exceedingly picturesque. The water bursts from the base of a semicircular cliff in a dozen good-sized streams, affording water enough to supply a considerable city. It took a day to ride around Hermon,—the Mont Blanc of Palestine. In doing this, we had to ascend the anti-Lebanon Range, and we camped at night near the snow line. The change from the sweltering valley of the Jordan to the heights was so sudden and great as to make half of our party sick for a day or two. A wind storm also came upon us, which made the tents dance around their centre pole, and which required the tent men to be up all night, putting in new supports, and tightening the ropes to prevent the canvas from being blown away. The next morning, as soon as the invalids could mount their horses, we were off for a twenty-mile ride to Damascus.

We reached the city safely, having been ten days on the way from Jerusalem. Here, again, we went into a hotel for a couple of days to allow repairs to be made in our equipment and to give rest to man and beast.

Damascus is the most Oriental city yet visited by us. It has not been influenced by European civilization as have Cairo and Jerusalem. Only five or six hundred Europeans visit it annually. It has been a city four thousand years, and has a population of several hundred thousand, yet it has not a gas jet nor a steam whistle, except of a locomotive recently imported for a railroad now building. It is the most ancient city in existence, yet our hotel-keeper could not see the joke when entrapped into the admission that he had grown up with the town. The place has the reputation of being beautiful. Mahomet turned back when about to enter it, saying he wanted only one paradise, and for his he would wait till the hereafter. But now one sees only great mud walls. The fences are walls of mud, twelve or fifteen feet high, and from one to two feet thick. These fences are formed of blocks of mud, made as we make concrete. Outwardly the houses are unsightly, but inwardly they are highly ornamented and luxurious. The Christian quarter still shows traces of the Douse Massacre of 1860. The street called Straight, originally very wide, has been disfigured and made crooked by the erection of Moslem bazaars through the middle of it. Several places were shown where Paul was converted, and where he was let down from the wall in a basket. We took our choice. The workmen of the place use the ancient hand lathes, and are skilful in assisting their hands with their feet. It was a sad sight to see great numbers of children at work in the small factories, some of them only six or seven years of age, becoming prematurely old and weary. A caravan of twenty thousand people was getting ready to start on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The same number went last year. Only five thousand returned. Fifteen thousand died of the cholera.

We drank lemonade cooled by snow from the Lebanon mountains. In lieu of ice snow is brought from the mountains. It is packed in caves on Mt. Hermon, and brought on mules, in fourteen hours, to the city. The supply is thus made to last all summer.

After a very queer Easter Sunday in Damascus we set out for a two days' ride to Baalbec. The route lies through scenery equal in places to that of Colorado. Through wild gorges we pass into a beautiful valley. Thousands of almond-trees are white with blossoms, while six or eight miles away on either side are the snow-covered mountains. Traces of an old Roman road are visible; but the convulsions of nature and the destruction of war have wiped the road out utterly except where it was cut through the solid rock.

Of the wonders of Baalbec I have not space to write now. I shall have something to say of them in a later article. Setting out on our last two days' ride to Beyrout, as we rose on the slopes of Lebanon, we encountered a furious storm. The horses refused to face it, so the order was given "back to Baalbec." One bold rider of an-

other party who urged his horse unduly was thrown, and badly hurt about the head and face. Mackintoshes were not much protection in such a storm, and we were soon wet through. The mischief was quickly remedied, however, at the hotel at Baalbec. The next day brought better luck. We camped at night among the foot-hills of Lebanon, and, though we slept in rain-soaked tents, suffered no harm. April 1 we crossed the Lebanon Range, going through three feet of snow at the highest point of the pass, seven thousand feet above the sea. Five hours afterwards, as we descended toward Beyrout, overcoats and other wraps began to come off; and the heat increased so rapidly that a cooling breath of air was soon a luxury. We reached Beyrout travel-stained and weary just twenty-eight days after landing at Jaffa. Palestine is a small country; but the circuitous path we took made our journey, all told, about four hundred miles. It was a hard trip, but at the same time thrilling, and in memory will be the gem of all our travels.

Our party consisted of only six travellers; but our camp men numbered twelve, from dragoman to muleteers; and twenty-eight horses, mules, and donkeys were required. Yet everything is so cheap here, and competition is developing so rapidly, that the trip could be made by the payment by each of a party of six or eight persons of five or six dollars per day. We paid more because we bought our tickets in America. Our contractor for furnishing tents, horses, etc., is a native of the State of Maine, the last of a party of Americans who came to Palestine forty years ago to await the second coming of Christ. But, though he has been here so long, he has left enough Yankee shrewdness to drive a sharp bargain. There are colonies of Germans and Russians all over Palestine who likewise come to await the second coming. Our camp men were Christians of Jewish extraction. They claimed that their ancestors had been Christians since the time of Christ. I was surprised to find that they still keep up the old tribal distinctions, one being of Benjamin, another of Ephraim, and so on. But by these distinctions they only mean that they come from the territory of the ancient tribes.

Our daily programme was to rise at 5.30; breakfast at 6; to horse at 6.30; a five hours' ride with a two hours' rest at luncheon, more for the horses than for ourselves; into camp at 5 or 6 P.M., and to bed at 9 or earlier. On days when a long journey or much sight-seeing was before us we arose at 5 or even 4.45 A.M.

Our passports required the villages where we camped to furnish a guard; and, when we lodged in the wilderness, two or three Bedouins were hired for a guard, on the principle of hiring a thief to stop a thief. Then with some of our own men to watch the Bedouins we were safe.

Every night the jackals, foxes, and hyenas made hideous noise, but it did not much disturb the slumber of weary sleepers.

The people who seem to possess Palestine are the Bedouins, who pitch their black tents where they will for a season, and then move on. We saw them everywhere. They cultivate the land more in the northern parts of the country than in the south, about Jerusalem. Indeed, both country and people improve as you go north.

We passed by the stronghold of a band of highway robbers, who attempted to hold up a member of a small party which preceded ours. But, being cowardly, the robbers were quickly put to flight.

Several times in bad weather we took our luncheon in native Mohammedan houses. The inmates looked at us in pious horror, eating in their *Ramedan*, or month of fasting, during which they can eat at night only.

At every point we were besought by bright and intelligent natives to take them to America with us. They had heard of the Land of the Free, and wished to taste of its blessings, but were unable to get together the money to pay for passage to America.

This trip we all declare we shall never take again. But, having taken it, nothing could purchase the experiences it gave.

T. G. MILSTED.

Beyrout, Syria.

Let us all resolve: first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good a sin, and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life; third, to practise the grace and virtue of praise.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

THE PROSE WRITINGS OF LONGFELLOW.

I read the principal prose works of Henry W. Longfellow soon after they appeared, many years ago. As I have again within a few weeks past reread "Outre-Mer" and "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh," many scenes and thoughts of my boyhood have returned to me, until I have almost felt that I had found "my lost youth" again.

The prose of Longfellow abounds with poetical thoughts and images, in fact with poetry of the highest order; while it is no injustice to him to say that some of his poetry drops in places into prose, especially his "Evangeline." The picture of the maiden with tireless feet and weary eyes and constant heart, following her lost lover over the mountains, lakes, rivers, and plains of a continent, is a pathetic and touching one; and throughout the story are scattered fine poetic thoughts and beautiful poetic images. But, in the case of one reader at least, the poem as a whole wearies with the prosy and dull monotony of its rhythm. The traveller standing in the heart of some vast unsettled prairie of Dakota or Nebraska in the spring of the year sees, on every hand, as far as the eye can reach, a billowy carpet of green beautiful with blossoms of every form and hue; and, as the rays of the morning sun are reflected in the drops of crystal dew gathered on blade and leaf and flower, the whole vast expanse seems strewn with diamonds and pearls. But the traveller on the prairie, like the reader of "Evangeline," notwithstanding its beauties, tires after a while of the level monotony of the scene.

"Outre-Mer" was the earliest of the published prose works of Longfellow. It is one of the results of a two years' sojourn in Europe, when a young man just out of a New England college. It pictures in beautiful language the thoughts of the youthful poet, glowing with enthusiasm, as he came into personal association with the historic places, the scenes, and the legends of the Old World. The whole tone of the book, its gentle and elevated spirit, its pure and graceful style, its apt and wise reflections, are remarkable in one so young. Let me quote a passage in illustration of what I say: —

"I love the city with its busy hum. I love that glad excitement of the crowd that makes the pulse beat quick, the freedom from restraint, the absence of those curious eyes and idle tongues which persecute one in villages and provincial towns. I love the country, too, in its season! And there is no scene over which my eye roves with more delight than the face of a summer landscape dimpled with soft sunny hollows, and smiling in all the freshness and luxuriance of June. There is no book in which I read sweeter lessons of virtue or find the beauty of a quiet life more legibly recorded. My heart drinks in the tranquillity of the scene, and I never hear the sweet warble of a bird without a silent wish that such a cheerful voice and peaceful shade were mine. The voice of the brook and the language of the winds and woods are no poetic pictures. What an impressive lesson is there in the opening buds of spring! What an eloquent homily in the fall of the autumnal leaf! How well does the song of the passing bird represent the glad but transitory days of youth! And in the hollow tree and hooting owl what melancholy images of the decay and imbecility of old age!"

To express his love for nature and its sublime teachings, he quotes substantially what he represents as an ancient poem:—

"Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From lowliest nook.

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned!

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky!

Thus amid solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles; and, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God!"

"Hyperion" is a poetical romance in prose. Its hero, Paul Flemming, is supposed to represent Longfellow himself. As he journeys from place to place in the Old World, he joins, with a slender thread, stories, legends, and reflections, thoughts upon love, music, art, poetry, philosophy, history, religion, descriptions of modern men and things; and all these are woven with inimitable art and beauty into the delightful web of his story. Paul Flemming, as we have said, was Longfellow himself; and the Miss Ashburton of the romance finally became his wife.

"She was not fair,
Nor beautiful, those words express her not;
But, oh! her looks had something excellent
That wants a name!"

"Kavanagh" presents features in the character and genius of Longfellow which are not very clearly shown in his other prose writings or his poetry. The tale abounds in fun, delicate sarcasm, and sly wit. The scene is laid in a New England country village of a hundred years ago, and of course the village preacher takes the leading part in the story. His description of the tedious and prosy Pendexter, who for twenty-five long years had filled the village pulpit, the final discontent of his congregation, his reluctant resignation and farewell sermon, and his departure to "other fields of usefulness" are all inimitably told, and, to a person New England born, seem true to life. Early Monday morning after the farewell sermon the old preacher and his wife left the village in the old-fashioned chaise known by all the boys in town as "the ark." "The old white horse that for so many years had stamped at funerals and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged the stump of a tail, seemed now to make common cause with his master, and stepped as if endeavoring to shake the dust from his feet as he passed out of the ungrateful village." The next seen of the old pastor was at a general training or muster of the militia, a great event in the country towns of New England fifty years ago, making a prayer on horseback with his eyes wide open, a performance in which he took ardent delight, as it gave him a chance to allude to "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" and to the extermination of the idolatrous Caananites.

Sally Manchester was a typical cook and chambermaid or general house-servant of the village. Unlike the house-servant of these "degenerate days," she took an active interest in all the affairs of the household she served. She watched over the welfare of the cat and the dog, and was moved by her tender heart to grease the throat of the old rooster when she thought he crowed hoarsely on winter mornings! She was prompt at church, dressed in a blue poplin gown with a large pink bow on what she called the "congregation side" of her bonnet! She had been engaged for many years, nobody knew how long, to a swain of a neighboring town. Repeatedly the wedding-day had been postponed. One morning she received a letter from her betrothed lover, which read as follows:—

"It is with pleasure, Miss Manchester, that I sit down to write you a few lines. I esteem you as highly as ever, but Divine Providence has seemed to order and direct my thoughts and affections to another,—one in my own neighborhood. It was rather unexpected to me. Miss Manchester, I suppose you are aware that we, as professed Christians, ought to be resigned to our lot in this world. May God assist you so that we may be prepared to join the great company in heaven. Your answer would be very desirable. I respect your virtue and regard you as a friend,

"MARTIN CHERRYFIELD.

"P.S.—The society is generally pretty good here, but the state of religion is quite low."

Sally read the letter and reread it, hoping to find some comfort between the lines. Finally, with trembling hand and moist eyes, she put it into her faded work-bag which hung at the head of her bed, and ever after bore an aching sore in her heart. Who knows but that, after all, she led a happier life than two of her friends who were married soon after, and "for a wedding tour drove to a neighboring town to see a man hung for murdering his wife"!

Arthur Kavanagh, the young preacher who took the place of the worn-out Pendexter, is a charming character, and the hero of the story. Of course, in due time, he falls in love with Cecilia Vaughan, a

beautiful maiden of his congregation; and it seems to me that I may have heard the old preacher in my native town in New England, at the close of his sermon one Sunday afternoon, announce the banns, in the set terms so often heard in my boyhood, "Arthur Kavanagh and Cecilia Vaughan intend marriage." The marriage soon occurred, and so the charming story reaches its happy close.

One cannot appreciate or do justice to the prose of Longfellow without reading his correspondence with his friends, a large amount of which is included in the noble three-volume biography of the poet which has been given to the world by his brother, Samuel Longfellow. This correspondence was carried on with many of the most distinguished literary men of his time, and covered a period of more than half a century. Imagine the priceless fortune of the man who enjoyed the intimate friendship of Prescott, Irving, Motley, Hawthorne, Green, Sumner, Lowell, Whittier, Bancroft, Holmes, Emerson, Carlyle, and the incomparable Dickens! As I have studied the delightful correspondence of Longfellow and read the letters exchanged between him and these illustrious men, rapidly passing back and forth over land and sea for more than fifty years, in my fancy I could compare it to nothing but flying shuttles weaving unconsciously a web of the cloth of gold! Longfellow survived nearly all of these friends. His correspondence began with them in his youth, and, as the letters of one after another cease to appear, we know that death has cut the thread; for the friendships of Longfellow ended only with life. In all this correspondence with his intimate friends, carried on without any thought of publication for more than fifty years, there is not an indelicate thought, not an unkind expression, not an ungenerous sentiment, not a sentence or a word which the most sensitive friend would desire to change or expunge. I think this is a circumstance unique and almost without a parallel in literature.

Longfellow made the acquaintance of his lifelong friend, George W. Green, accidentally in Europe while they were each travelling there as young men. Nearly forty years after, Green published a life of his grandfather, Gen. Nathaniel Green of the Revolution, and in a dedication to Longfellow uses these touching and beautiful words, which I quote as illustrating the quality of the affection which existed between Longfellow and his friends:—

"Thirty-nine years ago this month of April you and I were together at Naples. We were young then with life all before us; and in the midst of the record of a great past our thoughts would turn to our own future. One day, I shall never forget it, we returned at sunset from a long afternoon amid the statues and relics of the Museo Borbonico. We went up to the flat roof of the house where, as we walked, we could see down into the crowded street and out upon the wonderful bay and across to Ischia and Capri and Sorrento, and over the housetops and villas to Vesuvius. And over all with a thrill like that of solemn music fell the splendor of the Italian sunset. We walked and mused by turns until the twilight deepened, and the stars came forth to mingle their mysterious influence with the overmastering magic of the scene. It was then that you unfolded to me your plans of life, and showed me from what deep cisterns you had already learned to draw. From that day the office of literature took a new place in my thoughts."

The world can never know the influence and inspiration given and received by Longfellow in this familiar intercourse with his learned and accomplished friends. It was an education better than any university could bestow. These letters are models of good English, simplicity, and grace. They are free from all formality, insincerity, and cant. They are the best illustrations and examples of Longfellow's prose.

And yet, chaste and beautiful and elevating as is the prose of Longfellow, it is, after all, his poetry that assures his immortality as an author. "Excelsior," "Resignation," "Keremos," "My Lost Youth," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Building of the Ship," and "The Children's Hour" will be read, and will touch the hearts of men, when "Outre-Mer," "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," and the letters of friendship are forgotten.

The bust of Longfellow has found a place in that glorious abbey where are commemorated the most illustrious men of our Anglo-Saxon race. We cannot claim for

him the sublime intellect of Milton, or the marvellous genius of Shakspere. But, if we take into account poetical inspiration coupled with elevation of moral sentiment and purity and geniality of character and life, we may claim our Longfellow as the peer of any of the men commemorated in that ancient shrine. We cannot praise him more than by saying that his life and character were as pure and noble as his writings. Alike by what he was and what he wrote, he

"Preached to all men everywhere
The gospel of the Golden Rule,
The new commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
With reverent feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished Nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God
And ample as the wants of man."

"O gentle minstrel, songs of thine can start
In eyes of stony calm the boon of tears.
The thoughts that swell the current of the years
Vex not the placid sweetness of thy art.
The clamorous day heeds not thy plaintive notes;
But, when the night, with wand of darkness stills
The noise of bustling hands and blatant throats,
And twilight's last gray lingers on the hills,
Then through my veins thy music floats."

W. D. HARRIMAN.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE PROPOSED NEW CONSTITUTION FOR THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

In the May *Unitarian* was printed in full the report of the committee appointed by our National Conference at its last Saratoga meeting, to prepare a draft for a new constitution for that organization. This proposed new constitution has now been before the Unitarians of the country for two months. It is attracting much attention, and awakening much discussion among our churches, as is not strange; for it involves some questions of very grave import to the Unitarian body.

I wish briefly to call attention to two points which seem to me especially to demand consideration. The details of the constitution as to the organic structure of the Conference and its business management have been carefully considered, and perhaps are as good as we can expect to get. These, therefore, I pass over, to come at once to the main matters on account of which the new constitution has been and still more will be challenged.

In two respects the new constitution differs radically from the old, and from what I cannot but believe will be found to be the sentiment and judgment of the great body of American Unitarians: first, *it proposes to drop the Christian name from the Conference;* second, it goes much farther than that: *it gives us in its preamble a definition of the Christian and Unitarian names which eliminates from both of them all theistic significance.* Let me say a few words about each of these points.

I. *The new constitution proposes to omit the Christian name.*

This seems to me objectionable for many reasons.

(*a*) As Unitarians, we have a *right* to the name. Why should we abrogate that right? The committee confess that the Conference belongs to the great historic Christian stream, and that its churches have inherited the Christian name as much as the Unitarian. Then why is the Christian name, the older of the two, the more historic, the larger, and to many the dearer, discriminated against and dropped? The richest religious heritage that comes down to our time from the past is the Christian heritage. Why should we inflict upon ourselves the needless loss and impoverishment of cutting ourselves off from it?

(*b*) To surrender the Christian name would be to make ourselves *widely misunderstood.* Whatever we may say to the contrary, if we drop this name which we have borne through all our history, we shall be generally understood as repudiating that which the name signifies; namely, Christianity itself. How can the public help understanding us in this way? What earthly reason can there be for abandoning a name as great and honored as any known to men, unless we have become dissatisfied with the thing it means? We should not overlook the fact that what is proposed is

more than a mere *refraining* from *employing* the Christian name: it is a distinct *dropping* of it, it is a *giving up*, it is a *surrender*, it is the *hauling down* of an *honored flag*, under which we have always marched. Are we ready for this, and for the interpretation of its meaning which the world will make, and with good reason?

(*c*) To abandon the Christian name would be *cowardly*. For this name our fathers have sacrificed, endured, and suffered,—suffered in many cases even to martyrdom. Do we care nothing for all this? Especially would it be cowardly to abandon the name while it is yet denied us by so large a part of Christendom. To give it up now would be virtually to confess that our fathers were wrong, and that the so-called orthodox world has been right in denying it to us. Are we ready to make this confession? Or shall we continue to stand manfully and bravely by the side of Channing, Parker, Hedge, Bellows, Eliot, Starr King, Peabody, Martineau, and a hundred more of our great leaders, in maintaining that no body of people has a better right to the name, or a more solemn duty to be loyal to it, than that Christian Church which has striven hardest in all ages and lands to be true to the teachings and spirit of him from whom the name has come?

(*d*) Some tell us that we should drop the name "Christian" from the title of the National Conference because it *limits*. But how can we use language at all without limiting? If we say "man," we limit. If we say "religion" or "ethics," we limit. If we say "world," we limit. I think a little attention will show us that "Christian" is the least limiting of any word in the Conference's name. It is broader and larger than the word "National." It is broader and larger than the word "Conference" itself. It is certainly as broad and large as the word "Unitarian." Then why are not these words also condemned and dropped as limiting? It seems hardly consistent to cast out the broadest word of all, and retain the smaller and narrower. No, there is no word to be found, meaning religion at all, that is less limiting than the word "Christian," as used by Unitarians. To them it has always meant the religion of the Lord's Prayer, the Beatitudes, the Golden Rule, the Universal Fatherhood, and the Universal Brotherhood; and that is the religion that transcends all bounds of sect, nation, and race, and appeals to the universal reason, conscience, and heart of man. To get something larger than that, we must get something larger than humanity and larger than God.

But it is said, If we keep the Christian name, Jews and other good people who are in sympathy with us, but do not call themselves Christians, cannot come in. I answer, Any Jews or others who cannot work with us for ends of universal religion, and under the Christian name, interpreted as it is by us as meaning "universal religion," show thereby that they are not in sympathy with us. Indeed, they show that they are not liberals at all, but bigots, as we should be bigots if we refused to work with Jews and in a Jewish Conference, or a conference bearing any other name, whose clear aim was the promotion of the religion we believed in.

(*e*) We are told that other denominations round about us do not put the word "Christian" into the titles of their national organizations: why, then, should we? For example, the Baptists have two national associations, which they call the American Baptist Publication Society and the American Baptist Home Mission Society. They do not think it necessary to call these the American Baptist *Christian* Publication Society or the American Baptist *Christian* Home Mission Society. Why should we not follow their example?

I answer: There are two important differences between us and the orthodox denominations. One is, their churches are homogeneous in name: ours are not. All Baptist churches are called Baptist. Therefore a National Baptist Association simply needs to use the Baptist name to cover all. Not so with us. Only a part of our churches (in some sections of the country, as New England, only a minority) are organized under the Unitarian name. Many are called Congregational, some Liberal Christian, some Free Christian, some have such names as Church of the Unity, Church of the Messiah, or All Souls'. Why should not our National Conference recognize these churches, and show that it designs to include them, by continuing to bear, as it has alway done, the inclusive name, "The

National Conference of Unitarian *and Other Christian Churches*"? This title is exactly true to the situation. A title less inclusive would seem to lack in hospitality to these societies, nearly or quite all of them Christian, but not in their organic name Unitarian.

The other difference between us and the orthodox denominations is, nobody denies the Christian name to them: to us it is denied. Therefore, they do not need to make public claim of their right to the name: we *do*. We may be sure that, *if* the Christian name were *denied* to them, as it is to us, there is not one of these denominations that would not instantly hoist the name to masthead, in connection with every organization they possess, and keep it flying there at any cost, as a constant declaration of their right. Now, this is simply what we are doing. Can we in honor, in self-respect, or in justice to our great Christian trust, do less?

These are a very few of the reasons why to me, at least, it seems a grave mistake to consider even for a moment the surrender of that name,—the greatest and most honored in the world, the richest in historic association and in spiritual import of any in the world, which Unitarians in the past have always borne and loved, under which we ourselves have done all our work and achieved such successes as have come to us, and which ever beckons us on to still higher and larger attainments and achievements. There are many other reasons that suggest themselves, some of them even more important than these that I have named. But I must leave them for consideration next month.

II. Space remains for only the briefest mention of what seems to me the *second* seriously objectionable feature of the proposed new constitution. That feature is its proposed *definition of the Christian and Unitarian names, which eliminates from both names all theistic import.*

We should remember that the new constitution comes to us with the indorsement of only four out of seven members of the committee which had it in charge. But, even of these four, it is difficult to see how all could have assented to this definition if they realized its full significance; for, as has already been intimated, it is even more startling in its import than is the proposition to abandon the Christian name. Indeed, its adoption by the Conference would be quite the most revolutionary event in our denominational history. I need not attempt to argue against the definition: it will be quite sufficient if I make clear its real significance.

The sentence containing the definition is the following, from the preamble: "*Recognizing* [or we recognize] *these names* ['Christian' and 'Unitarian'] *as the symbols of universal religion, or of freedom, progress, truth, and righteousness.*"

The definition is double; or, rather, there are two definitions joined together. Separation will make them plainer. The first defines "the Christian and Unitarian names" as the "symbols of *universal religion.*" The second defines these names, and also universal religion, as *freedom, progress, truth, and righteousness.*

From the first of these definitions there will be little dissent. Unitarians have always stood for universal religion. They have always believed that Jesus, in summing up all religion in "love to God and love to men," enunciated the religion which in the very nature of things is essential, eternal, and therefore universal.

But, while there will be general agreement with the first definition, the case will be far different with the second. *Is* "universal religion" *only* "freedom, progress, truth, and righteousness"? And *do* the "Christian and Unitarian names" signify *nothing* concerning *God*, or *man's relations to God?* Here we see the startling and revolutionary character of this definition. We have the Christian and Unitarian names defined in terms that *leave out all recognition of man's relations to God, all recognition even of the existence of God, or of any object of worship, or any being higher than the human.* Surely, this is very strange. Yet the National Conference is asked to accept this definition, and put it before the world as indorsed by the largest and most widely representative Unitarian organization in this country. In other words, the Unitarian denomination is invited virtually to pass over from the Christian and theistic basis, on which it has always stood, to the ethical, at a single step. For years the more extreme of our West-

ern friends have been telling us that Unitarianism does not involve any God-idea or any God-relation, but only human relations. Now it is proposed to have our National Conference declare the same thing. This is what this new constitution means, if words have any signification.

Indeed, in one important particular the new constitution goes farther than our Western brethren have ever presumed to go. The most radical of them have always, so far as I know, confessed that the *Christian* name *does* involve the *God-idea:* it is only the *Unitarian* name that they have ventured to *empty* of its theistic import. But here we are asked to adopt a constitution for our National Conference which declares the Christian as well as the Unitarian name to be simply a symbol of "freedom, progress, truth, and righteousness."

To sum up, then, the proposed new constitution places before the Unitarians of America these two questions: (1) Will you remove the Christian name from your most representative national organization? (2) Will you by a single act go the full length of Ethicalism, and define the God-idea out of Unitarianism and Christianity?

I cannot but believe that, when these questions are once put so that all can clearly understand them, the answer will not be doubtful or long in coming.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

BOSTON ANNIVERSARIES.

A glorious May morning welcomed all who came to share the feast and applaud the sentiments of Anniversary Week. Boston's boasted beauty never was less coy. An almost southern geniality breathed softly from the bay. Rich and aromatic fragrance from the blazing flower banks along the Public Garden floated as far as the vestibule of the noble Unitarian Building at 25 Beacon Street. By some brilliant blunder at City Hall the usually happy, isolated, far-away-wandering street scavengers actually followed each other in an every-bit-of-paper-get-it competition till the very gutters smiled.

Inside the hospitable open doorway of the American Unitarian Association home the same always immaculate conditions prevailed. On the first corner of the first table the familiar and eager faces of the *Christian Register* and the *Unitarian* looked out to welcome all comers, and announce the expectations of the week. Every imaginable item of information, from the latest book of sermons, which by the way is Herford's strong volume "Courage and Cheer," to the most direct way to 141 Franklin Street, was brightly and promptly supplied by the assistant secretary's secretary, Miss Flora L. Close; while the assistant secretary himself was literally impregnably encamped within his tabernacle, a host of the sons of Levi blocking the entrance in their efforts to peer within. Many more made the pilgrimage up the great stone stairs, ascending metaphorically on their knees to the more remote quarters of the Official Head, that retired inner sanctum whence day by day one hears through closed doors the continual, unwearied, masticating clicking of the Remington, indenting with its powerful teeth those innumerable missives which every minister expects periodically in his morning's mail,—missives that drive the cold steel into his conscience, and cause him to eye his wealthiest parishioners nervously for weeks. This is that inner sanctum where sits in arduous meditation the sad-eyed Board to whom is given the soul-consuming task of doing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of missionary business with fifty thousand dollars cash. Many visiting ministers, even from such commercial capitals as Chicago, St. Louis, and Kalamazoo, seemed humbled here.

But how quickly a new atmosphere brings new emotions! Stepping down the narrow street, and out of the gay sunshine into the still seclusion of the cool white interior of King's Chapel, the peace of the past, since its turmoil is forgotten, wraps about the heart, and the balm of the old religious faith mingles with the courage of the new. Every morning through the week this quiet baptism in the deep stream of the ever-flowing Spirit refreshed and sweetened all our souls. Perhaps this was why through many debates, and the discussion of those irritating little points of "what do we stand for" importance, always provocative of unexpected tidal waves of feeling, no word of unbrotherliness was anywhere spoken.

The first address of the week proved a stirring and vigorous energizing impulse

from out the full flowing life of Rev. T. R. Slicer of Buffalo, who from beneath the prophetic figure of Channing appealed to his brother ministers to put on the whole armor of optimism. The eyes in the picture of Channing seemed to kindle as the speaker declared that man was no longer finite, no longer an apprentice, but a member of the firm.

The Boston Association of Ministers, with Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale and Minot J. Savage as hosts, received all the visiting clergy in the parlors of the Church of the Unity on Monday afternoon; and a royal hearty fellowship gathering it was. Rev. C. F. Dole spoke eloquently upon the "Service of Worship" and the "Service of Thought."

Except to those who cherish as the apple of the eye every Unitarian tradition it was a disappointment to find on Tuesday morning that the regular anniversary weather had promptly arrived, and umbrellas and mackintoshes must prevail. But, besides the usual good solid, satisfactory addresses from the president, secretary, and representatives of the American Unitarian Association which always draw a large attendance to the annual meeting on Tuesday morning, several lighter and spicier expectations brought an exceptionally full house to the Music Hall at an early hour. Secretary Reynolds's clear and forcible report we print in full on another page.

The address of Mr. George W. Stone, a layman whom several congregations would like to have as a minister, gave a very stirring paper on the opportunities the Unitarian Church has before it. He made a very clear statement of the great advantages to be derived from compact organization, and as a suggestion proposed that the funds of the American Unitarian Association should be turned more toward sending out preachers and supporting them directly as proclaimers of our gospel than to building church edifices. This is really simply an extension of what the American Unitarian Association is now doing through Missionary Superintendents, and is directly in the line of what would undoubtedly be the policy of the American Unitarian Association, had they sufficient means. A resolution proposed by Rev. George W. Cutter was passed, recommending such extension.

Just a whiff of the anticipated excitement came when Rev. S. J. Barrows moved that a committee be appointed to revise the by-laws, so that in effect all life members should become only honorary members, delegates alone retaining the right to vote.

The president was kept pretty busy for half an hour straightening out the tangles of innumerable amendments that came from every part of the house. Eventually, a committee was appointed to report at the next annual meeting on the whole question of the representation of churches in the Association. This committee is as follows: Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, Hon. T. J. Morris, Mrs. M. R. F. Gilman, Mr. John M. Little, Rev. T. R. Slicer.

At the afternoon session the addresses were given by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Rev. Austin S. Garver, Rev. T. R. Slicer. In the evening a great gathering assembled in the big Music Hall auditorium, and heartily welcomed home again Rev. Francis Tiffany from his tour round the world,—a tour that has been so productively enjoyable to all readers of the *Christian Register* for the last three months. Mr. Tiffany made a brilliant speech, marvellously broadening and destructive of the narrowing sectarianism so prevalent among the untravelled. Minot J. Savage followed with one of the most convincing statements of the relation and duties of the layman to his church ever made, and we are glad to reprint it on another page. We hope few people will be able to resist its earnest demand for a deeper sense of obligation on the part of laymen to their churches. We are all sons of God, and it is our duty as well as inalienable privilege to be about our Father's business.

The informal meeting called at Channing Hall on Tuesday afternoon to give an opportunity to consider and discuss some of the proposed changes in the Constitution of the National Conference was expected to be very lively, and the little hall was crowded to overflowing. The lateness of the hour, however, gave little time for discussion; and after listening to statements from members of the committee appointed by the Conference, and from members of an informal committee appointed at a recent meeting of ministers, the meeting adjourned without action further than to request publication of the two committees' reports.

To give any full idea of all the many inspiring occasions of the week is impossible. Sanity and self-preservation compel a very limited selection from the illimitable field for any individual attendance. Every possible aspect of religious, charitable, and educational enterprise was represented somewhere; and we heard of no single meeting that did not have a large and enthusiastic audience. The younger ministers' dinner was the scene of a very delightful reunion and hearty good fellowship. The Meadville Alumni created great enthusiasm for the forthcoming semi-centennial celebration of the founding of their Alma Mater.

The *New World* supporters did enough to keep their brilliant hemisphere revolving.

At the Festival the largest attendance for years sat down with "all its legs under the same table," as the witty presiding officer, ex-Gov. Long, expressed it. The governor of Massachusetts made an admirable speech, and so did all the other speakers; but the most effective address was that of Secretary Grindall Reynolds, who with a happy imaginative touch spoke first as a "layman," then as a "minister," and then as the consolidated stock of the church, layman and minister rolled in one. The week leaves us with higher ideals, clearer purpose, and more enthusiasm, feeling closer to each other than ever before, more devoted to our common cause, and more heartily ready to sacrifice our individual prejudices and personal wishes for the unity and co-operation and freedom of "Our Unitarian Fellowship."

REPORT OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE A. U. A.

To the Members of the American Unitarian Association:—

Your directors have to report that the work of the year 1893–94 has been carried on in the face of more than usual difficulties. The financial and commercial depression, which has extended through every part of our great country, has put many obstacles in our way. Not only have our receipts been somewhat reduced, but they have been paid in more tardily; and our people, burdened by their own troubles, have had to be reminded frequently of our need. All this was so much in the nature of the case that we have not been disposed to complain, but to accept cheerfully the position. We have to add that the amount received from unconditioned legacies this year has been almost unprecedentedly small. It is to be noted, however, that the number of parishes which have contributed to our missionary funds is greater than ever before in the history of our body.

When we come to actual receipts, we have to report that last year our contributions footed up $60,000, while this year they reach nearly $51,000. Of unconditioned legacies, we have received from the estate of Winthrop Faulkner $3,500, and from that of George G. Warner $150; while Rev. Frederick Frothingham bequeathed to us $5,000, the income to be used for "the diffusion of liberal Christianity," and $20,000, the income to be used for "the education of the colored people." Had the sum placed in our treasury this year been received a few years ago, it would have amply met the requirements of that day. But all missionary work, which has behind it faith, zeal, and a deep sense of the value of the truth it seeks to diffuse, inevitably grows. Every tract sent out is liable to convert somebody. Every missionary is in danger of finding some soul thirsting for the very truth he has to give. So new churches spring up, and the work of church extension goes on. It must go on so long as there are such numbers everywhere that need a liberal Christian faith, even if at present they are not conscious of a want of it. We speak with moderation when we say that for the last ten years we have required for the most modest performance of our work an addition each and every year of $5,000 to our resources. With equal moderation we can say that we have needed this year, if we have not received it, $80,000.

As a necessary result of insufficient means, we have been forced to decline all new work in all parts of our country, even when the promise of success was very great. For the same reason we have been compelled to reduce appropriations to the point of danger to many old and feeble societies and to as many new and immature ones. Undoubtedly, a considerable number have as a consequence suspended religious services temporarily, and possibly in some cases permanently. This is something to be re-

gretted, but it is also something which could not be avoided. Still there are certain compensations to the parishes not to be overlooked. Necessity is a hard master, but a thorough one; and no doubt, under this stern tutorship, some societies have learned the lesson of self-dependence, and will always be the stronger and better for it. Our enforced pause in missionary activity has for us likewise even its advantages. It enables us to consolidate the work already begun. It also enables us more calmly to consider what in the future will be the wisest methods, and to choose more thoughtfully the points where in that future we will engage in fresh enterprises. These things are valuable, so be we do not pay too much for them.

One branch of our activity has suffered no decline. We refer to the distribution of tracts and the general diffusion of our literature. Perhaps in no one year have so many copies gone out.

Post-office Mission branches are multiplying and active. Wherever our churches are of recent origin, vast numbers of tracts find readers in the immediate neighborhood; while still greater numbers are sent upon request to more distant places, where probably a Unitarian sermon has never been preached. Tract distribution was the earliest form of our missionary work. In fact, for the first ten or fifteen years of its life the Association did very little else. Probably five times as much was spent for this method of missionary activity as for all other methods combined. We need not go far to find the reason. New England had its origin in religious convictions. In all periods of its early history religious thought and religious opinions appealed to the New England mind and heart. Our fathers had thought out and fought out those questions upon which they differed from the old theology and the established sects. When the proper time came, they were ready to take an independent position, and to sustain their opinions and their churches against all comers. But in no other part of the land did such a state of things exist. Settlements had not been made for religious reasons. Questions of theology had not been thought out and fought out. Only in a few places in such regions could churches of our faith be gathered, and for the most part only where New England emigration had left its impress. Wisely those who have gone before us undertook what they called "the leavening process." That is, they sent the printed page where the human voice could win no hearing. They did this the more willingly that they were not half so anxious to build up ecclesiastical organizations called churches as to make the thoughts of men on high subjects just and attractive. The field for this kind of work is as wide now as it ever was. Perhaps with the vast expansion of our boundaries and the steady increase of our people it is wider. Who can compute the number of towns and villages in the length and breadth of our land in which you cannot find one person who is distinctly a liberal Christian? You cannot found Unitarian churches in such places. There is hardly a chance for itinerant preaching. But the printed page finds entrance. The tract wins readers. No body of people, perhaps no single person, will ever be called by our name. But into many minds and hearts more rational, more humane, and so more comforting views of God and man will find entrance, and make this world and the next more sweet and attractive to them. So there is yet room for the tract and the larger and more permanent book. If we have sent out four hundred thousand tracts and ten thousand books this year, we ought to distribute twice that number next year.

In this connection a brief allusion to that excellent periodical, the *New World*, seems to be fitting. For years the Association has given large financial aid to this and other magazines in which the theological tendencies and the ripe scholarship of the liberal Christian body have been so ably presented. With its increasing missionary calls, and resources that have not increased in a proportionate degree, the Association is no longer able to do this. Besides, it seemed proper that a periodical which justly claims to represent all shades of the many-sided liberal movement should be freed from any seeming dependence upon our special support. But no one can for a moment question the high character of this quarterly. It is edited by men who are eminent specialists in some one department of theology. Its articles have won approval in all directions. It would be a sad thing

if our four hundred and fifty churches should not have generosity enough and love of good scholarship enough to furnish the thousand additional subscribers necessary to place it on a solid foundation.

We turn now to the state of our churches and the work of church extension. The condition of our treasury has not permitted us, as we have already stated, to undertake fresh enterprises, hardly to recognize and aid churches which have come into existence absolutely of their own motion. Our aim, rather, has been to take advantage of the enforced quiet, to strengthen and consolidate work already begun. This has been especially true in New England. There the Unitarian movement in America began. There, in proportion to the size of the field, far more churches of our faith are to be found than elsewhere. Consequently, there church extension is a less imperative need than in many other directions. What can be said in brief of New England work is this: all the old churches of our faith have been kept open and active, often, however, only by great effort and sacrifices. Most of the new churches, organized within a few years, have made gratifying progress toward self-support. To this extent the results of the year are satisfactory. But we cannot long maintain honorably, even in New England, the policy of inaction. Within its borders many cities and large towns have grown up in the last two or three decades. In these places are many people to whose moral and spiritual needs we can best minister, and in these places it is our plain duty at as early a period as possible to establish Unitarian societies. We are confident that the returning prosperity of the country and the increasing generosity of our people will enable us in no distant day to do a part, at any rate, of this duty.

The Middle and Southern States, so far as Unitarianism is concerned, are largely uncultivated ground. No doubt, many thousands of tracts have been scattered far and wide; and many a heart and home have felt their gracious influence. But, until a very recent period, outside a few large cities our efforts have been largely limited to this one method of tract distribution. But our recent experience in the Middle States has proved pretty conclusively that we have large and increasing opportunities, especially in the neighborhood of large cities. Within twenty-five miles of New York City five societies have been organized within a few years which bid fair very soon to be absolutely independent and strong. In the same region as many more can be organized, and ought to be organized; and only a short period will elapse before the same kind of work will be possible and a duty in the vicinity of the other great cities of the Middle States. What we wait for is more zeal and adequate resources.

Our Southern work has had in the past to encounter peculiar obstacles. The system of labor and the nature of the products did not promote the formation of large inland towns, nor encourage emigration to its borders, especially of such as had Unitarian antecedents. So in the interior there were neither the places in which, nor the people with which, to build liberal Christian churches. What societies we had were situated on the seacoast or on the shores of navigable bays or streams. This condition of things is slowly, but surely, changing. New industries are creating new towns or enlarging old ones. Emigration is setting in, and will increase. All this is making our opportunity. As to the present condition, we can say that at Baltimore, Washington, Wilmington, Louisville, and St. Louis we have old and well-established societies, that the parishes at Charleston and New Orleans, after a long and brave struggle with adverse circumstances, are looking forward to renewed prosperity, and that at Atlanta, Chattanooga, Richmond, Asheville, San Antonio, and Austin we have societies young in years, not as yet strong in numbers, but full of that faith and zeal which compel success. We may add that at this very moment there are half a dozen other places where we could hopefully plant churches. To succeed, we must give patience and labor. But, without these, nothing prospers anywhere.

The conditions in the West have been altogether different. Probably there are more people of Unitarian origin within its borders than in New England. They do not all attend Unitarian churches. They could not, if they would; for most are not within many hours' journey of such churches. But, wherever they go, they carry with them the large spiritual outlook which is their

proper inheritance. Besides, the free life, the varied industries, the magnificent enterprises, the marvellous growth of the West, have all tended to produce in its people intellectual hospitality. There is not a large town in the West in which there is not room for a Unitarian society, provided he who is in charge has spiritual vigor to attract, and sagacity enough to mould somewhat heterogeneous material into a free and strong union. That this is not mere theory is evident from the striking fact that, since we notified our Western superintendent last fall that we were unable to undertake fresh work, eight or ten societies, self-originated, have applied to him for advice and help. We see, therefore, no reason to doubt that with returning prosperity there will be in this field a healthy growth in the future as in the past, especially as in the local conferences we shall find efficient helpers.

The growth of our work on the Pacific Coast has been well-nigh phenomenal. The three societies of ten years ago have multiplied something more than tenfold. This of itself would make for a time a more moderate rate of increase almost a necessity. It is Dr. Holmes who tells us that great trees have periods when they almost stop growing, apparently to consolidate the growth already achieved. However it may be with trees, this is apt to be the fact with religious bodies. But the financial troubles, which have pressed so hardly upon all parts of the country, have perhaps borne most heavily on the Pacific States. It is with surprise, therefore, that we hear that a few new societies have been gathered, several attractive meeting-houses built, and old debts paid or materially reduced. The increase may have been rapid; but it has been sound, and augurs still farther enlargement.

We cannot close this portion of our report without bearing witness to the great value of our present system of superintendency. In times like these a society which has not as yet reached its full strength finds itself weakened by the failure or removal of persons on whom it has largely depended. At this junction its minister goes, and it does not know where to look for another. Left to its own resources, it might close its doors, and close them never again to be opened. So a valuable movement might be wrecked needlessly, as every careful observer knows that scores have been under far less pressure in the past. But now the parish calls upon our superintendent. He hears the call, goes to the spot, finds a suitable minister, gives good advice, obtains the temporary aid they need, and a valuable society is saved. We question whether, in the last terrible twelve months, one society which had any real strength has permanently closed its doors, and this in the face of the fact that we have been compelled in every direction to reduce our appropriations.

We had hoped that the Japan Mission would have been reported in person by Mr. Lawrance. But the ill-health which compelled him to withdraw from his post forbids him to appear before you to-day. His three years of earnest, intelligent, and successful service would have given to his statement an interest, lucidity, and comprehensiveness that we cannot hope in a few short sentences to emulate. The most important feature of the year's work has been the erection of a comely and commodious Mission House. This has a good-sized hall for preaching and lectures, and ample accommodations for the young men who are receiving a theological education. Competent native scholars have been found to take the places of the American students who devoted all the leisure which their duties as professors in a neighboring university gave them to excellent teaching in our school. Our magazine and tracts in the Japanese tongue continue to have a wide circulation. A number of preaching stations have been established. More could be, had we the right persons who could address the natives in their own language. In short, the mission seems to be placed on a solid basis, and to be doing a modest but useful work. Its account of itself would be thoroughly cheerful, were it not for the enforced withdrawal of Mr. Lawrance.

It must be evident to our constituents that the work of the Association cannot much longer proceed on the contracted scale of the year that has passed. To decline ourselves to initiate fresh enterprises, or even to aid those which others have undertaken, is to make our existence as a missionary body useless, if not ridiculous. The question of resources ought perhaps to have opened our report. Certainly, it can do no

otherwise than close it. We needed in the year that has ended not less than $80,000 to meet in an honorable manner the proper obligations of our body. The time is not far off when $100,000 will be as imperatively required. How shall it be obtained? Of course, the one thing needful is that we should feel our responsibility as we do not feel it. We need to understand that a religious body does not come into existence by chance or by the will of man or because it suits the tastes of one man or of any little body of men. It comes into existence because the world has need of it, and because it can minister to spiritual wants widely felt. We are simply trustees into whose hands God has committed some of his truth, that we through it may promote human welfare. Until we recognize more fully this serious obligation, we are not likely to fulfil it in a large and generous way.

Granted that we have this conviction of duty, what then? We must apply business sense and principles to the work of collection. Does anybody, who has studied the subject, doubt that, if the methods which are used in a few of our societies were applied to the action of every one of our four hundred and fifty societies, even in as hard a year as that through which we have passed, a full hundred thousand dollars would have replenished our missionary treasury? If now you ask what these methods should be, we answer first that it should be *the parish*,—not the minister, not even some interested layman or devout woman,—but the parish that takes up the collection. The minister may give the needed information. The interested man or the devout woman may carry out the behests of the parish. But we shall never stand quite right, we shall never do our duty generously and nobly, until our parishes, as such, definitely recognize their obligation. The final thing to be said is that, whatever method of collection the parish chooses, whether by a subscription paper or by envelopes sent to each man and woman in the society, it shall in some way bring the obligation, and the reason why it is an obligation, home to the individual reason and conscience. The fatal defect of the contribution-box is not simply that it may come round, when half the audience is sick, or detained at home by rain, or absent in Florida or at the seashore, though these are certainly inseparable evils of this method. The fatal defect is that, as the box goes round, it has no serious word to the individual. On a fair day, if the minds of the people have been beforehand convinced and their consciences touched and their feelings aroused, it may be a good instrument. Not often, however. *At any rate, your directors are convinced that, whenever our societies accept the duty of giving, and undertake to perform that duty in a serious and business-like way, the needed hundred thousand dollars will come, and come easily.*

We have given less space in this report than usual to the work of the year, and more space to the need of increased resources. The reasons are obvious. On the one hand, scanty means have made the prosecution of fresh undertakings impossible. To keep work already accomplished from injury, and so to maintain ourselves in a position in the appointed time to go forward, was our plain duty. But, on the other hand, to go forward, we must have adequate means. This truth we must press home on churches and individuals alike. But we look forth to the future with no doubting spirit. Prosperity will come back. The opportunities of the liberal faith will multiply. It remains for us to gird up our loins that, with a firm and resolute mind, we may do well our part of the spiritual work of the world.

For the Board of Directors,
GRINDALL REYNOLDS,
Secretary.

THE CHURCH AND THE LAYMAN.

ADDRESS OF REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE BEFORE THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 29, 1894.

I have been requested to speak concerning the church and the relation to the church of the Unitarian layman. I shall begin by asking the question, What is a church?

Is it the meeting-house? Is it the ritual, the service? Is it the creed? Is it the method of organization? Is it any of the paraphernalia of appurtenances of the

church? Or is it even the minister? Is it not rather the people, many or few, that have banded together to accomplish the one purpose for which the church comes into existence? Jesus said that where two or three were gathered together in his name there they might expect him, in his spirit and influence, to be in the midst of them. The people may be very few; and yet the church may be, in its influence and power and significance, a great church. These people are banded together for the purpose of helping the cultivation, the development of the spiritual life of those who make up its membership, and then of helping others, as fast as it can widen the range of its influence, to cultivate and develop in themselves the spiritual life. Wherever you find one of these true churches, you find an effort after better education, a higher type of thought, you find a purer, sweeter social life, you find better sanitary arrangements, you find a higher type of industrial civilization, you find cleaner and more honest politics. In other words, you find that this church is the means of sweetening and cleansing and lifting humanity.

Now let us consider another point: has the church any duty to-day in preparing us, not merely for this life, but for any other life that may lie waiting for us beyond the shadow? There are a great many people in our liberal faith who seem to think that it does not make any special difference whether they have anything to do with the church or not, as related to their future well-being. One of the most intelligent of my parishioners here in Boston said a good many years ago,—I hope he is wiser now,—"Mr. Savage, in the passing away of the old theological ideas about eternal punishment in another life, has not the reason for church-going passed away?" A great many people, becoming emancipated from the horrors of the old theology, have come to the conclusion that there is nothing that the church can do to prepare them for a higher and grander destiny in another life. And yet, friends, if the church does stand for the cultivation in us of our spiritual faculties and powers, then it seems to me that it stands just as definitely related to the work of preparing us for happiness in another life. I take it that there are a great many people who, when they wake up in the other life, will find that they have come into a land with whose language they are scarcely familiar, into the midst of surroundings where they will not feel themselves at home; and this because they have not considered it of any importance to train themselves in this life in regard to their spiritual faculties. The powers which fitted them to enter into practical relations with the kind of life which they lived here may be of very little use there. It requires only a very little thought to convince us that, before we can get into heaven, in this world or any other world, we must get heaven into ourselves; and we shall get into just so much heaven as we have first gotten into us. The church has a place and a power in the world still in preparing us for the spiritual life.

Is the church of any great value as compared with other human institutions and interests? I appeal to all intelligent laymen who hear me as to whether I be not right in the assertion that either the church is the grandest and noblest and most important organization on the face of the earth, or else it is not worth bothering about one way or the other. If we can get all that the church stands for through science, through art, through music, through literature, and the other occupations and interests of the world, then we are wasting our money, our time and enthusiasm, in organizing associations of this sort. Laymen need to make up their minds that the church is the grandest institution in the world, or else abandon it at once and for all. If it is the grandest of institutions, then the relation of the layman to it would seem to be very clear. Compare it in your own minds with your business interests; compare it with literature or science. All these things are important, for they serve manhood and womanhood; but religion, organized in a true church, is that which creates manhood and womanhood.

Now I wish to come to some practical suggestions as to the relation of the layman to the church. An impression seems to be abroad that we cannot have Unitarian churches anywhere until there is money and strength enough to build and decorate a beautiful church. This seems to me a lamentable mistake, and one that is standing in the way of what might be a magnifi-

cent progress of our thought and ideas all over the land. The first Christian churches were not housed at all except as they met from house to house in some little, convenient place that was owned or could be controlled by some one of their members. Those churches had no ritual, no liturgy, no form of service, no members, no choirs, no regular preaching, no ministers. They were simply little bands of men and women on fire with the divine life, who believed that they had heard the whisper of a gospel, and that it was their business to go out and proclaim the good news, to spread it by the contagion of thought and love far and wide through Palestine and all over the world. Paul did not wait, before he organized a new church, until a subscription list had been passed around, and they had money enough to build a beautiful church, or to organize and pay a choir that could sing better than any other in the neighborhood. Wherever there were two or three or a dozen who believed in the new gospel, there was a church,—a centre of the divine life. I know that this same thing can be done in this country, because it is being done, only we have not yet waked up to the idea that these are churches.

In the State of New York I happen to know a little place where there is a band of people who, without any missionary or any suggestion from the outside except that which comes from the printed page, have organized what is called a Unity League, because even they have not found out that they are a church. For three years now, without any minister, they have held a regular service of worship every Sunday in the year. They are a complete, compact body, a centre of influence for that whole town. I happen to know forty or fifty little churches like this scattered through different parts of the country. And, had it not been for the business cyclone of the past year, this little Unity League would have taken the first steps toward building a little house for itself, without any help from anybody in the world. We need to get rid of the pestiferous superstition that it needs a minister or a meeting-house to make a church. We Congregationalists ought to understand that the church is made up of the people, and that the minister is simply an officer of the church. If a deacon leaves town, the church does not shut up its doors: it ought not to any more when the minister leaves town.

What should be the attitude of the layman toward the church, when you have a minister? There are thousands of Unitarians who think that they engage a minister to look after the religious life of the community for them, and that, when they have paid his salary with fair promptness, their obligation in the matter ceases. It is only begun then. Or, if you have a minister that you like, the temptation comes to look upon him as a lecturer hired by the year who is to entertain by his brilliant sermons and services; and you feel that you are conferring a favor on the minister if you are fairly regular at church, when, in fact, you are only doing a little of the duty that attaches to you as a son of God, as one of those to whom is committed the keeping of a magnificent gospel for the salvation of the world. How petty, how shallow, how mean is this whole conception of the relation of the layman to the church! How many people there are who, if they have a minister that they like, go to church on Sunday, if it does not rain, if they were not up very late the night before, if they are not very tired, if they have not a headache, if they do not happen to find the morning newspaper especially interesting! Turn the matter around a moment. Suppose that, when the hour for church service arrives, you should find there was no minister there. Of course, you would think he was sick, or something serious had happened. He ought to be able to feel sure that something serious had happened if you were not there.

Suppose you do not like your minister very well. Must the church suffer because, for the time being, your minister is not quite brilliant enough to attract you as a public lecturer would? Suppose his sermon is a little commonplace and poor. You ought to get a little comfort out of the reflection that, if you had preached it yourself, it would have been a great deal worse. Do you ever stop to think, gentlemen of the pews, what it means for a minister to face the same audience every single Sunday, year after year, under the demand to have something fresh, something brilliant, something polished, for the entertainment

of the pews? Is there any other man in any profession upon whom such a demand is made? If a member of Congress makes a speech once or twice a year that attracts the attention of anybody in the galleries, he has a national reputation as an orator. How is it with lawyers? I have said, a great many times, to my legal friends that I should feel as though my work were half done if I had my case made for me by certain facts put into my hands, and then if I had an audience drafted by the State and hired to hear me, whether they liked it or not. John B. Gough lectured for more than forty years, and did not average one new lecture a year; for he had always a new audience. But you expect your minister, for five hundred or a thousand dollars a year, to lecture to you every Sunday, and be as brilliant as Gough every time. And then you expect him, without any opportunity for preparation, to be ready to address any audience, on any subject, on any occasion, and to do it so well that you can be proud of him. If he does not, you get tired of him in a little while, and want a new minister. And, then, besides that, there are a great many parishes where they expect a minister to spend most of his time in parish work.

The point I wish to emphasize is that the church is not the minister, that the church is not a lecture association, that the sermon is not a lecture, and that you do not go to church to be entertained. It is an organization for the religious and moral cultivation of the place where it exists. And yet there are people who feel no sense of obligation to the church. I know of a church which was rent in twain by a quarrel as to whether the audience should turn and face the choir when they stood up for singing or whether they should face the minister. How petty, how contemptible, how forgetful of what the church means, and what it stands for! If you have no minister at all, continue your service. The church exists, not to be entertained by the minister, but for the sake of cultivating the spiritual life, lifting up the level of society, helping others to live the divine life. On whom does this responsibility rest? What is the difference between the minister and the person who sits in the pew? The minister, because he is supposed by natural gift or by training to have some special fitness for the work, he is set free from the ordinary business of life, that he may give his whole time to it. But, when the matter of responsibility is to be raised, gentlemen, there is not a man to-night in Boston, whether he is a religious man or not, whether he is a man of good moral character or not, whether he is in the finest house on Commonwealth Avenue or in the slums, —there is no man who is not under as much obligation to be true to his God, to elevate the religious life of the world, as I am or as you are. Whether we acknowledge it or not, we are all children of God; and God reaches down his hand, whether we feel the touch or not, and places it on our brows in consecration, and bids us be true to him and to our fellowmen. It is the business of the layman to attend the meetings of the church, to cast his influence on the right side, to lend the weight of his experience and his ability to the solution of its problems. It is his business to make a church the power of God for renovating and re-creating humanity.

If the church is worth having, it is worth all this. If it is not worth all this, it is not worth anything; and we can fill its place by other instrumentalities. If it is worth this, it demands from you as much as from its ministers,—your unremitting consecration, intelligent, earnest, day by day, Sunday by Sunday, year-long service, —throughout the year, and throughout life.

IT WAS SAID

AT THE BOSTON MAY MEETINGS.

That there are secretaries and secretaries, but only one Grindall Reynolds.

That it takes a Napoleon of finance to run a hundred-thousand-dollar missionary business on the basis of a fifty-thousand contribution from the churches.

That more means are more needed than more men just now!

That eleven ministers of other denominations have entered the Unitarian fellowship during the past twelve months.

That even iron constitutions are liable to decline, when they have outlived their vitality.

That Calthrop's nostrum is one needed by many ministers,—"pink pills for pale people."

That Dr. Bartol still looks like an aged but interested angel.

That the anthracite temperament of New England, when once well kindled, is long burning, and hard to extinguish.

That courage is sometimes the infirmity of a man rather than the virtue.

That churches exist not to be entertained, but for the sake of cultivating the spiritual life, lifting up the level of society, helping others to live the divine life.

That, when a feast of divine things is offered, no fences or gates are needed to keep out the crowd.

That the true mission of Unitarianism is to restore the active principles of Christianity.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Pursuant to a call signed by Drs. Thomas, Crowe, Hirsch, and by Rev. J. Ll. Jones, several meetings of liberal ministers and laymen were held in Chicago during the session of the World's Parliament of Religions, at which a committee of ten were appointed, representing the Unitarians, Reformed Jews, Universalists, Ethical Culture Societies, and liberal independent churches, having power to arrange for a congress of the various liberal religious bodies in America during the spring of 1894. A call issued by this committee for such a Congress, having been widely signed, resulted in the holding of the First American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies at Sinai Temple, Chicago, on May 22, 23, 24, 25.

The various attempts that are being made by Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists looking toward a union or federation of the orthodox churches are all expressions of a religious tendency which is everywhere manifesting itself,—to use President Tucker's sententious phrase, "the tendency from liberty to unity." This Chicago congress is an expression of this tendency among the liberal bodies. It is the first attempt, on any large scale, to give definite direction to this common impulse among liberals. Other meetings there have been for fraternal purposes of some of the members of the various bodies represented in this congress; but never before have they met under a regular call for such definite business purposes. The Free Religious Society has held meetings as truly representative of liberal thought as was this congress; but this is the first meeting to result in a tangible union of liberal forces. Even if it fail of accomplishing the definite objects outlined by its committees, yet, when such practical co-operation does come, it will be directly traceable to the holding of this congress. Hence this congress will be an important event in the history of liberalism in America.

It was fitting that this new historical movement should be inaugurated in a temple of the ancient faith of Judaism, and should have the hearty co-operation of its rabbi; for thus it links itself with all the religious past. Members of the congress also noted, as an auspicious and significant fact, that over the doors of that temple are written these words, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations."

The opening meeting of the session was devoted to the consideration of the possibilities of co-operation from the standpoints of the various bodies represented in the congress. The spacious temple, seating nearly twenty-five hundred people, was crowded, the aisles being filled with people standing. Dr. Thomas of Chicago presided, and the platform was filled with distinguished advocates of liberalism. The number of young men present was noticeable and hopeful, and the size of the audience gave evidence of the deep and wide-spread interest in the congress. Rev. Mr. Simons, speaking for the independents, dwelt upon the weakness of isolated independency. Rabbi Hirsch claimed for Judaism that it is a universal religion. He was in this congress because he is a Jew. He made an impassioned plea for the fuller recognition of the Jewish people by Christians. In joining this movement, the Reformed Jews had no intention of deserting their nation and kin. Though ready to co-operate, they would still remain a separate people. If charged with clannishness, his reply was that the attitude of the Christians toward them made this necessary. The doing away with this distinction of caste lay wholly

with the Christians. The Jews could do nothing; but they were ready for the coming of that brotherhood when Israel should be swallowed up in the peoples. His address produced a profound impression. Mr. Salter, of the Ethical Culture Society, said the basis of co-operation must be an ethical one. Men did not agree about the existence of God. That idea could not form a rallying point, nor the name of Jesus; but all agreed as to the rule of life. Men had a passionate desire for righteousness, and this alone could form a working basis of union. Rev. Mr. Savage claimed for Unitarianism that it was synonymous with universal religion. He found perfect freedom within its fold. No one had the power to dictate to him, and he knew of no one who wanted to. Dr. Shutter was not present to speak for Universalism; but its position was defined at later sessions of the congress by Dr. Fluhrer and by Dr. Alcott, who claimed that to-day it stands for universal religion. The latter said that, interpreting Universalism by its three great working principles, it gave perfect liberty of thought, and could not be classed as a sect. Rev. Mr. Faville, who spoke in behalf of what he called the "Higher Orthodoxy" at a later session, said that love of truth and loyalty to it had created the many sects. We must be loyal to truth; but *love of man* rather than love of truth must be the chief thought in forming a church. This he called the "Higher Orthodoxy," and here he found a basis for general co-operation. "Theologies are many," he asserted, "but humanity is one."

The following day Prof. Small (Baptist) of Chicago University read a valuable paper on the "Sociological Basis of Union." In helping humanity, and not in formulating creeds, can we find a working basis of union. He said that here the orthodox bodies were more liberal than so-called "liberals." From statistics he showed that their pulpits devoted a greater amount of time to sociological and humanitarian questions. On Thursday Rev. Mr. Wright of New York found our philosophical basis of union in the thought of God. God as a life behind all phenomena had been practically proved by science. Other able and interesting papers read during the congress were contributed by Miss Caroline Bartlett, Mr. H. M. Simmons, Mr. E. P. Powell, and others.

The most important business of the congress consisted in taking steps to incorporate itself as a permanent organization, holding meetings annually, with a set of officers empowered to carry out such schemes of liberal work as may be devised by the congress. Rev. H. W. Thomas was elected president, and Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones secretary, for the ensuing year. A board of thirty directors was appointed, who represent all the various bodies of the congress and localities of the country from Boston to Tacoma. Reports were made by committees upon establishing common headquarters in large cities, upon establishing a summer school of liberal religion on the Chautauqua plan, upon co-operation of the various liberal bodies in missionary work, upon uniting the liberal publications, and upon endowing several chairs in some university where young men contemplating the liberal ministry can be trained without sectarian bias. This last report gave Dr. Hirsch opportunity for making one of the finest addresses of the congress on the need of better training for liberal ministers. All these plans were reported as feasible, and were referred to the board of directors for further action.

It is very doubtful if the congress will be able at present, or even in the near future, to put into practical operation any of the several schemes it has proposed. It is much easier to resolve than it is to execute, and many practical difficulties will present themselves when action comes to be taken. The congress in its sessions did not have to face a single such practical problem. So far its work is all on paper; but it is sincerely to be hoped that some of its plans at least may be put into practice. But, even if they all fail, yet the holding of this congress will be worth all it has cost. It marks the beginning which must be made before practical co-operation can come.

Throughout its sessions the audiences were large, the addresses of a remarkably high order, the unity of spirit and enthusiasm admirable. It was not a congress of cranks, but of earnest men and women who are holding influential and responsible positions in society.

One criticism, however, needs to be made. It was distinctly stated at the beginning of this movement that there was no intention

of forming a new sect nor of detaching any society from its present denominational relations. But, by incorporating itself as a legal body, by undertaking all the functions of an ecclesiastical body, the congress has gone a long way toward becoming a new religious denomination. It has gone far beyond the province of a pure congress, though it may still retain that name, and beyond the intent of some who signed the call. It is doubtful whether many of its members had any previous thought of incorporation or understood its significance. The men most prominent in guiding the affairs of the congress were representatives of independent churches and those who are moving toward independency. It will not be strange if the incorporation of the congress shall result in making it simply an association of independent churches, and the original plan of the congress fall quite into abeyance. If so, this will afford an opportunity to any societies who may desire to change their present denominational affiliations to a connection with this body. But such a turn of affairs will result in the withdrawal of many societies from the congress, of all whose members are now fairly well satisfied with the freedom they have and the progress made under present organizations in the cause they represent. Unless wisely managed, there is serious danger of turning this congress into an association of independent churches, thus merely creating another Congregational body, differing but slightly from the present Unitarian and Universalist denominations. Such an association will be most helpful to the cause of the various people's churches; and it is highly desirable that they form themselves into some organization. But, if this congress be turned into such a movement, it will utterly defeat the original intention in calling it. In view of what has been done in this direction, it will be interesting to watch the future developments of the congress. RODNEY F. JOHONNOT.

Oak Park, Ill.

God has so constituted man that the performance of the highest duties, when actuated by the highest principles of his nature, secures to him the greatest amount of happiness possible to him in this world.—*James Eddy.*

THE MEADVILLE SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The Meadville Theological School was founded in 1844, just fifty years ago; and on June 14 the Alumni joined with the faculty, students, trustees, and many friends in joyfully celebrating the interesting anniversary,—the golden wedding. Thirty-two of the Alumni were present, many of whom came from long distances.

The exercises of the week began on Monday evening with a notable and most appropriate sermon by an Alumnus of the school, Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell, who took for his subject "The New Accents of Faith."

Tuesday was taken up with the meetings of the Middle States Conference. The occasion was one of unusual interest, and the attendance was consequently very large.

On Wednesday morning the semi-centennial exercises opened with a devotional meeting, led by Rev. George S. Ball of Upton, Mass., whose name heads the list of those who have entered the Meadville Theological School. Rev. Carlton A. Staples of Lexington, Mass., assisted Mr. Ball at this meeting. Then, after singing a hymn, the Alumni and friends listened to the opening address by the president of the Alumni Association, Rev. Edward A. Horton,—an address of cordial welcome and of happy congratulation on the conditions and prospects of the Meadville School.

Mr. Horton's address was followed by the report of William L. Chaffin, secretary, which consisted in a summary of data relating to the Alumni. He said that, including the present graduating class, 494 persons had connected themselves with the Meadville School, of whom 218 had graduated; and there had also been 37 licensed undergraduates. The secretary's report was followed by a most carefully prepared and scholarly address of the president of the school, Prof. George L. Cary, on "The Evolution of the School." Rev. Rush R. Shippen spoke on "The Beginnings," and gave a most enjoyable address, in which he paid high tribute to the members of the Huidekoper family, who had shown a deep interest in the school, and had given it, at various times, very large pecuniary assistance. Rev. Thomas McWhinney followed, speak-

ing on "The Christian Connection" and its relation to the Meadville Theological School.

At the afternoon meeting Rev. Marion Murdock of Cleveland, another graduate, spoke in a clear and forcible manner of the progress made in England and America in the higher education of women. Rev. George L. Chaney followed with an address on "The Presidents," in which he presented a most admirable and finished analysis of the characters and services of the different men who had presided over the school. "In Memorian" was the subject next treated by Rev. Carlton A. Staples, who spoke in most tender and appreciative terms of the members who had passed away. The treasurer of the school, Mr. Edgar Huidekoper, in behalf of the trustees, welcomed the Alumni and visiting friends to the hospitality of Meadville, and gave a very encouraging report of the financial condition of the school. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., spoke next on "The Relation of the School to the Denomination," and gratefully recognized the good which Meadville had accomplished.

At the evening session brief addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. George S. Shaw, Frederic Gill, Frank L. Phalen, J. Lloyd Jones, H. H. Barber, John Snyder, and George Batchelor, their speeches being full of pleasant and grateful allusions to their life in the school. Rev. John W. Chadwick also spoke, and, as a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School, presented his cordial greetings, and gave emphatic expression to his belief that the Meadville Theological School was doing noble work, and deserved the entire confidence of Unitarians. A letter was read from Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., of Cambridge, in which he sent the greetings of Harvard to Meadville. At this meeting a hearty vote of thanks was extended to Rev. and Mrs. William S. Heywood for their generous gift of $16,000 to found the Rev. Adin Ballou Professorship of Christian Sociology. Two very happy surprises were in store for the friends of the school. One was the donation of two houses and house lots by Miss Elizabeth G. Huidekoper; the other, the gift of $3,000 to be used in enriching the reference library. This fund was raised by Mrs. Elizabeth Huidekoper Kidder, who gave $1,000 of the amount herself. It is needless to add that these noble gifts called forth the most hearty applause from the congregation. Resolutions of thanks to Miss Huidekoper and Mrs. Kidder were adopted with enthusiasm.

On Thursday forenoon the graduation exercises occurred. The graduates were John H. Applebee, Seward Baker, W. C. Brown, Florence Buck, Herbert C. Farwell, F. J. Gauld, Stanley M. Hunter, Joseph M. Seaton, Frank S. Wicks. These exercises were admirable in every way, the essays being not only well thought out, finely expressed, and forcibly delivered, but also being earnest, practical, and with a positive religious and Christian emphasis. In the afternoon J. H. Applebee and F. S. Wicks were ordained.

The semi-centennial celebration was a grand success, exceedingly enjoyable, and inspiring all who attended with largely increased confidence in the condition and prospects of the school.

A LIBERAL CONGRESS? OR, A NEW LIBERAL SECT?

The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies held last month in Chicago has attracted considerable public attention. We give our readers a report of it written by Rev. R. F. Johonnot of Oak Park (Chicago), who has been actively interested in the congress from the beginning. Mr. Johonnot calls attention with regret to what seems a somewhat radical change of plan in the congress from that proposed in the beginning. Others have noted the same. The original call for the congress distinctly stated that it was to be a congress of "liberal religious *societies*," for the purpose of creating a spirit of closer kinship and of fuller co-operation among them in regard to those things which they have in common. It was to be a federation of existing organizations, not the creation of a new church. But the congress adopted a plan of permanent organization which seems to depart quite radically from this original purpose. It keeps the name, "American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies," but declares its objects to be "to unite in larger fellowship and co-operation such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undog-

matic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of other non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to develop the church of humanity," etc. Then it goes forward to adopt by-laws and regulations such as are adapted to the needs of a new religious denomination. Both Dr. Thomas and Mr. Jones seem to understand that it is a new church, or denomination, that has been organized. Says Mr. Jones, "The coming church has now a possibility that it has never had before." On the other hand, however, Dr. Hirsch declares his determination to stand by his Judaism, and tells us that "the congress itself proved, if it did anything, that no new religion was needed."

Of course, the attitude of a majority of liberals, especially Unitarians, Universalists, and members of Ethical Culture societies, toward the new movement, will depend upon whether it is to be what was originally planned or a new church. Even if it sets out to be a church, doubtless it will take great pains to declare that it is non-sectarian, just as the Unitarian Church has always done. (It cannot be less sectarian than Unitarianism has been.) But all this will avail it nothing: the world will set it down as a sect, just as it sets down the Unitarian societies as a sect, and just as it sets down the Ethical Culture societies as a sect. With a new sect or denomination in the field, of course the question will at once arise with most of us, To which body, the old or the new, shall we give our allegiance and our financial support? Thus a new division of interests arises; and, instead of the various existing liberal bodies being drawn nearer together, a new rival to them all is created. In this way a movement which in its inception promised increased unity seems in danger of producing new division and alienation. Instead of the evils of sects and sectarianism being lessened, there seems danger of a new sect and a new sectarianism, and hence a weakening instead of a strengthening of the cause of liberal religion.

We invite the attention of the directors and other officers of the new organization to this matter. If a mistake has been made, it can be rectified at the next meeting of the congress. Has not a mistake of a serious nature been made?

There is clearly room for an association whose object shall be to bring the various liberal religious bodies (better still, *all* religious bodies, orthodox as well as liberal) to better acquaintance and fuller co-operation with each other; but there is no room for a new denomination, orthodox or liberal. The new liberal congress traces its origin to the great Parliament of Religions of last year. It will be a poor outcome of that Parliament if it shall result in our having more sects in this country instead of fewer.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

A MEMORIAL DAY POEM.*

Red of the rose and lily white the folds of our banner share,
With heaven's blue in its star-gemmed field, a blending of colors rare.
Oh, never a flag in the whole wide world to my eyes can seem so fair,
As beneath it we march on!

Redder than roses the blood that dyed its folds in the long ago,
And pale as lilies the cheeks that blanched at news of the battle's woe;
But the flag ne'er trailed, nor a brave heart failed, as, pressing against the foe,
Our sires went marching on!

Honor and Freedom, Law and Right, were the things that they loved and sought;
And on many a field for seven long years they toiled for these, and fought,
Till at last the cause was gained, and the end these gracious blessings brought,
And in peace the flag waved on!

And bravely it waved on many a breeze, through years of peace and strife,
Till out of its field a cluster of stars were cut by the traitor's knife,
And men stood fronting a struggle which struck at the heart of the nation's life,
And sadly they marched on!

It seemed that the spirit of '76 was sleeping or wholly dead,
That Freedom and Honor were empty words, and the love of the Union fled;
But 'twas only the love of peace that had palsied the nation's heart and head,
And it steadily marched on!

From east to west of the loyal North a tremor of horror thrilled,
While o'er the fields of the headstrong South war's discords screamed and shrilled,
And the ground was drunk with the patriot blood in a hundred conflicts spilled;
But the good flag still waved on!

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*Read at the Memorial Service, Iowa City, May 30, 1894.

Oh, never from memory's page shall fade the thought of those awful years,
The harvest of death and the agony that was mingled of blood and tears,
The ebb and flow of the tide of war, the coursing of hopes and fears,
Till the victory was won!

But the glorious flag was whole once more, and never a star was lost.
On winds of the South and North alike it proudly swayed and tossed,
And out of its folds the sinister bar by blood was forever crossed;
And in honor it waved on!

The kindly seasons have healed the wounds that yawned in the wake of war,
And the hand of nature has covered o'er the signs of its wreck and scar,
And treason's discordant threats no more the peace of the nation mar:
The flag and the land are one!

And now each year, when sunny May with beauty clothes the ground,
We gather flowers, and reverently wreathe every grassy mound
Where, in the cities of the dead, a soldier's name is found,
And gratefully march on!

And honor give to those that live who passed the conflict through,
The flag who bore in battle's roar, and kept it ever true.
Honor to them, and love, and cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
As we go marching on!

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

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*THE DUTY OF OUR CHURCHES IN RELATION TO TEMPERANCE.**

I have been asked to read a paper before this Conference upon "The Duty of our Churches in Relation to Temperance." What are our churches? They are corporations of free individuals united in the desire to realize the purest and truest life and to kindle that life in the community around. As churches, therefore, we must be opposed to all that tends to the degradation of men and women from the high estate of self-governing sons and daughters of God. But the characteristic of our own churches is freedom of individual opinion and conscience; and we are therefore held back from any corporate action which would override that freedom. It is only, therefore, when a church among us has arrived at one mind concerning the true mode of dealing with any great evil that it can rightly take action binding all its members. Therefore, so long as the members of one of our churches are of diverse mind concerning such true mode, it is not legitimate for such church to take action binding on its members. To enforce total abstinence as a condition of church membership would be as unlawful for us as to enforce subscription to a theological creed. We are therefore, thrown back practically in our discussion on the duty of the individuals composing our churches. What is that duty?

At present in this matter we are sharply divided. Some of us—a rapidly increasing number—are total abstainers, convinced, earnest, enthusiastic. Others among us are either indifferent or opposed to the principle of total abstinence. To each belongs a special duty. It is the duty of our total abstainers to make every legitimate appeal to the reason, to the conscience, to the compassion of the indifferent or opposed. It is their duty at the same time to exercise the utmost patience and tolerance, believing to the utmost in the conscientiousness of their dissentient brethren, avoiding to the utmost fanaticism, bigotry, bitterness. On the other hand, seeing the passionate earnestness of these abstainers, their disinterestedness, their devotion, it is the duty of our non-abstainers to give them a hearing, to keep judgment and conscience open to their appeal, to be patient with them, to believe that they may have considerations both new and forceful to adduce, to guard themselves against a mere traditional or superficial disagreement founded on empty catchwords, and, above all, to see to it that they are not behind their abstaining brethren in battling against the vast and terrible national evil against which the abstainer is enlisted. Myself then a total abstainer,—and one who once used and believed in all the ordinary arguments on which the non-abstainer bases his position, and was only brought over to the abstainer's position by the invincible logic of fact,—I desire to proceed to my own personal duty, the attempt to convince the men and women—and especially the young men and women—whom I see before me that their duty, like mine, is to totally abstain.

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* A paper read before the Fifth Triennial Conference of Unitarian Churches of Great Britain, Manchester, April 12, 1894.

I will lay down five propositions, every one of which I find to be virtually disputed by some or other of my non-abstaining friends.

My first proposition is, drunkenness is a very bad thing.

My second, there is much drunkenness.

My third, in moderate drinking there is danger of drunkenness.

My fourth, moderate drinking is in itself an evil.

My fifth, total abstinence is the surest safeguard against drunkenness.

First, drunkenness is a very bad thing.

Secondly, there is much drunkenness.

In a recent debate I was so foolish as to assume these two propositions to be generally accepted. I was quickly undeceived. Not in so many words, but virtually, they were both denied; and the case of my opponents was mainly based on their virtual denial. Is drunkenness a very bad thing? Pauperism, disease, insanity, crime, I may perhaps assume without argument (as time is limited), to be bad. But the testimony of most Poor Law Guardians is that drunkenness is the chief cause of pauperism, of most doctors that it is a prolific cause of disease and aggravates all disease, and the same with regard to insanity; while the solid testimony of all prison chaplains and all judges that it is the chief cause of crime may be confidently set against the academic and *doctrinaire* denials of the fact which are at the moment fashionable. But let us assume that all these witnesses are prejudiced, that their statements are enormously exaggerated, that other hidden causes are at work of which neither physicians nor judges know anything. It remains the fact that drunkenness is at least among the prolific causes of all the greatest miseries and shames of men,—ay, and yet more of women.

But abstract statement fails to strike the imagination. I fall back on concrete experience. Have you ever known a drunkard, watched his loss of will, of conscience, of truth, of honor, of pity, of power, of love? Alas and alas! The picture is so familiar that it has too often lost its power to strike horror to the heart till it is a man's own friend or wife or son who falls; and then, ah God! the shame and the despair.

But is there much drunkenness? The statistics are appalling; but men will not believe statistics. I am content once more to refer to those elements of our civilization —pauperism, disease, insanity, crime—of which drunkenness is a chief contributive cause.

Is there much of these things? If so, there must be much of this contributive cause. Take a main artery of the poorer part of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, on a Saturday night. Are there many drunken men and women? It is assumed that drunkenness is a poor man's vice. Every doctor, every lawyer, every minister, knows better. The wealthier classes can keep it secret. They can drink in the dining-room or the boudoir. That is the difference. I have often striven—and always in vain—to think of any family whatever of which I know the whole history and connections which has not known in its borders the horror of the drink curse. Either father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, or some near kin not further off than descendants of common grandparents, has been hit by it. I defy any man here who really knows his own family history to get up and say that within his immediate family connection the drink fiend has never shown his face. For God's sake, men and women, face the facts. You are called to wage a holy war. Intemperance rots away every fibre of manly or womanly character. It is the pander of all vice, the ally of every crime. Civilization cannot stand in the face of it. And its colossal forces hem us in on every side. It lays siege to every city, town, and village in the land.

My third proposition is that in moderate drinking there is danger of drunkenness; and that I assert with absolute conviction on the basis of heart-breaking knowledge. That which I have seen and known I speak. I have had friends, dear, honored, pure, who have fallen,—doctors, lawyers, magistrates, ministers, fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,—I have known them, and they have fallen. They began life so sure of themselves, so certain that they could always exercise self-control; and, either by imperceptible degrees or under some crisis of sorrow or of weakness or of depression, they increased the quantity. And the time came with some when the happiness of the home and the respect of men gradually fell away from them. The day came with

others when they broke out suddenly into horrible excess. In exact proportion to the danger, alcohol saps and rots the will-power; and, at the very moment when the man alarmed feels that he must pull up, he finds to his horror that the pull is all gone out of him. Or it may be that the faculty of a fine self-knowledge has been poisoned in him, and he does not even know that he is sinking into a sot. In any case, all the drunkards that there are are made from the moderate drinkers. None set out to be drunkards. They all start to take a little, not much. And no man can say who will stand, who fall. Some in youth, some in honorable middle life, some in venerable old age, pass for the first time that awful Rubicon. Men better than myself, with moral standard, with will-power, at least, as good as mine, I have seen swept like a leaf in the current over the abyss. And for my part, though I have no alcoholic craving whatever in me, it is the ungarnished fact that, having seen what I have seen and knowing what I know, I simply dare not run the risk involved in the habit of drinking wine. I trust, if that were the only ground, I should not fail to be a teetotaler for the sake of example; but, as a matter of fact, I am a teetotaler primarily that I may be safe against the most cunning and insidious danger which exists on the face of the earth.

My fourth proposition is that moderate drinking is in itself an evil; and here I know that it is impossible for me to speak what I believe to be true without giving offence to some, perhaps to many. But I must speak what seems to me laid on me to say. First, physiologically: in exact proportion to the alcoholizing of the system is the loss of power to resist disease or to recover from wounds, and also the inability to benefit by alcohol administered medicinally. So far, I believe, the medical profession generally agrees; but it is true that the majority of the profession still prescribe alcohol very freely, and that only the minority advocate total abstinence. It is not so long since the majority of the profession practised almost universal phlebotomy. Medical opinion is not to be estimated by counting heads, nor even by the eminence of individuals on either side. It is to be gauged by its trend, its movement; and its movement is rapid in the direction of anti-alcohol. Says the *Lancet* itself, "The question used to be between much alcohol and little: whereas now the question is between little and none at all."

But, if even moderate drinking deteriorates the *physical* fibre, no less does it deteriorate the *intellectual* and *moral* fibre. I ask you to take any family where some are teetotalers and others not, and watch which are more keen for justice, for freedom, for public righteousness, which lead the keener intellectual life. Even in what many deem small quantities, habitually taken, alcoholic beverages tend to dull the keenness of intellectual life, to slacken the quick response of conscience to its stimulus, slowly to replace the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion by that of *laissez-faire* and self-indulgence.

My fifth proposition was that total abstinence is the surest safeguard against drunkenness. Is it not a truism? If you never take a first glass, it is impossible you should ever take a second. If you never go near the edge, you cannot possibly fall over. If you totally abstain, you live in a security and certainty of immunity from awful peril, which cannot possibly be yours while you play with gunpowder or toy with dynamite.

It is time I drew to a close. I looked to this great meeting, when the strength and the hope of our churches would be gathered before me, as an incomparable opportunity to arouse the attention and awaken the conscience of our people on this tremendous theme. Alas! the responsibility has been too great for me, and I have spoken feebly. But, ah! brothers and sisters in our beautiful, free faith, in discipleship to the loving Christ, in sonhood and daughterhood to the all-compassionate Father, if I have spoken feebly, let not my weakness be your excuse for indifference. Wiser and better men than I, women instinct with the spirit of the Christ, are crying out to you to consider this thing anew. Do not stop your ears. Do not close your eyes. Do not let your judgment sleep. Do not hush your conscience. Arouse yourselves, especially you, who are young and strong, who are to make or mar the twentieth Christian century. To you, especially, I make appeal. The middle-aged, the old, we cannot move. They will not give us heed. But you who are young, ah! do not turn away. Study

this question through. And, if you come to think with me that it is well to have no part or lot with the fire-water that burns and destroys its myriads, have courage to face the ridicule, the breach of accepted convention, and vow before God to keep pure and true. And you, who even on such reconsideration are unconvinced and honestly believe teetotalism to be fanatical and foolish, you, I challenge, before God and man, to prove us wrong by doing more than we are doing, man for man, to redeem our common country from the foul and malignant drink curse that saps its strength and blights so many thousands of its homes.

And, finally, if you agree that this evil is a monstrous evil, ask yourselves whether any man has a right to found his wealth on it. Ask yourselves whether the sacred names of freedom and justice were ever so foully prostituted as in the claim that men shall be allowed to thrust the drink-shop on unwilling neighborhoods. Sir Roland Wilson asks, "How can the majority be injured by the sale of drink if they are themselves total abstainers?" Is it, then, no injury to my poor neighbor that the streets all about him shall be made hideous, that his little child as he kneels to say his evening prayer must have the drunken shout ringing in his ear from the street below, that his wife and daughter must have tipsy insults thrust upon them as they wend their homeward way, that his growing son must be lured and tempted into the public house, that his homestead must be beset behind and before with the nameless iniquities of which gin is the high priest? And, if this is no injury to my poor neighbor, why has the justice of the peace no gin-palace next door to him? Why are the homes of the rich and influential not to be blessed with a public house at the nearest street corner? Let us recognize, without any disguise, the battle we have to fight. Here is an enormous money interest represented most powerfully in Parliament, in city councils, on the bench, possessed of the finest parochial system in the world, every publican a priest and every barman a clerk and every big brewer and distiller an archbishop, built up absolutely on the misery, the weakness, the vice of the people, our brothers and sisters. In the name of freedom and of justice we are bid to let it alone. In the name of justice and of freedom, and of their twin-sisters purity and mercy, I adjure you to make with it no pact or peace, but to speak, to toil, to pray, to vote for an England sober, pure, and free.

RICHARD A. ARMSTRONG.

TYPES OF THE SPIRIT.

It is thine, O man, to be a bright speck in the universe among other bright specks, to strike out in contact with thy associate specks a warmth never known on sea or land.

It is thine, O man, to live from Heaven; for there is the high origin of whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, for you to follow out. It is thine, O man, to live from Heaven; for there is the positive instruction to lend a hand and to obey the Golden Rule, for you to follow out. Live from Heaven, O man; for there are the sweet qualities which the home is made of, for you to follow out. Live from Heaven, O man. There are furnished, at first hand, life-giving principles for you to make yours and to illustrate.

Many things are said and done that, praise the Lord, are not final. The fool hath said, There is no God. My dear fool, you fail beyond measure of uttering a final word. You are carried along—yes, carried—in the plan of creation to where your eyes will open. You will see God within,—will see him everywhere, and your heart will rejoice in him. Some one has said there is a spot of idiocy in every man's brain. No final word this. The spot is unoccupied ground as yet in the immense domain of evolution. There is something in the brain not idiocy, far from it, that is a well-occupied spot farther along in Nature's cultured realm, the place of great men. The wise man and he that lacks are both in the hands of God to do for them with infinite skill and goodness. Man is not translated from here to the hereafter. But for evolution humanity would be one immense arrest. Let every one rejoice in the well-begun unfolding. Nature is a scene-shifter all the year round, bringing out happiness and

happier characterizations of the player. The space life has on this sphere is, thank God, as nothing to its space on the next sphere.

Religion is natural, and on celestial wings ascends to God above the blue, prays to Him, communes with him alone with the Alone; while morality walks the earth, and mingles much with men. Religion is in the spirit, and has its devotions, its yearnings, its petitions, its making acquaintance with God, its confessions, its ascensions above the clouds. Morality is given to affairs, has great devotion to business, obligations to acts of kindness, obedience to the duties of a citizen and the common sense of the Golden Rule.

The combination of the religio-ethical makes the whole rounded man. One arc of the roundness is above, the other arc of the roundness is on earth. The love of man by a native trend rises to be man's love of God, faith in man to faith in God, reverence for the great and good is carried up to the reverence and worship of the Highest. Micah wrote this double sacredness: "To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." There is hope that the man who comes to church for intellectual outing and social enjoyments may return to pray. Praise the Lord in the Old Testament and visit the sick in the New do not work at cross-purposes. Like the poet with his "fine frenzy," the ethico-religious man looks "from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth."

Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. This is small altruism on a spot of earth. So do unto God who dwelleth in the infinite realm of Being in love and worship as you would have him do unto you if you were God. The spiritual and moral exist side by side, and they inspire each other with a happy inspiration. Relations divine and human exist everywhere, piety is rare, good deeds common.

Whose the perfect day in June and another in October? Whose the chirping dawn and the shining day, the retiring hours and the sweet twilight? Whose the wonder of the stars, the beautiful and grand? Whose the good and the true? Whose the centuries that alight upon the earth, and others that renew the flight? the footsteps that lead along the *sacra via* to the celestial gates? All are yours and mine. Life is a boundless boon, an infinite mystery with the good and the great to match. Praise and glory and hallelujah to the God of life and mystery!

The World could not be carried on without a deep subterranean apartment in which to lay aside what has seen its day and had its trial at perpetuation. When evolution has moved away from philosophy's four elements, away from all manner of ignorance and prejudice and the mistakes of an age,—the world's early reckonings, a solar orbit and a terrestrial centre, alchemy and the elixir of life,—away from endless misery, mediæval theology, a propitiatory blood, persecution, witchcraft, the stake, and fast-day, what is to be done with this great accumulation of outgrown garments but to be cast into outer shadow, that is the roomy past?

The World could not be carried forward without a boundless territory on which to gather more of the Lord's glories, like the glory that once shone around. To move from one century is to move into another on the way to the endless days. To develop out of the past is to develop into the future, into emancipation from war and intemperance, into a further penetration by enterprise and invention into the possible, into the further wonders of science, into a divine sociality, into a heavenly theology, into more of a religion that is natural, into truth lighted up at all its windows. Evolution into reason and justice, like those above, into just views of the Bible,—what can contain this new world of facts and ideas but the roomy future, immense and palatial?

W. M. Bicknell.

Malden, Mass.

SUNSET.

When day is spent, and we with toil
  Are wearied, worn, and sad,
Bright vision of the beautiful
  Appears to make us glad.
Before the hovering darkness falls,
  We have a scene divine,
A voice from heaven our spirit calls,—
  Its glories on us shine.
Then skies are strewn with golden stars,
  God's flowers in fields of space,
Until once more the morn unbars,—
  Another dream of grace!

William Brunton.

Whitman, Mass.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TERM "UNITARIAN."

In the London *Christian Life* of June 2 appears a letter signed "A. G." (presumably written by Rev. Alexander Gordon, principal of the Unitarian Home Missionary College, Manchester), designed to correct a common American misapprehension as to the first use and the original meaning of the term "Unitarian." Principal Gordon is perhaps the highest authority in England on Unitarian history. He writes to the editor of the paper named as follows:—

Sir,—Your last issue gives an extract from an address written by President Cary of Meadville, in which the term Unitarian is said, on the authority of Peter Bod, to have originally meant *united*, and to have been applied at first to "a body of men holding various forms of the Protestant faith," but banded together for the purpose of obtaining religious freedom. This erroneous view seems to have taken hold in America, where it is often put forward.

Peter Bod, the Calvinistic church historian of Transylvania, wrote in 1756. He is, therefore, in no way entitled to the weight of a contemporary authority; nor does any contemporary authority support his conjecture. The *Uniti* of Transylvania date from 1556. Their Union was an agreement between Lutherans and Calvinists to adopt a common platform of doctrine in regard to the sacraments. This Union did not last long, for it came to an end in 1561. There was no manifestation of anti-Trinitarian opinion among the Transylvanian churches till 1567.

As for the term *Unitarius*, no one has yet succeeded in tracing it to an earlier date than 1600, when *unitaria religio* appears in a decree of the Transylvanian diet at Léczfalva. It did not become the official designation of the Transylvanian Unitarian Church till 1638.

In England the term Unitarian does not appear till 1682, nor is it found in print till 1688. A. G.

May 29.

We notice that Dr. J. H. Allen, in his recent book, "Unitarianism since the Reformation," falls into the same mistake that President Cary has done.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

Jesus.

What were the souls he sought?
What moved his inmost thought?
The friendless and the poor,
The woes none else could cure,
The grateful sinner's cry,
The heathen's heavenward sign,—
Each in their lot and line
Drew forth the love and life divine.

—*Dean Stanley.*

MONDAY.

A Consecration Offering.

Lord, here's a *hand!*
Oh, take this hand, and lead me at thy side;
For I would never ask another guide.
I lift it, Lord, withdrawn from other hands,
For thee to grasp and lead in thy commands.
Lord, take this *hand!*

Lord, here's a *heart!*
Thy temple it should be. Good master, rout
All mean intruders; turn the dearest out,
And only let thy own true priesthood in;
Be thou the keeper; keep from every sin.
Oh, take this *heart!*

Lord, here are *feet!*
Feet thou thyself hast washed from every stain,
Feet that have slipt and been restored again.
Move thou my feet, that I may ever lift
Their steppings at thy will, unfettered, swift.
Oh, take these *feet!*

Lord, here's a *life!*
With all its possibilities of ill
Or boundless good, as thou my God shalt will.
If thou dost bless, life shall a blessing be;
If thou withhold, Lord, all must come from thee!

Lord, here is *all!*
My hope, my love, my prospects, all I bring,
A humble offering to my gracious King.
My barley loaves and few small fish I place
In thy dear hands. Accept them in thy grace.
Oh, keep my *all!*

TUESDAY.

Faith.

She stood as one transfixed, and all alone,
With arms uplifted, and her billowing hair
Poured on a breast as pure and lily fair
As driven snow by some chill night-wind blown.
Her lips gave forth no cry in sobbing tones;

No look of woe, nor scorn, nor deep despair
Upon that calm white face was pictured.
But that sweet smile where confidence is shown,
The lustrous eyes where dewy lashes fall,
Speak forth their longings as the wavering light
Of some lone star that pierces darkest night;
And through the empty vastness seemed to call
On him alone, confiding perfect trust,—
God is still God,—I know that he is just!

—*Willis Sheridan Wing.*

WEDNESDAY.

The Smallest Thing.

Sometimes the simplest word,
Though often heard
And heeded not,
The shadow of a bird
Flashing across a sunny spot,
A breath of air,
A bullock's low,
A smell of flowers,
Hath power to call from everywhere
The spirits of forgotten hours. . . .

O glorious power!
O daily second birth!
Who the most lowly wayside flower
Canst clothe with might to make anew our earth,
And by a pebble small
Canst give us back our childhood's dower,
Break custom's freezing thrall,
And to the wilted soul its lusty spring recall.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THURSDAY.

Be Glad of Pain.

Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee.
'Twill shine again.
The sky is very dark, 'tis true;
But just beyond it shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

FRIDAY.

My Heaven on Earth.

To nobly think the highest thought that I can reach,
To feel the mighty thrill of kindling aspiration,
To hate with ardent soul all base, ignoble schemes,
To match a steadfast will against the tempter's arts,
To do my daily duty in heroic mood,
To take my cross and follow Christ unmurmuringly,
To love my fellow-men as truly as myself,
To feed the hungry mouth, to clothe the naked back,
To visit them that sit in dismal prison cells,
To love my God with all my heart and soul and strength,—
Such holy work as this is heaven begun on earth;
And more than this 'tis not for mortals weak to know
Till they have passed behind the shimmering veil
That hides the glories of the distant land from view.

SATURDAY.

Sorrow.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him: rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

"CANST THOU BY SEARCHING FIND OUT GOD?"

If so by searching I might find Him out,
I journeyed East, and read the hidden lore
Of men reputed to have walked before,
And talked with God in deeps of hallowed mount.
South, north, and west I sought the heavenly fount,
The veiled face, so I might best adore
This great All-Presence. Yet, with idle store,
Still unconvinced, I sought to take account,
Here on the hillside, on this bright spring day.
Lo! all the air did breathe the mystic name;
The glistening leaves of ivy on the stone;
The wee, pale yellow flower that seemed at play
Among the grasses, and the fields aflame.
So, through his works, God manifest was known.

MARY WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

March, 1894.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the last number of the *Unitarian* appeared an editorial note upon the proposed new constitution for the National Conference, in which it was urged that the difficulties in the way of its adoption might be harmoniously and satisfactorily adjusted, "not by any vocabulary skirmish and changing of phrases, but simply by dropping the bone of contention. This can be done," the note urged, "by eliminating all preamble and preface from the constitution, and adopting the common name, 'The National Unitarian Conference,' with necessary articles for the conduct of the affairs of the Conference."

The senior editor of the *Unitarian*, who writes most of the editorial matter of the magazine, and is responsible for all, is compelled, in order to prevent a misunderstanding of his position, to say that this particular editorial note was not written by him or with his knowledge. Nor does it express his view, inasmuch as it involves the dropping of the Christian name from the Conference. If the Christian name were retained, the remaining part of the plan suggested would not seem seriously objectionable. But to do anything to disturb or to throw into doubt the Christian name or character of our largest and most representative denominational organization would be, in his judgment, a step fraught with grave and far-reaching evils. A further expression of his thought on this subject will be found in an article on another page. J. T. S.

In the absence of the associate editor, the publisher of the *Unitarian*, who equally with him is responsible for the note referred to, has this to say:—

The suggestion there made is not so revolutionary as the senior editor evidently apprehends. It is merely a return to first principles, for this Conference was founded, in 1865, as the "National Conference of Unitarian Churches"; and, when in 1866 the name was changed, it was not with a view to definition, or flag-raising of any sort, but that, as stated by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in moving for the resolution:—

"We may continue just where we are and what we are, simply a Unitarian body and nothing else, or we may enlarge the platform sufficiently to admit other churches, such, at least, as are willing to unite with Unitarians and work with them, without adopting their name. The name of the body would then be 'The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.' To this plan we can see no objection; and in it, we think, may be found some advantages. We do not lose our name or our individual character as a Conference. It is still the National Unitarian Conference. But we open the door to admit those other churches which may exist outside of our body, who may desire to be with us, and whom we may desire to have."

For nearly thirty years that door has been open, and none have walked therein. But, in another direction, the situation is materially changed; for, in 1866, out of 512 delegates reported as elected to attend the Conference, only 16 were from organizations other than churches; while, in 1891, out of 541 delegates presenting credentials, 75 were from organizations other than churches, all of them included in the Unitarian Year Book.

Why, then, not call it what it *is*,—the "National Unitarian Conference"? Evidently, Dr. Clarke at that time did not question, nor would Unitarians of the present day, that the Conference is Christian. Will any amount of protesting in our title induce our evangelical brethren to concede that, from their standpoint, it is so?

So much for the name. Now let us adopt as Article I. the suggestion of the committee of which Mr. Brown is chairman, with one other slight change (by adding after the word "churches" "and other organizations"). The purpose of the Conference will then be "to stimulate the churches and other organizations connected with it to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work."

We have here a short and direct statement which has the merit of being strictly true.

But, whatever may be decided at this meeting of the Conference, may it unmistakably show its Christian faith by its work. G. H. E.

A meeting was held in Channing Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of May 29, to discuss the proposed revision. At that meeting

an extended report was brought in,* signed by Rev. Messrs. Howard N. Brown, Charles F. Dole, Austin F. Garver, Bradley Gilman, and John Cuckson, which recommended a plan of revision of the constitution of the National Conference which seems to us more satisfactory than any other that has been proposed. At least, it has far fewer objections than the plan offered by the National Conference Committee. A summary of the plan of revision proposed by Mr. Brown, Mr. Dole, and their associates is as follows:—

1. Abolish the preamble of the present constitution.
2. Amend Article I., to read as follows: "The name of this organization shall be 'The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches,' and its purpose shall be to stimulate the churches connected with it to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work."
3. Amend Article III., to give the council more distinct power.
4. Abolish Articles IX. and X.

We are not entirely sure that the time has come when we can wisely revise the constitution of the National Conference at all. So long as all the interests of the Conference are reasonably well served by the present constitution, and we are all able to work under it in substantial harmony, we certainly had better not change unless we can do so with considerable unanimity and entire good feeling. But, if we *are* to revise, this plan which we have just summarized seems to possess several very important advantages. It is short and simple; it refrains from all definitions; it is a natural evolution from the old constitution, without violent breaks; it does justice to all parties and interests, and can be oppressive to nobody who is in sympathy with the general ends which the Conference has in view; it keeps the Christian name, and the broad, undogmatic purpose "to stimulate the churches to Christian faith and work."

Not only is this plan acquiesced in by many of the Unitarian ministers and leading laymen of Boston and vicinity, but a plan essentially the same has been agreed to by the ministers of New York and Brooklyn.

We commend the plan to the careful consideration of our churches. J. T. S.

*This report is printed in full in the *Christian Register* of June 14, 1894.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church did its work quickly at Saratoga in the case of Prof. H. P. Smith. This was, perhaps, to be expected, as the ground to go over was essentially the same as that traversed last year in the trial of Prof. Briggs. Prof. Smith was condemned, and deposed from the ministry by a vote of 396 to 101. Last year Prof. Briggs was deposed by a vote of 376 to 316. It looks, therefore, as if the conservative party has made a distinct gain within the year. The *Evangelist*, one of the most advanced Presbyterian papers, which has defended Prof. Smith, says that there is hardly a scholar of Europe who does not agree with the condemned man. This is certainly true.

Los Angeles, Cal., where the first Unitarian church, seating eleven hundred, is soon to be enlarged to accommodate Mr. Thompson's great congregation, has now a second Unitarian church well started, under the leadership of Rev. R. M. Webster. It meets every Sunday morning in the Music Hall. It prints a statement of its purpose, which is so good that we give it to our readers. It is as follows:—

To live in fraternal sympathy with good people of every sect and name.

To promote peace on earth and good will.

To stand for the utmost freedom of thought and expression consistent with reverence toward God and love to men.

To use the Bible, not as bound by "the letter that killeth," but as guided by "the spirit that giveth life."

To honor Christ by seeking, in his spirit, to understand and apply his precepts.

To accept as parts of divine revelation the accredited teachings of science, the lessons of history, and the experience of the individual soul.

To put conduct before creed, and to make more of practical righteousness than of religious theories.

And to make all who will come welcome and at home in its assemblies and services.

The gift of a million dollars by Mr. Marshall Field to found the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago insures to that city the possession of one of the very largest and finest museums of the world. The large collections received from the World's Fair are now in place, and in very good order; and the institution has been formally opened to the public. Perhaps nothing

about the great Columbian Exposition of 1893 reflected so much honor upon American scholarship as the splendid anthropological exhibit prepared by Prof. Putnam and his able assistants. The Field Columbian Museum contains this entire, together with a great deal else that was most permanently valuable in the Exposition. Indeed, as one visits the great museum, now in its permanent home in the old "Fine Arts Building," and passes through its immense area of scores and scores of rooms all so richly filled, he can hardly persuade himself that he is not revisiting the great and wonderful Exposition itself.

It is not quite assuring to us who have tried to look with sympathetic and friendly eyes upon the Salvation Army to see the report that in Dunedin, Eng., it has been making a bonfire of books,—three hundred novels. True, when one thinks what miserable things many novels of the day are, one does not find it difficult, perhaps, to be reconciled to this decrease in their number. "Novels," remarked the captain of the company that did the burning, "are apt to become idols. They take up time that should be spent for the benefit of mankind. One of the principal objections made to these three hundred seems to have been that many of them dealt with religious subjects in ways that did not suit the Salvationists. This looks very much like publicly burning books because they are heretical. If the Salvation Army wishes to keep the sympathy of intelligent people, it will need to preserve itself from such ignorant fanaticism as this.

At the coming centenary of the birth of Keats (which will arrive in a few months) a monument, in the form of a fine marble bust of the poet, will be erected in the parish church in Hampstead, the gift of American admirers. The fame of Keats steadily grows, and there is no competent critic to-day who does not assign him a place among the most original of English poets. Yet his countrymen have done little or nothing in a public way to show him honor. Some of them are beginning to be ashamed of their long neglect. Perhaps they are waked up by the example of America. Mr. Edmund Gosse writes in the London *Times:* "There is no other country in the world that could have produced a Keats a hundred years ago, and yet could still point out no public monument to his memory. It is fortunate that America, at least, is sensitive about these national glories to which we seem so indifferent."

In the recent death of Prof. Henry Morley of London, England loses one of its most honored and useful literary men, and the Unitarian cause one of its most distinguished supporters. Prof. Morley was seventy-two years old. He began his career as a physician, but in a few years drifted into the work of teaching and writing, which was much more congenial to him. His home was for some years in Manchester and Liverpool. After he had made a fame as a writer, he was induced to remove to London, where for many years he was connected with *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and the *Examiner*. Here, also, he entered upon a distinguished career as an educator,—first as a lecturer on English literature at King's College, then as professor of English literature and language at University College, later as holder of a similar chair at Queen's College, and in 1882 as principal of University Hall. He was an extensive writer, giving to the world, among other things, several important biographical works, and a history of English literature down to the time of Shakspere, in ten volumes. Not less extensive and scarcely less important was his work as an editor. The long series of shilling volumes of "Morley's Universal Library" and threepenny volumes of "Cassell's Universal Library," and the handsome and substantial half-crown volumes of the "Carisbrooke Library," all came from his editorial hand. Thus the English people owe him a debt that can never be repaid for giving them the best classics of their language in convenient and excellent form, and at prices within the reach of the poorest. The London papers, and other leading journals of England, contain long accounts of his life and work and warm tributes to his memory. *Punch* prints a "poem" about him as the "Popular Professor," the "Great Popularizer of Sound and Cheap English Literature." It is pretty bad doggerel; but it has the true *Punch* flavor, and it shows

better than many longer and soberer articles how warm a place he had in the popular heart:—

"John Bull is not sweet on the type of 'Professor';
But good Henry Morley was happy possessor
Of John Bull's respect, John Bull, junior's, love.
He made good letters cheap! 'Tis a title above
Many dry-as-dust dignities told in strung letters.
Ah! many who felt Iron Fortune's stern fetters,
In days ante-Morleyish, look on the rows
Of cheap classics, in musical verse and sound prose,
Which bear the well-known editorial, 'H. M.,'
And sigh, 'If *my* youth-time had only known *them*,
These threepenny treasures and sixpenny glories,
These histories, treatises, poems, and stories,
Which cost in my time a small fortune, what thanks
And what joys would have swelled o'er their neat ranged ranks!'
Ah! studious boys must feel gratitude, surely,
To have lived in the times of the good Henry Morley."

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

There is every reason to believe that the popularity of the Old Testament leaflets, issued the past school year by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, will be maintained in the new series. Beginning in September, the second year's course will open, and a schedule of subjects has been carefully prepared. A scholarly arrangement has been pursued. The opening lessons, some ten or twelve, will traverse that part of history, which is so often neglected, from the prophets to the time of Jesus. There was a ripening going on all the time, and it is necessary to a right understanding of Christianity that this period should be known. Then following will be about ten lessons, sketching the life of Jesus. The remainder of the lessons, some twenty in all, will be given to the teachings of Jesus, using the parables as the starting points and illustrations. It will be seen that this course is somewhat different from anything ever offered before. It will give a comprehensive view of the rise and proclamation of Christianity in a very graphic way. There ought to be a happy union of abstract thought and picturesque presentation, appealing to young and old alike. These lessons will be treated in two grades, as heretofore, Intermediate and Advanced. For the Primary, Mrs. Jaynes's picture leaflets on the Life of Jesus (thirty-six in all) will be provided as heretofore. They cannot easily be excelled, and it is not considered necessary to issue anything new for this department. The lesson leaflets on the Old Testament, issued weekly, will now be bound into book form, thus preserving very valuable material in compact shape.

A very valuable manual has been produced through the weekly leaflets on Acts, prepared by Rev. W. W. Fenn, and issued the past school year. These separate lessons will now be put into a manual, and not sold in any other form. The best scholarship down to date has been used in the preparation of these lessons. They conclude with a scholarly essay on the genuineness and authenticity of the book. This can be obtained separately by clergymen and teachers who may wish to know the last word on this subject. There is no text-book for our Sunday-schools which contains a study of the Acts of the Apostles in such accuracy, and fulness. It is especially adapted to advanced classes. For some time to come this work of Mr. Fenn's will be a standard in its department.

The Sunday-school paper, *Every Other Sunday*, takes its regular vacation about this time, of two months. The first number of the new volume will bear the date of September 9. Many kind words have been said about this little paper, and it is quite widely welcomed. About twelve thousand copies are printed for every issue; and, considering the small number of our churches and Sunday-schools, that is a very good showing. It has the largest circulation of any bi-weekly in the United States. But there are still places where it would gladly visit, and attention is called again to its usefulness in the home and the Sunday-school. The subscription price of forty cents is exceedingly low; and, while *Every Other Sunday* cannot compete with the better known periodicals for young people, still it has its place to fill, and contains from number to number articles of a character not commonly found in other publications. It aims to inspire young people to love the Truth, the Good, and the Beautiful as exemplified in character. The broad principles of Christian life and spirit are enforced by its stories and anecdotes.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held at Newport, R.I., some time in October, with the Channing Memorial Church, Rev. George

W. Cutter, pastor. It is expected that this lovely spot and its cordial hospitality will draw a large attendance of delegates.

Rev. Charles F. Dole's "Questions for Bible Study" have been very popular. Three series are already in the hands of our teachers. The fourth series will be issued in the autumn, containing biographies of the men and women of the Bible most prominent and best worth remembering.

The vacation lull falls upon most of our Sunday-schools about this time, and I suggest that the teachers maintain a tie with their scattered pupils by writing letters to them and asking the scholars to write in response to the teachers. This often weaves a union between teacher and scholar of great value. The personal factor enters in. The child is impressed with the thoughtfulness exhibited in this act, while the great gap between the closing and the opening sessions is somewhat bridged by this interchange of letters and mutual inquiry as to the doings of each correspondent.

I also suggest, as the class disbands, that the teachers insist that each member shall make note of something during the summer. With this in view, there will be a collection of stories or the recital of events, making the coming together in the autumn a doubly happy one. It is unfortunate to have the scholar's mind entirely disengaged from the religious and moral pressure of the Sunday-school. If this magnet of a duty is in the memory, then each boy or girl will be apt to notice something or to do something which is helpful and noble.

The teacher often thinks that the class she has in hand is the hardest to handle. The editor of the *Sunday School Times* says very truly: "Every Sunday-school class is a hard class to teach. Some classes, indeed, are comparatively easy to manage; but the classes that are easiest to manage are often the hardest to teach. More glorious results are frequently achieved from a noisy benchful of rude and inattentive boys than from a sweet circle of little girls that smile at the teacher and think about the other girls' dresses."

The Sunday-school teachers of liberal Christianity are in the main devoted, but we often find more enthusiastic examples in our sister churches. For instance, a worker in the West held a meeting and organized a Sunday-school. The meeting was held in a little board house of one room, with a bed, stove, cupboard, and table in the room. The men brought in two split logs, two feet long, for seats, which with the few chairs and wagon seats supplied the congregation. A Sunday-school was immediately organized and christened. No doubt Rev. Miss Putnam and others could tell of experiences somewhat similar. The same zeal ought to be infused into our older Sunday-schools in the East.

The Boston Sunday School Union and the New York Sunday School Union are doing noble work in promoting Sunday-school zeal and methods. I wish that such organizations could spring up in every city where our cause is established. The Boston Union held a final meeting recently, in which great enthusiasm was shown over the results of the year's sessions, the subject being, "What has the Sunday School Union done for me and my School?" The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, Mr. Sylvester Brown of Wollaston; vice-president, Hon. Charles H. Porter of Quincy; secretary, Miss Louisa P. Parker of Cambridge; treasurer, Mr. Julius H. Tuttle of Dedham; directors: Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston; Mrs. James A. Beatley, Roxbury; Miss Fannie L. Rust, Boston; Mr. Addison C. Burnham, Cambridge. EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Read before Reading Guild, by Dr. H. Wescott.

I want you to follow me in thought while I try to awaken in your hearts a spirit of kindness toward the animals.

Every animal, every bird, and insect, all are God's creatures, just as much as we are; and why shouldn't God be just as much interested in their welfare as he is in ours? Is the Creator less careful of them than he is of us because they are not able to protect themselves against the steel-traps and shotguns and the many other means of torture that men use against them?

I fully believe that, if there be a future life for us, there will be one for every one of God's creatures. A favorite reason with many people for hoping for a future life is that many good people have nothing but sorrow and suffering in this life, and it must be that there is another life,—a life of peace and happiness for them; for, they say, it is not reasonable to think that a loving heavenly Father would create them for a life of nothing but suffering. Now, if God is to provide a happy future for them because it is only fair that he should do so, are we to think that he will not be as fair and just to a magnificent horse or a faithful dog which has had nothing but abuse during its life?

You can hardly think of a good quality possessed by man that is not also possessed by some of the animals. If you say courage, think of the courage shown by the animals in defending their young. If you say fidelity, the devotion of horses and dogs to their masters are among the most touch-

ing histories that have ever been written. They reason, they plan, they build houses, have their kings and queens, and do almost anything that men can do; and I cannot see why the Creator shouldn't look out for them after this life, just the same as we expect him to look out for us, and, as I have already said, I fully believe he will.

My first reason, therefore, why we should be kind to animals is that they are God's creatures; and it must be his wish that we be kind to them.

Then, for our own sakes, for every time we do an act of kindness, we get our reward in that peace of mind that makes everything look brighter, that gives us more faith in ourselves and more confidence in others; and it is just in this faith that we are growing better and that other people are trying to do the fair thing that decides whether our life is to be a life of cheerful, hopeful kindness, or one of fret and worry from the suspicion that everybody is hateful and everything is wrong. Besides this, every time we resist the temptation to do a cruel act the happiness and peace that it brings us makes it all the easier to be kind and thoughtful the next time, until soon we shall naturally wish to be kind, and cruelty will be hateful to us.

Most of the cruelty that we see going on around us is from thoughtlessness. A family that would be shocked at the idea of doing a cruel thing will go away for the summer, and leave the cat without making any provision for its food. In the cities this means starvation, unless some one else looks out for it. Driving lame horses and horses whose harness has chafed through the skin is a kind of cruelty that is an every-day sight in many countries, and in some parts of this country. But it seems as if there was no end of the cruelties that we can see about us every day, if we stop to think of them; and they are not limited to men. The eagle kills the smaller birds, and the smaller birds kill the insects. The big fishes devour the smaller ones; and it is the same way with the animals, until it seems as if the earth were a vast slaughter-house, and we wonder why a merciful God allows it.

But there is something in the heart of every one of us that tells us to be kind to everybody and to everything that is in our power that makes us feel happier and better every time we do a kind act, and makes us feel guilty every time we do a cruel act. And this voice from our hearts is God's message to each one of us.

Now, the object of this guild is not only to think right, but to do right, and to help others to do right. Now, if you believe it is wrong to rob birds' nests or to go fishing or gunning for sport, do what you can, not only to refrain from doing these things yourself, but to persuade others not to do so.

Be true to the name of your guild, and be a good shepherd to every creature whose life may be in your power.

The subject of Guilds was discussed at the Missouri Valley Conference held May 1. Rev. W. B. Vail gave the chief address.

Also at the Michigan Conference held recently at Jackson, Mich., Rev. W. D. Simonds of Battle Creek gave a paper on Young People's Religious Guilds, which was followed by discussion.

These are hints of the way in which gradually a knowledge of our movement is spreading through the body. The interest of young people is surely a most important factor in the futurity of our churches, and to secure such interest on the religious side is our main concern.

There is a young people's club in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, which gives special attention to religious subjects. It ought to be numbered among the guilds.

The annual meeting of the National Guild Alliance in Boston on May 30 was marked by a large attendance, which betokens interest in our cause. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, president of the Alliance, conducted the meeting. Prayer was offered by Rev. Geo. W. Cooke. Addresses were made by Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Miss Kate L. Brown, and Rev. F. G. Peabody, D.D. Miss Margaret Blanchard gave a brief statement in regard to the National Guild Alliance.

We learn that the society at Littleton, Mass.,—the oldest in our body in this country,—is running on as usual into the summer, and will keep open without vacation. This is a good example to some churches. Several other guilds have the same custom.

B. R. Bulkeley.

UNITY CLUBS.

The annual meeting of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs was held in King's Chapel on Thursday, May 31, at 10.30 A.M. The attendance was not large, owing to the unfavorable weather; but it was made up of those interested in the work the bureau represents. Rev. W. H. Savage, the president, had charge of the meeting. The report of the secretary showed that the bureau had carried on its work successfully.

Addresses on club work were made by Rev. J. H. Metcalf of Burlington, Vt., Rev. Richmond Fisk, D.D., of East Boston, Rev. Thomas Slicer of Buffalo, and Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Mich. These reports indicated that the clubs, in the cities reported for, were in a prosperous condition, and doing an excellent work. They were full of earnestness

and of appreciation of the value of club work.

In the mean time the Nominating Committee, consisting of Rev. George W. Kent, Miss Fanny S. Howe, and Mr. Parker B. Field, prepared a list of officers for the ensuing year, which list was elected, as follows:—

President, Rev. William H. Savage of Watertown, Mass. Vice-presidents: Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Charles W. Wendte of Oakland, Cal.; Rev. Pitt Dillingham of Brockton, Mass. Recording secretary, Rev. George W. Cooke of East Lexington, Mass. Corresponding secretary for the East, Mrs. Joseph W. Fellows of Manchester, N.H. Corresponding secretary for the West, Rev. Elinor E. Gordon of Sioux City, Ia. Treasurer, Miss Flora L. Close, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Executive Committee: Rev. L. B. McDonald of Boston, Mass.; Rev. E. Q. S. Osgood of Hyde Park, Mass.; Rev. William I. Nichols of Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. S. B. Stewart of Lynn, Mass.; William H. Baldwin of Boston, Mass.; Rev. William R. G. Mellen of Colorado Springs, Col.; Rev. William H. Fisk, Jr., of Dedham, Mass.; Rev. W. F. Greenman of Fitchburg, Mass.; Rev. T. W. Brown of Melrose, Mass.; Rev. R. W. Savage of Walpole, Mass.; Rev. C. R. Eliot of Boston, Mass.

The public meeting was first addressed by Rev. E. A. Horton, who spoke of the effort to reach the poor in the Parker Memorial Building. His address gave a graphic and valuable account of the many activities which are carried forward under the direction of the Fraternity of Churches. He was followed by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, who spoke in glowing terms of the Prospect Union of Cambridge, which is an attempt to bring together the students of the university and the workingmen of that city. What the young men learn at one end of the town they impart to workingmen at the other end. The movement has been very successful, and has given new interest to university study, as well as helped to solve the problem of what the community may do for the toilers.

Rev. Rufus B. Tobey of Berkeley Temple, Boston, gave an interesting account of the objects and methods of the institutional church. Rev. Robert A. Woods of Andover House, Boston, spoke of the value of college settlements in solving the problems of city life. He was followed by Mr. William H. Baldwin, on the methods of the Christian Union. All these addresses were practical and stimulating. They gave many suggestions of what may be done by Unity Clubs. The meeting was one of the most interesting and inspiring of Anniversary Week.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

God is not and lives not for himself, but to give himself.—*James Vila Blake.*

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The public meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society at King's Chapel on Friday evening, June 1, though not fully attended, touched high-water mark in the earnest and direct words spoken by the various speakers, each of whom seemed to be at his best.

Mr. William H. Baldwin, the vice-president of the society, presided. Rev. William H. Savary led in prayer; and a brief report was read by the secretary, Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, which was followed by an address from Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, president of the society. Mr. Eliot found the English people very much alive on the temperance question, and gave an interesting account of four great meetings which he attended. The first one was held at Covent Garden Theatre, at which Sir Wilfred Lawson presided and Lady Henry Somerset and other distinguished people spoke. There was an immense audience and great enthusiasm. This discussion presented the legal aspects of license. The second meeting was held in Oxford, where the National Temperance League offered the teachers assembled there in convention a breakfast; and, after the breakfast, Mr. Ray and others spoke, urging the teachers to use their influence in promoting total abstinence. This meeting represented education.

The third meeting was held in Essex Hall in London by a society of that name, only a year old, which Mr. Eliot said might perhaps be called a child of the Unitarian Temperance Society. In the freedom of its platform and in its method and aim it closely resembled our society. This meeting represented the principle of duty, pressing it home upon the churches and Sunday-schools and individuals.

The fourth meeting was again in London, called to commemorate the ninetieth birthday of Neal Dow,—a most enthusiastic and memorable occasion, where the American flag was twined with the British flag, and most eloquent and appreciative words were spoken of the venerable reformer. This meeting represented the glory and the power of personality,—what one man can do. So the four meetings, Mr. Eliot said, stood for the great forces at work in the cause of temperance,—legal action, education, duty shown in the moral and religious power of the church, and individual influence. Mr. Eliot closed with an earnest word on the need of more enthusiasm. He had been assured that the society had practically changed the tone of the denomination toward temperance. But the work must go on to greater accomplishment, for it was a movement to emancipate humanity.

Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett spoke on "The Church's Problem in Temperance Reform."

It was an impassioned appeal for temperance and purity. She felt that the chief stress of effort should be directed toward young men. Education, not reformation, is the lever that shall move the world. Yet the problem was deeper than education. The Church should make young men realize ideals, and lead to a correspondence between conviction and action. The world is near the young man. The Church is far away; but the Church should come near, by worthy methods and aims, to inspire whole motives, such as, "My true worth is what I am worth to the world"; to a nobility of life, which, as we pass this way but once, shall count for righteousness and purity.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison was next introduced. His word is always given with the strength and searching power of a fearless reformer. The public have heard him upon many questions of late; but upon no subject has he spoken with more of a prophet's fire and spirit. He asserted that social respectability was a greater barrier to progress than the saloon. Not till society makes wine-drinking unfashionable will temperance prevail. The saloon has a right to claim that it is made the scapegoat. The saloon is the poor man's club. It is an effect rather than a cause; and, in its removal, something better to take its place must be provided. Intemperance among the rich is a constant stimulant to inebriety among the lowly. He deprecated the substitution of beer as a beverage, and thought the brewers' influence was most pernicious. Mr. Garrison concluded with saying that rum does not account for all evil. The primary source is land monopoly. Land is the opportunity, the necessity, for all; and the crowded conditions of society produce largely evil results. He believed single tax must come eventually, and under it justice would come. In the mean time we must not abate a single present effort.

Dr. Hale was called to speak at such a late hour that he did not follow the line of thought he had intended, but promised to give it to the public in print. He spoke some earnest words on the over-confidence of the community. Because there were six hundred thousand people in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union,—the largest organized force in this work under one banner,—it was no excuse for withholding individual effort. Most remarkable work is being done by the Salvation Army. Are we doing what we can to help them in their self-sacrificing labors? Who is doing anything to improve the condition of those who come out of prison? One of the saddest facts on record was the commitment of a woman one hundred and two times for drunkenness. In all this city is there one who has felt any responsibility to help the poor creature to a better life? Have we done all we might do to make clubs for poor people? Dr. Hale noted the gulf between the literature of temperance and every other literature, and recommended the publications of the Unitarian Temperance Society as especially adapted to educate and lead in the right and reasonable way, closing with an earnest plea for consecration in thought and word and deed.

The meeting closed with a hymn and benediction by Rev. Dr. Nichols.

GEORGE H. HOSMER.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Hibbert Lectures for 1893. Lectures on the Basis of Religious Belief. By Charles B. Upton. London: Williams & Norgate.

The Olive and the Pine. By Martha Perry Lowe. Boston: D. Lothrop.

Unitarianism since the Reformation. By Joseph Henry Allen, D.D. New York: The Christian Literature Company.

Fourth Special Report of the Commissioner of Labor. 1893. Compulsory Insurance. Washington.

Round the World in Old and New Paths. Also After-thoughts of Foreign Travel. By S. H. McCollester. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

Fifty-fifth Anniversary and Reconstruction of the First Independent Christ Church. Baltimore, Md.

Back to the Old Testament for the Message of the New. By Anson B. Curtis, Ph.D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

The Theology of the Future. Essays by James Freeman Clarke and others. London: Philip Green.

The Monism of Man, or the Union of the Human and the Divine. By David A. Gorton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Strike at Shane's. A Prize Story. Boston: The American Humane Education Society.

The Development of Theology, as illustrated in English Poetry. By Stopford A. Brooke, LL.D. London: Philip Green.

Political Economy of Natural Law. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Some Burning Questions. An Exegetical Treatise on the Christianizing of Judaism. By Rabbi L. Weiss. Columbus, Ohio.

Eighth Annual Report of the Department of Labor. 1892. Industrial Education. Washington.

Report of the Fifth Universal Peace Congress, Chicago, 1893. Boston: American Peace Society.

Proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, held in Chicago, 1893. Boston: George H. Ellis.

Pamphlets: Ethical Addresses, numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4, by Felix Adler, W. M. Salter, and others: Eleventh Annual (1894) of All Souls' Church, Chicago; Credulity and Scepticism, and Influence of Creeds on Character, by J. H. Whitmore; The New

Testament Narratives of the Resurrection, by George M. Harmon; Is Jesus Divine, in the Sense of being God? by James Gorton; Rhyth, by Thaddeus L. Bolton, Ph.D.; Eternal Punishment, by G. Vance Smith; The Place of Jesus in Modern Religion, by R. A. Armstrong; The Limits of Compromise in the Profession of Faith, by Charles Hargrove; The Underlying Verities of Religion, by C. J. Street; The Religion of Jesus of Nazareth *versus* Christianity, by R. B. Marsh; A Guide to Lasting Happiness, by Christopher Hoffman; The Universal God and the Universal Religion, by J. Page Hopps.

LITERARY NOTES.

A memorial to Phillips Brooks has been placed in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. It symbolizes the command of Christ, "Feed my sheep."

According to the public announcements, the curriculum in Radcliffe College is to be enlarged about fifty per cent. next year; and many courses in the Harvard Graduate School will be opened to competent Radcliffe students.

The London *Inquirer* says that the late Prof. Robertson Smith planned to bring out a dictionary of the Bible, and that it is believed Prof. Cheyne has taken up the work, and will carry it to completion. This is important, if true. All the Bible dictionaries and religious cyclopædias that we have at present are far behind the real scholarship of the age. They are written in the interest of a theology and a theory of the Bible that are outgrown. Since the appearance of the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, that has been our best Bible dictionary in English, so far as it covers the ground. But, of course, it treats only a few of the subjects that need to be treated. No man is better qualified to succeed Prof. Smith in this important enterprise than Prof. Cheyne.

D. Appleton & Co. have just published a Life of Edward L. Youmans, with selections from his published writings, and his correspondence with Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and other distinguished scientists. The author is John Fiske.

A new, complete, and revised edition of Prof. Huxley's "Essays," in nine volumes, has just been issued by D. Appleton & Co. The subjects of the volumes are as follows: Vol. I., Method and Results; Vol. II., Darwiniana; Vol. III., Science and Education; Vol. IV., Science and Hebrew Tradition; Vol. V., Science and Christian Tradition; Vol. VI., Hume, with Helps to the Study of Berkeley; Vol. VII., Man's Place in Nature. Price $1.25 per volume.

The most complete edition ever issued of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," the sacred book of the ancient Egyptians, is now in preparation by Dr. Charles H. S. Davis of Meriden, Conn. It will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, who will send a prospectus to any one applying. Says Dr. Davis in his introduction: "This celebrated Egyptian theological work, and the oldest book in the world, was considered as an inspired work; and for over five thousand years its prayers and hymns and litanies were in use. Some chapters of the book declare that they were written by God himself, and that they reveal his will and divine mysteries to man. . . . The book shows that thousands of years before Christ the Egyptians held lofty conceptions of the Deity, that they believed in one God, self-existent and omnipotent, and that their moral ideas were of the purest and best."

A fine statue of Horace Greeley has recently been erected in New York, at the junction of Broadway and Sixth Avenue. It represents the great editor and reformer as sitting, his head bent slightly forward in thought, his left hand on his knee, holding his spectacles, and his right dropped down over the edge of his chair, holding a newspaper. The statue, by Mr. Bogle, is generally regarded as a good likeness. New York can confer no greater honor upon Horace Greeley than he has conferred upon her.

For some time there has been talk of a monument to Tennyson near the poet's home in the Isle of Wight. At last the design of Mr. John L. Pearson, a member of the Royal Academy, for the monument has been accepted by the English committee. The memorial will be an Ionic cross, thirty-four feet high, and will be called the "Tennyson Beacon." The cross will bear an inscription showing that it was erected by friends of Tennyson in England and America. The beacon will occupy an elevated position, seven hundred and sixteen feet above high water, near Farringford, where it will be visible for many miles landward and seaward.

"Back to the Old Testament for the Message of the New." By Anson B. Curtis, Ph.D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.—In this fresh, breezy, and instructive book the author endeavors to connect more closely the two Testaments, and to create a greater interest in the earlier Testament, both because of its own importance, and especially because of the light it has to throw upon the later. He urges that we go back to the Old Testament "for its own sake," for "the doctrine of inspiration," for "a valid proof of God's existence," for "a new conception of the Messiah," for "the way of salvation," for "the suffering Christ," and for a better "sociology." This takes us through the

first half of the book. In the second half he treats of "Evolution and the Old Testament," "Leisurely Rambles in the Old Testament with Some of its Friends and Admirers," "Hints for the Pulpit and Devotional Use of the Old Testament," and an "Inexpensive Old Testament Library." If one would get an idea of what the newer Biblical scholarship is doing for the Bible, how it is giving it new interest, and breathing new life through its every part, let him read this book.

"Round the Globe in New and Old Paths" and "After-thoughts of Foreign Travel." By Sullivan H. McCollester. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.—The author of these two interesting books has been an extensive traveller and an intelligent one; and he has rendered a service to the public in giving to those who must stay at home the information which he has gained with so much labor and expense. The first of the volumes named takes the reader to San Francisco, Japan, China, and India, the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Nile, Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Spain, London, and Ireland, giving graphic sketches of these countries and of the varied experiences of the writer. The second volume is composed of lectures written upon countries visited in different travel tours, and delivered to audiences in many places. It is even more full of information than the preceding work. It takes us to Scotland, England, France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Jerusalem. It would be difficult to name two more instructive or pleasing books of travel than both the volumes before us are.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the reviews and magazines of the month: —

The New World (June).

Baur's New Testament Criticism in the Light of the Present. By H. Holtzmann.
John Kelpius, Pietist. By F. H. Williams.
The Movement for Religious Equality in England. By Edward Porritt.
The Religious and Historical Uses of the Bible. By Frank C. Porter.
The Episcopalian Polity. By W. Kirkus.
The Pauline Teaching of the Person of Christ. By Orello Cone.
The Significance of Pessimism. By R. A. Holland, Jr.
Democracy and the Poet. By Nicholas C. Gilman.
The Book of Job. By Burnhard Duhm.
Book Reviews, 64 pages.

The Arena (June).

The Back Bay, Boston. By Walter B. Harte.
The Single Tax in Actual Operation. By Hamlin Garland.
Higher Criticism and the Hexateuch. By L. W. Batten.
The Sixth Sense, and how to develop it By Paul Tyner.
A New Disease (the A. P. A. Movement). By Elbert Hubbard.
Child Slavery in America: A Symposium. By A. P. Stevens and others.

The Review of Reviews (June).

The Progress of the World.
The Nation's New Library at Washington. By the Editor.
The Rescue of Virginia's Historical Shrines.
Constitutional Home Rule for Cities. By W. H. Hotchkiss.
An American in the Royal Academy: A Sketch of John S. Sargent.
Six Popular Painters of the Royal Academy.

The Atlantic Monthly (June).

Hamburg's New Sanitary Impulse. By Albert Shaw.
The Scope of the Normal School. By M. V. O'Shea.
Some Letters and Conversations of Thomas Carlyle. By Edward Strachey.
American Railways and American Cities. By H. F. Fletcher.
Two Types of Piety.

The Sanitarian (June).

Drinking Water. By Charles Smart.
Recent Progress in Public Hygiene and Preventive Medicine. By S. W. Abbott.
Needful Precautions against the Spread of Communicable Diseases by Travel. By G. P. Conn.
Sanitary Topography, Climate, and Mineral Springs of Maryland and Delaware. By A. N. Bell.

The Biblical World (June).

The Excavations at Sendschirli and Some of their Bearings on the Old Testament. By Prof. Morris Jastrow, Jr.
The Christological Implications of the Higher Criticism. By Prescott F. Jormegan.
A Hebrew Political Romance (the Book of Tobit). By James A. Duncan.
The Sons of God and the Daughters of Men. By W. R. Harper.

To-Day (June).

Peculiar Customs regarding Disease, Death, and Grief of the Most Northern Eskimo. By Fred A. Cook.

The American Congress of Liberal Religions. By A. N. Alcott.

New Wine in Old Bottles. By E. L. Rexford.

Repentance after Death. By E. C. Sweetser.

Mrs. Ward and the Social Problem. By F. O. Hall.

Biblia (June).

A Scarab Manufactory. By W. C. Winslow.

Discovery of the Treasures of Usertesen of the XII. Dynasty.

Jews and Hittites. By F. von Lyschen.

The Non-sectarian (June).

Science and Faith. By W. S. Crowe.

The Humanitarian Church. By H. D. Stevens.

The Spirit of Knowledge. By Cassius J. Keyser.

The Essential Christ. By R. C. Cave.

Evolution *versus* Theology. By John Monteith.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The church here is just closing the most successful year in its history. Although the other denominations in the town are doing more than ever, by carrying on special student Bible classes, by bringing here the ablest orthodox preachers and lecturers, and by establishing denominational libraries, reading-rooms, guild buildings, etc., to keep the students of the university away from Unitarian influence, yet our work among the students prospers, and we have reached a larger number the past year than ever before. Our morning congregations usually contain from seventy-five to one hundred students, though the number is often twice as great as that. During the past winter the evening congregations at one time for seven Sundays in succession numbered over five hundred and fifty by count, packing the church, aisles, and parlors. Of these, nearly four hundred were students. We have a Young Men's Guild, with sixty-five members, and a King's Daughters' organization, with fifty members. Mrs. Sunderland's Bible class the past year has been studying "The Origin, History, Doctrines, and Present Condition of All the Various Denominations of Christendom." The attendance at the class has averaged a little more than one hundred, often rising to one hundred and twenty-five, one hundred and thirty-five, one hundred and fifty, and one hundred and fifty-five. The Unity Club has met weekly from October to May, with an average attendance of three hundred.

Boston, Mass.—The Anniversary meetings, which have been the chief topic of talk and interest of the past month, are reported in another column. Such a series of stirring addresses, earnest discussion, and practical planning, means very great developing impetus within the heart and soul of the denomination; and Boston shows herself ready to co-operate with all. No heartier hospitality could have been shown by any city under whatever sunny sky. As Slicer said in the first essay of the week, "The New England temperament may take a long time to kindle, like anthracite coal; but, when it is kindled, it burns well, and is hard to put out." Boston Unitarianism is now well kindled, and likely to give out a good deal of light in the coming years.

—Great expectations are aroused by the settlement of Rev. Samuel M. Crothers at the First Church in Cambridge. He has been growing in power and strength in every way during a brilliant ministry at St. Paul, Minn., and comes here only under the extreme pressure of a great opportunity. An impressive installation service was held June 7, when Rev. C. G. Ames preached the sermon, Rev. F. G. Peabody gave the ordaining prayer, and Rev. Messrs. W. H. Johnson, Alexander McKenzie, C. F. Dole, and James De Normandie took part. The new pastor, after the service, received the congratulations of a host of personal friends.

Chelsea, Mass.—The Unity Club, on May 23, at the close of a pleasant and profitable season, gave a reception to the members of the Unitarian society, and to the gentlemen who had addressed the club during the past year. A musical and literary programme, together with social converse and refreshments, made the occasion a pleasant one. An "Experience Meeting" on the following evening, May 24, of the Chelsea Branch of the Women's National Alliance, resulted in the revelation of many rich "experiences," and aggregated a sum of $35, $20 of which was immediately voted to be given for the benefit of the church.

On Sunday, May 27, the W. S. Hancock Command No. 1, Department of Massachusetts Union Veterans' Union, met at headquarters to attend divine worship at the First Unitarian Church, Hawthorne Square. On the evening of Decoration Day, May 30, at 7 P.M., the command marched to city hall to receive the mayor and city government, and escorted them to our memorial services. The oration was delivered by Rev. Henry Powers.

Concord, N.H.—Rev. Frank L. Phalen was the orator on Memorial Day. The *Evening Monitor* says of his address, "It was noble, inspiring, and eloquent,—at once a tribute to the past, a watchword for the present, and a hope beacon for the future."

—The Unitarian Grove Meeting at Weirs promises to be of great interest this year. The meeting will begin on Sunday, July 29, and last through the week following, ending Sunday, August 5. Many of our best preachers and speakers will be present. "Laymen's Day," Saturday, August 4, will be a unique feature. It is expected that the Sunday School Society and the guilds will also occupy one day. The programme will soon be out. Let all who can plan to spend this week of spiritual and physical refreshment and inspiration on the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee.

East Lexington, Mass.—Rev. George W. Cooke, the pastor here, will spend the summer at Hanover, Me., and will preach there every Sunday during July and August in the village hall.

Greenfield, Mass.—The Unitarian society here has laid the corner-stone for its new church. The occasion was a memorable one. Nearly two thousand people witnessed the exercises, which were conducted by Rev. A. A. Brooks, the pastor. The new structure will be known as "All Souls' Church," and will be devoted "to the worship of God and the service of man." Addresses were made by the pastor, by Secretary Reynolds of the American Unitarian Association, and by Rev. F. M. Holland, now eighty-three years of age, who helped lay the corner-stone of the former church in the year 1836. Rev. John F. Moors, who was pastor of the church for so many years, was prevented from being present by infirm health; but he was remembered by everybody, and Mr. Reynolds paid a strong tribute to the nobleness of his character and the efficiency of his work.

Helena, Mont.—Within the past month sadness has been brought to the Unitarian society here, and especially to the home of its minister, Rev. J. H. Crooker, by the death of Mrs. Crooker. She died at a sanitarium in Kenosha, Wis., and was buried at her childhood's home near Ypsilanti, Mich., Rev. Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor officiating at the funeral. She had not been in good health for many years, but only during the past few months had the danger in her case been thought to be imminent. She leaves behind one child,—a son, who is a student in the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The husband and son were with her during her last days. She approached death with cheerfulness and courage. She will be mourned by a considerable circle of very sincere friends in Ypsilanti, La Porte, Ind., Madison, Wis., Helena, and other places where she had lived. Her health had not allowed her for some years to do much work of a public character; but she was to the end a most devoted wife and mother and the helper and friend of many outside.

Hingham, Mass.—The Hingham Branch of the Women's Alliance invited the neighboring Branches of Cohasset, Quincy, and Plymouth, to meet with them on June 13.

About fifty guests accepted the invitation, and enjoyed the fine weather, the excellent luncheon, and the beautiful decorations of flowers and plants.

In the afternoon a large audience listened to Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, who spoke on "The Church of the Spirit," and with admirable clearness and eloquence gave her conception of the ideal religion.

Mrs. Charles G. Ames followed with a most interesting talk on "Factory Legislation," speaking with authority, being herself a factory inspector. She pointed out the reforms already accomplished, and the work still to be done. Rev. Martha C. Aitkin told of the needs of the West, and the meeting adjourned with a strong conviction that neighborhood meetings are things to be multiplied and encouraged.

Iowa.—There are fifteen Universalist churches and seventeen Universalist ministers in this State.

Milan, Mich.—A Unitarian church has been organized here during the past year, which takes in a large part of the most influential people of the town. Services are kept up by students from Mr. Sunderland's congregation in Ann Arbor.

Moorville, Mich.—For twenty or thirty years there has been a Universalist church in this village; but for several years past there have been no services until last fall, when, through the influence of Mr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, a new start was made. Since then there have been monthly services, conducted by Ann Arbor students, who are meeting with much success in their work.

Rutherford, N.J.—The Church of Our Father, at a recent meeting of its congregation, unanimously voted that religious services be held every Sunday morning *and evening* during the entire year. Heretofore morning services have been continued throughout the summer, but evening services have been suspended. But now the congregation are determined to keep the church open and our work actively in hand, without intermission, laymen of the society being ready to take the pulpit in the pastor's stead during his vacation, and at other times when necessary.

It was also decided to try the experiment of a summer series of short sermons, dis-

tinctively setting forth the faith of our denomination.

Salem, Mass.—On Sunday, June 3, Rev. E. B. Willson preached a sermon at the North Church upon the thirty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate in that church. At the same time a beautiful window, in memory of Mrs. Willson, was presented by the parish. The window is placed in the centre of the east side of the church, and is of very beautiful design and coloring. The subject is, "The Announcement to the Shepherds."

The four Unitarian churches of Salem will unite in services at the North Church during July and August, the ministers dividing the responsibility for pulpit supply among themselves.

Sherborn, Mass.—The Unitarian church was prettily decorated on "Flower Sunday," the service being one of recitation and song. The baptismal ceremony was administered by Rev. L. R. Daniels, after which ten members of the society were admitted to full church membership.

South Natick, Mass.—The flower service on Sunday afternoon, June 17, was a very interesting one, the church being tastefully decorated. Recitations and songs by some of the younger children contributed largely to the interest of the occasion, which closed with a baptismal service.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Unitarian Club held the final meeting for 1893-94, on Tuesday, May 15, when papers were presented by Mrs. Hugh McKittrick on Mrs. Hemenway, Mrs. J. W. Goddard on Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. N. O. Nelson on Misses Alice and Phœbe Cary, and Miss Minna Lessinghaus on Harriet Martineau. Officers for the ensuing year were elected, and the reports presented showed the club to be in a prosperous condition. The membership is rapidly increasing, as the limit has been enlarged, and women have been admitted to full privileges. There is a substantial balance in the treasury.

The annual meeting of the Eliot Society was held in the church parlors on May 17. A luncheon to which over one hundred and fifty ladies sat down preceded the reports of the year's work. Among the guests were members of the Alton society and of the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, to the ladies of which invitations had been extended. Fourteen short reports from officers of the society and chairmen of standing committees represented the activities of the society as prospering under a finely organized and judiciously economized body of church women. There is no overlapping, no excess of attention in one and dearth in another direction. The modern ideas of scientific organization and consequent utilization of means to ends is very apparent, while one notes the progress of one of the annual business meetings of the Eliot Society of the Church of the Messiah. The society recently held the annual election here. Mrs. Herbert De Wolf was elected to succeed Mrs. Chester Krum as president.

The local interest in the Women's Alliance is encouraged by the organization of the second Missouri Branch in Kansas City. Heretofore the Eliot Society has been the only representative in the State of the National Women's Alliance. The State director, Mrs. Hugh McKittrick, has been untiring in her efforts to arouse interest in the national work. Her Branch of the Alliance has made seven appropriations to missionary purposes recommended by the Alliance. The appropriations amounted to $140: Spokane, $15; Montana Industrial, $25; Austin, Tex., $50; Crow Indian Mission (for material for box), $5; San Diego, $15; Mozoomdar Mission, $10; Meadville Library, $20.

Washta, Ia.—We held our regular monthly services here in the Masonic Hall on May, the 27th. Rev. Elinor Gordon of Sioux City preached for us. Judging by the size of the audience, the interest in liberal preaching at Washta and vicinity does not diminish. The subject of Miss Gordon's discourse was, "Is there a rational basis for prayer?" The preacher said that rational discussion of all subjects was good, and that prayer was not to be excepted. Her conclusion was that, if the supplicant's petitions were offered as a beggar, they availed nothing; but prayer offered with the view of placing the petitioner in mental harmony with his or her environment was very healthful. F. S. C.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

Let us be glad of humble work,
  If all the greater is denied,
And bend beneath the common load,
  To gain a spirit sanctified.

Let us be glad of some small place,
  If larger we may never find,
Using our little hold of earth
  To win the consecrated mind.

Our weakness may we turn to strength,
  Through patience of divine decree,
Knowing the honors of the soul
  Are gained upon the bended knee.

With all that pomp and pelf can win,
  With all that sets the life apart,
Poor are we if we fail to find
  The riches of the lowly heart.

No gift can match the wish to serve,
  No largess equal gentle thought,
Who hath alone the gold of earth
  Hath not the price of love unbought.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

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THE CITY OF THE SOUL.

A SERMON BY REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, LONDON, ENG.

"He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—HEB. xi. 10.

What Abraham was, whether a real personage or a tribal name, round whom in either case a story grew, is not the question here. The question is what the writer of this Epistle thought as he pictured in his mind the career of a patriarch whom he at least thought historical. And it is plain that he saw Abraham as one who passed onward through life, giving up the visible and the transient for the sake of realities, invisible and eternal, of which he had no proof save within, but which he believed in, and through his belief realized. He saw the ancient hero of his race, and his heart swelled with admiration.

But what did the writer of the Epistle really see? What did he reverence? He saw and reverenced a character. He saw the courage, faith, resolution, obedience to the voice within, which sent Abraham forth sacrificing all, from his home, to follow God alone; the wandering life which mixed with many men, but never was seduced from righteousness save once; the soul careless of worldly rights and wealth, which tossed to Lot the choice of all he wished; the heart that year after year longed for the promise and the son that came not, and yet did not distrust God; the dweller in the mountains and on the plains that did not care to make a resting-place for himself, for he lived in the joy of two great conceptions,—first, that God was always with him, and, second, that in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed; whose compassion and boldness were equally deep when he pleaded with the Almighty for the sinful city; and who died as he had lived, God and the mountain simplicity in his heart, having built up into finished form and charm that strong and stately character, equally natural and noble,—at one with God, God in his heart, God's voice in his ears, the splendid faiths and hopes of humanity as vital in death as in life, and always looking up from the city within him, which God and he had built, to the archetypal city beyond, which had foundations, which God had built and made for him as, day by day, God built and made the city of his soul.

"Looking for a city that had foundations,"—yes, perhaps so; for even in that ancient time, when there was no fixed belief in a world to come, there were hours when it rose, like an island of the blest, in golden mist out of the sea of humanity, and men saw its vision and rejoiced. But if that were not so, yet the city was built, and its foundations were secure. Within Abraham its walls arose, and its temples,—the city of the soul, the city of a divine character, whose builder and maker was God.

So, too, this writer to the Hebrews conceived there was a city within; but he conceived yet more. For, when he lived, men looked forward to the swift advent of Jesus and to a material city, a new Jerusalem, where all the just should live and reign. He, too, like Abraham, was a pilgrim of the invisible. He, too, lived in faith, looking forward; and, in the looking toward that appearing, purified himself even as his King was pure, and hour by hour, stone by stone, prayed that his mind and life might be wrought into the city of God, a house not made with hands, a character whose builder and maker was God, so that in the end he might be fit to be a citizen of the glorious Jerusalem.

Many things have changed for us since

then. We do not look for a new Jerusalem such as this writer saw. We do not wander, like Abraham, from encampment to encampment, having no settled home save that which faith creates. But still we have the same ideas as they possessed, modified in a hundred ways, but in their source and power unchanged. Still we use the same terms, still we can speak of being strangers and pilgrims upon earth, still we say we walk by faith, still we sing of the all-golden Jerusalem, still we cry, "We look for a city which hath foundations." All the world has changed but the human soul, and the continuity of terms expresses the unaltered and continuous ideas by which the religion of man lives. This is eternity in history. Empires pass away, the everlasting mountains bow, all things pass and change, but not the soul, not the essential life of man. If you would know the infinite, there it is; and it is God in man. As it was with Abraham, so was it with the writer of this Epistle. As it was with him, so is it with us. How few of you do not feel your hearts thrill as you say, "We look for a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God," as it is with us, so will it be a thousand years hence; and some man, finding on a stall some poem of this time which shall record these words, will wander homewards, thinking, "So they thought a thousand years ago, so think I now: all is changed but this alone,—the city of the soul."

This, then, we possess within, you and I,—a city which day by day is built. Who is the builder, and on what foundations does it rest? The senses are its gates. How are they guarded? Are they fast shut against our evil enemies? The conscience is its market place, where all its food is weighed and sold. Of what kind are the scales used there,—false or true? and in its stalls is there wakefulness and obedience? The reason is its House of Representatives. Who sits in the Speaker's chair, who carries the day when the parties of right and wrong divide? The imagination sets up its palaces and gardens. With what pictures are they filled, who are the folk that walk therein, what are the dreams and fancies that lie in its woods or wander by its streams? The faculties, desires, powers, aspirations, all the pleasures and pains of thought, the feelings, the incessant thinkings,—these are its houses. Of what kind are they? Built to last forever, secure against decay, white and pure, with all their windows open to the airs of heaven? Who has built and made it all, wonderful city that it is? Year by year, day by day, it has been wrought; and now it stands within,—the image of your very self. Go walk through its streets, and think on who has built it,—God or your own wild will? And is it he who, having built it, dwells in its citadel, or that other—your own liking—who has laid every stone of it?

It is easy to answer the question by asking another,—"On what foundation does the city rest?" If it rest on the rock of doing righteousness, of hearing and doing the things which Jesus told us were the things of God, on strict obedience to the laws of love and truth and purity, then God has built the city of your soul; and it will resist the earthquakes and the floods of life, and all the storms of evil will not overthrow its walls. But if its foundations are only your own feelings, undirected by righteous will, and not the doing of noble things, only fancies to be good or fancies to be wrong, only your own daily desires, only shifting, changing will, then the whole city rests upon the sand; and walls and gates, palaces and houses, are in mortal peril. Let the rain come, and the flood and tempest of life, and in a moment it will fall, and great will be its ruin.

Weary, unspeakably weary, will be the rebuilding! Yet it must be done. From year to year through many a time and times in the eternal world you will have to clear away the ruin, to set free the ground, to lay again the foundation, so that God, with you, may build into nobleness that inward city. It is a work which will be spared to none. Now or hereafter you will have to build a perfect city. Do it now. Call now your Father to your side. Lift into lovely and noble proportions the buildings of the soul. Lay to your work the plummet of righteousness. Say to your will: "Bend yourself under the order and command of God. Obey and know your rightful Lord: you are not the architect, but you should be his master builder." While you are here, let the city be finished for eternity.

And for this purpose let your foundation

be in the living rock. That is the first thing. "He that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him to a man who built his house upon a rock." The city of the soul, when God is maker and builder, is founded upon loving, true, and righteous action. What sort of action is that? You ask as if you did not know. Every one knows, but all do not choose to know. And, if you are in any doubt, there are noble lives enough recognized by all the world, from seeing which you may clearly understand what righteous doing means. Above all there is Jesus Christ, our Master. He laid that foundation deep, and other foundation than that no man may lay. It is laid in the character of God himself,—laid on the rocky, unshakable basis of eternal righteousness and love. Not a child in this congregation but can understand what it means to have that foundation for the city of the soul. "What you feel to be right and loving, do in the name of God your Father." There it is! And, when the city of the soul rises on that living rock, then its gates and walls, markets and palaces, houses and gardens, and its capitol, are fit and beautiful, and become themselves eternal as the rock on which they rose. It is a city which hath foundations.

Look, then, within upon your inner life. There lies the shining city on the plain of your heart with all its wonders, full to the edge of its walls with the houses which the events of every-day life have built, crowded with its population of thoughts and feelings. You know it! You alone, and God, behold it. Has it foundations? Will it stand when the day of test arrives? What is it that you have within? Is God its builder and maker? Day by day has he been with you? Hour by hour has his presence filled your soul? As each day added a new house to the city, as each day's thoughts and emotions were born to become the dwellers in that house, were the doings of the day, and the thoughts, done and thought in God, so that you rejoiced that the eyes of perfect love and holiness beheld them? Was every house, which every day built, built with the truth and justice and temperance and wisdom, with the beauty and power of the Lord present, so that no lying or injustice, no intemperance or folly, no dishonor and no weakness, were built into it to make it unsafe or ugly, so that, when you pass by that place, in the walks that memory takes through the soul's city, you need not shiver with distress or dread that the building will tumble in hideous ruin, but be able to look up and think, God built up that day with me: its house is mine and his forever.

And now, if you can look inwardly with some peace, not with complete joy, indeed,—for who has not built many a day weakly or ill? in whose heart are not many gardens desolate, and many houses in ruins?—but, if, on the whole, the city of the soul has its foundation on the rock; if its buildings and dwellings are fair and firm; if you may say, with humility, God has built it along with me,—then be proud of it, with that pride which guards it against evil and dishonor; labor night and day to keep it strong and righteous; let nothing enter its gates which defileth or maketh a lie; regulate it; ennoble it; and in its centre, in its citadel, pray that God your Father may dwell forever, and daily walk its streets, and with his presence fill its dwellings, so that everything in it which is noble and beautiful may be liberated to do the most fitting and loveliest work, and all that is base may be silenced and driven out, and all that is wild and untamed be humanized and ordered, until there is nothing in it which is not fit for the perfect world.

There, then, is one of the aims of life,—the inward aim,—indeed, perhaps the only aim; for, if that be done, the outward aim, which is the helping of others to build the whole temple of humanity, will surely be done well when this is well done. Strive for that end. The man who cares for Christ, who would follow him to God, the man who has just reason, will gather all his powers together, and stretch himself, like a bent bow, to this aim of life. He will look to the city which is within him, and order all things for its perfect building,—not for his own sake, but for the love of God and for the use of man. With those motives, self-development is nobleness; and the ennobling of the polity within is freed from danger.

So he will set to work. And now listen for a moment to what an old Greek, long before the time of Christ, said of this city of the soul: "First, he will honor all

studies, and study all action which will chastise and deliver the city of his soul into perfection, and despise all other studies, and leave by all other action.

"And, in the next place, he will keep under his body, and so far will he be from yielding to brutal or irrational pleasure that he will not even look to bodily health as his main object, nor desire to be strong or well, unless he is likely thereby to gain temperance and inward strength of righteousness, but yet, that being given, will also desire to preserve the harmony of the body for the sake of the concord of the soul. This practical thing he will do, if he is indeed taught of God. And, as to the things of this world, he will be also temperate and quiet. He will not increase his wealth beyond what he needs, nor seek for the praise of men, nor load himself with multitudinous business, nor bring upon him a burden of many cares which will prevent him looking upward, but, considering the city within, and the need that God should always be seen and felt in it as first, will set aside all these excessive worldly aims, and regulate all life, so that no change for the worse take place in the constitution and institutions of the city of the soul.

"And, if honors are offered him, he will accept such as will make him a better man, more worthy of the presence of God in his soul, but will put aside all preferment or wealth of any kind, whether private or public, which is likely to loosen or injure his possessed habits of righteousness and quietude, of temperance, justice, and truth, in all things being a politician,—not, perhaps, in his native country, but in that inward city" of which God is the founder, and which he builds with God.

Thus far said the Greek; and, indeed, we might think we heard a Christian teacher speaking.

So, guarding it from without, the Christian will govern the city of the soul within, with the help of God. Secret and evil thoughts roam in it, like felons in the night. Base desires, unbridled wills, savage passions, vile counsels, creep into its dwellings. He who cares for the city of the soul makes prayer his companion, and day by day drives all these things out, purifying his heart, till in its most secret gardens and in its lowliest dwellings the soul is clean and free and noble, till he can, standing in its market-place, cry out with gratitude and joy, The builder and maker of this city is God, my Father!

Then it will be time for him to look forward, and not till then. Then he may think within himself, and say: In heaven there is laid up for me a pattern of this city within me, perfect as this is not; beautiful exceedingly,—the ideal which God had of me when he sent me into the world, the archetype of myself. Now, having wrought and governed myself into harmony with God, having built with him into some loveliness my inward city, I can behold that other, and rejoice. Now I may look forward to the time when, life here over, the city I have within will unite itself into the archetypal city in the ideal world, and be joined to it forever. And in that hope I am glad with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. And when things are sorrowful and weary here, and labor and pain make me impatient, and the daily building is beset with trouble, and the gates are besieged with sins, and I beat them back with pain; and when my own desires turn traitors, and it is difficult to drive them beyond the wall,—in the midst of the storm, or in the midst of evil dreams, I may look up, and behold that other city of my soul which God keeps for me, which has its foundations in his eternal love, and which he built and made for me from all eternity; and, beholding, I shall be strong and very courageous.

But whether there be such a city or not for me, as I surely trust there is,—even if there were none, there is at least this city of the soul within. I know what ought to be its foundations. I know how it should be built, kept, and governed; and I will act according to that knowledge, and live to make the city subject to the true law. Were God to give me no dwelling-place hereafter, at least he shall be able here to dwell with me, in the city that hath his own foundations.

MUSIC.

When sunset faded in the west,
And twilight whispered, "Here is rest,"
A sweet bird sent its silver song
To charm my dreams the whole night long!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

WHAT WILL REMAIN?

IF BIBLICAL CRITICISM AND SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY SHALL OVERTHROW THE CURRENT THEOLOGY OF CHRISTENDOM, WILL THE FOUNDATIONS OF RELIGION BE DESTROYED?

What is there in Christianity that makes it so transcendently important? We need not search long for a reply. What we require is the satisfaction of our moral and spiritual natures. This includes the experience of a good conscience, the environment of a morally sound and spiritually educated community, and an assurance of a blessed immortality. If conscience is no longer to rule, if her peculiar satisfaction is no longer to be enjoyed, if the distinctions between right and wrong are to be obliterated, if all that has been gained in civilization by slow, painful processes is to be lost, if a belief in immortality and future blessedness is to be surrendered, what a spiritual desolation is open to view!

But suppose surrender involves the loss of none of these,—suppose conscience will yet rule, suppose right will still be better than wrong, suppose civilization will lose nothing of what has been gained, suppose immortality and blessedness and a future life are as secure as before,—would not the situation have more of hope and confidence than our imagination may have pictured? If assurance could be had that the essential things will remain, that strife will cease, and that men will return to the pursuits of gentle peace and brotherhood, then perhaps we might be willing to consider a proposition to revise our theological creed, and to readjust our ideas on points now shown to be of minor import.

Why do men hold to the theological doctrines of the past, and love them? The doctrine of the fall of man, if dear to any heart, is dear simply because of its supposed necessary connection with a scheme that promises future blessedness. True, we have revered it. We have connected it with all that we have held sacred; but, if its abandonment is attended with no evil consequences save the mental struggle it might occasion, we might be willing to say farewell to it. The same is true of the miraculous birth of Jesus. Our interest in that doctrine is wholly due to the supposition that such a birth was necessary to the perfecting of the scheme upon which our present experiences and our hopes for the future are based. Even so central a doctrine as that of the atonement is of value to us only because we have regarded it as a means to a much desired end. If it shall appear to our satisfaction to be unessential, its surrender would not be a serious loss. The physical resurrection of Jesus is only of value on the supposition that it is essential to salvation.

It may be said that such concessions would be fatal. That the terms do sound harsh and cruel to some must be admitted. But on the supposition that the surrender of these cherished doctrines were made, and we, like Adam and Eve, driven from the paradise of our Christian security and hope, were compelled to go forth into the world, let us look about, and see what, if anything, would remain.

Many things would remain. Really, would any of the most important and vital things be destroyed? Let us see.

Human society would remain. We should still pursue the daily routine of life. We should still care for present interests, "buy and sell and get gain," provide food, clothing, shelter, for our wives and little ones, and means of education for our children, just as before. Public business would go on, public schools continue, legislatures meet, courts sit, laws would be enforced, and law-breakers sent to prison or to the gallows. The proposition to abolish belief in a supernatural revelation, supernaturally attested, is one thing. A proposition to disband human society is quite another. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," would remain the Golden Rule for the regulation of human conduct.

The problem of *human destiny* would remain. That to some it would appear to be rendered more difficult of solution is true; but it would still be here. The final answer to that problem might not greatly differ, if it differed at all, from that at present accepted. Certain forms of proof, or supposed proof, of a doctrine may fail, while the doctrine itself may not be overthrown. For example, that which we hitherto have relied upon as proof of a state of future blessedness, and as the finger-post

pointing the way to it, may prove to be insufficient; but, nevertheless, the doctrine may be true. If the old evidence becomes worthless, the opportunity remains to present other testimony, which, while it may not be quite so direct, may, nevertheless, be quite as assuring, and have besides the merit of invulnerability. We say again that the question of human destiny would still be with us. Men would continue to ask, "If a man die, shall he live again?" They would indulge a great hope, as did enlightened minds among pagan nations before Christianity came. So long as the doctrine of immortality is not positively proven false, men will entertain the hope of its truth. The overthrow of the orthodox idea of Christianity does not prove atheism. It simply remands the inquiry regarding religious doctrines back to its status previous to the emergence of Christianity. Practically, not so far back as that, inasmuch as by the enlightenment, brought in by Christianity, we are far better able to deal with such a question.

We should continue to have a standard of *authority*. Hitherto a supernatural revelation has been that standard. In the supposed change which we are discussing the standard would be the inerrancy of the human reason. At once we hear the exclamation, "How impotent a guide is human reason!" But you will have judged too quickly. In some departments of knowledge its absolute inerrancy will at once be admitted. Take the subject of pure mathematics for illustration. Is not human reason absolutely correct in that sphere, and do we not know that it is? And would all the revelations heaven could give move us one jot to deny what mathematically is proven? The sum of the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Are we not absolutely sure of that? The square on the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. Is any one found denying that? Could a revelation add anything to its certainty? Could a revelation declaring that it is false overthrow our conviction of its truth? In such a sphere human reason is unerring: the result of its action is invested with the quality of absolute certainty.

Take the fundamental propositions of logic for another illustration. "Whatever is, is equal to itself"; "a thing must either be or not be"; "a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time." Can there be any doubt about the truthfulness of such propositions? Our whole mental constitution would have to be reconstructed before we could doubt these axiomatic truths. Kant, the great German philosopher, declares that metaphysics is capable of establishment on principles just as obvious, just as unerring, just as necessarily true, as those of mathematics and of logic. True, he will not affirm this of the speculative reason, because a great many things enter into a train of reasoning which give occasion for errors, just as a problem in mathematics may, in the course of its solution, admit errors which vitiate the conclusion. But what he styles the practical reason, the institutional power of the human mind, lays down principles in the realms of pure thought which are just as certain as mathematical or logical axioms. There is nothing of vital importance to the welfare of mankind which may not be brought at last to the judgment of this unerring faculty.

Some of the greatest minds of the English race and of the English church have affirmed again and again that all revelation must be judged by human reason. It is not meant by this that prejudice does not obscure and warp judgment, or that reason's dictum is to be accepted on every question that may be presented, because some are matters of speculation only, about which errors may be made.

The *Scriptures* will remain to us in essentially their present form. They will remain to utter their truths just as they have for centuries. Whatever change may take place will be in our opinions as to the origin of these Scriptures, the mode of their composition, and the kind of reverence we shall bestow upon them. They may not be regarded as of miraculous origin or supernatural authority. They may not be considered as divinely inspired in the old miraculous sense. But is not truth true, even if it be not supernaturally imparted? Can we not know that some things are true, even if not made the subject of a special revelation? We have esteemed the Bible, because we have regarded it as God's own word. We have marvelled at its goodness and rejoiced in its wisdom. Because of its

tenderness and sympathy and its wealth of knowledge, we have thought better of a God who could reveal such sublime truths to man. But suppose, on the other hand, that God has never visibly nor specially exerted himself in dictating a book, that his activity in this matter has never been greater than it now is, nor of a different kind. Suppose the human mind, working on themes so transcendent, has produced what we esteem to be worthy of God, does not this create great hope of man and his divine possibilities? If men could produce the Bible, is the race so badly off? As history, as poetry, as philosophy, as a code of morals, as an inspiration to an exalted religious life, the Bible is not only invaluable, but is an exhibition of the power of the human mind that suggests man's near relationship with the divine. The Bible, indeed, is a book, not of less value than we have been accustomed to believe, but of far greater value than one with orthodox presuppositions can discern. It may fail to prove certain statements, which, relying upon its testimony, we have hitherto regarded as historical; but there are many things which its testimony does so firmly establish that no serious question of their truthfulness will ever be raised. The truths of the Bible are no less true, though they were discerned, and expressed in writing, by men.

Jesus Christ will remain to us, and he will be as ever the captain of our salvation. No one doubts the historical reality of Jesus of Nazareth. He may not have been born of a virgin, he may not have worked miracles nor fulfilled prophecy, he may not have risen from the dead; but nevertheless he remains the spiritual head of the race. He knew the pathway of life as no one else has known it. His feet travelled with eager haste along this pathway, and his encouraging voice and illumined soul call to all men to follow him, and to share with him its blessedness. If God has revealed himself in nature, why may he not reveal himself in man?

There is a *pathway of life*, and men have found it. Jesus found it. Its savingness (and it *is* a way of salvation) depends not on Jesus' supposed divinity nor upon any alleged supernatural revelation, but on the very nature of the way itself.

"Walk in this way, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away."

We revere and all but worship other men for what they were and for what they have done for humanity. May we not continue to adore the person and obey the precepts of him who has done so transcendently much more for us than any other benefactor? In this view there is just as great assurance of a blessed immortality as in the old, while our conception of the character of Christ and the future life is brought more into harmony with the demands of enlightened thought.

One thing more will remain, and that is *experience*. We shall still know that right is better than wrong. Conscience will work just as truly and steadily as before. Of the truth of the pronouncements of human nature we can always assure ourselves. Experience demonstrates them. We shall still have the fellowship of kindred minds, —minds that share the same passion for righteousness which burns with undying ardor in our own souls. We shall still hope and believe that "God is not far from any one of us," the great central sun of righteousness, of whose fellowship we shall assure our hearts continually.

Having now passed in review some of the things that remain, nothing is left but to consider in a word or two the advantages of the new way over the old.

It would be a welcome relief to many persons not to be required to believe longer in some of the things related in the Bible. The account of the creation is a sore trial to enlightened minds. They know it is not true to fact; yet they know not how to save anything out of the wreck, if they let one plank go. The character of Jehovah, as revealed in the Old Testament, is a trial to Christians who have really considered it. How many innocents were ordered slain by him, and others subjected to abominable abuses! If we could be excused from having to believe that the sun and moon stood still, that the shadow went back on the dial, that a man lived three days in the belly of a whale, that Samson performed the legendary and mythical exploits ascribed to him, it seems that there would be few who would not rejoice. If we could be permitted to disbelieve that there were

devils that possessed men, that supernatural horrors attended the death of a man on Calvary, that the bodies of saints arose and came into the city, that the pocket handkerchiefs of an apostle cured the sick upon whom they were laid, would it not be relief to a sadly overtaxed credulity?

If we could free our minds from the supposed necessity of holding views regarding Deity that reduce him to the proportions of a despot of the Oriental type, who administers the affairs of the world as did Darius those of the Persian Empire, who makes an unalterable decree, and then, to save his reputation for consistency, devises a scheme whereby he can save both the letter of his law and the victims of it,—I say, if we could lay aside any necessity for believing in this unutterable pettiness and folly and barbarism, surely all might rejoice.

Thus, as the result of our inquiry, we seem to find many strong reasons for believing, and believing confidently, that nothing connected with religion or the Bible will be swept away by the Biblical criticism and scientific inquiry of our time except those things which have really been a burden and a hindrance, and that everything which is true and vital to religion or permanently helpful to men will remain, and remain in a form to be more unencumbered and more effective than the past has known.

AN ORTHODOX INQUIRER.

SERVICE THE LAW OF LIFE.

Institutions are organized activities. They substitute order, system, regularity, for disorder, confusion, caprice. The key to institutional life is intelligent co-operation. The individual loses his little life in the larger life of the community. Let him try to save it, and disaster follows disaster in quick succession.

The organic starting-point of co-operative life is the family. Its ultimate principle is the divine passion that we call love, with whose benign radiance painters glorify the brow of motherhood. But no canvas ever reflected the ineffable tenderness that beamed above your cradle and mine. Where in that life of devotion was a line of selfishness? When did your mother or mine ever save her energies, limit her solicitude, dole out her affection in stinted measure? Women who calculatingly set personal ease and luxurious comfort over against the wearing duties involved in maternity, and consign their children to the custody and pupilage of menials, may save themselves from cares that wear and burdens that oppress; but they lose the transfiguring glory of motherhood. The magnetic needle has its variation. The equinoxes retreat from their stations in the sky. The solid earth loses its stability sometimes, and shakes convulsively. But the true maternal instinct has no variation, no precession, no unsteadiness. A few hours of toil a week would suffice to meet the physical wants of the father. Why does he labor from dawn till dusk through the weary year, and sing as he walks through the tiresome round of duty? It is his vicarious life that entitles him to the crown that dignifies fatherhood. He lives in the young life of childhood that gladdens his hearth. He freely loses self to find it again. His experience defies time by springing up again in the new generation. Unhappy is the child that dwells alone in the home. You have seen the spoiled darling of doting parents. How selfish and exacting he is! He must learn the hard lesson of life by a bitter discipline after he has passed the threshold of his home. Living is giving, not appropriating. It is scattering, not storing. It is the outgoing, not the incoming will. To the degree that he saves he loses, and to the degree that he loses he saves.

If you would see the world of spiritual interaction and development epitomized, watch the helpfulness, the mutual concessions, the surrender of child-life in the orderly home. It is not strange that the observant and reflective philosopher declares the family to be the starting-point of organized educational effort.

As the child moves from the dependence of family life to the field in which he is to become an independent producer, he finds the same inevitable law pursuing him. The fundamental idea of all the vocations is service. The husbandman is a worker with God. The divine potencies fill the world of nature, but the human energy must meet them. Scant activity brings scant return. Whoever holds back his

effort fails to touch nature at the stimulating point. With what patient industry the farmer turns the furrow, mellows the rough surface, freely scatters the precious seed, cultivates again and again, co-operates with the physical universe, with sun and air and cloud, and the earth instinct with energy beneath his feet. Men sometimes call the farmer's life solitary. What a purblind soul he is who utters such a manifest absurdity! He is marshalling the hosts of the universe. Myriad toilers are about him.

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An impulse within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Into this great workshop he steps, and joins the busy throng. He does not look within to follow preference and caprice: he looks without, and questions Nature to find her royal wishes. "Turn the furrow," says the earth. "Bury me," calls the seed. "Till me," commands the willing field. "Garner me," whispers the golden grain, sleepily nodding on the stem. Obedient to these peremptory voices, the thrifty husbandman hurries hither and thither; and, when the winter blasts are roaring across the deserted plains, the hungry feed luxuriously upon the fruit of his labor.

The mechanic is in demand in proportion to the fidelity of his service. If he keeps self before his eye, his career is short. Think through the list of artisans with whom you are acquainted. Who gets the contracts without competition? It is he whose houses do not shake in the gale, whose doors do not sag, whose windows do not rattle, whose paint does not scale, nor ceilings drop. It is he who puts his sturdy self into his structures, and they resist the assaults of time and the destructive elements because he does not save his effort nor his material. You know that the unseen is as good as the seen.

Who is the merchant that loses his life? It is he who puts the large apples at the top of the barrel and the beautiful berries at the top of the box. He may have a short season of prosperity. Like the seed in the parable of the sower, he springs up quickly, because he has no deepness of earth; but, when the sun is up, and the testing time comes, he withers away, and dies. He has tried to save his life by securing large prices for inferior goods. He is unwilling to obey the law of equivalents, and the currents of trade do not flow by his door. They seek other channels. The successful merchant is the man who has succeeded in inducing people to believe that he can serve them better than his neighbors. When tradesmen recognize more fully the fact that this idea of service is the organizing idea of modern life, more than five or six per cent. of them will escape the bankrupt courts. There are manufacturers before whose trade-mark the doors of commerce swing as if by magic. They have found their lives by losing them. Their products are in every market. They know no competition. How they shame the dishonest fools who think to reconstruct the universe by playing that action and reaction are not equal and opposite in direction!

I am aware that the public is often deceived. The sudden success of the quack sometimes disheartens the honest practitioner. When the devil would deceive, he doesn't expose the hoof and tail. He steals the livery of heaven, and appears as a benefactor,—a servant of the masses. This fact serves rather to intensify the truth that I am illustrating than to disprove it, and time tries all things whether they be good or evil.

Did you ever stop to reflect upon the principle that lurks beneath the surface of things in that modern miracle, the railroad? A trans-continental train on one of the great trunk lines is a scene of splendor that rivals the palaces of the Arabian Nights' entertainments. The coaches are furnished with resplendent mirrors and superbly polished woods of the rarest and most expensive character. Every device that comfort can suggest or ingenuity imagine is freely supplied. The sense of beauty is awakened wherever the eye may turn. Even the laboring locomotive glistens in its decoration of shining brass and nickel, and the employees are models of neatness in attire and courtesy in manners. Combined with the luxurious appointments for comfort and beauty is the sense of almost absolute security. The coaches are models of strength. Every wheel is frequently tested to discover any hidden flaw. The rails are of toughest steel, in which tenacity and

elasticity unite at the point of greatest efficiency. The road-bed is as smooth as a marble floor, and as solid as the granite hills. The fierce steed that dashes away with the shining carriages is the product of more than a half-century of experiment and evolution. The electric head-light converts night into day; and the vigilant air-brake awaits the signal to grapple with the whirling truck in its mad flight, and rob it of its motion in a dozen pulse-beats. Vigilant train despatchers clear the track, road-walkers scrutinize every joint; and under the watchful eyes of a hundred expert operatives you dash across the continent at lightning speed, almost unconscious of motion, and as secure as if sheltered in the safe walls of home. No wonder that the stock of such a road stands at the head of the dividend-paying corporations. They have learned the great lesson of serving. They do not save in scanty expenditure to lose in the frightful casualty. They lose in prodigal outlay to save in certain security and consequent patronage.

You may say that the managers of such a road have never dreamed that they were superbly illustrating the principle that Jesus of Nazareth threw into the civilization of the world, the principle of service. It matters nothing that they are unconscious of the sublime idea. It is there; and, whether they will or not, it is the price that they must pay for what men call success. You answer that a few directors roll in wealth; but how can the luxury of a few be an equivalent for the gracious service which they render to the hundreds of thousands that crowd their trains, and give in return the merest pittance as a compensation! They are under the dominion of the beneficent law that has seized the modern world, —the law of service,—and they cannot escape it if they would succeed. That the few may live in kings' houses, dine sumptuously every day, wear fine apparel, hang the triumphs of art on their walls, they must return ten thousand fold to the masses who dwell in cottages, eat coarse fare, clothe themselves in homespun, and cannot tell a Rubens or a Raphael from a chromo.

Look at the inventor, whose cunning brain has found the mysterious word of command at whose utterance the lightning, that wild "savage of the skies," becomes the patient servant of the race! A few short years ago man shrank affrighted from the dreadful presence that touched only to destroy. But Franklin, Morse, Edison, have deprived him of his terrors; and now he is the patient and tireless servant. He runs upon our errands, draws our carriages, kneels beside the timid girl to work her sewing-machine, shines in the arc or incandescent lamp, performs a thousand other menial offices, and yet stands waiting patiently for further commands. The inventor marshals the forces of nature, and they lift the heavy burdens from the tired hands of man. They sow his fields, reap his harvests, grind his corn, weave his fabrics, transport him across continents and seas, warm his houses, lay the thought and action of the world before his eye in the daily paper, extend his office or fireside to a county or State with the telephone, and to the world with the telegraph, record his spoken voice in the delicate foil of the phonograph and repeat it at his pleasure, beautify his home,—in short, call to his side, at his word of command, the million-handed giant that we call the industrial world. What superb service! What a magnificent achievement! To multiply the thought of a single mind by the number that measures the populations of continents! And his return, whatever of wealth it may comprise, is shelter and sustenance, when looked upon from its material side. On the spiritual side it is an immortality in the thought of the race, and a presence in its activity that laughs at what men have called the "dateless night of death."

Further illustration may well be spared. The institution which we call the vocations has the same underlying principle that Jesus of Nazareth came to proclaim,—the principle of service. I do not mean that it is in the consciousness of men always. But it must be the working principle, whether we will or not.

If we turn to the third great institution, the State, what shall we find? We recognize at the earliest stage of our investigation that we are clearly within the realm of spiritual life. The materialist may deny the presence of reason in the physical universe, but he will not have the hardihood to deny it here. The thoughtful student cannot fail to find that history is a rational

process. It is the vast theatre on whose mighty stage the world-spirit is struggling to unfold itself. The essence of spirit is freedom; and the forward movements of history are the progress of the consciousness of this essential nature, and its objectification under the forms of reality. Moved by a common impulse, men have endeavored to set up outside of themselves an authority which should save them from their own caprice and wilfulness, and introduce regularity and conformity to common standards. It was an unconscious or semi-conscious effort to make reason dominant in the affairs of tribal or national life, and was the primitive State. How soon the passion for power on one side and the servile worship of authority on the other introduced the race to its long and dismal centuries of sorrow and suffering! The State, as represented by the ruling power, was elevated by the unthinking masses to a plane as far above the region of responsibility as that occupied by the laws of nature. The tyranny of kings, the oppression of a cruel aristocracy, the pitiful sufferings of the millions, have been the pathetic theme of history. But above the dreary plains of time there have arisen "world-historical individuals," as Hegel calls them, the heroes of the race, who seized the wills of men, and embodied, unconsciously, the higher reason. "They saw what was ripe for development"; and, though they were Alexanders, Cæsars, or Napoleons, they brought a wider freedom to men. And so the State idea grew larger. Beyond the plateaus of Asia, where only one was free, it grew to the isles of Greece and the Italian peninsula, where the few were free; and transition followed transition, until Jesus Christ threw into the crucible of time, where political ideas were acting and interacting, the final element,—the transmuting reagent of love. The State is not for the one nor for the few. It is for all; for God is the common father, and all the suffering, toiling sons of men are brothers.

The song which the angels sang at the advent rings through the political creeds of men. The tyrant who has tried to save his selfish life shall lose it. The titled and privileged few who have hedged themselves about with prerogative have heard the footsteps of the Son of Man walking down the centuries.

The State idea widens into the Republic, and the brotherhood of man is at last in the consciousness of the race. Henceforward all movements are toward this supreme conception.

The idea is clear in the mind of the modern hero, and is reaching down to the millions. The authority which the early races embodied in the individual despot, and bowed before in adoration, has come back to its primal source,—the individual man. The State is my rational will regnant among men. My freedom is conditioned upon "my recognizing, believing in, and willing what is common to the whole." Strange paradox! I am free through serving.

J. W. Cook.

Normal, Ill.

THEBES AND BAALBEC.

"My words shall not pass away."

If material greatness, if magnitude and massiveness of temples, with the accompaniments of elaborate ritual and service, could keep a faith alive, surely some of the ancient religions would have been immortal. Thebes still exhibits majestic fragments of the shell of Egypt's once mighty faith. On approaching the site of the ancient city, the horizon is filled with a wilderness of portals, propylons, massive walls and columns, some of them erected before Abraham went down into Egypt, the rest of them built before the Greek and Roman nations were born. Old Thebes was so vast that its site is now divided into three separate localities, a temple or group of temples being the nucleus of each. In one place we see the remains of the once elegant temple of Rameses the Great, a gigantic statue of the builder, fifty-four feet in height, and cut from a single block of granite, lying prostrate and broken in the temple court. Near by are the sitting Colossi, one of which was known as the vocal Memnon, hoary and cracked with age.

At Luxor, another of the three localities mentioned, which is the market town of the section embraced by ancient Thebes, and where the traveller stops, is another great temple. It was built from 1600 to 1400 B.C. Though ruins are mingled in splendid confusion, many parts are still erect and com-

paratively perfect. The colonnades, entablatures, walls, and, in part, the roof, in their massive strength, have for more than three thousand years withstood the attacks of time and of man. An obelisk stands alone, its companion having been removed to Paris.

After having been filled with wonder by the evidences of grandeur, not wholly departed, of this temple, we find that it is only the approach to a structure greater than it. A mile away is Karnac, exponent of Egyptian power and of Theban glory. The road between the two temples is known as the "Avenue of Sphinxes," because at regular intervals both sides of the entire way were lined with colossal sphinxes, of which there were several hundred. At one end of the way they are covered deep with the débris of ages. At the other end the heads are all broken off; but the pedestals of many have been undisturbed since before the time Pharaoh oppressed Israel. In ancient times there were several other avenues similar to this. No words can fitly describe the temple into which it leads. The propylon is nearly 400 feet in breadth and 150 in height. The vast court into which one enters seems to be a forest of columns, 36 feet in circumference and about 70 feet in height, surmounted by capitals of different patterns, and richly colored. One hundred and thirty-four of these columns are still standing in this court. Giant corridors run in every direction; court but leads into court; columns are everywhere. Here stands the largest obelisk known,—too large for the predatory nations of to-day to care to move. Yet it was quarried, transported a hundred or more miles, and set up where it now stands in the short period of seven months; and this, too, under a queen. There were women of energy even in those days. It would be an almost endless task to specify all the wonders of this marvellous pile. This temple, or group of temples,—but all parts of the same design,—is a mile and three-quarters in circumference, the walls, in part still standing, 80 feet high and 25 feet thick. So vast are the ruins that we rode on donkeys from one part to another. Hieroglyphics cover everything,—walls, columns, portals, ceilings. It is no wonder that we have a detailed account of many periods of Egyptian history; and it is no wonder that, when all these structures were in their prime and perfect, their fame spread over the ancient world, and were celebrated even in Homer's song.

Different, and in some respects more wonderful, are the ruins at Baalbec, Syria,—the relics of another faith. They cover a space a thousand feet long by half as many feet wide. Their most remarkable feature is the wall called Cyclopean, from the three great stones which form a part of it. On account of them the entire temple was called Trilithon. One stone is 63 feet, another 63½, and the third 64 feet long. Each is 14 feet in height, and the same in thickness. Imagine these three stones extending two-thirds of the length of an ordinary city square, and some conception will be formed of their size. They are the largest stones ever used in architecture. They are furthermore twenty feet above the ground; and scientists have been puzzled as to how they were moved and raised to their present position. In the quarry half a mile away is another giant, 72 feet long, 18 feet high, and the same in thickness, not wholly cut away at the base from its primeval bed, but existing now, we are told, as it was left by the workmen four thousand years ago. It would require a two thousand horse-power machine to move it; and, though that power could now be furnished, it could not readily be applied.

Of the ruins both in Egypt and Syria the wonder is that so much still remains. The original temples were so vast that hordes of destructive conquerors from Persians to Moslems have not been able to wholly cast them down. They have been turned into fortresses, stables, warehouses, homes for wandering tribes. Christian churches and Mohammedan mosques have been erected within their precincts. Their material has been taken for other structures. Those in Egypt have for centuries been annually submerged in part by the overflow of the Nile. And still they stand unshorn of much of their grandeur, their inner chambers and holy places tenanted by bats and owls.

When those ancient peoples sought to perpetuate their faith, they trusted not to means frail or fleeting. They said: Let us rear mighty structures which will defy the assaults of time. Let us adorn them with beauty, and place with them a hierarchy of

priests that shall be sacred and perpetual, then shall our faith endure! So they took the very heart out of the hills and mountains, trying to transpose their everlastingness. Their handiwork was such as could come forth only in a powerful and intelligent age. They trusted not anything so frail as a book, and would have scouted the idea of trusting to the living word. Yet, as I looked upon those imposing ruins, again and again came to mind the saying of the Master,—*My words shall not pass away.* Better than mighty walls are words which find hearts and minds to harbor them, tongues and lives to give them expression. While columns and walls were falling, the *words* of the Sermon on the Mount, of the Golden Rule, of the Parables and the Lord's Prayer, were ever flying on, circling the globe with link after link of the chain of truth, meeting the needs of souls hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Words of truth and love, not walls, contain the spirit of the Most High, which alone gives immortality. The words of the moral law, of the beauty of holiness, of aspiration and love, are the spirit and life to which the most vast and glorious of temples can, at the best, be only the body. Without the spirit the body is dead, and goes back to nature whence it came. But the living spirit builds anew its home age after age, where it abides, and whence it goes forth to save and to bless. And through it alone at length will come the city of God, the structure not made with hands, transforming those within it into the sons of God.

T. G. MILSTED.

JOHN CORDNER.

For more than forty years the name of Rev. John Cordner has been well known among American Unitarians. His death at his home in Boston on June 22 has brought sorrow to a wide circle of friends in Boston and vicinity, New Orleans, Canada, and on the other side of the ocean. We condense the following information regarding his life from an article signed "W. N. E." in the *Christian Register.*

He was born in the town of Newry, in Ireland, in the year 1818, and came to America in 1843 in answer to a call extended to him by the Unitarian Society which was then just trying to establish itself in Montreal, Canada. He preached his first sermon in Montreal in the lower story of a dwelling-house, which had been fitted up as a small audience-room. The prospect of the permanent settlement of a Unitarian minister in the city aroused much feeling and very bitter opposition; and a less courageous man would have abandoned the post for one beset with fewer difficulties. The most violent attacks were made upon him in both pulpit and press; but his bravery, his eloquence, his learning, and his noble Christian spirit and bearing soon convinced his opponents that they had to deal with a man of more than ordinary elevation and force of character.

In the early summer of 1844 he made his first visit to the United States, finding in Boston the most cordial recognition, and receiving pledges of aid for his struggling society in its proposed enterprise of building a church edifice. This edifice was completed in May, 1845. Dr. Ezra S. Gannett of Boston preached the dedication sermon.

From the first Mr. Cordner was not only faithful and active in his own society as a preacher and a pastor, but he at once began to make his influence felt outside in the social, moral, and philanthropic interests of Montreal. Every effort for the amelioration of the condition of the people, for the advancement of education, and for the improvement of the public charities, found in him an earnest advocate. The cause of the Negro was dear to his heart, and most determined and eloquent were his appeals on behalf of freedom in its widest sense. On one important occasion, in recognition of his eminent service to their cause, the colored people of Montreal presented to him a handsome Bible, accompanied by a touching address.

In 1852 Mr. Cordner married the daughter of Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman of Boston, who was not only a most efficient helper of her husband, but made his home a centre of wide social influence.

The Unitarian Society prospered so well that by 1858 it was necessary to build a new church.

After the close of the Civil War Mr. Cordner spent a time in New Orleans, doing valuable service to the Unitarian cause and to humanity in that city. In 1870 the

honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by McGill University. After his long term of arduous service in Montreal had begun to tell seriously upon his health, his work was divided for a time with an assistant, then with a colleague. But in 1882 failure of strength compelled him to resign. He then took up his residence in Boston, where rest and change of climate brought back to him considerable of his former vigor, and he continued to do considerable work. Perhaps the most valuable service of his later years was that which he rendered to the Unitarian denomination by his active and successful efforts in raising the money for the erection of the Unitarian Building at 25 Beacon Street.

Possessed of a fine voice and a persuasive eloquence, his public utterances were always very effective; and he was gladly welcomed wherever he presented himself. His theology was that of Channing and Gannett. He was a man of great force of character, of steady persistence in duty, of devotion to principle. Most beloved and trusted by those who knew him best, he was esteemed by all who had any intercourse with him; and, as he has now passed from our earthly sight, we may say that a brave soldier of Christ and freedom has fallen.

SYLVAN STANLEY HUNTING.

Sixty years ago, could we have looked into a certain New Hampshire farm-house, a mile out of the little town of New London, we should have found a boy of eight helping his mother with her work. It was a large family, eleven children,—eight boys and three girls.

Stanley, the little boy in whom we are interested, is rather delicate, and, as he grows older, continues to assist in household work. Winters he goes to the district school, and later to the Baptist Academy in New London. At seventeen the studious boy has become a teacher. Meantime his quick, truth-loving mind has been studying the great problems of religion. He had been brought up a Baptist. At twelve years of age he was baptized, the ice having been broken for the ceremony. But his generous nature could not long brook the Calvinism of fifty years ago. He found himself sympathizing strongly with the Universalists, whose preachers he sometimes walked ten miles to hear. We can well believe that this kindly gospel of love took flame in his ardent soul. He was beginning to ask, "What shall my life-work be?" This gospel was the answer. Indeed, when we picture such a nature as Mr. Hunting at twenty must have had, and see it face to face with a broad and generous gospel in which it finds all the freshness of a new revelation, we can hardly conceive any other result than that he should become its preacher and prophet.

He went to Harvard University, where he prepared himself for his life-work. In 1852, at the age of twenty-six, he was ordained to the Unitarian ministry, becoming pastor of the Unitarian church in Brookfield, Mass. The delicate boy has become the strong and robust man. The farmer-boy has become one of the leaders in a New England village. It seems a little thing; but behind this achievement there are years of toil and self-sacrifice. There is the steady and persistent determination to make life worthy and great. There is the high task which the boy set for himself, there are the visions and the hopes which fancy painted, and there are the discouragements and hindrances which only the braver surmount. It was characteristic of the man that he went to Brookfield rather than to Dedham (to which latter place he had been called), not because it offered greater salary,—the salary was some $300 less,—but because it offered greater opportunity for work.

And now let me briefly summarize the years between that settlement in Brookfield and his death. Six years at Brookfield; three at Manchester, N.H.; two in Detroit; two in the army; seven at Quincy, Ill.; two as western secretary of the American Unitarian Association; seven at Davenport; and seven as pastor in Des Moines,—fill in the years until 1888. During the past five years, since 1888, he was active in mission work throughout Iowa. In 1892 he dedicated the church at Decorah, which his enthusiasm and earnestness brought forth. There, too, he ordained their minister, Mr. Pierce, Mrs. Pierce being ordained with him. Thus the field of his labors is steadily enlarged from the little New England village. First Manchester, then Detroit, then

after the war the West, with smaller cities, it is true, but with boundless opportunity to preach a gospel as yet unheard; and always, as at the first, it was this opportunity which he sought.

Three years after his settlement in Brookfield he married Miss Carrie Stowell. After a year and a half she passed out into the unseen, leaving a baby-boy but five months old. In November, 1858, he married Miss Maria Stevens. Of her he wrote in his journal: "When she became my wife, I entered upon a new life, better than I was prepared to appreciate. Quiet and calm, she forms a strange contrast to me in my bustle and restlessness."

As the result of his second marriage, he had several children. His home was always sacred to him, his wife and children were deeply loved.

If he could tell us to-day what he would care most to have remembered, I think it would be his service in the army. In his journal he says: "My life in the army was arduous and stirring, a part of the time, and a part of the time monotonous and lonely. I served one year in the field hospital of the First Division, Ninth Army Corps, in Virginia, where I think I did very good service." This modest estimate of his work finds ample justification in the private letters and public records of the time. Augustus Woodbury in his "History of the Ninth Army Corps" says, "Chaplain Hunting of the Twenty-seventh Michigan was always active, zealous, and efficient in the camp and field." Gen. Waite, one of the generals under whom he served, in a private letter written to Mr. Hunting in January, 1866, says: "I think you will agree with me that the task of the chaplain in the army is the most thankless of any. Everybody seems inclined to consider him a free horse. I have often thought, and feel now, that I would rather go through the hardships and dangers of a regimental office than perform the duties you did around the hospitals. I believe you had occasion to exercise more real courage and Christian fortitude than any of us. While other officers are rewarded by promotion, chaplains must be content with the consciousness of having done their duty, —a very desirable thing in itself, but it doesn't say much to the world." If other testimony were needed, we have this from a Detroit paper published toward the close of the war:—

"Chaplain S. S. Hunting is now in charge of the hospitals of the whole Ninth Corps. He has proved himself wonderfully efficient, devoted, and serviceable, and been rapidly promoted in this delicate service. The soldiers almost worship this good man; and he is so much engrossed in attending to their innumerable wants,—in cheering the convalescents, writing letters to their friends, providing supplies and consoling the dying (with the holy promises of religion), that he has no time for correspondence with his friends or with the press." How stirring must have been the days about this time this same newspaper clipping suggests, when it says that, before crossing the Rapidan, the Twenty-seventh Michigan (Mr. Hunting's regiment) was 1,200 strong, since which time it has lost seven officers killed and eight wounded and 600 men. Think of it! a few days of fighting, and half the regiment dead! And what did the chaplain do? He stanched the wounds of the fallen, and helped to bear them from the field. He bent above the dying, and took down their parting messages to family and friends. To him their valuables were committed, to him whitened lips whispered their last sad messages of love.

For three days and nights at the battle of the Wilderness he hardly rested. We cannot praise such a record. It is above praise. We can only say: Thanks, noble chaplain! Thanks to thee! Thanks for the lives you saved, for the comfort you bestowed, for the tidings you conveyed,—tidings they were which have made men better, women more consecrated, through all these years! Henceforth we shall remember thee not only as preacher and pastor, but shall give to thee in thought the nobler name of chaplain.

"Always active, zealous, and efficient in the camp and field," says the history. We may carry the words over into the years of ministry that followed. He would not have me say that he made no mistakes. He would rather say, Cherish my virtues, and profit by my mistakes. What these virtues were all who knew him intimately can testify. He was made on a large and generous plan. There was nothing small or mean about him. His mistakes were hardly

more than his virtues emphasized. They were born of excessive zeal for righteousness, never of malice or self-interest. Temperamentally impatient, still he could toil longer for a cause and wait longer for results than the most of us. Many illustrations of this might be given. I will cite only one. That shall be his work in connection with the church in Des Moines, which he established, and was pastor of for a number of years. Let me read you a few pages from his journal, written Feb. 3, 1887: "In the fall of 1880 I came to Des Moines from Davenport to take up a forlorn hope in the form of a small body of Unitarians in this city. $400 was all they could offer as a salary, and the State conference added $400 more. $800 as a salary! in a city where it cost us $1,500 or $2,000 to live. Well, I took up this job with a zeal that I never put into any other work, in a hall sixty by twenty feet, a small congregation indeed. But I induced every one to believe that we could succeed, and we pushed the enterprise. The society raised its $400, and then added a little more the second year. Then we began the church edifice. About $6,000 were raised in this city, and when we were through the American Unitarian Association had put in $4,000 more. Dec. 3, 1882, we dedicated a church,—a good building and a small congregation. We did good work three years; but then failure came among our best families, money grew scarce, families moved, the congregations became thinner, things dragged. They tried—some of the people—to make things meet; but I was not satisfied with the result, and in March, 1886, I resigned, and the church is really small and weak.

"I am not sorry I began here. It is admitted that no other minister in the West was ready to step in. I have made a great sacrifice, if seen from business point, but no sacrifice from the moral standpoint. I have preached temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come and now. We have had some cheerful times, and much to try my patience."

It takes a man of power in this Mammon-loving America of ours, working among liberals, to whom the old reasons for a church no longer appeal, and who have only just begun to appreciate the new reasons,—it takes a man of power, working under such conditions, to make a church. Mr. Hunting had that power; and this church building in Des Moines is the witness to it. He breathed into that little band of Unitarians which he gathered around him a spirit of loyalty to their church which discouragement has never daunted. This is success of the highest sort. His robust and manly teaching touched the springs of character. It did not entertain men simply for the hour. It planted truth and righteousness so deeply that the presence of these in the men and women whom he taught has become a daily joy. That is success, and success which only the noblest can win.

LEON A. HARVEY.

Des Moines, Ia.

TRUE PRAYER.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

But it is more than that. Prayer is not all petition; nor does the poet say or imply that it is. The motion of that hidden fire takes many forms.

Prayer is a desire. It is a longing. It is an aspiration. It is an outreaching. But it is more than that. It is also a listening. It is a recognition. It is a responding. It is a promise. It is an enlistment. It is an act of obedience. It is an effort to hear a Master's voice, to understand the message, and to win guidance and strength, that the attentive and loyal heart may obey it.

But now how small a part in all that is played by man's speculative understanding!

Prayer is not intellectual. It is not a form of inference. Logical processes come into true prayer commonly as an intrusion. They often do harm. They seldom do good. Prayer is a matter of the affections and of the volitions. And yet there is no thinking and no intellectual activity which does not rest on faith, and move because of the true prayer that underlies or leads it.

Trust is a form of prayer. Our reliance on nature, on our senses, on our intellectual processes, is but the manifestation of an affection our Maker made. Darwin and Huxley give us magnificent displays of an unspoiled faith. The prayer of the priest at the altar is seldom a true prayer. The petition or gratitude voiced in the words rarely agrees with the real feeling then

reigning in the speaker's heart. His voice says to Heaven, "Restrain those immoderate rains wherewith, for our sins, thou hast afflicted us"; but the desire then reigning in his heart is, "I wish we had a Prayer Book at which Science need not smile."

We need to remember that, while prayer is the soul's sincere desire, so every desire is a prayer. It reaches out beyond ourselves. It recognizes our investiture. It provokes reaction. The prayer God does answer is not that on the lips. The Lord looketh on the heart. And the prayer of this quick, eager, aspiring, self-reproaching heart is never stilled. Probably not one millionth part of any heart's real prayer is ever expressed in spoken words. Verbal prayers are commonly but our effort to hold up before our thought the ideal of what our devout desires ought to be. God can hear without words. He can see without light. Nor is there anything which he does not see, or hear, or feel.

If we shrink from saying that *all* desire or wish is prayer,—even unholy desire or the wish for forbidden things,—we cannot say less than that all *devout* desire is prayer, while the *truth* of the prayer depends wholly on the truth or sincerity or earnestness of the wish now moving that heart to look up. Think of those old Sioux chiefs, Wind-in-the-face and Rain-in-the-face. The white man had wronged their people. The warriors had retaliated. One of them was now in bonds. His brother came in to plead for his release. His plea was rejected. As he went out, he went up and *kissed his brother on the cheek.* He said nothing. Did he mean nothing? Did he go out without a mighty vow, and a purpose which a just God may have looked on as holy, though it was of such terrible intent? Did he pass a day or a night thereafter without the devout wish that the Good Spirit would so guide him that he should not only free his brother, but that he should also lift that white man's scalp?

Was this merely a longing for vengeance, an evil wish which divine wisdom should have defeated?

It was the utterance of the highest aspiration that savage soul now knew. It was the voice of a man ready to die in doing his duty. Here was a brother ready to die for his brother, a patriot willing to perish with his people.

His desire all through the diligent and crafty preparation of those following days, laying his plans, rallying his warriors, watching his foe, was in truth a true man's true prayer. He was asking for wisdom and for courage, that justice might be done on earth. And, if savage women watched Custer's slaughter, who shall declare their longing for success or their joy in victory to be aught but what it should have been?

True prayer, we may insist, is only that which conforms to the ideal of what prayer should be.

Yes; but prayer should be the earnest and sincere expression of the humblest gratitude, or of the holiest aspiration, or of the most loving and self-forgetful vow of devotion which any heart at any time can feel or make.

This means that an ignorant man must voice an ignorant man's devotion, and that savage peoples are moved of God to maintain the worship of the savage. The tortured captive at the stake indulges his own pride amid his torment. He there boasts of his people, and taunts his foe. He dies proudly content if his fortitude wins a grunt of approbation from the savage fiends dancing round him. His game of war may be more chivalrous and less brutal for him than my game of football is for me.

And so, when I look toward the worship of savages or of remote ages, I must not interpret it into terms of to-day, or think that it meant then what it would now mean to me.

Dare I challenge any people of two thousand years ago to set the worship of one of their cities alongside the worship of New York City to-day?

Show, for each city, the totality of the desire, gratitude, and purpose reigning in every heart; uncover the secrets of every soul, so that we could see as God sees all that passes or prevails in the place of worship, the home, the markets, the courts, and the street,—how much more *even* would be the average of the ancient city's life, how much less terrible the contrast between what is highest and what is lowest in Corinth than in Chicago!

Christ has lifted up an ideal that deepens man's guilt. God's grace struggles over the

mighty contract of redemption. It is not enough for us to be good Buddhists or Mohammedans or Mormons or Catholics or Protestants.

The prayer now rising from the heart of Felix Adler or Frances Willard may be no more true than that Millet's praying peasants know. Indeed, humanity moves at times, if not at all times, like an army marching up a mountain. It is most joyful yet most difficult for those in advance. It is easier to keep true the infrequent prayer of lower men than the constant aspiration of those lofty souls who are consumed with shame that they cannot at every moment keep glowing in their hearts the holy flame shown of Christ Jesus, whose hours of eclipse or self-reproach we are not permitted to see.

A true prayer may be thus for any individual a very simple thing,—wordless, unseen,

> "The upward glancing of an eye
> When none but God is near."

But true prayer, when we look at our modern civilization or see the march of the ages, and mean by true prayer humanity's worship attuned to sing true to an ever-growing science with an ever-rising ideal or standard of life,—is *that* a simple thing?

That prayer is not true, or not acceptable to God, or not for that person, time, or place what it ought to be, unless the accompanying theories or conceptions are true, or the ideals and affections are lofty and holy, who will be so absurd as to say?

And yet that any of our prayers are as good as they should be, or as true as they should be, those of any person, any people, or any book, who will pretend? Omit the grand poetic strain set by inspired genius in the seventeenth chapter of the Fourth Gospel, and how brief are the prayers of Christ Jesus! But did his prayer ever cease?

And whether my repetition of one of the prayers from our noble new service book be true prayer or idle prattling, what decides? Does it not depend on my being so grateful, so sorrowful, so humble, or so sincere that my heart is opened, and not merely my mind or my mouth?

But *was* the mind ever opened unless a more or less earnest desire, or the stress of some sore necessity, or some sweet solicitation from God in the guise of nature, or in the form of all-pervading "Spirit," went before, and undid the doors of the eternal mystery?

All science rests on faith. All thought does, however, unconsciously, take hold on God. The sweet consciousness of intercommunicating love is but one small part and accompaniment of man's never-ceasing and ever-improving prayer. For it is not by man's fitful and semi-conscious efforts, but by the ceaseless soliciting and omnipotent coercion of an all-surrounding love, that our humanity thus

> "Goes sounding on its dim and perilous way!"

HENRY C. BADGER.

Boston.

WHAT WE OWE TO CHRIST.

The followers of Comte are given to boasting of the efficacy of the Positivist religion in quickening the sensibilities of its votaries to human suffering, and in keeping them up to the mark of their political duty in opposing unjust wars. It is an important and suggestive claim that their system does more for mankind than the religion of Christ. Let us, then, briefly consider the benefits conferred by Christianity on the world. Anxious as I am to be fair and to avoid empty declamation, I admit that a great deal which has called itself Christianity during the last nineteen hundred years has been far from advantageous to the race. Christians have no right to take out all that is beautiful and beneficent in the history of their faith, and, ignoring the rest, to rear panegyrics on the partial representation. Christianity has for long periods been so steeped in superstition and servility—the bad priest has been so ready an instrument of the bad king—that the virtues of honesty and manliness have been sapped throughout vast populations. Nor can it be denied that atrocious cruelties and wrongs have been perpetrated in the name of Christ. But all this proves no more than that, in the case of Christianity as in other instances, the corruption of what is supremely good is sure to be extremely bad. When

the corn that makes a nation's bread becomes unwholesome, the mischief done is in proportion to the benefit derived from good corn; and, when the spiritual bread of life becomes poisonous, the result can be nothing else than the wide spreading of moral and mental death. What we can maintain is that, allowing for aberrations and degradations, the Christian era has been an advance and improvement upon the era that preceded it; that Christianity has conferred benefits of inestimable value in the past; and that, if the simple Christian gospel were accepted and worked out, the benefits of the past might be eclipsed and made insignificant by the benefits of the future.

Let us glance, then, in as practical and matter-of-fact a way as possible, at one or two of the salient characteristics, the dominant ideas, of the civilization that preceded the Christian. It is not so much by the absence of just views as to what was right that we are struck in the pagan world, as by the absence of any authoritative discrimination between the evil and the good, any prevalent and efficacious opinion that the good was to be done and the evil left undone. The law to which Paul alludes as written in the mind and heart of man and rendering him in all ages responsible to God was in existence, but in abeyance. There was no external code or document in which it was embodied, no approach to unanimity among the leaders of society as to its really being the law of God. An individual here and there—a Plato, a Cicero—might attain to marvellous clearness in the enunciation of the principles of justice and mercy, and might in their conduct be living epistles of them to all men. But these units were lost in the multitude. In that singularly interesting, eloquent, and instructive study of the life and times of Cicero which the late Mr. Anthony Trollope published, we have a vivid representation of the state of the Roman world,—vivid not from high-flown rhetoric, but from graphic presentation of decisive facts,—and no candid mind can fail to be impressed with the difference which nineteen centuries of Christianity have now effected. Cicero, if the view taken of him by Mr. Trollope is correct, was far in advance of his generation. He had discovered the "great secret which Christ afterwards taught"; and the rule which governed his life was, "I will do unto others as I would they should do unto me." But though, perhaps, the most persuasively eloquent man that ever lived, and though a personal acquaintance of Julius Cæsar and other leading men of his time, Cicero remained alone, or almost alone, and was utterly unable to stem the tide of corruption that raged and weltered around him. Even to him it never seems to have occurred that there was anything wrong in slavery. But he was not cruel; and even those of his contemporaries who were distinguished by many fine qualities could be inhumanly cruel. Cæsar was, for a pagan, a noble kind of man; and he has been actually praised for his clemency. But Cæsar did things, and that without in the slightest degree impairing the respect of his contemporaries, which, I venture to say, no potentate, were he Napoleon and Bismarck rolled into one, could do in the Christendom of to-day without being boycotted by civilized mankind, if not lynched outright. The men of Uxellodunum dared to defend their town against Cæsar. He had all their right hands struck off at the wrist, to announce the consequence of such a proceeding as the defence of "hearth and home." On one occasion he deliberately starved a townful of women to death. He kept the brave Vercingetorix six years in chains, and then had him strangled at his triumph. He sold such immense multitudes into slavery that, though deep in debt when he went to Gaul, he was able to lay out fabulous sums in bribing adherents. In all this he merely did what Romans in general would have done if they could. The ruling spirits of the period, such as Antony, had their assassins, who did their murders for them quite as a matter of regular occupation.

We have no evidence that Cæsar's cruelties administered the slightest shock to public sentiment. The amusements in which not only the rabble, but men and women of all classes, took delight were those in which gladiators fought with each other to the death, or hundreds of wretched beasts, lions or panthers, were slain by more wretched men. It was the understood and expected thing that the governor of a province should make himself rich by extorting the last farthing he could wring out of the natives. As we read of what was done, we are

amazed that mankind did not rise in one moment of paroxysmal fury, and annihilate their conquerors. The governor backed the tax-gatherer, and both played into the hand of the usurer. Brutus, one of the model characters of antiquity, the legendary notions of whom, handed down from age to age in popular tradition, suggested to Shakspere one of the noblest and gentlest of all his personages, lent money to harassed provincials at nearly 50 per cent. The wretched provincials betook themselves even to such a refuge as this to escape the all-grasping rapacity of their governors by offer of ready money; but the usurer's day of reckoning speedily came. Then the governor gave the usurer's agent a guard of soldiers, and the debtors had to pay with their money or their lives. Scaptius, a man whom the stoic Brutus employed as an agent, once shut up a company of men, with a view to extortion, and actually starved five of them to death. Had they been Roman citizens, this might have been a serious matter; but man, as man, had no value.

The religion of Christ has not as yet completely changed all this; but it has made mankind ashamed of such a state of things. Though priests and kings might combine to disguise the nature of Christianity, though architects of dogma might wall with sevenfold adamant its wells of salvation, yet the fact remains imperishably emblazoned on the New Testament that Jesus Christ was a poor man, and that he came to seek and save those who had no other helpers. It will be said that we have our wars as the Romans had, and that, until within a few years, Indian tax-gatherers, in British pay, have exercised severities in raising the land tax not much less shocking than those of the Roman tax-gatherer. But even these who take pride in the extension of our empire declare that they do so because English rule is beneficial to the vanquished. If this is not their true motive, it is their only *ostensible* motive. The idea that we have duties to all mankind, that all mankind are our brothers, that the spirit and essence of Christ's religion is love to God manifested in and tested by love to man, is familiar in all lands where the New Testament is honored and read.

It is now practically impossible that any man who lives wholly for himself, whose grand motive in life is selfishness, should be unaware that he is living in direct opposition to the precepts of Christ. Some one who is versed in the cant of that atheism which understands and appropriates just enough of Christianity to mistake its real meaning and true life may object that Christianity, enjoining, as it certainly does, supreme regard to the salvation of a man's soul, is therefore based on selfishness. But what is Christian salvation? It is salvation *from* selfishness, and from all the evil passions which follow in the wake of selfishness: it is preparation of heart and soul, of mind and body, for the work of promoting God's glory through and in the virtue and happiness of mankind. Christian salvation means life like Christ, life *in* Christ; and such life cannot be selfish unless Christ was not a true lover of mankind. Practically, also, it will be found—and I particularly ask workingmen to consider this fact—that Christianity is at the root of ninety-nine out of a hundred of those philanthropic institutions which are the glory of our civilization. Every Christian church, moreover, is an agency to promote temperance and all other wholesome virtues, and to diffuse happiness within its sphere of influence. Last of all, it will be found, if any one takes the care to look, that those newspapers which have not scrupled to identify themselves with the Christianity of the nation, which have not ignored religion as one grand element in the nation's life, have, on the whole, been on the side of social and political reform, and have been friends to the people.

S. Fletcher Williams.

Hackney, London, Eng.

BEAUTY: ITS RELATION TO LIFE AND RELIGION.

I.

Human history is replete with the counterplays and frictions of two classes of people. The class whose bent is on the side of utility, and the class whose bent is on the side of beauty,—these have flung, lo! many ages, their contemptuous phrases at one another. In unappreciative and unsympathetic spirit they keep up an irritation in

the home, the State, the Church. The utility class looks upon the world of nature as the carpenter looks upon his tool-chest,—its sole interest to him is that it contains the instruments—saws, chisels, planes, *et al.*—with which the owner can make things for practical use. This class values the forest, because it can be burned to furnish heat, to bake bread, or mayhap because it is a good place to hunt innocent pigeons and squirrels. The mountain interests them; for it is a beautiful gift of nature for sheep-grazing or mining purposes. The stream attracts their attention, because it will turn a water-wheel. The waving grain-fields and the rich green pasture lands are good to look upon. They bespeak a full crop, a big fall trade. They may even show an upward interest in the moon and the clouds; for they discern in them the signs whether the weather shall be fair or foul.

Now look through the eyes of the other class, those who have the æsthetic sense. They go into the forest never thinking of cord-wood or house-building. They are lost in the sentiment that makes poetry and worship,—the sentiment that wrote Bryant's "God's First Temples," that inspired Shelley's ineffable songs of a world-soul, or Wordsworth's myriad voices of a spiritualized nature-worship. Nothing is seen or heard but witnesses of the perfect beauty. The grandeur and the strength of the forest oaks, the grace and the sweetness of the flowers, are emanations and tokens of the unseen. So, also, for this class the sight of the onward-flowing stream raises no images of water-wheels and flour-mills. It is an enchanting reflector of trees and mossy banks and the fretted heavens. The mountain has for them no sheep pasture nor iron ore. It excites only grand and reverent feeling. The changing forms and colors of the sky preach of the evanescent beauty of things and the eternal beauty of God.

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth the work of his hands.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge."

Happy he who has learned, as Wordsworth said he had learned, to see nature as a preacher: —

"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

It is curious how the lover of the practical and the lover of the beautiful play off their tastes against one another. Truly, comic is much of our domestic life from the frequent jointure of the two as husband and wife. By some mysterious dispensation of Providence, men and women of the most opposite temperaments and tastes are ever taking one another for better or worse. But men are so prosaic anyway compared with the other sex! John is so dreadfully practical that the Muses and the Graces flee his presence, as kittens scamper at the appearance of a savage dog. While Jane, the dear partner of his life, is so provokingly fond of pretty things that the home is clamorous for good meals and mended garments. Let the croaking lord croak as he will of neglected duties and the need of sunlight, she will darken the windows with plants in winter, and make the yard a flower garden in the summer.

How provoking it is when John wants his dinner for Jane to fuss with that bric-á-brac! How inconsiderate in her to make another banner when he needs his coat mended and the buttons sewed on! Hasn't she banners enough? O vanity,—to keep on primping her hair, adjusting her hat and dress, after he's ready to start for the church or the theatre! Why does she want to gaze at pictures and fancy works and flowers, when there are so many useful things in the Agricultural and Machinery Buildings? Utility and beauty pulling in opposite directions furnish many a comic

subject for the caricaturist at the World's Fairs and many smaller expositions.

"Do you think your wife will make the depot in time for the train?" was asked a disgruntled husband. "Well, possibly so. It all depends on whether or not her eye catches sight of some pretty thing in the show windows."

But, after all that's said about the practical husband's irritation with his beauty-loving wife, he often secretly gets more satisfaction out of her taste for pretty things than he would proclaim on the house-top. Inwardly, he rejoices at her ingenious little schemes and devices for enshrining poverty with such settings that the poverty itself is changed into riches. With what magic she plays with the forms and colors and positions of things, so as to put the smile of grace and beauty on aspects of the home that else were forbidding and ugly! With a little drapery and ribbon she makes such attractive deceptions as to hoodwink the very elect. John has a hidden smile for all this; and, when he starts for church, he almost forgives Jane for keeping him shivering on the porch, he walks with a little prouder air as he darts furtive glances of admiration at the tasteful arrangement of herself. Yes, even the most prosaic bond-servant of material utility has some avenue through which the beautiful can reach him.

G. W. BUCKLEY.

Sturgis, Mich.

CONFUCIUS AND THE CHINESE.

ABSTRACT OF A LECTURE.

The sacred books of the Chinese show us that the various forms of religion arose at different periods and belonged to different people. Yet, in time, the three great systems lived side by side; and the good Chinaman might accept one or all without inconsistency. To-day they exist like three sects of one religion, or like boxes within a nest; Buddhism in Taoism; and these two in Confucianism; and these three again in the primitive nature-worship, which held that sun, moon, earth, mountains, rivers, etc., each have their ruling spirit.

In the earliest times, too, just as to-day, we find the worship of ancestors. Every one takes part in this. Each home has its room and its shelf where stand the sacred memorial tablets. These are like household gods, and the eldest son acts as the family priest. Of the dead man's three souls, one haunts the tablet. Incense sticks are burned daily before it,—a kind of family prayer. As the soul has the same wants now as when it was in the body, the family supply these needs by making paper figures of houses, furniture, clothes, money, etc., and burning them.

The yearly "sweeping of the graves" is a great picnic, a Chinese "Thanksgiving Day," when the friends gather and eat the real viands, while the souls of the ancestors take the spirit of the good things provided. Benevolent societies look out for the souls of the poor and those who have no children to perform this service for them. Thus vast sums are spent each year on this ancestral worship, and it gives rise to great industries. Filial piety is at the basis of the national religion which binds all the generations together, and keeps alive an intense reverence for the past.

When Confucius came, about 550 years B.C., he attempted to check the evils and errors of his time by bringing back the best customs and reviving the memories and examples of the great and good men which had been in the past. His life was pure and blameless; he grieved at the sins and sufferings of men; he devoted himself to the work of reform; he wandered from state to state, exposed to peril and starvation, in order that he might establish the purest rules of right living. Religion, however, had little place in his teaching; for he put all the emphasis of his noble wisdom and fine example upon the simple duties of daily life.

He was an agnostic; that is, he was willing to say that he did not know about spirits and the future life. He said "Heaven" rather than "God." When they asked him about death, he said, "Since we do not know what life is, how can we know about death?" He urged men to do the plainest duties which are near at hand. He praised good conduct based on good character. Five virtues were combined in his system,—gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness. True, kind, and generous words were always

commended; but he considered a good example the greatest moral force in the world. "Let the ruler be righteous, and the people learn to love righteousness." The loving family was the model of a just and good state. When asked if there was only one word which might serve as a rule of practice for all one's life, he answered, "Yes: Reciprocity." When asked, "Shall we return good for evil?" he replied, "No; recompense wrong with justice, and kindness with kindness."

The sacred writings of Confucius were collected and saved by a wise and learned disciple, Mencius. Taoism was a philosophy of religion which was taught by an excellent man, Lao-tse. He went further than Confucius in applying the laws of daily duty. He emphasized a noble trinity of virtues, "Compassion, Economy, and Humility." The greatest man is always humble and "self-emptying" is the beginning of wisdom. While Confucius was plain, practical, and prosaic, Lao-tse was a dreamer and idealist. His fine precepts, however, were completed by his disciples, who made of them a kind of theosophy or theurgy. Magic, mystery, devil-worship, ghosts, and goblins came in later to delude the ignorant people; and the priests of Taoism to-day live and thrive upon the credulity and superstition of the masses.

The Chinese reverence the name of Confucius as that of a most perfect man and a noble statesman, a pure patriot, and a grand reformer; yet they worship many spirits, hideous idols, and deified ancestors. They have no priests, and the emperor is the chief performer in religious rites. If any good man is to be canonized in the next world, the emperor pronounces the mystic words.

The learned, however, are opposed to the absurd practice and crude superstitions of the people, and, as a rule, prefer to follow, the simple, practical laws of common morality laid down by Confucius. Worship and prayer to them seem to be vain and useless, and their chief aim in life is to follow and obey the laws of nature. They inculcate an agnosticism as cold and formal as that to-day in vogue in certain classes in London, Paris, and Newport.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Newport, R.I.

ONE IN ALL, ALL IN ONE.

The late Rev. James Gilmour of the London Missionary Society, author of "Among the Mongols" and "Adventures in Mongolia," was one of the most devoted missionaries of modern times. He would set out carrying on his back all he needed for his use and take long journeys among the nomadic Mongols, learning their language, healing their diseases, and striving to teach them a purer religion than the corrupt Buddhism they cling to so tenaciously. To the Mongol Buddha is the highest conception of God; and no other term conveys so much of the essential ideas we attach to the word "God" as does the title of the self-denying, gentle, and compassionate Gautama.

Once, when I was conversing with Mr. Gilmour in Peking, he told me that the great sinologues had prevailed on the Bible Society to adopt a majestic designation for God in the Mongolian Bible; but he added: "In our teaching the Mongols we shall have to bring ourselves to use Buddha; for this word conveys to them more of the thought of God than any other does, or will do in our time. I do not like the term; but, if I want to teach them about God, I have to call him Buddha, whatever the sinologues or Bible Society may say."

"Awful!" would be the exclamation of the "unco guid" orthodox Christian. "A missionary to the heathen, sinking so low as to call the Lord of heaven and earth *Buddha!*" Yes, very awful, no doubt; but Mr. Gilmour won converts, and carried new, inspiring, beautiful thoughts of God to many a Mongol heart, while the majority of orthodox as well as heterodox Christians convert no one, and carry no high thought of God to a single soul. Worse still, many of them never try to do so; and, of those who do try, numbers fail because, with all their orthodoxy or high critical attainments, they lack the gentle, kind, sympathetic spirit which won for Mr. Gilmour a welcome to the Mongol's tent, and for his gospel a welcome to the Mongol's heart.

Now that he has passed away, and much of the work he did so heartily is invisible and forgotten, still there are men and women in the tents and on the vast plains outside the Great Wall of China who carry

a little more light and hope and comfort and strength in their hearts because they once listened to the old story he told them of "the great Father you call Buddha."

Ah! men who call God King and Sovereign, do not reflect how many doubtful associations and low, brutal ideas have been connected with these theological terms. After all, it may be as well to say Buddha as Lord, Jehovah, or God; for at least one reason,—less blood clings to the memory of Buddha than to the titles by which Christians designate the object of their worship. *Possibly* the All-Father would listen to one of his children even if he prayed thus:—

"Buddha of boundless light!"
  Day-bringing Sun,
Moon to illumine my night,
Morning and evening star,
  All-encompassing One.

Rock of the ages gone,
  Rock of to-day,
Shelter of isolate one,
Home of all souls of men,
  Foundation and stay.

Watcher and Saviour and Friend,
  Distant but near,
My spirit's beginning and end,
Inspiring companion and guide,
  Awful, but dear.

Praise to the Father of all,
  Thy will be eternally done.
Oh, hear me when in weakness I call,
Strengthen my heart in its need,
Light-giving, health-bringing Sun,
  Infinite, Infinite One!

W. H. JAMES.

MILITARY DRILL IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

After the war, when Gen. Grant had been nominated by the Republican party for the Presidency, he accepted the nomination by a letter which closed with the significant words, "Let us have peace." And a few years later, when visiting England, the same great general refused to appear at a military review, because, having seen so much of war, and knowing so well what it all meant, he desired never to see a regiment of soldiers again.

This feeling of our greatest and most successful military commander may well make us hesitate to do anything unnecessarily to kindle the war spirit in this country. And yet is not the movement which is appearing in many quarters and many forms to interest the boys and young men of the land in military drill something looking exactly in the direction of creating that spirit on a large and dangerous scale?

Perhaps the most plausible reason given by those who seek to justify the introduction of the military element into our schools is its alleged great value in imparting that physical training which is so essential to the development of the perfect man. Let us see if this claim is valid.

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, Director of the Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard University, who is as high an authority on the subject of physical training as there is in this country, says: "In reference to the gracefulness that is thought to characterize the movements of young cadets, I can only say it is not the outcome of drilling and marching. The soldier is trained to square corners, straight platoons, and angular movements. Curves and embellishments are not encouraged in speech or in action. If you would account for the graceful poise of our National Cadets, you must see them from one to two hours a day in charge of the dancing master." Dr. Sargent sums up his conclusions in the following forcible words: "After taking the most favorable view possible of military drill as a physical exercise, we are led to conclude that its constrained positions and closely localized movements do not afford the essential requisites for developing the muscles, and improving the respiration and circulation, and thereby improving the general health and condition of the system. We must further conclude that in case of any malformation, local weakness, or constitutional debility, the drill tends, by its strain upon the nerves and prolonged tension on the muscles, to increase the defects rather than to relieve them."

It would be easy to quote a large amount of testimony in harmony with this of Dr. Sargent, showing that, if physical culture is the end in view, it would be far more effective, instead of organizing military companies in our schools and buying guns for our boys, to establish and maintain school gymnasiums.

I am afraid we shall find, however, if we probe this matter to the bottom, that physi-

cal training is not the sole object in view in all this stimulation of interest in military drill. There are signs which indicate that preparation is being made for possible war. The answer which I have received in many cases in reply to my protest against the course pursued by our school board in Cincinnati, is this: "In times of peace we should prepare for war."* Many seem to think that this old adage contains some wisdom. They forget that it comes down from a far past time, when war was regarded as the chief end of society. It is hardly possible to conceive an adage more unchristian in its spirit or more out of harmony with a civilization advanced enough to understand that peace, and not war, is the normal condition of man. Instead of preparing for war in time of peace, what we ought to do is, in time of peace, as Saint Paul says, "follow after those things that make for peace." In other words, instead of inviting war by preparing for war, we ought to invite peace by preparing for peace. There is a better way of settling disputes than that which appeals to the sword; and, professing as I do to believe in the brotherhood of man, I believe it is our duty to try to find it.

In an illustrated magazine of January last ex-President Harrison makes the following reply to a query bearing directly upon the subject of military training in schools. "You ask my opinion of the suggestion of Lafayette Post, G. A. R., that military instruction and drill be used in all schools for boys. It is good in every aspect of it,—good for the boys, good for the schools, and good for the country." Then follows a remarkable statement which, I fear, indicates the real sentiment back of the wide-spread interest which is now being taken in the question of military drill in our schools. Continuing, Mr. Harrison said: "If all the school-boys of the North had, from 1830 on, been instructed in the school of the soldier and of the company, and in the manual of arms, how much precious time would have been saved in organizing the Union Army in 1861! We were in a very low state, as a people, in military knowledge and training when the great Civil War broke out."

These words seem to me to imply unquestioning acceptance of what I believe to be a false assertion; namely, "that wars always have been and always will be." That wars always have been is due largely, I believe, to the fact that men have accepted this dictum, and have, therefore, always been getting ready for them. Mr. Harrison tells us that much precious time would have been saved in organizing the Union Army if, from 1830 on, military training had been given in the school of the North. Possibly that is true. But he seems to overlook the fact that such a course would have stimulated the military spirit in the South, and the only result would have been two armies a little more quickly organized and a little better schooled in the art of destroying human life. If France makes a move looking toward the re-enforcement or better equipment of her army, Germany is quick to respond with renewed activity in the same direction. And this principle is operative in a greater or less degree everywhere. The result of the constant preparation for war in Europe may be instructive to us. The national debts in that country in 1865 aggregated $12,503,330,000. Between the years 1865 and 1890, only twenty-five years, that aggregate debt was increased to $22,039,373,806. This tremendous increase in her national indebtedness, an indebtedness which is sapping the very life-blood of her people, can be explained in a single sentence. Europe has been intent upon increasing the military power, she has been multiplying her armed men. And now an ex-President of the United States gives advice which, if followed to its logical conclusion, will, it seems to me, bring about the same deplorable state of affairs in our own land. Staggering under the military burdens which she has heaped upon herself, Europe is now vainly trying to discover some method of relief. These vast preparations for war seem to have made war well-nigh inevitable. The question is, Will we or will we not learn a salutary lesson from the bitter experience of that military-ridden continent, and pursue a wiser course?

I do not think I am an extremist on this point. I am well aware that emergencies may arise in almost any commu-

*The Cincinnati School Board has appropriated $500 to buy guns for the High School Cadets, and the advisability of making military training compulsory is under discussion.

nity that will render necessary small bodies of men, well drilled, well equipped, and subject to judicious authority. I happened to be on the World's Fair Grounds when that awful tragedy, the destruction of the cold storage building by fire, took place. The wisdom of having soldiers within the enclosure was very apparent on that day. The throng of horror-stricken and excited people would have been unmanageable but for the strong and well-drilled hand that made itself felt. But, while I admit that such emergencies may arise, I believe that the ordinary methods hitherto followed in this country are entirely adequate to supply all such needs. Such emergencies do not demand that the irresponsible boys in our public schools be drilled and armed with deadly guns.

There is another and, as I see it, the most serious side to this whole problem, to which I wish briefly to call attention. In our country the people rule. To the end that the government may be wisely administered popular education is necessary. But popular education multiplies popular wants. There is a wide-spread discontent in our country to-day; and it is in no small measure due to the fact that objective attainment has not, with the masses of our people, kept pace with subjective development. The education too commonly given our young people is of such a nature that it limits them, in their choice of a life-work, to fields that are already overcrowded. The result is that, while the resources of our country are adequate, not only to feed, but to enrich, one billion people, with but sixty-five millions there are want, hunger, cold, and much unrest. There are charges and counter-charges, and sometimes low mutterings which presage revolution can be heard. And why?

The great storehouses of our country are locked; and our people cannot open them, to feed and clothe themselves, because their education is inefficient. The remedy for this, many of our best educators tell us, is some form of industrial training; and I believe they are right.

But, instead of putting a key into the hands of the restless and dissatisfied wherewith they can unlock the rich storehouses of the great country in which they live, it is proposed to give them military training and equip them with the deadly implements of war. Think of these things, for they have a serious meaning. I do not question the motive which prompts school boards to appropriate public money to buy guns for school boys; but I believe it a mistake, and, if I were asked to characterize such action in a single phrase, I should write over it, "Blood-shed and violence made easy." It is not following after the things that make for peace, but paving the way to war. If we pursue our present methods of education, supplementing them with military training, it will be no marvel if we have war in the future,—rather it will be a marvel if we do not.

The professions are now overcrowded; and, unless some form of industrial education that will open up other and lucrative fields is adopted, the ambitious young man of the future, given military training in our public schools, will almost inevitably turn to military pursuits.

I know there are many people who see no danger in the introduction of military training into our public schools, "because," they say, "such training begets no desire for actual war." My observations do not warrant such a conclusion.* But suppose those people are right: my point is that our present methods, if not modified, will inevitably lead to violence and blood-shed, whether men desire it or not. It seems to me that a careful study of the signs of the times impels one to such conclusion, however unwelcome it may be.

But, if we are wise, we can avert such a calamity. We are standing upon the threshold of what, I believe, may be one of the grandest eras in the history of mankind. Two ways are open before us. Along one road are swords, bayonets, cannon, powder, dynamite, ruined homes, sad hearts, and fields covered with many dead, and drenched in human blood. Along the other are golden harvests, trees laden with rich fruits, beautiful homes, unbroken family circles, cheery voices, glad hearts, and joyous, abundant life. One is the old way of strife and

*I was so situated that I could study the effect that calling out the militia to quell the Cincinnati riot of March, 1884, had upon a company of school cadets. My conclusion then was, and it has since been confirmed, that young men, given military training, become restless and more anxious for action in case of a riot or possible war than others not so trained.

war: the other is the new way, the way of peace and brotherly love:—

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of camps and courts."

I was walking through an art gallery a few years ago, studying the paintings; but they seemed to suggest nothing but war. There were the "Cossack Picket on the Danube," "Skobeleff at Shipka," "The Road of the War Prisoners," and the awful "Apotheosis of War," as drawn by the powerful Russian artist, Vassili Verestchagin. In another part of the hall, and all alone, as though it stood for a higher civilization, a new and more glorious era, was that beautiful creation of Millet, the "Angelus," emblem of reverence and peace. "The Russian artist represents the past," I said to myself; "but I hope the Frenchman prophesies truly of the future."

I gazed in rapt admiration upon his picture for a time, then turned and left the hall; but all that day I seemed to hear a voice "like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations," saying, "Let us have peace." I believe we are all ready to say "Amen" to that earnest appeal. I believe we are all anxious to exalt the "Angelus," and draw a veil over the "Apotheosis of War." But, in order to attain an end so desirable, we must diligently and persistently "follow after these things that make for peace." We must reduce to the minimum the opportunities of the ambitious, unprincipled demagogue, who unhesitatingly resorts to any means to accomplish his selfish, unworthy ends.

This means supplanting that training which is now making its appearance in our public schools, and which proposes to teach our boys how to wield a deadly gun, with that nobler education that will enable them to handle skilfully and with profit the hammer and saw, compass and crucible, plough and spade. Will we do it? Will we choose the "Angelus"? or the "Apotheosis of War"?

The American people of to-day have one of the greatest opportunities ever offered to men. They have it in their power at the present time to do more than any other nation on the face of the earth to change the sentiment of the world regarding war, and to usher in the new and grander era of universal peace. Theirs is a great privilege; but it carries with it a tremendous responsibility, and I speak with earnestness because I believe that upon their action depends very largely the quick or tardy coming of the day,

When the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

E. A. Coil.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

I.

The principles of mathematics are few, their applications are many. The principles of religion are few and general, their applications are as multitudinous as the ocean waves. Religion includes the two fundamental ideas of love to God and love to man, piety and philanthropy. It is the business of the religious teacher to present, explain, apply, and enforce these principles. It is said that the dying French soldier had "the Emperor" graven on his heart; Queen Mary, "Calais"; Nelson, "Want of frigates." The true preacher of Christianity should have graven on his heart, "Love to God and love to man." It is not, however, sufficient simply to repeat these general principles. It is not sufficient to ring a bell to call people to church, and then simply say to them, Love God, love God. The religious teacher should show us that God is lovable, how to effect the genesis and development of our love for him, what the fruits of this love will be, its results, its works.

For centuries the Christian pulpit has commanded people to love God, but has presented for their love and worship a God neither worshipful nor lovable. In regard to love for man, the same instruction is needful. To repeat the glittering generality of love to man, to reiterate the words of the Golden Rule, is not sufficient instruction or inspiration concerning the love of our neighbor. We need to be shown why we should love man, how we can love him,

what love to man requires, what it leads to and results in. This indicates the scope of religion and the function of the religious teacher. Like unto gold in some imagined Skitzland, plenteous and glittering, but not useful; like unto immense libraries of books which cannot be read; like unto heaps of bread which cannot be eaten—are ethics or spirituality which the teacher of religion dare not or will not apply.

Love to God and man is not a mere glittering generality. It is not sappy sentimentality, but is a principle to be exemplified in fulfilling the duties of all the relationships of human life. Religion should travel the whole circle of human opportunities and obligations. It should sail around the entire globe of ethics, touching at every port. Like the old-time prophet who spread himself upon the prostrate body of the sleeping child, hand to hand, breast to breast, face to face, breathing new life into that slumbering form, so religion should apply itself to the entire form of our sleeping life, bringing new inspiration, begetting new life.

After stating that the function of the true minister is to promote plain piety and plain morality, Theodore Parker goes on to say the minister is to show what this piety and morality demand, in the form, "first, of individual life; then in the form of domestic life; then of social, political, ecclesiastical, and general human life. He is to show how this religion will look in the person of a man, in a family, community, church, nation, world." Religion is not an Aurora borealis, casting a pleasant but cold iridescence over life, but warm sunshine interpenetrating life, and vitally shaping it with sovereign power. Just as he only is to-day true to Washington who strives to continue and complete Washington's work of building up this republic into an ideal government for man, so is he only true to Christ who strives to continue his work by building up this world into an ideal commonwealth for man. To effect this, it is needful to take the whole counsel of truth, righteousness, and love, and make specific application thereof to every phase of human life, public, and private.

The church is not an insurance office to issue policies against fire in some other world, nor a mutual admiration society, but a band of people striving to build up the kingdom of love upon earth. The pulpit is the teaching office of the church. Every question and every subject involving morals or the good of man here or hereafter, it is the function of the pulpit to handle. There is no subject which has not its ethical or spiritual side. All our life should be soaked in our religion: religion should not be separated from six-sevenths of our life. Every day should be as full of the religious motive and spirit as a saturated sponge is full of water. Tell the sun not to shine in the public square nor in the street, but only in the quiet corners of your private rooms. When you have secured obedience to this command, tell the sun of righteousness and love not to shine in mart and store and hall and street and public place, but only in private life.

The ethical aspects of business demand religious and pulpit treatment. It is neither the duty nor the right of the pulpit to instruct the people as to which merchant they shall trade with or which apothecary patronize; but the pulpit has a perfect right and duty to denounce "sweating" and adulteration, and even, if need be, to urge the people not to trade with firms whose goods are known to be made by the "sweating" process or to be adulterated.

The larger the circles of relationship in the midst of which we move, the more important are their moral aspects. Judge Tourgée is right: "The public, political, and social duties of every man are of infinitely greater moment to men, and infinitely more important in the eyes of God, than his personal relations or individual convictions and religious experiences." The occasional deeds of a man's good impulses better him individually; the constant deeds of his good habits better his children and his children's children, by individual heredity; his public deeds of social improvement better the entire generation or generations of the children and heirs of the social organism of which he is a member.

Man's duties to his family are greater than his duties to himself; his duties to his country are greater than his duties to his family; his duties to the whole race of mankind are greater than his duties to his country. George Washington, it is said, sometimes swore. It would have been an

improvement of his personal morals if he had not sworn. Suppose, however, he had been free from this personal vice, but had sold his country, as Benedict Arnold tried to sell it, or had suffered himself to have been made king, would his improved private morals have atoned for his public infidelity? His faithfulness in the larger circles of public duties was of more moment than his private morality or immorality, piety or impiety.

It is natural that those whose ways are wicked or weak should not enjoy the preaching of an applied gospel. The broker who has during the week practised extortion, the merchant who has cheated his customers, the politician who has given or received bribes, the landlord who has screwed down his tenants, the deacon who has derived profits from a distillery, does not enjoy the preaching of an applied Christianity. He wants to hear a sermon upon angels or the resurrection, or the pearly gates and the streets paved with gold. He probably protests against the pulpit being vulgarized by the consideration of commercial transactions or anything that belongs to the realm of politics. Nevertheless, the instruction and inspiration of the people in regard to these larger circles of public and political duties is even more important than their instruction concerning private morals or individual worship.

All this applies to the field of politics quite as much as to any other. Should the preacher be a politician? Certainly not, in the sense of being an office-seeker. In my heart of hearts, I believe no man should be a seeker for office. When the people become sensible enough, they will vote for no man, nominate no man, who seeks office or place. This should apply with twofold force to the preacher. He should not be a politician in the sense of being a party worker or mingler in party strife; not this, any more than the judge should become an advocate; not this, any more than the professor in college should become a political worker or wire-puller. But the preacher should be a politician in the sense of being a statesman, in the sense of being one who is versed in the science and art of government. If he knows nothing about these greater questions, then has his education as an ethical teacher been sadly neglected. One of the greatest preachers America has ever yet produced has said: "Two elements are needed to exalt politics from the low level at which it now exists,—the influence of woman and of a faithful pulpit. Such themes as these at suitable times should be discussed, as appealing to Christian ethics: first, the meaning of citizenship, its responsibilities and duties; second, the sin of bribery; third, the vote, its meaning and value; fourth, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego types of Christian men walking in the fierce fires of a political canvass; fifth, injustice and slander in politics and all forms of revenge; sixth, the distinction between principles and policies in the State; seventh, the sin of withdrawing from all participation in politics; eighth, clergymen as the guides of their people in the ethics of daily affairs; ninth, the race question, the duty of superiors to inferiors; tenth, the hindrance or destruction of the weak by the strong the very essence of infidelity, a crucifying of the very heart of Jesus. If it be said that clergymen are ordinarily unfitted to discuss such themes, then in our age and in our country they are unfit to preach the gospel."

It is sometimes said that it is dangerous for a preacher to deal with political questions. Shall the preacher therefore avoid all difficult and dangerous questions? Shall he prophesy only smooth things? shall he be a moral coward? All true life is a venture: so is all true faith; but this venture is reasonable and righteous. Dealing with the ethical side of political problems, however, is not half so dangerous as some people try to make out. Honorable men honor a man with convictions, provided these are uttered with wisdom and reason.

The pulpit should certainly not be partisan, but judicial. A judge, however, has convictions. He is not like Nello, the barber, in George Eliot's "Romola": "Heaven forbid that I should fetter my impartiality by entertaining an opinion!"

The pulpit should not be personal, unless indeed it be in rare and extreme cases, like that of the brave Dr. Charles Parkhurst, of New York City, denouncing and exposing the corruptions and spoliations of the notorious Tammany Hall ring.

The pulpit should not be dictatorial. The time was when the preacher was a

spiritual dictator. He told the people what they must believe, must feel, must do. It was even supposed that he possessed supernatural powers to blight or bless. The supernatural priest and spiritual dictator is dead. It is not the preacher's business to dictate to his people in anything. It is not his function to take care of men's consciences. This responsibility must rest upon each one for himself alone. The preacher can suggest, plead, persuade, instruct, inspire. As to the adoption or rejection of what he says, each one is free, and responsible to his God alone. The priest commands, the brother counsels.

There is another kind of preacher, however,—he who is simply a mirror reflecting the views of his congregation. He has no convictions of his own: he speaks to please and entertain. He examines his people, particularly the wealthy portion, and ascertains what sentiments will meet their approval. These he gives forth. He is a thermometer, and registers the heat of his congregation. Like the person of whom Artemas Ward has told us of, who had a beautiful tree in front of his house, but to please one neighbor trimmed the limbs upon the south side of the tree, to please another trimmed the tree upon the north side, and thus continued until all that remained of the once beautiful tree was a mere hitching-post, so this sort of a preacher strips the tree of his appeals until it is deprived of all real force, effectiveness, and value. Such men have no right to the high name of preacher. They are actors. Their place is the stage, not the pulpit.

Certainly, the greatest preachers of the past have never been time-servers. They have been leaders of their generation, not weak and cowardly followers. They have been men of convictions. They have been men who, like Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Parker and Channing, have presented, judicially and calmly, but earnestly, strongly, and persistently, the ethical side of the great public and social and political questions of their time. It must continue the same in the future, if the pulpit is to remain the power for righteousness which it ought always to be.

S. W. Sample.

Minneapolis, Minn.

CHRISTIANITY AND UNITARIANISM.

What is the central and distinguishing thing in Christianity, or that which makes it differ from other religions? I find its essence in the emphasis it places on man's spiritual kinship to God, and in its simple reliance on the power of divine truth and love to produce in man a character worthy of that kinship. It is the religion of nature and reason better understood, loftily taught and illustrated in a personality vitalized by the original creative force which we call the Holy Spirit, and continuously transmitted from soul to soul and from age to age.

Christianity comes to me as a deepening and expansion of the light that lighteth every man. If it did not hold much in common with all other religions, if it were a contradiction or blinding of reason, it could have no place in our human world. Taken out of doors, on the mount or by the lake, it is commended to us by its vivid naturalness; it recalls us to the simplicity of the little child, yet opens to us the infinite heavens of wisdom, and puts all the forces and faculties of life in upward motion, simply by addressing us as children of the All-Perfect.

We are partakers of the divine nature; we are children and heirs of God! Is there a higher conceivable interpretation to human life and destiny? Are there higher possible motives or completer helps to realize that life and destiny? Here shines the light which shows a clear upward path for all humanity. Here glows the love which overcomes evil with good and allies humanity in spirit and purpose with divinity. Here is disclosed in our souls the only life which is worthy to be immortal; *it is the life of sonship.* Here is the reason of reason, the root of ethics, the secret of order and power, of beauty and joy.

Because this gives the highest conceivable interpretation to human life and destiny, along with the highest motives and completest helps to realize that life and destiny, I must regard pure Christianity—apart from its transient elements and perversions—as not only superior to all other forms of religion, but as inclusive of whatever good they contain, and as competent to take up into itself every measure of truth and excellence

which is yet to be given to humanity. I can conceive of no religion higher than that which makes us heirs of all things, and which promotes our endless growth toward the perfection of God.

When I first came among the people called Unitarians, I was naturally interested in finding out wherein they differed from other bodies of Christians. I soon saw that they regarded it as a task laid upon them to recover the religion of Jesus from its corruptions, to distinguish between its transient forms and its enduring life, and to exalt the spirit above the letter. It interested me that James Freeman Clarke had formed a church for the "study and practice of Christianity"; and in the constitution of the American Unitarian Association I read that its object was "to diffuse the knowledge and to promote the interests of pure Christianity," though every one seemed left perfectly free to define Christianity for himself. Such facts showed the general direction of the movement, but it did not appear that anybody had thought the matter out to full and final conclusions. Some of them seemed brave; others seemed timid. I could see that the bravest were intent to "seize upon truth where'er 'tis found"; and I honored their radical earnestness. I could see that the timid ones were afraid of going faster than they could be sure of the road, so that I respected their conservative caution. The movement itself seemed greater than the men, and the meaning of it greater than the words they used.

Another thing gradually became clear. When they used the word "Christianity," they did not generally mean a doctrinal system nor an organized church: they meant the life of Jesus, the life of sonship to God, continued in the life of humanity; and some of them saw, as Saint Paul and Saint Augustine saw, that this kind of spiritual life was always in the world, and was older than the name. Without doing violence to language, and without straining the facts of history, they could properly speak of the inner spirit of Christianity as the absolute and universal religion, appearing in its most exalted form under the inspired and inspiring leadership of the greatest of all the prophets and foremost of all the sons of God. Some of the most honest and earnest men among them were saying, "We must get outside of Christianity in order to reach the truth which Jesus did not teach, and to practise the good he did not enjoin." But others said: "Christianity has no outside. The spirit of Jesus is the spirit of free progress. In that name we can go on toward perfection forever. Christianity is not bondage and limitation: it is free religion, taking up into itself whatsoever things are true and venerable, pure and just, lovely and of good report, wherever found." Words and names are not things to stickle for, yet they prove mightily convenient as signs and vehicles of the spirit. But the clearest thinking does not stop at words or names. It penetrates to the realities which no language can adequately represent.

With this large interpretation there was no need to drop the Christian name; but there was need to charge it with higher and nobler meaning. There was no need to withhold fellowship from good men who did drop the name: they were Christian in our sense, if not in their own sense. There was no need even to repel an honest and true man who called himself an atheist; for in living by the highest law he, too, was proved a child of God, even though he could not speak his Father's name.

We can therefore unite with the Association in promoting the interests of "pure Christianity" without narrowness, without proscribing anybody, and without making it a matter of fine-spun definitions. The true business is to bring as many people as possible under the influence of wisdom and goodness. All Unitarians could respond heartily to a saying of Dean Stanley: "Nothing greatly concerns us except that we become wiser and better, and that we should become wiser and better is just what Christianity intends."

A few months before his death I had a happy conversation with Phillips Brooks. We found ourselves entirely agreed on this point: that Christianity was a free, open, unstereotyped, world-wide movement, large enough to take in every advance of light and every good thing that is yet to come to the world; and we also agreed that, if Christianity could not fairly bear this inclusive construction, we should both be obliged to go outside, in order to be true to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to God. From

portions of his sermons preached more than a dozen years ago I know that Phillips Brooks recognized the true Christ in pure-minded pagans who never heard the gospel, even as Peter learned from a vision that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

We belong to the Church of Christ as we belong to the republic of Washington and Lincoln, and are as little trammelled by the first form of Christian teaching as by the utterances and actions of these great patriots and statesmen. Our liberty is not impaired or restricted, but preserved and extended, by the inspiring name of Jesus. In that name we resent and resist all forms of spiritual servility and all impositions of authority which would bid us call any man master. In emancipating mankind from every yoke save the yoke of truth and goodness, he simply bids us share with himself that higher liberty of the sons of God which is the proper birthright of all souls. Under any lower interpretation, Christianity brings bondage rather than deliverance, and Jesus adds one more name to the long list of spiritual tyrants.

Did humanity in Jesus rise to the conscious dignity of sonship, or did divinity descend in fatherly love to draw humanity upward? As well ask whether the flower rises to meet the sun, or the sun descends to meet the flower. Enough for us is the union of the human and the divine. Enough for us is the doctrine of Immanuel, or "God with us," which Jesus, far above all others, has both taught and illustrated as the natural order of life for all men.

In accepting Jesus as the captain of salvation for all the world, or as the spiritual leader of all we can do or wish to do for the higher welfare of mankind, we simply avail ourselves of a great historic impulse,—an impulse to the natural religious sentiment, as vast and vague, and quite as real, as the alphabet or the printing-press has given to the growth of language and literature. We do not separate from the best faith of the Christian world; but we seek to put ourselves in the very middle of that stream of power which has flowed down the ages, and in sympathy with that great human heart which broke on Calvary for love of all souls.

I am not here attempting a complete definition of Christianity or of Unitarianism; but it has seemed worth while to show that the central and vital truth of the former is precisely the truth which is central and vital to the latter,—that, if Christianity is an orderly outcome of nature and a free movement of spiritual or divine forces in humanity, Unitarianism is simply a free movement of the same kind and in the same direction. But Unitarianism is by no means a separate or independent movement: it owes its origin and vitality to Christianity. It is a living branch of the living vine; fruitful only as it draws the historic sap and is nourished by the ever-descending light and warmth of the central Sun.

But we are learning to distinguish between historic movements and their causative forces, as between body and soul. We may conceive of *essential* Christianity as the sonship-producing power, or the manifestation of the divine in the human. And, since "all life is from the Lord," it must follow that true spirituality, or sonship, is *essentially* Christian. Hence there can be no entire separation from Christianity save through moral alienation and death. Doctrines, rituals, and organizations differ, as they must: but life is one. And every doctrine, ritual, or organization which displaces the emphasis by putting these products of life above life itself is so far degraded and apostate. Unitarianism will miss its true function and its greatest opportunity of service if it does not keep central the kinship of God and man. Much that goes under the Christian name must be winnowed out and blown away; and the same thing is true of much that goes under the Unitarian name. But the only way to get rid of folly, error, and evil is to let the *life principle* have free course in our hearts and in our churches.

CHARLES G. AMES.

There is in man a higher than love of happiness: he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.—*Carlyle.*

No matter if you are hidden in an obscure post, never content yourself with doing your second-best however unimportant the occasion.—*General Sheridan.*

THE PROPOSED NEW CONSTITUTION FOR THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

II.

As I pointed out last month, there are two objections to the revised constitution for the National Conference offered by the committee, which seem to me serious: first, it proposes to drop the Christian name and all expression of Christian purpose; second, it formulates and proposes to publish to the world a definition of the Christian and Unitarian names which eliminates from both all theistic significance, all recognition of man's relation to God or even the existence of God, thus carrying the Conference at a step the full length of Ethicalism. Propositions so extraordinary and so revolutionary as these, I am confident, need only to be understood to be overwhelmingly rejected by our churches.

Indeed, already our ministers and churches in all directions are earnestly discussing the proposed revision, and endeavoring to unite upon a form of constitution that shall be free from these objections.

Three things seem to be generally desired for the new constitution: —

1. It must be simple and business-like.

2. It must abstain from the making of definitions. Certainly, it must abstain from making such extraordinary definitions as these.

3. It must in no way compromise the Christian character or position of the Conference or of the churches which the Conference represents.

The following plan proposed by Rev. Howard N. Brown, Rev. C. F. Dole, and others (commended to the attention of our readers in our last issue) seems to meet these requirements: —

1. Abolish the preamble of the present constitution.

2. Amend Article I. to read as follows: "The name of this organization shall be 'The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches,' and its purpose shall be to stimulate the churches connected with it to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work."

3. Amend Article III. to give the Council more distinct power.

4. Abolish Articles IX. and X.

Mr. George H. Ellis would slightly modify this plan by making Article I. to read: "The name of this organization shall be 'The National Unitarian Conference,' and its purpose shall be to stimulate the churches *and other organizations* connected with it to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work."

It will be observed that Mr. Brown's plan keeps the Christian name both in the official title of the Conference and in the statement of purpose, while Mr. Ellis's plan would drop the Christian name in the Conference's title, but would keep it in its statement of purpose. For myself, I like Mr. Brown's plan somewhat the better of the two. Still, the plan of Mr. Ellis seems to me excellent; and I do not see why our churches may not unite upon one or the other with considerable unanimity, and certainly with safety and justice to all interests.

The main question at issue in connection with the proposition to revise the constitution of the Conference at Saratoga seems to be, Shall the Conference maintain its Christian character and name? To what I said on this subject last month I wish to add here two or three points.

(*a*) I suppose nobody will question that a very large majority of the Unitarians of America warmly love and cherish the Christian name, and greatly prefer to keep it and to be known before the world by it. This Conference is designed to represent the Unitarians of America as a whole. The question therefore naturally arises, Can it do so best by carrying out the wish of the majority or of the minority? That is to say, by retaining the Christian name, as the majority prefer, or by discarding it, according to the desire of the minority.

(*b*) There are those who tell us that, in this case at least, the majority ought to yield to the minority, because the minority claim to have conscientious scruples in the matter. But would it not be well to inquire whether the majority also may not have conscientious scruples,—conscientious scruples quite as deep and well founded, and to them quite as sacred? If conscience may bid men be loyal to their homes and their country, may it not also bid them be loyal to their religion? Can men who love and honor the Christian name more than any other in the world, abandon it without violating their consciences? Can honest

men, who are Christians from conviction, conscientiously place themselves before their fellows as non-Christians? Can men who profoundly believe in Christianity, and desire to build it up, conscientiously assent to a course of action which, in their judgment, will seriously retard and injure it? Can men who have studied this matter deeply, and who believe, with Hedge and Martineau and so many other of our profoundest thinkers, that the very life of the Unitarian movement for the future depends upon its keeping its Christian character and connection,—can such men lightly, without violation to their consciences, consent to a severance of connection between the Unitarian movement and Christianity, thus seriously imperilling the future of the cause which they love the most deeply of any in the world? This is the answer to those who would have it understood that only the men who want to give up the Christian name have conscientious convictions which need to be consulted.

(*c*) We are told that we ought to give up the Christian name because to keep it may divide us. Some may separate themselves from us if we retain it. We reply, Why should it divide us, unless there are some affiliating with us whose fundamental aims are not ours? And, if there are, then we are already divided. How can it divide those who belong together? Is it not a large name,—as large as universal religion? Is it not as undogmatic and inclusive a name as the world knows? Is it not the name which we have always had, and which belongs to us by every consideration of right? Must we not have some name? Is there any other to be suggested that is a name of greater freedom or breadth, greater historic honor or greater spiritual significance and power? As to the matter of persons going away, is anybody so short-sighted as to imagine that ten would not be driven away from us by a surrender of the Christian name and position for every one that would go on account of our retaining these? No: the Christian name which we have worked under in harmony and peace so long is a name of far greater harmony and peace than any other that we can hope to find. It is the abandonment of it that promises discord and disintegration. If any one doubts this, let him look to the distracted and divided West, where the experiment has been tried, or to the Free Religious movement in the East, where the result has not been greatly different.

(*d*) A single point more. There are those who would surrender the Christian name because of their fear of creeds and dogmatism. But, I think, if such will look deeper, they will see that there is really no such *preventive* of creeds and dogmatism as the Christian name, understood as it is and has always been by Unitarians. This is Martineau's view. Martineau finds the Unitarian name much more creedal and dogmatic than the Christian: hence he would have our churches and conferences called Christian, but not Unitarian, reserving the latter name for individual persons. Channing also regarded the Christian name as the larger, the freer, the more important of the two, so that, while he looked upon the Unitarian name always with a shade of distrust, as having in it possibly a slight tendency to the creation of an orthodoxy of its own kind, he always held to the Christian name cordially and firmly, as a symbol of breadth, of progress, of devotion to the spiritual as distinguished from the dogmatic.

It seems to me that there is an important truth, which of late years there has been too much tendency among us to overlook, in this view of Channing and Martineau. Perhaps the most weighty of all reasons why, as a religious body, we should keep the Christian name is because, in a broad, free, wholly undogmatic, yet very real and effective way, this name tends to hold us true to the great, deep, eternal things of the spirit which Christianity fundamentally means, and which even amidst its very worst perversions it has never quite failed to represent. To that eternal religion of the soul which Jesus preached we must be true, or perish. What can hold us to that religion with an allegiance so steady and sure, and yet at the same time so gentle, so elastic, and so free from irritation of creeds and statements, as to keep above us as our banner word the great Christian name? History is full of illustrations of how great names have always tended to hold men to great realities, and how abandonment of great names has always tended to loosen men's allegiance to the things for which the

names have stood. A striking illustration of this in our own Unitarian history is found in the experience of the West, already referred to. The initiative in all our Western trouble was dropping the Christian name in connection with our leading conference of churches. Good and well-meaning brethren, who in their hearts really loved Christianity, said: "Oh, well, names are nothing. If any one will feel better to have the Christian name dropped, let us drop it. We shall keep the thing, and that is all we want." They little understood how almost impossible it is to prevent the loss of great names being followed by loss of the great things for which they stand. Scarcely was the Christian name surrendered by us in the West before the demand arose, stronger still, to surrender the "purpose" of the conference as the promotion of "the kingdom of God," or indeed as the promotion of any form of religion that included or implied God or worship. The sequel is before all eyes in the disintegration and stagnation of our work in the West which the past eight years has witnessed. Do our churches in the East wish to go through a like experience? Not a few are saying to-day regarding the National Conference precisely what was said in connection with the Western Conference: "Oh, names are nothing. Why stickle for a name? Those who ask us to erase the word 'Christian' from the constitution of the National Conference are good men. Why not consent? All we want is things, not names." Blind leaders of the blind! open your eyes, and see in the story of the West and its melancholy outcome an answer to the question whether names are nothing.

I speak earnestly in this matter, because our National Conference is now confronted with exactly the same problem which met us in the West; and I want a settlement reached that will not produce the disruptions, the heartaches, and the paralysis of our work which the West has had to endure. So long as our great representative national organizations, the National Conference and the American Unitarian Association, maintain firmly their Christian name and purpose, the general peace and harmony of our movement in this country is assured. The Christian name is a steadying and conserving influence. It is a deepening and spiritualizing influence. Therefore, it is a uniting influence. As I have already said, it tends to hold us as a religious body, without the imposition of any dogma or creed, firm and true to those great central and eternal things of religion in which is and forever must be our life. Let any man beware, then, how he thinks lightly to cut adrift the largest of our denominational organizations from the influence of that great name under the ægis of which for thirty years it has advanced to steadily increasing power, harmony, and usefulness.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, in her capacity as Essex Hall lecturer for 1894, has discoursed to a crowded audience in Essex Hall on "Unitarianism and the Future." A large proportion of the audience, probably two-thirds, were people not identified with Unitarian churches. The brilliant reputation of the lecturer, as the creator of "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve," and "Marcella," was, no doubt, a powerful attraction. But the subject of the lecture is just now of magnetic interest. The tactics of the clerical majority on the London School Board have served to surround it with a spell. What is this "sect" at which the Athanasians on the board lift up their hands in holy horror? What is this poison with which the minds of the board's children may be infected unless the Diggleites supply the antidote? These are among the questions of the hour in London. One effect, the committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association tell us, is a largely increased demand for tracts and leaflets explanatory of Unitarian Christianity. The same curiosity to become acquainted with this forbidden thing helped to swell Mrs. Ward's audience.

The lecturer said that she approached the whole problem as one not born and bred in Unitarianism, and personally unwilling to assume any other name than the name of Christian,—a member simply of that large public to whom the problems of religious thought and expression were still vitally interesting, and for whom, amid all modern perplexities and distractions, the old needs

were as urgent, the old yearnings as masterful, as they were for their fathers. The social conditions of England during the present century had been against Unitarians. The conditions of European thought had been and were for them. Under such circumstances what had they made of their task? If they looked at the Year Book of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, they would find development and expansion, and, intertwined with the general story, details of the many small but none the less heroic and touching efforts constantly and increasingly made by Unitarians all over England, Scotland, parts of Ireland and Wales, to spread what they held to be the faith. Yet Unitarianism does not come with observation as a visible kingdom or organization. What is lacking that it does not spread?

We live in an age when a large number of thoughtful and earnest men, with serious and noble views of life, find it impossible to believe in an orthodox supernatural Christianity, in an age when, on the other hand, Secularism, as an organized system, makes no progress. Here one would think that Unitarianism, as represented, say, by the illustrious Dr. Martineau or by Stopford Brooke, has an almost illimitable field of activity. Yet notoriously it grows as a church with slowness. Mrs. Ward says that you cannot talk with Unitarians without feeling that there is, in the minds of many of them, great discouragement. Why is this? Not a few Unitarians comfort themselves with the reflection that they are a leavening rather than a propagandist force. There is much truth in that. Broad-minded men in the Established Church and in the orthodox Nonconformist bodies owe more to Unitarianism than most of them know, or than those who do know care to acknowledge. But that ought not to satisfy men who are surrounded by what are called "the lapsed masses," to whom they have a mission, if they only realized it.

Mrs. Ward sees three defects or disadvantages in modern Unitarianism. (1) The predominance of certain Puritan elements in the temper and public expression of Unitarianism, which had really served their purpose, and were now in the way. The remedy for this was more artistic expression. Let the new faith seize upon ritual, music, art,—"upon the method, in fact, of the majority and the common folk; for its days in the wilderness are done, and it is entering upon its ministry." (2) The tendency that Unitarians showed to stand, in certain respects, outside the main channels of the national life. Mrs. Ward based this remarkable conclusion upon narrow data,—the circumstance that some Unitarian boys and girls had gone to Oxford, to whom Fénelon and Dante were familiar, but never having heard of Newman and Keble! (3) The indecision of much Unitarian thought and teaching. (4) Above all, the want of surrender to Christ,—"to shrine him in our hearts, to associate ourselves with a sacred and kindling presence, to follow a master's voice, to strengthen our own faith at the touch of his, to live in the same hope of an eternal vision, to go out into life, and to battle with these social ills which oppress us as they never oppressed our fathers, in his spirit."

In all this there is much truth, and Mrs. Ward's lecture will have served a useful purpose if it lead us to a healthy and renewing self-examination. Some of her counsels are at present unattainable counsels of perfection. The accessories of art in worship are not to be had in small congregations where the means of the simplest form of service are difficult to obtain. But we may come more into the broad current of the great religious life of the nation, by a warmer appreciation of the permanent truths in the epoch-making movements, by an ever-growing clearness of affirmative teaching, and by cultivating more ardent relations with that perennially moulding and formative Personality whence, as an historical system, Christianity descends.

Several English professors of theology and bishops and chaplains have recently been sounding an alarm on the subject of Biblical inspiration. These fearful souls are thrown into consternation by the Higher Criticism, or they find that others are perturbed, and they wish to exercise a soothing influence on sensitive minds. Modesty is not their characteristic. With the assumption of the true ecclesiastic they inform us, in the style of the infallibilist, what inspiration is, what is the purpose of the Scriptures, the relation of the Old Testament to

the New, the authority of the Bible in faith and morals, and the relation of the Church to the Scriptures. The relation of Christ to the Bible is affirmed in the following terms:—

It is certain that all the words of our Lord were always the most perfect words for his purpose, and that the forms in which they have been recorded for us are those which are best adapted to the needs of the Church.

Since the human mind of our Lord was inseparably united to the Eternal Word, and was perfectly illuminated by the Holy Spirit in the discharge of his office as teacher, he could not be deceived, nor be the source of deception, nor intend to teach, even incidentally, for fact what was not fact.

With the *Christian World* we are tempted to ask how these clergymen came to know all this? By what methods have they arrived at the result that all this is "certain"? The only value of the declaration is that it illustrates the peculiar working of the ecclesiastical mind. These gentlemen adduce not one jot or tittle of evidence of what they affirm. They simply announce in true *Church ex cathedra* style. The only value, did I say? Nay: their lofty *ipse dixit* testifies to the trembling consciousness that the Higher Criticism is working a revolution fatal to the old conception of the Bible.

The Young Men's Christian Association has just been celebrating its jubilee. It has undoubtedly been such an important factor in the business life of modern London that it is fitting that the London City Corporation should recognize the service rendered by its founder, Mr. (now Sir) George Williams, to the young men of the metropolis, by conferring upon him the freedom of the city. It is half a century since Mr. Williams with eleven friends met in a room in St. Paul's churchyard and founded the Young Men's Christian Association. That body has now, it appears, 5,158 branches and over half a million of members; and its recent jubilee attracted to London delegates from all parts of the world. The Young Men's Christian Association young man has largely got over his somewhat too "goody-goody" early tendencies, and has unquestionably derived much benefit from the institution with which he is connected. His Association still interprets the word "Christian" in an orthodox sense, and so generally refuses membership to the Unitarian; though there are instances in which Unitarian ministers have been heartily welcomed as lecturers. But the society has become an educational agency of great value and influence.

S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

London, July 1.

A CORRECTION.

My dear Mr. Sunderland,—I find in this month's *Unitarian* a paragraph which says, "We notice that Dr. J. H. Allen, in his recent book 'Unitarianism since the Reformation,' falls into the same mistake that President Cary has done"; that is, as to the first use of the name "Unitarian." I feel sure that, if you had yourself read my paragraph (pages 63 and 64), you would have seen that, on the contrary, I carefully avoided committing that mistake, and I hope that in the August number you will repeat the above sentence with this necessary correction. What I did was, first, to give as accurate a translation as I could of a somewhat noted passage from a classic native author on the subject; second, to subjoin in a foot-note reasons for distrusting his authority; third, to add a statement from a letter written to me from Transylvania last January, while the book was going through the press, in answer to my request for the latest knowledge on the subject, which gives the precise qualification needed. Mr. Gordon, more than one year ago (I think), had put me on guard against that very error; and on that point I expressed no opinion of my own. At his suggestion I have added to the foot-note that "the *Uniti* of 1557 [spoken of in the text] were not Unitarians" in theology. That the *Uniti* were "sometimes" called *Unitarii*—by way of nickname, perhaps—nobody can either prove or disprove, though I have no doubt that Mr. Gordon is right as to the main point (he always is), and that Bod was mistaken in confounding them with the professors of the Unitarian faith. Having incurred a good deal of trouble, including the recasting of my pages, in order to give the facts correctly. and nothing but the facts, I am sensitive about having the accuracy of my book thus hastily discredited at the start.

Yours very truly,

J. H. ALLEN.

We are glad to print the above correction from Dr. Allen. Instead, however, of our paragraph having been written hastily or without reading Dr. Allen's work, it was produced with his book before us, and after we had read the pages in question twice

over with the greatest care. And now, reading them a third time, we still think that readers generally will understand them as we did. But we are glad to know that they were not intended to be so understood, and to publish the author's statement to that effect. The quotation from Peter Bod is given in such a way as to convey the impression that it is regarded as reliable; nor does the foot-note, as it stands in the edition in our hands, do much to correct that impression. We are glad that Dr. Allen proposes to add to the foot-note, in future editions, the statement that "the *Uniti* of 1557 (spoken of by Bod) were not Unitarians in theology." This will do something to save his readers in the future from getting a false impression; though the statement is so important that it would seem to us more fitting to incorporate it in the main text than to bury it nearly out of sight in a very fine-print note. We think Dr. Allen is wrong and misleading in giving in his main text the word "Unitarian" as the equivalent of "United" (*Uniti*).—EDITOR.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

Trust for the Day.

Because in a day of my days to come
There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb,
In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
Like a pulse-beat threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
From delight in the pure and true?

In the harvest field shall I cease to glean,
Since the bloom of the spring has fled?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noonday sheen,
Since the dew of the morn hath sped?

Nay, phantom ill with the warning hand;
Nay, ghosts of the weary past.
Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand:
Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadow across my sun may fall,
But as bright the sun shall shine;
For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,
The light of the King divine.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

MONDAY.

What are we set on Earth for?

"What are we set on earth for?" Say to toil.
Nor seek to leave the tending of the vines,
For all the heat of day till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his holy oil,
To wrestle, not to reign. And he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystal lines,
To younger fellow-workers of the soil,
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience to their heart and hand,
From thy hand to thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

—*E. B. Browning.*

TUESDAY.

Truth for All.

Creeds and ceremonies perish;
Fallen leaves, they must decay;
Ours the living truth to cherish;
She can never pass away.

Freedom holds her firm dominion
In all lands of equal rights;
Knowledge spreads her mighty pinion
Every day for higher flights.

Faith in Man grows stronger, clearer,
As we see our neighbor's worth:
Duty's ancient laws are dearer,
New ones have their holy birth.

Ours to keep this sacred treasure
Open for the use of all;
In the hour of social pleasure
Hear the future's bugle-call!

—*F. M. Holland.*

WEDNESDAY.

All thy Days.

When the day is high and clear,
Labor,—for the night is near.
When the evening shadows fall,
Rest,—God watches over all.
When the mornings on us shine,
Bend to hear the voice divine;
Hear the Lord with heart of praise:
"I am with you all the days."

"All the days" thy strength to be,
"All the days" to comfort thee,
Lead thee on, and lift thee up,
Bear thy burden, share thy cup.

"All the days" to bless thine eyes
With some glad and sweet surprise;
"All the days" from morn till even,
"All the days" of earth and heaven.
—*Silver Cross.*

THURSDAY.

Always Sunrise Somewhere.

There is always sunrise somewhere!
Though the night be round the dawn,
Somewhere still the east is bright'ning
With the rosy flush of dawn.
What though near the bat is flitting,
And the raven croaks his lay,
Somewhere still the sun-bird's greeting
Hails the rising of the day!

Let us try to hear the comfort
In this sweet reflection found,
That, however dense our darkness,
Somewhere still the world around
Dews are glistening, flowers uplifting,
Wild birds warbling as reborn,
Lakes and streams and woods and mountains
Melting in the kiss of morn.

FRIDAY.

The Everlasting Yea.

Soul, struggle on! Within the darkest night
Still broods the majesty of deathless Right.
If to its promptings clear thou still art true,
Life's larger, sweeter lights will flash to view.

The stars will shine, and the blue pomp of day,
And to thine ear the Everlasting Yea
Will breathe its music and its lofty song;
And we shall know that Beauty still is strong;

That there is Heart and Life, the Pure, the Fair;
That Good is radiant in the sunny air,
And Wisdom shaping to remotest star,
And Love is yearning where the lowest are.
—*James H. West.*

SATURDAY.

The Voice of the Heart.

We speak with the lip and we dream in the soul
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "The Better" is ever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in,—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why the grave has scope,
And over the coffin man planteth—HOPE.

And it is not a dream of fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begetter:
There's a voice at the heart which proclaims aloud,
"We are born for something better!"
And that voice of the heart, oh, ye may believe,
Will never the hope of the soul deceive!
—*Schiller.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

What is Unitarianism? To this question, which we are so often asked, we answer: Unitarianism is the religion believed in by Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln; by Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell; by Calhoun, Sumner, and Curtis; by Hawthorne, Bancroft, and Motley; by Horace Mann, Agassiz, and President Eliot of Harvard; by Mary Livermore, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Julia Ward Howe; by Channing, Parker, and Freeman Clarke; by Emerson, Holmes, and Edward Everett Hale; and by scores more of the greatest and best men and women this country has produced. Is not the religion accepted by such minds worthy the attention of all intelligent and earnest persons?

Faith in an Infinitely Perfect God is our Theology.

The Universe is our Divine Revelation.

Love to God and Love to Man are our Sacraments.

Increasing Personal Holiness is our Salvation.

Such we believe to be the pure, the simple, the eternal religion, taught by Jesus, and witnessed to by the deepest voices of the human soul.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Cullen Bryant will occur on the 3d of November next. The great eminence of Mr. Bryant in American journalism, letters, and citizenship, will probably insure the somewhat wide celebration of the

anniversary. The fact that he was a Unitarian makes it seem especially fitting that it should be celebrated by Unitarians. Our churches, but especially our Unitarian Clubs, Unity Clubs, and Guilds, may well make very general use of this centenary as an occasion not only to honor a great and worthy American, but to call public attention to the remarkable fact that so large a proportion of the most eminent literary men and leaders of public thought in this country, and indeed in the modern world, have been and are Unitarian in their religious views, together with an inquiry as to the cause of the same.

Harvard University is to bring Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Manchester College, Oxford, to this country the coming year as one of its university preachers. While in this country, he will give a paper in Saratoga in connection with the National Unitarian Conference, and also will deliver a course of lectures in Boston before the Lowell Institute. Prof. Carpenter is an eminent scholar, an eloquent speaker, and one of the most active and influential of the leaders of Unitarianism in England.

We called attention in our May issue to an evidently fraudulent work purporting to be a new life of Jesus, found in a Buddhist monastery of Central Asia, by a Russian named Notovitch. Word comes to us through the London papers that an English missionary residing near the place of the declared discovery has taken it upon himself to make careful investigations regarding the matter; and not only does he find no trace of any such life of Jesus, but he finds what seems to him almost or quite positive proof that no such man as Notovitch has ever been at the monastery in question or in that region. The whole story of the finding of the ancient Pali manuscript, containing the purported life, its translation, etc., seems to have been a literary trick of a clever but unscrupulous Frenchman.

As long as intemperance continues to be the heaviest and most terrible burden that weighs upon the industrial, social, and moral life of this modern world, the question will continue to be a pressing and vital one, What can be done to remove this burden? In seeking for an answer, nothing is so much needed as fact, and perhaps nothing is so hard to get. Probably there is a slow growth of public sentiment (it is very slow) in favor of prohibition in some form. The following statement regarding the effects of prohibition in Kansas, where it has had a trial of many years, seems to be reliable; and, if so, it is of value. It was made in writing a short time ago, and was signed by the mayor, several bank presidents, attorneys, ministers, merchants, editors, teachers, and other leading citizens of Topeka.

We, the citizens of the capital city of Kansas, hereby place on record our knowledge of the facts regarding the working of the prohibitory law in this State, which is as follows:—

1. Without claiming for the prohibitory law of Kansas perfection in every detail, we still maintain that it is practical in its working, and promotes the welfare and prosperity of all classes of our people.

2. The law is effectually and successfully enforced. Its direct results are that there is now but a small fraction as much liquor used as there was previous to the adoption of the law; and there is not, to our knowledge, a place in this city where liquor is sold contrary to law.

3. Under prohibition the population of our State as well as our wealth has increased, and the material, moral, and educational interests of our people greatly advanced. There is no State in the Union more prosperous than Kansas is to-day

4. We fully realize the happy results of the abolition of the liquor traffic, as they are seen in the decrease of poverty, wretchedness, and crime, and in the promotion of domestic peace and social order, and in the general advancement of general thrift and enterprise.

5. In our opinion, prohibition is more strongly intrenched with the people to-day than when first adopted. It has more than met the expectations of its warmest friends. It is steadily winning the support and confidence of many who were at first its bitterest enemies.

6. We believe that any form of license, high or low, is wrong in principle, and can never be so enforced as to control the liquor traffic, but that prohibition, being sound

in principle, can be so enforced as to reduce to a minimum the evils of intemperance."

An interesting and somewhat spirited discussion has been going on for some time among our Universalist brethren over the question "Is the Universalist Church Evangelical?" The discussion arose out of the fact that Mr. Carroll, who had charge of the last United States census of the religious denominations, classes Universalists among Evangelicals in his census reports. When this was discovered, the more radical and progressive men of the denomination very vigorously protested, while a few of the extremely conservative men as vigorously defended the classification, and praised Mr. Carroll for at least doing justice to a long misrepresented church. Perhaps the greatest difficulty in the way of reaching any conclusive answer to the question is found in the general want of certainty as to what is Evangelicalism. What seems to be the prevailing view among the broader-minded Universalist leaders is well summed up by Rev. C. F. Henry of Ohio in a recent conference paper. He says: "The finding of your essayist is that the question whether the Universalist Church is Evangelical or not depends wholly upon which one of several meanings of the word Evangelical we have in mind. Using the word in its etymological sense, or as meaning 'according to the gospel,' we are certainly Evangelical. But, if by the word is meant 'in harmony with the creed of Evangelical Alliance,' then most assuredly we are not Evangelical." Indeed, our Universalist brethren are very generally turning the tables, and declaring on grounds that do not admit of dispute that it is the so-called Evangelical churches that are moving toward Universalism, and not the Universalist Church that is moving toward Evangelicalism.

To be true, to hate every form of falsehood, to live a brave, true, real life,—that is to love God. God is infinite; and to love the boundless, reaching on from grace to grace, adding charity to faith, and rising upward ever to see the Ideal still above us, and to die with it unattained, aiming insatiably to be perfect even as the Father is perfect,—that is to love God.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society, by request of the Weirs committee, will hold a meeting in the series on Thursday, August 2, Subject, "The Scope and Value of the Sunday-school in Modern Life." Speakers, Rev. Messrs. B. R. Bulkeley, Thomas Van Ness, Mary T. Whitney, Eliery C. Butler, and Edward A. Horton.

The Boston Sunday School Union has elected as delegates to the National Conference at Saratoga in September the following individuals: Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mr. Sylvester Brown, and Mr. William H. Baldwin.

A slight change has been made in the plan for the leaflet lessons of next year to be published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. The three grades will harmonize, and Mrs. Jaynes's leaflet lessons on "The Life of Jesus," already referred to, will not only be provided for the primary, but will go step by step exactly with the intermediate and advanced. The preliminary lessons spanning the time from Amos and Isaiah to the coming of Jesus will be reduced in part to three or four. These will be solely for the intermediate and advanced.

Those conferences in our body which are most alive to the situation always recognize the Sunday-school and the place due it in papers and discussion for the treatment of that important subject. Such matters depend upon the men in charge who construct the programmes. There are certain conferences where it would be almost impossible to tell by the list of subjects and speakers the year round that there were any young people to be cared for, or religious and moral education to be considered. It is simply suicidal to pursue this partial course, which finds its chief delight in abstruse papers on subjects which come home to only a few. There is right proportion in all this; and it is an ill day for our cause when Sunday-school subjects are ruled out from conference consideration.

The Southern Conference is clearly on the side of good sense and progress. At its meeting last spring valuable papers were read on the subject of Sunday-school instruction by Rev. George A. Thayer, Rev. George L. Chaney, and Mrs. S. C. Price. Mr. Chaney thus referred to the material which is now provided for our Unitarian Sunday-school workers: "Before closing this address, I desire to call your attention to the manuals, lesson-papers, service-books,

cards, and other religious literature on the table in the smaller room at the front of this church. You will find there a good representation of the rich supply our church has of literature of this character. You are asked to look them over, and make yourselves familiar with them. I doubt if any other church than ours can show such a variety of religious text-books with such true, able, and scholarly contents as this assortment of books will show you. There they are. Look at them, and judge for yourselves."

Rev. C. J. K. Jones of Louisville, Ky., offered this resolution at the end of the conference, as representing the most emphatic need springing from their consultations: *Resolved:* That this conference, appreciating the importance of providing for the best religious training of the young, requests the Board of Government to appoint a committee of not less than six nor more than ten persons (both men and women), who shall examine the aids for religious education already available, arrange one or more courses of study and report to each of our churches on or before the first Sunday in October. It is recommended by the Business Committee (1) that the president, vice-presidents, and secretary of the conference be requested to carry out the resolution of this conference concerning a course of religious study for the young."

I call the attention of those who desire to read something clear and helpful to an article by Rev. Earl M. Wilbur in the *Pacific Unitarian* for June of this year. Subject, "What is needed to make a Successful Sunday-school." Mr. Wilbur is one of our most energetic and successful workers, and speaks not out of theory alone, but from theory made into admirable practice. I hope that this paper will become eventually a publication of the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston for free distribution as a tract.

Another suggestive essay is by Rev. Florence Buck,—"Pictures as Lesson Helps." It appeared in *Unity* for June 21 of this year. It is undoubtedly true that we have neglected too much the appeal to the eye and the imagination. Even adults require this open gateway; and, surely, with children it is of prime importance. Miss Buck sets forth very clearly the arguments for the wise use of picture cards as helps in Sunday-school instruction. It is to this end that the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston has greatly made effort in the past few years; and the Western Sunday School Society did something of this kind last year in Mr. Fenn's lessons.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

CHARITY.

Read before the Guild at Quincy, Mass., by Miss Maria A. Whiting.

In ancient times the city of Corinth was celebrated for its grandeur, its great wealth, and also for its great wickedness. Its wealth gradually dwindled away, but its vice was still as hopeless as ever. Paul found things in a very bad state when he reached Corinth on his missionary travels. He preached the gospel there, and established a Christian church before he resumed his journey. But this fell into disorder, and the people who were really trying to bring about a better state, became discouraged. It required time and patience to get things into working order; and the people wrote to Paul for encouragement. He, having heard reports of the doings of the church, wrote to the Corinthians this epistle, or letter of warning and reproof. In this thirteenth chapter, our subject for this evening, he speaks to them particularly of charity, or, as the revised version gives it, love. He says, "Though I have all knowledge, though I can speak all the languages of man, though I have the gift of prophecy and all faith, yet without love I am nothing."

If we have that "perfect love which casteth out fear," we shall have also all the other virtues of which Drummond says love is composed.

These virtues, or the "nine ingredients" of love, are:—

Patience,—"Love suffereth long."

Kindness,—"And is kind."

Generosity,—"Love envieth not."

Humility,—"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Courtesy,—"Doth not behave itself unseemly."

Unselfishness,—"Seeketh not her own."

Good temper,—"Is not easily provoked."

Guilelessness,—"Thinketh no evil."

Sincerity,—"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

All through Christ's life we see his works of love, and hear of these teachings. His whole life was spent in ministering to the "lame, the halt, and the blind," and his death was the greatest sacrifice any one can make. He died for this love toward all his fellow-men, that through him we may all be benefited.

Paul says in his Epistle, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not love, I am nothing." The vision of Sir Launfal forms a very fine illustration of charity, or love, charity from a sense of duty contrasted with charity from love, and the different ways in which it is received. As

Sir Launfal starts on his journey in search of the Holy Grail, he meets a leper who begs help of him. A feeling of disgust comes over him; and he tosses the leper a piece of gold, and departs. The leper, noticing the scorn and disgust in his face, says,—

"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from the door.
That is no true alms which the hand can hold.
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty."

Here duty without love is shown; but later we find kindness, generosity, and unselfishness, all springing from love. Sir Launfal has lost his earldom, and comes home a poor, bent old man; but he has found that love which is worth more than his earldom. Again he meets the leper, but now he says,—

"I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree,—
Behold through him I give to thee."

Although he can only share with him a mouldy crust of bread and a drink of cold water, yet the leper is as grateful as though it were wheaten bread and wine.

"In whatso we share with another's need,
Not what we give, but what we share;
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

If true love is in our hearts, we shall feel pity instead of scorn for those things which disgust us; for we cannot go through the world without coming in contact with them. So we must cultivate that pity which is "akin to love," in doing acts of kindness; but we must be careful not to let that feeling of self-satisfaction creep to our heart, for Paul says, "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Christ says in his Sermon on the Mount, "Judge not that ye be not judged." This is perhaps a common failing with almost every one. I have known a few people whom I have never heard judge another unkindly. Yet in some for whom I have great respect, I have found this fault of judging. So you see even the best are seldom without their faults. It is often easier to say something unkind of a person than something kind. We do not stop to think what harm may be done or how a person's character may be seriously injured. James Freeman Clarke says: "It is not enough to know the outward facts of a man's life in order to know him. His actions are the smallest part of him." Here I put in a plea for truthfulness, which, it seems to me, fits in perfectly. Oftentimes harm is done by what is called "only exaggeration." Although we should be very indignant if people told us we were telling an untruth, yet it really is very near it. If you must repeat a story you have heard, tell it just exactly, word for word, as you heard it. One little word sometimes alters the whole sense of a remark. The kindest thing will be not to repeat what you hear at all. Henry Drummond says in regard to unselfishness: "Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others. It consists in giving and serving others. 'He that would be great among you,' says Christ, 'let him serve.' He that would be happy let him remember that there is but one way: It is more blessed, more happy, to give than to receive." Another important part of love is good temper, which "is not easily provoked." If we could only keep our temper in check, what a lot of trouble and unhappiness we should save ourselves and others! Notice the effect on a household where one person is petty and out of sorts. He makes one and another unhappy, and is most unhappy himself. It is as though a fog hung over the house, and chilled every one. A stranger coming in notices that something is the matter, and feels uneasy also. James Freeman Clarke says: "The two roots of bad temper out of which it grows are want of conscience and want of love. A bad-tempered person is always suspecting grievances, imagining himself ill-used, discontented with his position, dissatisfied with his circumstances. It is so disagreeable to be with him that men avoid him. The cure for bad temper," he says, "is therefore first to learn to obey one's conscience, and acquire a habit of doing what is right; and, second, to learn to forget one's self, and acquire a habit of living for others. Then there enters the soul that good temper which is higher than good nature, more lasting than good humor,—the good temper which grows deeper and purer and sweeter with advancing years." It would take too long to consider each ingredient separately; but these of which I have spoken are, I think, the virtues in which we fail oftenest. Let us try hard to cultivate these, and the others will naturally follow. We all wish to be remembered for our "little nameless acts of kindness and of love" instead of with a feeling of relief for the trouble we have caused.

"A little bit of patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love
Makes a very happy home.

A little bit of hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity
Makes glad a weary way."

The Guild of Our Saviour in Brighton, Mass., has shown a distinct gain over the first year. The average attendance has been thirty. Delegates have been chosen to the National Guild Alliance both years. An exchange was made with the guild at Newton, a leader from each organization visiting a meeting of the other and presenting a paper. The young people have treated this subject in a serious and reverent way, and the minister must count on the guild as a very important adjunct of his church and as promising much in the future, especially when the new building shall give its impetus to all the work,

We are pleased to learn from Rev. A. F. Bailey of Barre, Mass., that preliminary steps have been taken towards the formation of a society to be known as the Guild of the First Parish. We hope that by the fall, at least, an organization of the young people will be doing very helpful service in the church, and reaching out into the town with its good influence.

The Weirs Grove Meeting Association extended a cordial invitation to the National Guild Alliance and the Unitarian Sunday School Society to take two meetings in the series to be held in the week of July 29 to August 6. Accordingly, the presidents of the respective organizations have laid out the following programmes: For the guild meeting, August 2, 10.30 A.M.: Rev. E. A. Horton will preside, and make opening remarks. Rev. D. M. Wilson, Rev. Albert Walkley, and Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will make twenty-minute addresses on the general subject and particular phases. For the Sunday-school meeting at 2.30 P.M.: Rev. B. R. Bulkeley will preside, and make the opening address. Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Rev. Ellery C. Butler, Rev. Mary T. Whitney, and Rev. Edward A. Horton will give twenty-minute addresses on "The Religious and Moral Education of the Young." Causes of great importance, allied in many ways, are thus brought before the representatives of many churches in one day. The occasion promises to be an interesting one, and it is hoped the attendance may be good.

The great meetings of the National Society of Young People's Christian Endeavor recently held in Cleveland, Ohio, are a hint to us of how much good may come from union in the employment of the young in the church. How long will it take us to appreciate our opportunity as well as our need? B. R. BULKELEY.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The Unitarian Temperance Society will hold its regular meeting, for the election of officers and other business, at Saratoga, in connection with the National Conference of Unitarians and Other Liberal Christians.

The meeting will be held on Thursday afternoon, in the large parlor of the United States Hotel. Among other speakers will be Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, of Manchester College, Oxford.

Mr. Carpenter is a son of Dr. William B. Carpenter, whose address upon the scientific phases of the temperance question, delivered some years ago in Boston, many will remember as a strong argument against the use of alcoholic beverages.

The "Carpenters" have always been earnest believers in temperance. The following paragraphs have recently been reprinted in a circular issued by the Essex Hall Temperance Association, London :—

"There is no point on which the teachings of experience are more completely in harmony with the predictions of science than they are in regard to this,—that the habitual resort to alcoholic liquors for the purpose of sustaining the mental and physical powers, when overtasked in preaching, lecturing, or public speaking, is so far from being of real service that it actually *retards recovery.*"—WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., *Physiology of Temperance and Total Abstinence.*

"The work of a nation must be preceded by the work of individuals; and it is for you to say on which side you will league yourselves,—whether with the tempters or the safe; whether with the drunkard-makers or the drunkard-savers; whether with those who, by their generally honorable and Christian conduct, make drinking respectable, and thus increase the power of evil habits among the weak and the thousands that are easily led to evil; or with those who refuse to join the false hospitality and the mistaken friendship that furnish the dangerous drinks."—PHILIP P. CARPENTER, PH.D., *Address at Warrington*, 1853.

"The position of the churches as regards temperance has changed. Fifty years ago hardly any clergyman, and very few dissenting ministers, were total abstainers. Teetotalers in England were much in the same position as Abolitionists in America. Slavery and wine-drinking were both defended by texts from the Bible. Now that the conscience of the nation has been awakened and instructed, the churches and their pastors desire to be regarded as friends of temperance."—RUSSELL LANT CARPENTER, B.A., *Sermon at Bridport*, 1891.

The Unitarian Temperance Society has just issued as a tract the most important portions of an article by Archdeacon Farrar, canon of Westminster. The title is "Mistakes about Abstainers," and the article first appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for June, 1894. This publication will be sent to all that apply to the secretary, Rev. George H. Hosmer, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The Essex Hall Temperance Association, composed of Unitarians in England, has for its president the Earl of Carlisle, and as vice-presidents Rev. R. A. Armstrong of Liverpool, Rev. S. A. Steinthal of Manchester, Dr. J. Drummond, and Prof. Carpenter of Manchester College, Oxford. The secretary is Rev. Frank K. Freeston of London. The association was founded in May, 1893, at a meeting held in Essex Hall, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Carlisle. Its objects are declared by the constitution to be: 1. The affiliation and support of bands of hope and temperance societies; 2. The general promotion of temperance work. Thirty-nine societies, comprising over two thousand members, have already affiliated themselves, several of them having been formed by the direct action of the association. Others are preparing to join, and are urged to apply before the annual meeting in May. These societies have been helped with speakers, suitable magazines, pictorial diagrams, temperance readers, standard works, and in other ways as suggested or desired. That some of the conditions prevailing among Unitarians in America exist also in Great Britain will appear from the following appeal recently issued by the association. May we not accept it as spoken to ourselves? "The impression prevails, and not without cause, that the ministers and members of our group of free churches are failing to take their place by the side of the other religious bodies in the combined combat with intemperance. If you are willing to take part in the fight, if you wish your name and influence to be definitely arrayed against the drink traffic and the drink temptation, will you not help to swell the ranks of the Essex Hall Temperance Association? So will the reproach, at last, be removed from our midst." To show that the Earl of Carlisle is no mere figure-head, the following item may be quoted from the *Christian Register*: —

"The Earl of Carlisle has given a practical illustration of his belief in the drink evil by destroying the contents of his famous wine-cellar."

Unitarians, both ministers and laymen, are earnestly invited to become members of the Unitarian Temperance Society by sending their names (and subscription of one dollar, annually) to the secretary at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

At its last Commencement Harvard University conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Secretary Reynolds of the American Unitarian Association; also the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Mr. John Fiske. On the same occasion the Alumni presented to President Eliot a beautiful gold medal as a mark of their appreciation of his faithful and very able services to the university during the term of twenty-five years just closed.

Dartmouth at its last Commencement honored with the letters "D.D." Rev. S. C. Beane, minister of the Unitarian society in Newburyport, Mass.

Kidd's "Social Evolution," which is attracting so much attention in this country and England, will be reviewed in the next number of the *Unitarian* by Rev. E. P. Powell.

We are told that a monument to John Brown on the site of the old fort wherein he took refuge at Harper's Ferry is an early possibility. Capt. Chambers, an old and respected citizen at that place, has set about getting subscriptions, and already has secured promises of $15,000 for the monument.

Janet Carlyle Hanning, the only sister of Carlyle, is living near Toronto, Canada. She is the widow of Robert Hanning, who, after an unsuccessful business career in England, emigrated to Canada, and became foreman and train despatcher on a Canadian railway.

The monument to be erected at Via Reggio to the poet Shelley, near where his body was washed up by the waves and cremated seventy-two years ago, will consist of a statue by Ducchesi, on a fitting pedestal; and it will be unveiled some time in August.

It is hoped that much new matter concerning Robert Southey will be found in a certain packet of letters written to Southey by well-known people, which was picked up a few weeks ago by a collector of literary curiosities in London, for a ridiculously small sum.

The new Congressional Library Building at Washington, which will have a larger area than that of the Capitol, promises to

be one of the handsomest structures in Washington. The building is of Italian Renaissance architecture, and will be 355 by 440 feet in size, with cellar, basement, and two stories. The material of the outer wall consists of granite, more or less beautifully carved and ornamented. A prominent feature will be a gilded dome, 100 feet in diameter, surrounded by a tolus or lantern. A balustrade will surround the base of both the dome and the lantern. The base of the latter will be about as high as the top of the vertical portion of the dome of the Capitol.

"The Development of Theology as illustrated in English Poetry from 1780 to 1830." By Stopford A. Brooke, LL.D. (The Essex Hall Lecture for 1893).—Our English Unitarian friends established last year what is known as the Essex Hall Lecture, to be delivered every year in Essex Hall by some distinguished representative of liberal Christianity. The first in the series by Mr. Brooke comes to us in a neatly bound booklet. It is enough to say that the lecture is a brilliant treatment of the interesting subject named above. Publisher, Philip Green, Essex Street, London. Price, one shilling.

"Some Burning Questions: An Exegetical Treatise on the Christianizing of Judaism." By Rabbi L. Weiss.—This is a vigorous, earnest, and able defence of Judaism against those narrow Christians who forget that Isaiah and Jesus were Jews and believed in Judaism, and who are constantly laboring to "convert" the Jews, so that they may be "saved."

"American Liberty: Patriotic Addresses." By Rev. W. D. Simonds, Battle Creek, Mich. Mr. Simonds has been for six years pastor of the large Independent Congregational Church in Battle Creek. Having decided to resign his pastorate, he prints this volume of ten addresses as a souvenir for his friends. They are mainly addresses given on special occasions, and deal with such themes as "Washington and the Fathers of the Republic," "Organized Labor and Liberty," "Lessons of the War," "The Scholar and the State," "The Saloon and the State," etc. They overflow with the feeling of patriotism, and are vigorous and stirring in a high degree.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the reviews and magazines of the month: —

The Atlantic Monthly (July).

Letters of Sidney Lanier. Edited by W. R. Thayer.

Lucretius. By R. Y. Tyrrell.

On the Beach at Daytona. By Bradford Torrey.

The Mayor and the City. By Harvey N. Shepard.

Coleridge's Introduction to the Lake District. By M. B. Benton.

The Sanitarian (July).

Provision for Epileptics. By Wm. P. Letchworth.

The Shone System of Filth Removal.

Proceedings of the American Climatological Association.

The Arena (July).

Environment: Can Heredity be modified? By Helen H. Gardener.

Whittier's Religion. By W. H. Savage.

The Last Protest against Woman's Enfranchisement. By J. L. Hughes.

Justice for Japan. By B. O. Flower.

The Crusade of the Unemployed. By Henry Frank.

The Review of Reviews (July).

The Progress of the World.

William V. Allen. By Albert Shaw.

"Coxeyism": A Character Sketch. By W. T. Stead.

The Biblical World (July).

Studies in Palestinian Geography. By J. S. Riggs.

The Value and Danger of the Study of Comparative Religions. By F. N. Riale, Ph.D.

The Hebrew Stories of the Deluge. By W. R. Harper.

Jeroboam and the Disruption. By C. F. Kent, Ph.D.

The Non-Sectarian (July).

An Intellectual Experience. By W. S. Crowe, D.D.

The Reactionary. A Study of Ibsen's Drama, "Emperor and Galilean." By Rebekah Lesem.

A Church of the People. By L. W. Sprague.

To-day (July).

The Proposed Union of Churches. By G. T. Knight.

Babylonian Mythology and the Bible Beginnings. By S. R. H. Biggs.

The Liberal Religious Congress. By R. A. White.

The Heart of Religion. By Thomas W. Illman.

International Journal of Ethics (July).

Naturalism and Ethics. By Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.

Effect of the Clerical Office upon Character. By Rev. L. C. Stewardson.

Religious Sentiment and the Moral Problem in Italy. By Giacomo Barzellotti.

Practical Ethics. By William Knight.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Rev. George T. Weaver, formerly of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. Alice Ball Loomis, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon her qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that she is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. Charles Graves, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Barre, Mass.—The Barre *Gazette* of a recent issue publishes in full an excellent sermon by Rev. J. F. Bailey on the subject, "The Kingdom of God is not in Word, but in Power."

Concord, N.H.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian Educational Society was held in this city, June 20, at the Eagle Hotel, there being a good attendance of the members. After the transaction of routine business the old board of trustees were reelected.

The report of the treasurer showed the financial condition of the society to be highly encouraging.

The trustees organized by the election of the following officers: president, J. C. A. Hill of Concord; treasurer, C. C. Danforth of Concord; clerk and auditor, Clarence E. Carr of Andover. Executive Committee, J. C. A. Hill, Concord; Rev. S. C. Beane, Newburyport, Mass.; Hon. J. W. Fellows, Manchester; Henry A. Weymouth, M.D., Andover; Walter S. Carr, Andover; Rev. J. B. Morrison, Laconia; Robert P. Carr, Andover; Rev. Lyman Clark, Andover; financial agent, Rev. Lyman Clark.

On Sunday, July 15, the last service before vacation was held in the Unitarian church. A large audience gave the closest attention to Rev. F. L. Phalen's eloquent sermon from the text Acts iii. 6, "What I have, that I give thee." Toward the close of his discourse he referred to the pleasant relations existing between pastor and people, and spoke feelingly of the kindness and appreciation which have met his work in Concord.

Mr. Phalen has made a host of friends here. He is a man of high character, a deep thinker, and an earnest worker, and is held in the highest respect and esteem both in and outside the society.

During the past year several of his sermons have been printed in pamphlet form by members of the parish. The church will remain closed until September 1.

Des Moines, Ia.—Delay in getting full information regarding the death of Rev. S. S. Hunting prevented our making the notice of it which ought to have been made last month. We give on another page an article on Mr. Hunting's life, by Rev. Leon A. Harvey. The funeral occurred on Monday, June 4, Rev. Mr. Harvey of Des Moines, Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport, and Rev. H. D. Stevens of Perry taking part. On the following Sunday memorial services were held in the church, at which Mr. Joel P. Davis spoke of Mr. Hunting's lifelong work for temperance, also his valuable work for prison reform; and Mrs. Margaret Campbell eulogized his service to the cause of woman suffrage. Then Mr. Harvey followed with a warm and loving tribute to the life and the man.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—On Sunday and Monday, June 24 and 25, public exercises were held here in connection with laying the "name stone" of the new People's (Unitarian) Church. The services on Sunday were in the old church, and consisted of music, prayer, Scripture readings, the ceremony of depositing memorial objects in the name stone box; an address by the pastor, Miss Bartlett, on the subject, "What Foundation?" an address by Mr. Henry Bishop, "In Memory of Friends of the Old Church now gone"; and an address by Mrs. L. H.

Stone, on "The Possible Future of the People's Church."

On Monday afternoon there were exercises in the new building, which was far enough along to give some idea of what it is to be by and by, when finished. These exercises consisted of an invocation by Dr. H. W. Thomas of Chicago; reading of Scripture, by Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor; presentation of name stone, by Mr. George Winslow, swinging the same into place, by the children; reading of letters from friends at a distance, by the pastor; addresses, by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. Thomas, and Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago; and greeting from sister churches, by Mr. Sunderland.

In the evening there were addresses in the old church by Dr. Thomas, Mr. Gould, and Mr. Sunderland.

It is hoped that the new building will be ready for dedication by November or December. It is located on a good corner. In appearance it will be attractive, and its appointments for all the requirements and activities of a working society will be very complete. Mr. Silas Hubbard, whose generous gift of $20,000 has made the new church possible, is in poor health; but it was very gratifying to his friends that he was able to be present at the exercises on Monday afternoon.

Madison, Wis.—Rev. George H. Clare has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian society here, and will go to England for the summer.

—The *State Journal* contains a personal tribute to the late Mrs. J. H. Crooker, from which we make the following extract:

"Mrs. Crooker was warm-hearted and affectionate,—a friend in need. She has stood by the bedside of the sick and dying, ministering to their needs and sorrowing with those who mourned. Many regrets were expressed in Madison by those whom she had comforted in their hour of trial that they could not pay their last respects to one whom their hearts would always hold in loving remembrance."

Meadville, Pa.—The following fine hymn, written by Rev. Frank L. Phalen for the occasion, was sung at the last graduating exercises of the theological school:—

"O holy Father, past and future holding
Securely guarded in thy strong embrace,
Bless now the prophet band before thee bending,
Send down thy benediction and thy grace.

"Kindle the mystic fire of inspiration
Upon the altar of each earnest heart,
And in the battle for the world's salvation
Help all to bear a brave and noble part.

"We reverence in our hearts the splendid story
Of all our household saints of long ago,
And by the memory of that lingering glory
We pledge ourselves anew to dare and do.

"The strength of fifty years to-day is beating
In hearts that long for brighter days to be,
The burden of our farewell and our greeting
Is hope for man, and faith, O God, in thee."

Milwaukee, Wis.—The church here has suffered a great loss in the death, on May 20, of Mrs. Helen S. Chapman, wife of Augustus F. Chapman. She was one of our younger workers, and was willing to do anything she could for the sake of the church. It was she who did much of the work in arranging for the services which the Milwaukee people held at Kenosha last fall. She held to the Unitarian faith very strongly, and it was a victory for that faith when it could bring such perfect serenity and peace as marked the last weeks of her life here.

Shelbyville, Ill.—Beginning on August 18, there will be a "Ten Days' Chautauqua" held at Lithia Springs, under the management of Rev. J. L. Douthit and his son, devoted to temperance, education, etc., with addresses by many eminent men and women from all parts of the country.

Weirs, N.H.— The very attractive programme of the Unitarian Grove Meeting is at hand, and promises a treat for all who are able to attend. We should be glad to publish the programme in full; but, as the meeting will be well under way before this number of the *Unitarian* is in the hands of its readers, we wait for a report of the meeting to give details.

KINDNESS.

A cup of water in the need,
Christ showed, was truly pious deed;
A simple word, or glance of love,
Finds recompense in worlds above!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Whitman, Mass.

Assuredly there is no soul of man which may not have its Horeb or Sinai if only it will maintain its faithfulness, and keep its windows open toward the light. The Divine Fulness hems us in, and in it we live and move and have our being; but our spiritual eyes are too seldom unsealed, so that we may know the infinite glory wherein we walk. The brief glimpses, which are all that we can ever gain under present conditions, are full of happy promise, however; and the soul that has even once seen God in this inward experience can never again regard human life as a plaything or a failure. It is seen to be a great and significant drama, moving to a glorious divine end.— *Christopher J. Street.*

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"DAILY BREAD."

A SERMON BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., PREACHED AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—MATT. vi. 12.

I suppose that these are the first words of the Lord's Prayer which little children understand, after the words "Our Father." They are undoubtedly the first ones about which they question.

"How is it, mamma, that God gives us daily bread, when we know it is bought in the shop, or that it is in the house while we are offering our prayer?" The questioning is not theirs only. You meet men and women, not irreligious, either, who are puzzled about prayer for bodily gifts. "God has adjusted the laws of matter," they say. "He is not going to change them at our suggestion. It is the laws of spirit on which our spirits joined with his can act," they say. "Let our petitions, then," they say, "be only those for spiritual blessings." I once knew a student of divinity who was so far impressed by this line of reasoning that in his public services he omitted this petition from the Lord's Prayer. This reformer of the New Testament did not remain long in the Christian ministry. But I think he expressed an uncertainty which many Christians feel.

If we had come here to philosophize this afternoon, the consideration of such difficulties would open for us the whole tempting subject of the relation of spirit and matter. What is matter, and what is spirit? What are spiritual laws, and what are material? Where does the attractive power which, as the hymn says, "holds the drops that sparkle in the shower and the planets in their force," cease to be a law of matter; and where does the law of love begin, which, as the same hymn says, "attaches soul to soul"? Are these one law, as the Swedenborgians say? Or put the question as Dr. Bellows puts it ingeniously,—"Are our souls in our bodies, as the usual speech of men implies, or are our bodies in our souls, as some stubborn facts seem to say they are?"

But we have not come here to philosophize, and I do not therefore enter on these tempting questions. They have been at issue since the world began; and it is so far probable that in twenty minutes we might not decide them that I had rather examine the petition for daily bread in its simplicity. We will try to find how we are to offer it in our daily prayer, and how much Jesus meant it should comprehend.

I. I must observe first that, as Jesus uttered the prayer, it carried a meaning much wider than the literal words convey. How wide that meaning went, indeed, it is hard to tell. A translation nearly literal would be, "Give us this day the *bread of our being*"; and any difficulty which would attach to the interpretation of that phrase attaches equally to the words in the original. It was by the boldest paraphrase only that the words "*daily* bread" were used in our translation. We are to remember, then, as we discuss the phrase, that they are to be construed in their very widest range. We ask God in this prayer to give us this day all that we need, in order that we may *be*. We do not ask simply for the bread which supports the body; we do not ask simply for material out of which to assimilate the constituents of blood and nerves and muscles: we ask for all possible food which feeds the man. The Saviour, who has taught us that man does not live by bread alone,—teaching it, indeed, in the signal moment of his own victory,—does not mean that we shall pray merely for meat and drink. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that

proceedeth from the mouth of God doth he live," he says. Thus he extends and glorifies the words which Moses used with a lesser significance. So, as I come to God at daybreak and say to him: "Father, give us this day our daily bread," I ask—yes—for the provision which will support this body that it may not faint; but I ask for much more: I ask for food for this mind, that it may not feed upon itself, and I merely turn over and over what I learned yesterday, the day before, and last year. Not only this, but I ask for much more. Body and mind are only two little slaves of the soul, where the soul knows her power. The soul says, "Do this," and they do it; "Go there," and they go; "Abstain," and they abstain, though the tempting morsel be at the lip. The little hound is held in the leash, though the startled game flutters before his eye. For this soul we pray, centre and lord of being: "Father, that thou wilt feed my soul; give love the fit food for love, give hope the fit food for hope, give faith the fit food for faith. That which it must have, which thou, O God, knowest so much better than I,—the essential necessity of its being,—be pleased this day to give my soul."

II. "I can join in that last petition," says timid faith to me. "I can understand that God is the father of my soul, feeds my soul. Nay, I understand that by his immutable laws he is the author of my body, and feeds my body. But my trouble is that I have no right to pray to him to-day to meet my *bodily* wants. If the laws of nature, which he has established for seed-time and harvest, will feed me, I need not pray for other laws. If they will not feed me, I dare not ask him to change them simply to serve my turn."

Let me confess to timid faith like this,—that this difficulty has been always felt. The early fathers, in concession to it, construed this prayer as having reference simply to the soul's necessities. If God did not choose to feed the body, they said, of his own unsolicited will, let the body go.

But let me declare at the same moment that it is a difficulty which I do not feel. I have said I would not try to define the world of spirit and the world of matter. I will not. I will not try to show where the laws of matter end and the laws of spirit begin; though I do think that discussion will help timid faith in this matter. Leaving that discussion, I had rather meet timid faith on its own ground. For I think we may show that the laws of spirit have by far the most to do in the supply even of our bodily wants. I think we can show this of what everybody admits to be laws of spirit. Let alone the questions regarding God's fixed purposes for matter. Let us see how our bodily lives hinge on his spiritual laws, on the growth or failure of other living souls, which he cares for and which he moves. And for this we will not begin with the broadest view of this petition, but with the most literal and narrow. I will take the familiar definitions in the most familiar illustrations. I will take the illustration of the child's question regarding this prayer. The loaf of bread on your table to-morrow morning,—how does that come to you? Does it come from these unchanging material laws, or does it come from these spiritual interpositions of the present love of God which you are willing to acknowledge? Do you hastily reply that it is the material product of material agencies, that it comes chiefly from seed-corn, sunshine, moisture, and the darkness of the earth, that besides these the waterfall has ground it, the leaven has leavened it, and the fire has baked it, by laws which God impressed on them all in the beginning?

I will not parry your declaration even by asking what you mean by "in the beginning" in speaking of God, who has no beginning and no end, to whom this period since his spirit breathed upon the waters and he said, "Let there be light," up to this instant is indeed nothing. Yet I might do that fairly. I had rather leave philosophy so profound. I had rather look at the immediate fact to which you appeal,—the fact of the kitchen, of the grain market, and of the Western harvest. Is this loaf of bread the product of material agencies merely? All the material agencies you name were here three centuries ago. The sun shone as kindly, the dews fell as softly, the prairie was as rich, the waterfall was as strong, the fire was as warm. What, then, if some centuries ago Sir Philip Sidney had landed on our coast, as he wanted to, and had sought this fruit of your material laws? Would he have found it,—would he have found any-

thing to compare with it? He would have found, if he had searched long enough, a few handfuls of savages lurking in the wilderness, dying faster than their children were born, because these material laws of yours did not give them their daily bread. He would have found that peninsula which we call New England the lair of about twenty thousand of these starving human brutes, fighting for a sustenance which they could not find. He would have found the State of Vermont, for instance, without one human inhabitant, for the simple reason that the material laws you tell me of did not supply the physical daily bread which would keep one human being living there the year round.

"Oh, I grant," you say, "that men must use these material laws; nay, that civilized men must use them." Do you grant that? Granting that, you grant everything. For the moment man comes in, the child of God comes in; the moment he appears, the laws of spirit are working with the laws of matter; and the moment civilized man comes in, there comes in man in whom spiritual law has gained the mastery over carnal law, and so works its triumphs most completely.

And, for my illustration, I do not care whether the wheat of your loaf came from your own rich valley—from Genesee County—or from a prairie a thousand miles away. The courage which sent the first Daniel Boone or the first Manasseh Cutler to that prairie was a spiritual gift founded on spiritual law, sustained, most likely,—like all courage which is good for much,—on profound faith in the Great Spirit of all. And come down to this day, the "this day" of the prayer. The perseverance which ploughed that prairie last October, and the industry which reaped it this summer, are not material agencies, but spiritual powers. They are powers which are weak and mean when the man hardly lives. They are powers which are strong and dignified in proportion as the man gains life. They are strongest and noblest when he gains life most abundantly. So of the ingenuity which contrived the reaping-machine which cut that harvest, or which built the mill which ground it, or which devised the engine which dragged it night and day from the garner to your home, or the iron road on which it sped along on that journey of blessing. Industry, perseverance, wit, and ingenuity like these were not physical powers like the power which speeds the falling apple. You do not find that a stout New Zealander has them in proportion as he is strong and tall. You do not find that they grow as man grows in weight or in muscle. They are spiritual gifts,—not the highest yet, but children of the highest; and they have never existed where the highest spiritual gifts were not near at hand. Nor am I afraid to speak here of those highest gifts of all,—of conscience, of prayer, of long suffering,—nay, of martyrdom,—which must be before your daily bread is upon your board. Only I declare I do not know what instances to select out of a million. The mother who sits in the sickly log cabin on the prairie, making it the cheerful home of her husband, who is toiling in the field for you,—she is preserving his life for him, though her own ebbs away in the midst of malaria and of care which is too much for her. She is not making that place a home, and giving him the courage for his daily labor, because she is a piece of clock-work wrought by physical law. And the men whose courage and conduct deliver, day by day, at your Western ports the bread of the nation in each day's labor,—they would not work up to that mark for any mere bribe of silver that you could offer them. Vouch for that for me, you who direct these packets and railroads, and receive their supplies. Own to me that you have no physical system of checks and balances, no book-keeping, no accounting nor oversight, which saves you from the necessity of employing honest men. Pearls beyond price, indeed, which the merchant-man seeks for now as in the Lord's parable. Bear testimony for me again, you bankers, that, if every man who had the accounts of these great enterprises to hold were a man without spiritual power, without integrity, without honor, without sense of right and wrong, had as little spiritual power as a Tweed or a Sweeney, those proud works would crumble into decay, as not whirlwind nor deluge could overthrow them.

Yes, and go further yet: ask about these giant works,—your steam-engines and your telegraphs. The men who invent them, who compel an unwilling people to build these avenues of your trade,—the men over whose work is rolled along every day the

daily bread that our Father gives to us,—are not men who are ruled by physical laws, or whose triumph is a physical triumph. They are not compassing wealth. They do not seek it, and they do not gain it. They compel you to do that which they see can be done: they subdue the earth as they set out to do, and then their great mission is fulfilled,—when the East and West are brought together,—and they step aside and die unhonored and forgotten. It is not such a law as the attraction of gravitation, merely, that creates your Western harvest. It is not such a law as the laws of tides or of eclipses that brings it to your door. It is the soul's life which has sent it,—nay, and God created it; it is industry, devotion, and hope; it is integrity; it is public spirit; it is manliness and faith. To agencies like these, God-given and God-sustained, acting in a million hearts and ruling a million of lives, is it that, as we live, you owe every day every crust of your daily bread.

And I state this so briefly only as the humblest instance, in the most casual matter, of a great reality. We are not in any moment dependent chiefly or largely on what we are pleased to call the laws of matter. We are all girt in by spiritual powers. It is love that feeds us, it is faith that feeds us, it is hope that feeds us. If these spiritual powers should cease for an instant, it would be worse for us than deluge, worse than total eclipse, worse than the crash of planet against planet in the Empyrean. We could not live as stones exist, or as the waters roll. Not we! For we are his children. We are infinite beings. It is not of the earth that we live, nor by the earth that we are fed. It is in God that we live, in God that we move, and in God that we have our being.

III. Of the immediate bearing of this great truth on our petition I shall speak again. But let me first stop to remind you that there is another necessity of the petition,—when we only think of ourselves who utter it. And here, as before, I find it most simple not to take the broadest meaning of the text, but only the child's notion. The loaf of bread is in the house, the child says. Yes. It is on the table, perhaps. Yes. But is the way from the loaf to the lip so certain? Were you never at the table, with the bounty of God ready spread, at the culmination of all those infinite mercies which have tended to that moment of your life, when of an instant you found that that bread was not for you? You only broke the seal of a letter, and lo! there was the message within which made you and yours forget food that day. Or a messenger came running to the door, or there was a cry of agony from upstairs,—nay, a thankless child at the board beside you spoke one hateful word,—and you pushed the ready bread away. It was not for you! No: man does not live by such bread alone. Cannot live by it, unless he have, oh, how many mercies from the mouth of God! And so again is it that no man dare say he stands. No man dare count on to-morrow, nor *this day*. No man dare say: "I have provided. This hour is mine." But at every moment of his life man may well entreat God to overrule still the courses of the world which are inwoven with his destiny, and in whatever little prudence of providence of his own to murmur, "Give us this day our daily bread."

IV. Now let us try, with such help as these two little illustrations give us, to open out some of the wider range of the import of these seven words of prayer. We see that, unless we live ourselves, we cannot receive our daily bread. We must be well enough to receive it, our friends must be well enough, all around us well enough, lest this be a feast of Tantalus which we have provided, and vanish at the moment when we sit for the banquet. Yes, and we see also that not only must we provide, as we say so proudly, but God must keep up a million agencies now at work in full force for us, or we cannot provide,—agencies not of matter only, as a world fond of stones and bricks is used to say, but of the highest, tenderest, spiritual laws.

And, if this is true in these little carnal necessities from which muscles are fed and blood set flowing, how much more of all the other necessities of our lives! Now let me go back of the child's conception of the prayer. Let me speak of it as Jesus used it. Give us that which is essential for our being. We do not pray to God as if we were only so much muscle, vein, and artery. We do not simply say, "Keep this blood flowing, keep these nerves thrilling": we pray to him as those who remember, reflect,

and plan for the future. So we pray that our Father will keep this mind unshaken, these memories true, and these plans coherent. Feed them, O Father, with food sufficient for them. Nay, we pray as those who love him and love each other, who believe in him and in each other, who hope nothing less than heaven for ourselves and for each other. Feed these longings, these appetites divine, great God, lest we cease to love, to hope, or to believe. And this is not for *me*, but for *us*; not for *my* daily bread, but for *ours*. So be pleased, great God, to all of us to give the waters divine, of which if one drink he never thirsts; the bread of life, of which if one eats he never dies. Not for me only, but for my brothers and sisters,—all my brothers, all my sisters. Feed the body, feed the mind, —yes, this day, Father,—and so much more the soul with this daily bread, this essential food of its necessity, with the revelation of thyself and of thine own loving kindness, of thine own tender help here and of thine own sweet will, with all fond hopes, loving affections, with all tender mercies, with all certainty of thine own help and comfort and blessing. Feed us all, great God, so that we may grow in grace, fed by the abundance of thy love; so that we may more truly live; so that we may the better pray, and to-morrow shall utter one prayer something closer to thee than ever when we say:—

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

For this be pleased to feed us, Father, body, mind, and soul. So be pleased, then, to

Give us, even this day, our daily bread.

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE. *

In the Book of Exodus in the Old Testament we find this strange story: "Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian; and he led the flock to the back of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." Until lately there was only one alternative with regard to a story like this,—to fall back on miracle or to deny. Fortunately for us, the time has now come to explain; and the explanation comes through the valuable discovery of our ignorance. We are now sufficiently advanced to know how little we know,—a great point! We are, naturally, exceedingly proud of our mighty scientific advances; but the greatest advance of all is this discovery of our ignorance and of the limitations of the senses. We are like a race of beings born in a vast cavern, who have found out how to make torches and light them. Our main business now is to explore. Perhaps we may find the entrance to the cave.

But, even as to these limited senses, we know not at all what they really are. We only know that they deceive us at every turn. What we call color, for instance, has no corresponding reality outside of the eye and brain. There is no such thing as color apart from sensation,—only vibrations which we translate as, or into, color; and the senses only respond to a few of these vibrations. In a sense, every bush burns with fire, just as every shell does, or every blade of grass,—just as every crystal does, or the human hand; but we are limited and dull, and do not see all there is to be seen. There is never any color until there is an eye to see it. We who sit here now can see, for instance, these blue and white flowers and these green fronds of ferns; but, when we go away and shut the doors, and there is no one here to see, there will be no blue and white and green,—only vibrations that will appeal to space in vain. If only one came in again to see, all the beauty would reappear, but in the translating eyes and brain, not in the flowers. Every one of us here may know these things well; but I am convinced they are very far from having their full influence over us, so ingrained in us is the old notion as to the adequacy of the senses to reveal all that Nature is and all that Nature has to show. So let me recall to you the familiar exposition of the phenomena of color and sound as given by Mr. Tyndall (always firmly grasping the fact that sights and sounds are, in a sense, illusions, and that "things are not what they seem"). "Color," says Mr. Tyndall,

* From the *Coming Day*.

"is determined by length of light wave, and consequent frequency of repetition on the optic nerve." That is to say, the sight of blue or yellow or red or violet is not the sight of objects that are really blue or yellow or red or violet, but the sight in a special state of agitation produced by vibrations or waves of light. If these waves are short and quick, you see one color; if they are long and slower, you see another color. When you see violet, for instance, there is nothing in the object at all resembling violet; but what happens is that you are receiving from the object six hundred and ninety-nine millions of millions of shocks per second. And so tiny are these waves which spell violet that about 57,500 would make a thread of waves an inch long.

Now our range is very limited. There are colors we cannot see, though they are before our eyes; or, to speak more accurately, there are waves of light so short and swift that no ordinary eye in its ordinary condition can translate them. "Beyond the violet we have rays of too high a pitch to be visible," says Mr. Tyndall, "and beyond the red we have rays of too low a pitch to be visible. The phenomena of light are in this case paralleled by those of sound. If it did not involve a contradiction, we might say that there are musical sounds of too high a pitch to be heard, and also sounds of too low a pitch to be heard. Speaking strictly, there are waves transmitted through the air from vibrating bodies which, although they strike upon the ear in regular recurrence, are incompetent to excite the sensation of a musical note." The human creature carries about with him, as it were, a kind of keyboard, and that is his range. Very naturally, he is apt to think that his poor little key-board embraces all the music there is; but what a delusion that is! Huxley, describing the movements of the fluid which courses through the hairs of the common stinging nettle, says, "The wonderful silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing. Could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city." That is not a venture of scientific audacity or a bit of poetic sentimentality: it is a sober fact. If the human ear were differently constructed (and adequately constructed), what we call the stillness of a wood on a summer evening would be a roar, —say like the roar of the traffic before the Royal Exchange at mid-day. It is only a question of one's range. Sir John Lubbock deliberately says, "The universe is probably full of sound which we cannot perceive."

I am not talking mediæval nonsense then, but sober modern science, when I say that this church might be full of the music of angels and we not hear it, just as it might be full of their bright presences and we not see them. You hear my poor earth-born voice because your key-board's earth-born range can respond to it. Alter that range, add to the octaves, and again and again extend the range, and you, you sitting there, might hear, not me at all, but the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Mr. Huxley would perhaps be one of the last men to believe in its happening; but ask him whether it is scientifically coherent and conceivable. He could not deny it.

Go back to Mr. Tyndall. He finely says, "Were our organs sharp enough to see the motions of the air through which an agreeable voice is passing, we might see stamped upon that air the conditions of motion on which the sweetness of the voice depends." Think of it! If you could see the lovely curves and shapes of the waves of sound, when the voice is musical and sings in tune, you might see the music, and even find it more exquisite than that which the ear reports as sound. At this very instant this church is filled with millions upon millions of tiny waves of air produced by my poor voice. You do not see the waves, but some of them impinge upon your instruments of hearing, and you translate these waves into sounds. So with sight. Two-thirds of the light-rays around us fail to rouse in the eye the sense of vision. "The rays exist," says Mr. Tyndall, "but the visual organ requisite for their translation into light does not exist." So, for us, two-thirds of the light around us is as though it were not; and yet, "from this region of darkness and mystery which surrounds us, rays may now be darting which require but the development of proper intellectual organs to translate them into knowledge as far surpassing ours as ours

surpasses that of the wallowing reptiles which once held possession of the planet." And that is from a man who hates everything that bears any resemblance to superstition, and who is supposed to be a materialist!

Take another step into this inner world. Not only are we surrounded by countless myriads of rays of light and color whose value we never perceive, but it is a scientific fact that every object has its own aura or emanation,—a shell, a sea wave, a lock of hair, a blade of grass, a human hand, a magnet, a grain of sand, a drop of dew, a drop of blood. What you see is only the core, or perhaps the husk of it. The wondrous flashing aura, fire, or soul of it, you see not. You see a rose two inches long, and you say, "How beautiful it is!" What if you could see the lovely lake of fragrance in which it lies, a little sea of exquisite beauty, with myriads of color waves!

A few years ago a laborious and patient German lover of science discovered that certain persons had the power to actually see the emanations from material objects which transcend the range of our ordinary keyboard; and, strange to say, he found that these subtile auras were only visible in the dark. These visible emanations or auras proceeded from potent centres, such as magnets, crystals, minerals, and the human body; and by hundreds of persons they were seen.

It is now an axiom of science that one body cannot act upon another at a distance without affecting every atom on the way and on the same plane. It follows that the magnet with its power of attraction, or the rose with its fragrance, must act upon every particle lying between itself and the object attracted, or the person regaled. Think what that would mean to one who had eyes to see! Now, the curious thing is that centuries before this was science it was said to be experience. For centuries the witness has been borne that here and there one had inner or finer senses open to see the glory of the Lord beyond the ordinary ken of man, —the radiant bush, the ministering angel, the heavenly vision. The Bible is full of it, and I for one am no longer able to put it all down to delusion or romance. The bush that burned with fire, then, was not necessarily a bush under new conditions, but there may have been an observer of it whose vision was, for the moment, under new conditions, or whose normal vision had an abnormal range. What Moses saw, any of us might see in a hundred Surrey lanes this heavenly June if our eyes were tuned to the subtile splendor. If our senses were adequate to the scene, a hawthorn bush in flower would be an object of such magnificence that the little we have been used to see would seem coarse and poor. The lane would be filled with a vibrating river of flashing light and color. The myriad waves of odor might be beheld as radiant waves of gold. Every garden would outrival Paradise, and every orchard be an Eden that never shone in even a poet's dream. There would be a new heaven and a new earth, as John said; and Surrey might be heaven.

That is not rhapsody: it is science. It is not old-world illusion: it is nineteenth-century fact. And I say it is the function—the special function—of the religious teacher to sit at the feet of these scientific masters in Israel, and to carry away rich spoils from this region of science for his own sphere of religious faith and hope. Am I, then, going beyond my right and my duty when I push home these splendid suggestions, and find just what I want in the glorious new world opened to us beyond the range of these poor senses,—to find there the possibility of the things to which the great Paul referred when he said, "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal"? In other words, the dust and ashes that now are ours—defining both our possessions and our limits—will one day fail us. From us they will crumble, or we must crumble from them; but the subtile realities which produced them, and for a time fed them, will remain,—the boundless oceans of energy and vitality of which now we know nothing, being only like the children of an earlier day who gathered shells on the shore, while beyond the seas and beyond the stars new worlds waited to be won. Yes, let Huxley and Paul, Tyndall and John, sit together in these "heavenly places," and make the glorious circle of revelation complete. I confess it, I was never so tired of the infatuation of the unbeliever's denials, the insolence of his assertion, "It cannot be." We know nothing as it is, not even the secret of the denier's

power to say such a thing as that "it cannot be." We know nothing so surely as our ignorance and insignificance; and we ought to know that nothing becomes us so well as faith and hope and love. The possibilities are boundless. Why not give the glorious possibilities the benefit of the doubt? The world that is seen is greater than we know. What must the unseen be? We only know that there is room for our most lavish faith, for our most enchanting hope. No dream of spirit-life was ever half so glorious as that which our knowledge now allows us. No faith in angel-presences was ever half so vivid as that which science must now at least condone. That fine religious thinker who lately bade us believe that fathers and mothers and dear children "'dead and gone' were only just beyond the line of the visible" no longer indulged in mere rhapsody. He stood on the rock of science.

This is the gospel for our day, in the presence of which old creeds and dogmas seem but as dust and ashes. Believing this, we might make a new world of it. The common streets, the fields, the clouds, the roaring city, the burdens and those who carry them, the ceaseless, dim, inexorable struggle, the bed of sickness, the still, silent clay, might all receive a new and deep significance. The way may be rough, the stress of battle may weigh us down, the night may be dark, and mists may part us from some who made it for us a blessed thing to be. As we press on, the old force fails, the old vision grows dim. Presently, we shall fall in the path unconscious, but not alone. We are waited for, they are looking for us: they will see us, will come to us, will care for us; and, when we wake, it will be only to be at home, and we shall learn that in the old life, though we did not know it and could not see it, we were in the midst of the paradise of God.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

London, Eng.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations,—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—*F. W. Farrar.*

*THE BASES OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.**

The above is the subject of the last published series of lectures delivered in Oxford and London on the Hibbert foundation. Through the volumes which have previously appeared from the pens of such scholars as Max Müller, Prof. Kuenen, Dr. Hatch, Count D'Alviella, and Dr. Charles Beard, the religious world has come to expect only the work of a master from any one called to give the annual course of Hibbert Lectures; and Prof. Charles B. Upton of Manchester College, Oxford, the author of the present volume, has not lowered the former high standard of excellence.

Will religion be able to maintain its place as an integral and perennial factor in the constitution of human nature, capable of thriving in the pure atmosphere of scientific thinking and philosophic reflection? or will it begin to decay as philosophical and scientific insight broadens and deepens, until there remains to it no more dignified place than that furnished by psychical research, clairvoyance, spiritualism, and theosophy? In other words, has religious belief a permanent foundation in the very nature of things? and, therefore, amid all the evolution of its changing forms, will its essential substance and its influence in the life of man persist? These are the questions that Prof. Upton sets out to answer in the volume before us; and certainly no questions more pressing or urgent present themselves to the minds of men in our day. His answer begins with an inquiry into the nature of religious belief.

Religion is defined as "the *felt* personal relationship in which the finite self-consciousness stands to the immanent and universal ground of all being." "Whenever the idea of a personal relation between God and man dies away, religion proper inevitably decays and dies." "The complete conception of religion is not reached till we recognize that the immanent God is apprehended by the religious consciousness, not only as (1) the light of its reason, but (2) as the source of its moral imperative and its moral ideal, and (3) as also *felt* as in im-

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*Hibbert Lectures, 1893. By Charles B. Upton, Professor of Philosophy in Manchester College, Oxford. Published by Williams & Norgate, London.

mediate personal relation with the soul." "Wherever we find a form of religion in which no appeal is made to the soul's immediate consciousness of the divine presence, and God is treated mainly as a rational hypothesis to account for the facts of nature or of man's moral life, there we invariably find a religion which kindles no warmth and enthusiasm, possesses little or no self-propagating power, and which, though in general conservative of the recognized moralities, is not favorable to the incoming of new and higher moral and social ideals." The teaching "that God is known only in the command of the moral imperative, though this is doubtless the most important and influential factor in our apprehension of God and of his relation to our individual minds, yet places an unreal distance between God and the soul. The doctrine of the ethical imperative needs to be associated with the doctrine of the felt immanence and inwardness of God's presence in our aspirations after truth, in our æsthetic emotions, and in our diviner affections, if it is to at all adequately express the manifold ways in which the indwelling Father reveals himself in the reason, the conscience, and the heart."

"The highest form of religious belief is only reached when, on the one hand, intellectual culture has disclosed the immanence of God in the human mind as the rational ground and necessary condition of all thinking and all knowledge; and when, on the other hand, the evolution of ethical ideas and sentiments has revealed that same divine immanence in the felt absolute imperative, through which the higher affections of the soul proclaim their intrinsic supremacy, and divine love comes to be recognized as the highest spring of human conduct, as the fundamental principle in all ethical ideals, and therefore as pertaining to or constituting the very essence of the nature of God."

"This highest form of religious belief first took shape in Christian Theism through the fusion of the Greek religion of thought, or reason, and the Hebrew religion of conscience, the Hebrew doing justice to the subjective relations between the soul and the immanent God, the Greek doing justice to the immanence and self-revelation of God in nature, and the demands of reason for the unification of knowledge. The fusion of the two in Christianity has given a result which bids fair to become the final form of religious belief, the world religion in which lower forms of faith will at length be merged."

Without doubt the central thought of Prof. Upton's religious philosophy is the doctrine of spiritual insight, or the doctrine of the possession by man of a faculty by which he apprehends not finite things and phenomena, but rather the ultimate ground, or central principle, to which finite things and selves owe their existence and unity. The essence of the knowledge of God he holds to be the immediate consciousness of God. Aristotle described this religious insight as a function of reason, Paul as a function of spirit.

Does this religious insight give knowledge or only belief? Belief, answers Upton, but explains that the word "knowledge" is reserved for such *lower* insight into the relations of phenomena as the cultivated scientific understanding is competent to reach, while the *belief* which comes from spiritual insight is something vastly deeper, admitting the soul to the sphere of ultimate reality.

We are now at the end of the second lecture in the volume. We have given so much attention to these opening lectures because they are fundamental to all that comes after. The remaining lectures deal with Agnosticism and Positivism as antagonistic to the doctrine of Spiritual Insight; the relation of Culture, first to Dogmatic Religion, second to Rational Religion; God as Ground and Cause of the Cosmos; God as the Source of Ideals; Absolute Idealism, including a discussion of the Freedom of the Will; and Ethical Theism, including the question of Individual Immortality. These themes take the reader at once into the heart of the philosophy of religion. The author, by numerous quotations from writers of eminence, shows himself at home in the literature of the subject. We cannot but think, however, that the work suffers both artistically and logically from over-quotation. Prof. Upton has his subject fully in hand, and his clear, strong style is quite equal to carrying conviction unre-enforced by the words of others. Some one has said, "We live in an age of free thought, but not of free think-

ing." And it is further true that the acquisition of the habit of free thinking is not always accompanied by faith in the ability of the thought evolved to win its own way, hence the tendency to fall back upon authority for re-enforcement.

One or two other criticisms will occur to many readers. The slightly polemical tone which occurs here and there in the volume seems out of keeping with the gravity and dignity of the theme discussed. Again, the author's profound reverence for Dr. Martineau and his thought at times suggests the pupil rather than the independent investigator, although, if one must have a master, it would perhaps be difficult to choose one more worthy than Martineau.

Prof. Upton, in discussing Hegelianism, gives one the impression of taking up the gauntlet for Dr. Martineau's position, as given in "A Study of Religion" and "Types of Ethical Theory." But, surely, giants need no outside help in resolving their differences. Prof. Upton admits "the great educational influence of Hegelianism," that it has "reinstated thought in its true rights as being capable of giving man a genuine and progressive insight into the nature of reality," that it has "gotten rid of the old notion of matter as a mysterious substance, with properties wholly unlike and incomparable with the properties of mind," and has given a clear insight into the truth that "beneath the partial dualism which separates mind and matter there is a deeper unity of substance." Admitting, too, that "genuine Hegelianism has close affinities with the popular view of evolution and with prevalent scientific ideas," he concludes that already "many signs indicate its incipient disintegration,"—a conclusion which will be a surprise to not a few of his readers.

But these slight defects and misjudgments, if such they are, may well be overlooked in estimating the book as a whole. From the opening chapter on the Nature of Religious Belief to the closing pages which discuss personal immortality, the attention of the reader is held, and his own thought power enlisted to help solve the problems presented. The volume merits a wide reading; and, unless the present reviewer is greatly mistaken, it will not prove the last or even the best volume from the same pen.

ELIZA R. SUNDERLAND.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

II.

It is sometimes thought religion should have nothing to do with politics, and that the preacher should not in any way deal with political questions, or else there will follow a union between Church and State, which the best and freest thought of to-day pronounces highly undesirable. Most certainly there should be no union whatever between Church and State. Church property should be taxed, because when it is untaxed those who believe in no church whatever are indirectly compelled to support some form of worship against their consciences and their reason. No form of religious exercises should be in the public schools, because religious worship should not be imposed upon the conscience. Priestcraft should have no right to dictate or declare what the State shall do: state-craft should have no right to decree or declare what the Church shall do or how men shall worship. But this does not mean that religion should have nothing to do with politics, or that the religious teacher should not have the right to teach his people concerning their political rights and duties. In formal religious exercises in schools, legislatures, or political convention there is not much of true religion. Let the political convention construct an honest platform and nominate worthy candidates, let the legislature enact just laws, let the schools teach pure morals and essential knowledge, and thus true religion will find its way into these public spheres.

When the existence of this nation was in peril, should every pulpit have been silent? When the escaping slaves were, by law, returned to their owners, should the pulpit have been silent? When Pilate condemned Jesus to death for political reasons, did moral and religious teachers then do right to be silent? On the other hand, is it not to-day true, as Mazzini said, that "every political question is fast becoming a social question, and every social question is as rapidly becoming a religious question"?

The pulpit surely should inculcate patriotism. By this is meant not what some one has called "the last refuge of a scoundrel," but true public-spiritedness and regard for the public good. High ideals should be

held up before the youth. A recent cartoon in *Puck* represents the boys of to-day as dreaming of the careers of great monopolists or treasurers of insurance companies, with large salaries and little duties, as the objects of their ambitions, whereas the boys of the past days dreamed of the careers of great generals, great leaders, great statesmen, as the object of their ambitions. Surely, the religious teacher should hold up higher than material ideals, instructing the youth that fame is nobler than money, and failure with Socrates and Christ is better than what the world of to-day calls success. The chief idolatry of our times which most needs to be rebuked, is not the worship of money nor of fashion, nor of to-morrow. These are all indeed popular idolatries, but they are carried on in the side temples of to-day's life. The chief idolatry of to-day, in both private and public life, is the worship of success. "A crown once worn," as the old proverb says, " cleanses the wearer of all defects." The pulpit surely needs to rebuke this with righteous scorn and earnest indignation.

Religion should teach that nothing can be politically right which is morally wrong. If slander is wrong, so is political abuse and misrepresentation. If bribery is wrong for personal ends, it is equally wrong when cooperatively done for partisan ends. If it is wrong for you or me to sell intoxicating liquors, it is wrong for the city or the commonwealth or the nation. Religion teaches that in politics, as in every sphere, it is one's duty to think, to hear all sides, to reason and compare. It denies the statement that it is traitorous to one's party to take the paper of another party. It says, Hear all sides, then decide. Religion affirms that politics should be decent. It utters a plea against party rancor and bitter animosity. It says to the party politician and party worker, and newspapers and speakers, that people are rapidly growing tired of campaigns of mud-slinging and personal abuse. It declares that party will make votes whose papers and speakers discuss measures and principles rather than fling personalities. It is sad to remember that George Washington was unreservedly denounced and abused. Abraham Lincoln was lampooned, traduced, maligned by party passion. Yet around his bier both friend and foe gathered to praise. James Bryce well says that, "if the path to Congress and the State legislatures and the higher municipal offices were cleared of the stumbling-blocks and dirt heaps which now encumber it, placed there by the professional politician, a great change would soon come to pass upon the composition of legislative bodies, and a new principle be felt in the management of State and municipal as well as of Congressional affairs."

Religion should encourage independence and individuality among voters. It is a customary word in political circles that party loyalty demands that all members of the party vote a straight ticket. If this be party loyalty, then give us party treason, that we may have loyalty to the commonwealth. It is not the case, as is sometimes said, that the politician has no conscience. Every mortal has a conscience. Carlyle tells us that the dissipated and depraved nobility in France before the Revolution had one virtue left, the virtue of perfect readiness to fight duels. So the basest politician has at least one virtue, a sensitiveness to votes. A New Jersey legislator recently said: "Church people be damned! They will protest and talk and pray; but, when election time comes, they will vote right." By voting right he meant voting a straight party ticket. So long as the good and pious people who are Republicans can be relied upon to vote the party ticket straight through, and good and pious people who are Democrats can be depended upon to vote their party ticket straight through, the politician will cater only to the great undermass of purchasable and changeable votes at the lowest end of the political scale. Let there be formed, however, a great and ever-increasing body of independent voters at the upper end of the political scale, and the politician's sensitive conscience will cause him to turn to the consideration of this nobler class, and the inevitable result will be better nominations, better measures, and the general purification of the political sphere. At the caucus the professional, nine times out of ten, will work the discomfiture of the amateur. At the polls is the place where the independent voter must make his power felt. All honor, then, to him whose eleventh commandment is, "Thou shalt not vote a straight ticket"!

He who comes not at the bidding of any party or any priest, but who makes the care of his ballot a matter of earnest and wise consideration, and deciding for right and humanity, casts his ballot honestly and fearlessly, voting never in the air and never in the mud, is our country's hope. The power of the caucus should be weakened by requiring that names be placed upon the official ballot, not upon any caucus or convention nomination, but only upon the recommendation of a certain reasonable number of voters, whose personal and certified signatures have been secured. This would put the fearless and independent men who bestir themselves only a few days before election more upon a level with the professional party managers and manipulators.

The pulpit should most certainly inculcate peace, and preach against the barbarism of war. It is certainly now fully time for the United States, not simply to keep abreast of the world's best endeavor to abolish war, but to lead all the nations in the way of universal peace and universal arbitration. Most certain is it that the common people, the laboring men of the entire civilized world, have interests in common as against the interests whereby war is almost always made. Just as the weight of any bridge, no matter how many spans and supports it may have, must at length rest upon the earth, just so, no matter how many indirections or make-shifts there are, the burden of war, both as regards lives that must be sacrificed, and as regards the taxes that must be borne, rests at length upon the common people. Such a great and intelligent nation as ours has no right to go to war, or to think of war, until all arbitration and peaceful means have utterly failed. Some causes are in no sense worth going to war about under any circumstances.

Not all the seals there are in the Pacific Ocean are worth the blood of my boy or yours.

Religion should teach that permanent national prosperity rests, and can rest only, upon justice. Personal retribution may not always come in this life, but nations will live or may live long enough for compensation to become complete. Therefore, full reward for righteousness and full retribution for wrong-doing come to each and every national organism in this world. The closing words of Lincoln's second inaugural address are full of lasting admonition to this country: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God will that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid for by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether!'" When the first slave-ship left the shore of Africa for the shore of America, the bloody sacrifices of our Civil War were all contracted for. Every drop of blood drawn by the lash was paid for with interest by other drops drawn by the sword.

Religion should inculcate justice in regard to the right and duty of the elective franchise. The question of woman suffrage is not a matter of mere sentiment or mere method: it is a question of human right and equal justice. The pulpit should endeavor to develop a humane and righteous public opinion which will carry into effect the best methods of all needful reforms in the social and political world. An eminent divine of this city has recently said that the pulpit should take the side of neither capital nor labor; but that term "labor," it should be remembered, represents human beings, it means toiling men, struggling women, and suffering children. It means those on the under side of fortune's wheel. In the Middle Ages it was the preacher's arm that beat down the baron's hand uplifted to strike his serf. Surely, to-day Christian preachers should, as Christ himself did, speak on behalf of the weak. The strong are always able to take care of themselves. The same eminent divine heretofore quoted has also said that the preacher should not advocate socialism, the single tax, or kindred movements. So far as these are simply matters of policy or politics, most certainly he should not. Yet it is worthy of remark that the same minister not long since did use his pulpit to condemn the reformatory movements which he says the preacher has no right to advocate. There are moral, spiritual, Christian sides to all the social and industrial movements of to-day whereby

men are striving to realize for themselves and their children more life, more equality, more opportunity. Surely, religion should sympathize with the spirit and judicially interpret the forms of every movement which seeks to incarnate more of justice and love in human life, which seeks to gospelize either the individual characters or the public institutions, or the entire social organism of to-day. Religion should surely say that those natural resources which the bounty of God has granted unto the children of men, and those social advantages which the growth of the whole community has built up, and which therefore belong by rights to the people as a whole, should be restored to their rightful owners, the people as a whole. Religion should say, in the words of Rev. George D. Herron, one of the broadest and bravest Congregational ministers of to-day, that "human institutions must be gospelized. The authority of Jesus extends over the bank, the store, the factory, the railway, as truly as over the individual. A dollar, a lamp-post, a game, a school, a legislature, need to be absolutely subject to Christ, need to be used for the same purpose Christ used his cross, just as certainly as human spirits. The principle of Christ's life must be the principle of the market, the social room, the gas company, the college, the kitchen, the locomotive, the bedroom, the club house."

In conclusion, let it be most emphatically said that religion and the religious teacher must needs deal with the ethical aspects of business, politics, institutional life, only in order to redeem human beings and build nobler characters. Political reform, social reform, industrial reform,—all these are means, not ends. The end is to build men and women, to rear the city of the soul, to promote the greatest of all arts, the art of life; to advance the greatest of all sciences, the science of noble living; to make human hearts healthy and holy and happy. The greatest need of any city or country is men. To bathe men in an atmosphere of nobleness, to keep them in the constant presence of beautiful and exigent ideals, to lift their thoughts and ambitions above all that is low or simply selfish,—this is the chief work of religion.

"God gives us men; a time like this demands
Strong souls, brave hearts, firm faith, and willing hands;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog.
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."

S. W. Sample.

Minneapolis, Minn.

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*CHRISTIANITY AND UNIVERSAL RELIGION.**

I wish to speak about the conflicting claims of Christianity and of universal religion to be our basis of union. Our attention has been recently called to this matter by men, in our church and out of it, who proclaim themselves as the apostles of universal religion. They have accused those of us who continue to call ourselves Christian of being narrow and of being recreants to our opportunities. Now, I call myself a Christian; and I wish to defend myself and my friends against such a charge. Will you permit me to lay before you my reasons for not joining this or any society that calls itself the society of universal religion? Let me approach the matter in this way. Why should it be narrow to call ourselves Christians when it is not narrow to call ourselves Americans? Let me explain the point I desire to make. I am speaking to men and women who call themselves Americans. We have certain ideas of government and citizenship which suit our temperament. We have a flag which is to us the sign and symbol of those ideas, and we reverence certain great figures of the past for their splendid embodiment in their souls and lives of those ideas. The stars and stripes thrill us when we watch it unrolling on the breeze as no other flag can. The names of Washington and Lincoln stir us as no other names can stir us.

But still, however much we may think of our flag and our heroes, we cannot persuade other nations to cherish the same

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feelings toward them. They, like us, have their ideas of citizenship and government; and these may be, are certainly in many respects, very similar to ours. Yet, none the less for that, their flag and their heroes are not the same as ours. The Englishman cannot feel that the magic of the stars and stripes is equal to that of the great standard that unfurls morning after morning from the battlements of Windsor. The figure of Nelson on the lofty pillar in Trafalgar Square calls up for him a thousand associations such as Washington, however much he may admire him, cannot create in him. Nelson remains the Englishman's national hero: the great standard continues to be his national symbol.

What is true of Americans and English holds true also of every other nation on this earth. Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Turks, Italians, Bulgarians, Greeks, —every people you can mention that feels itself a people, with a definite character, definite aims, and definite traditions, represents these to itself through its own flag and its own heroic figures. However much they may admire those of other peoples, they find it yet impossible to feel the same toward them as they feel toward their own. Tradition, circumstances, strains in the blood, their living, beating heart, forbid any cosmopolitanism in flags and heroes. The political reformer—the lover of all nations—may talk himself dumb and shame our weak intellects by his iron-clad logic upon the brotherhood of man; but still, in the present state of human nature, the American will continue to prefer the stars and stripes and Washington, the Englishman his standard and his hero, to any other. I think I have stated the present political condition fairly. I venture to say that I carry you with me thus far.

Let us turn now to apply this reasoning to the dispute between ourselves and the apostles of universal religion. Here we are who have for some time been calling ourselves Christians. Like each separate nation, we have certain ideas with regard to God,—his dealings with us, his wishes and hopes with regard to us. We have been brought up to find these symbolized in a sign called the cross, and to find them embodied in their most perfect form in the soul and life of Jesus Christ. The Buddhist, on the contrary, is brought up to see his religious ideas in a different symbol and a different personality. The Mohammedan, again, sees his in another person and another symbol. A thousand associations and traditions cluster thus for each set of religious adherents round their symbol and hero. These constitute a vast emotion, which each individual, if he is sincere, feels in his heart when he hears the name of the great prophet and sees the gleam of his chosen sign. However much the Buddhist may appreciate the Christian or the Christian the Buddhist, neither can yet be expected to love the others' heroes and sign as he loves his own. It is not that either of them is narrow. A man is not necessarily narrow or prejudiced or intolerant because he cannot help cherishing an affection for his family, his homestead, his land, which he does not entertain toward a friend's land or parents. But, just as the American loves Lincoln and the stars and stripes more intimately and warmly than the Russian eagle and Peter the Great, so is it with the Christian as he looks at the Buddhist sign and prophet, so is it also with the Buddhist as he looks at the name and symbol of Confucius. You see now what is my position with regard to the apostles of universal religion. I venture to think that they are impractical idealists. I believe that they do not appreciate properly the human nature with which they are dealing, and I repudiate altogether their charge of narrowness and incapacity for large opportunities. They tell us, indeed, that Christianity is a "shanty" in comparison with the vast and all-embracing canopy of universal religion. I answer that it is no more of a shanty than the American nationality, with its flag and hero, is a shanty; and I answer that I will leave this shanty of Christianity when they can tell me, not logically, but truthfully, that the standard of England and the name of Nelson stir their American hearts as powerfully as the stars and stripes and the names of Washington or Lincoln. Is it not, indeed, a little absurd for Americans, who are known to be patriotic and to have the limitations of that patriotism, to cavil at Christians, Buddhists, or Confucians as narrow and local because they prefer the religion that educated them and appeals to them a good

deal better than a vague, universal religion, which has no signs, no heroes, no associations, no personal emotions? Would it not be ridiculous, in the present state of human nature, to expect even the best and broadest of Americans to feel toward all nations as he feels toward his own? And is it not just as ridiculous to expect the adherent of any given religion, however tolerant and appreciative he may be, to feel toward all religions as he feels toward his own?

I must confess—even at the risk of appearing narrow and local—that I shall have to plead guilty to not believing mankind to be ready for cosmopolitanism, either in politics or religion. I maintain that for another few thousand years men will prefer national and religious shanties to the vast and glorious tent of universal nationality and universal religion. I cannot but remember, as I say this, certain facts in the history of cosmopolitanism. Let me call your attention to two examples of its success. Here is one. About the time of the birth of Christ the Roman Empire had gathered under one emperor and one standard a crowd of differing nationalities. The Roman State was in the outward form and shape almost a cosmopolitan State. All the civilized nations of the known world and many that were uncivilized were bound together under one rule. But the union was only formal: the devotion to the eagle and the emperor was only outward, and not of the heart. And, as is well known, the effect of this cosmopolitan patriotism was only to destroy all local patriotisms and to establish nothing in its place. The separate nations could not merge their separate patriotisms into one universal patriotism. I believe that would be the effect of the attempt to unite all religions now in a universal religion. The symbols and heroes of the separate religions would be abolished; but with them would be abolished also very much of the constraining, uplifting power of religion. What personality, what symbol, does universal religion offer us that, with our associations, our training, can take the place of the personality of Christ or the symbol of the cross? Consider, once more, another example of the past success of cosmopolitanism. A hundred years ago France announced herself as the savior of the political world. She offered, in the pride of her new birth, political freedom, fellowship, and the gospel of political truth to the separate nations of Europe. Her philosophers preached on universal liberty, her statesmen proposed sincerely to spread its blessings far and wide. What was the issue of that political cosmopolitanism? How did human nature as it is deal with it? The issue of it was the incarnation of her spirit in Napoleon, the invasion of Switzerland, and the wars against Europe. The freedom which France offered the world was found in practice to be, after all, nothing else than her own national and limited ideas of freedom. She desired, indeed, all men to be free; but, still, they were to be free in her particular way. I believe that this will be the issue of the new gospel of universal religion. The freedom, the fellowship, the truth, which sounds so comprehensive when stated abstractly, will turn out to be nothing more than a few men's and women's idea of the meaning of those phrases; the idea of men and women still bound, although they do not know it,—bound because they cannot help it,—in the bonds of individual and personal prejudices; the idea of a few men and women who, in all honesty, have the audacity to think that they can comprehend in their thoughts and actions the vast and varied wants of humanity itself. We shall find them to be, not a universal religion, but only a new sect, a little less narrow or a little more narrow—according to the spiritual genius of their leaders and adherents—than existing sects.

I have endeavored thus to make plain to you my reasons for not wishing either myself or you to join the new apostles. Perhaps thousands of years hence human nature may be ready for a universal religion. Perhaps then the nations of the earth will be one in one vast political federation. Perhaps the souls of men, as they turn to God, will demand then a universal symbol and a universal divinely human hero. But meanwhile human nature is what it is,—something that is appealed to best and most powerfully by local and individual associations, both in politics and religion. For myself, I want no purer and greater hero than he whom the Christian world worships. I do not say he is better than Confucius or Buddha. For the sake of argu-

ment I am ready to allow that he may stand on the same level of divine humanity as that on which they stand. I do not say that he never made mistakes or that his actions were always as high as his best words. All I know is that he is far, far above myself. All I know is that for me and many millions of men he seems still the best and purest that e'er wore our common earth.

Let him and his sign remain still as the basis of the civilized modern church. As the flag and name of Washington thrill the American heart as no other foreign name and sign can, so do the symbol of the cross and the name of Christ thrill now the hearts of the majority of civilized mankind as no other can. Let us take away, indeed, from our public profession of devotion to that name and sign any phrases, of which there are several in the preamble and articles of the constitution of the National Conference, that are calculated to wound and alienate others whom we respect. But let us keep the name and the sign on our banner. In doing that, we yield ourselves not to dogmatic authority, but to the personal leadership of this great character who for so many generations has stood at the head of civilized mankind. He is gathering now new forms about him; and, clad, in them, his spiritual genius will lead us into fresh conquests over sin, into larger ideals of manhood, into deeper love for that humanity he loved far better than his life.

STOPFORD W. BROOKE.

Boston, Mass.

*JEWS AND HITTITES.**

Our modern Jews are generally believed to represent a pure and typical branch of the Semitic race; and even authors who are well aware that we find mixed blood on the remotest and apparently most isolated island of the Pacific seemed inclined to admit an exception for the Jews. It seems of interest, therefore, to study Jewish types, not only as to their general impression, but by measuring their heads and skulls and comparing them with other representatives of Semitic nations. The result has been a most striking one.

As Semitic races, or, as others prefer to say, as branches of the Semitic race, we generally consider the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Hebrews, the South Arabian Sabæans, the Phœnicians, the Aramæans, the Abyssinians, and the Bedouins of Northern Arabia and of Mesopotamia. Now, the anatomical characteristics of these eight people, which all are, or have been, speaking typical Semitic languages, are most divergent. Only the Bedouins, whose language also is remarkable for its very archaic character, seem to form a homogeneous unity, with little mixture of strange elements. Their modern physique is the same as we see it represented in the earliest Egyptian monuments, and also our earliest skulls of Phœnicians seem identical with old and modern Bedouin skulls, so that we must consider the modern Bedouins as pure descendants of the old Semitic race. They have long, narrow heads, dark complexion, and a short, small, and straight nose, which is in every respect the direct counterpart of what we are accustomed to call a "typical Jewish nose."

But, of our modern Jews, nearly fifty per cent. are brachycephalic, eleven per cent. have fair complexion, and not more than five per cent. correspond to what we have learned to be the real old Semitic type. Still more striking proportions we find if we go to Northern Syria, the land of the old Aramæans. There nearly all the heads are brachycephalic, with indices near to ninety; and these same brachycephalic elements we find everywhere in Western Asia. We find them, more or less prominent, even with the modern Greeks, Armenians, and Turks of Asia Minor; and specially the Armenians are most remarkable for the nearly complete uniformity of their types, for their dark complexion, for their extreme brachycephalism and for their large and hooked "Jewish" nose.

Such and other investigations lead us to the conviction that Syria and Asia Minor were in early times inhabited by a homogeneous and extreme brachycephalic race, of which modern Armenians are the nearly pure descendants, and which we find, more or less mixed with strange elements, in many of the other races that now inhabit Western Asia. This old brachycephalic race, which from its beginning was utterly distinct from any Semitic tribe, and was in physical view the very counterpart of the

* From *Biblia*.

Semites, can only be identified with the Hittites, the same Hittites mentioned as a Syrian tribe in the Bible, which had been a strong and formidable enemy to Ramses II., and were finally conquered by Assyrian kings in long wars and fights, beginning earlier than the times of Assurnassirpal and ending probably only in those of Asarhaddon, as we read in the Assyrian annals from the ninth century to the seventh century B.C.

Recent excavations made for the Prussian government in *Sendjirli*, the old Sammâl, known in Assyrian texts as a Hittite residence in Northern Syria, have brought to light a large series of old Hittite sculptures. The Armenian character of the men represented on the walls and in the royal palaces of this old town is most striking; and we cannot err if we consider the inhabitants of Sammâl as the direct ancestors of the modern Armenians, which still inhabit the neighborhood of the place, ill-treated in our times by Turks and Kourds, and without any knowledge of their glorious history in ancient and mediæval times.

Hittite sculptures are often found connected with a very curious, heavy and bulky looking sort of hieroglyphic inscriptions, which are not yet finally deciphered, but are now getting more and more familiar to us, thanks to the investigations of A. H. Sayce, Peiser, and Peter Jensen. We have no reason to doubt that these hieroglyphs were the only sort of writing known to the Hittites in early times. Now, it is a curious fact that two inscriptions were found, written by native kings, the one in the ninth, the other in the eighth century B.C., both in good old Semitic alphabetical characters, resembling closely the famous inscription of Mesa, king of Moab, and in a language that might be called proto-Aramæan or proto-Hebrew, but which is anyhow old Semitic, and can well be compared with the language of some parts of the Bible.

So the inscriptions I found in Sammâl show that already in the ninth century B.C. Semitic influence was great in Northern Syria, and we can now easily understand how Semitic writing and language soon became dominant among people of Western Asia that were originally without a drop of Semitic blood; and then we understand also why most of our modern Jews have the Armenian type, and not the Semitic,—they are the descendants of an "Armenoïd" population that had only accepted Semitic writing and language in about 1000 B.C.

This is a similar process to what we know for Asia Minor, where millions of the native population were by force converted to the Islâm, and, having accepted also the language of their Turkish conquerors, are now generally taken as real Turks, though their blood is nearly free from Turkish influence, and though they can well be considered as the true and pure descendants of the old natives of their country.

But one thing still remains to explain in the habitus of the modern Jews: it is the fact of eleven per cent. of Jewish individuals with fair complexion and light eyes. All the various theories of recent mixture with Germanic elements would never sufficiently explain this curious fact. We are forced to look out for an *old* origin of the fair complexion of more than one-tenth of modern Jews; and we find it in the intercourse of the old native Syrians with the *Amorites*, the tall "sons of Enak" of the Bible, who were fair, with blue eyes, as old Egyptian painted monuments show us. We are not quite sure as to the real home of these fair Amorites; but they were probably a branch of the same fair race that once inhabited also the north-west coast of Africa, which has left there the megalithic monuments, and is most certainly to be identified with the *Tamchu* of the old Egyptians, the "white people of the north," as their name explains. The Amorites would then be good fair Aryans, not in the linguistical meaning, as "Indo-Europeans," but in the strict sense of physical anthropology.

So we see in our modern Jews the descendants of three different races, the Hittites, the Aryan Amorites, and the Semitic nomads, immigrated into Syria only in about the times of Abraham.

FELIX VON LYSCHAN.

Berlin, Germany.

"This gray, round world, so full of life,
Of hate and love, of calm and strife,
Still ship-like on for ages fares.
How grand it sweeps the eternal blue!
Glide on, fair vessel, till thy crew
Discern how great a lot is theirs."

—*John Sterling.*

BEAUTY: ITS RELATION TO LIFE AND RELIGION.

II.

In some form or other, appreciation of beauty is instinctive with the race. Of course, the beauty that first impresses itself is sensuous. As to beauty of form, color, sound, the lower animals themselves sometimes show marked discrimination. Darwin thinks all our most gorgeous fishes, birds, and animals have been rendered so by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females. Birds of Paradise, and some others, have been observed to congregate, while one male after another displays in his best manner his gorgeous plumage. The females stand by as æsthetic judges of the rival claimants for their preference, and at last choose the most attractive partners. So likewise, Mr. Darwin says, "there is the severest rivalry between the males of many species to attract, by singing, the females."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps declares: "Men dress to please themselves. The women dress to please the men." But men and women both dress to please one another. When Nellie spends an hour before the mirror beautifying herself for the evening party, she is pleased with her reflected image, because in the mirror of imagination is another reflected image, that of Henry's smiling approval. And Henry has in mind Nellie, when he so critically inspects his wardrobe: makes trial of his stock of ties, to see which looks the most becoming; baptizes his handkerchief with sweet perfume.

The faculty that responds to external beauty is common to men and women, though the standard of beauty is a variable one. The wife of the Hottentot may be to him just as beautiful as is the fairest of Caucasian women to her husband. When the Englishman entered India, this "white-faced biped animal," says a Hindu, "was synonymous with a representative of the race of monkeys." Even to this day the ignorant in some parts of India (Darwinian-like) believe that white-faced Europeans are descendants of apes and monkeys. The American maiden looks with contemptuous pity on the South Sea Islander, tattooing himself to be beautiful. She endures about as much pain striving for the beauty of a small foot and wasp-waist. And the health reformer sees only ugliness in what are so strangely pleasing to her foolish sister.

Lizzie has a charming person for Thomas; and Frank wonders how his friend can love so homely a girl.

Beauty, then, is a variable quantity. The standard of it, the appreciation of it, differs with different individuals and different stages of development. The perception of beauty is an internal process of transfiguration. The thought and feeling of the individual himself are the retina which reflect form and color as beautiful. The penetration of thought and the warmth of emotion give the world a halo to scientist and poet, which shines not to the savage of the dugout. Under the microscope a speck of the commonest matter becomes a sparkling diamond; and the ugliest insect shows brilliant hues and graceful curves. I saw a diagram of the wing of a mosquito magnified one thousand diameters. It looked to me like a plant with the most delicate leaves, as symmetrical and dainty as a fern. Under the microscope a drop of the foulest water reveals animal life marvellously beautiful in form and color. A noted physician is quoted as saying that "the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health."

This more hidden beauty in nature does not fall upon the eye of many. But there is much beauty that does. For all men the clouds come and go in the most charming variety of drapery and festoons. The rosy-fingered dawn, the sunset's glow, the fretted sky, its lakes of fire and water,—these are the perpetually shifting panorama of the centuries. So old earth, year after year, comes to us in new vesture of enchanting forms and colors.

And Nature has so finely blended in her life the beautiful with the useful. The world is struck through and through with beauty. It is her aspiration, as well as truth and goodness. The process of evolution,—what is it but an upward striving after a fairer creation? Rising out of sea-mud, the world-life mounts from form to form, until it culminates in the most beautiful thing on this earth, a beautiful woman. Nature, then, teaches us that beauty is dear to her, and should find place in our lives as well as utility. If God glorifies himself in

the splendor of the heavens and the beautiful handiwork of earth, shall not man, in imitation of him, likewise glorify himself? If the universe, the body and habitation of the eternally creative spirit, is transfigured with munificent beauty; if God delights in making gorgeous sunsets and dainty clouds, beautiful landscapes and trees and flowers, —why should not woman pay due regard to the beautiful in dress? Why should she not delight in beautiful things? Why should we not make beautiful the home in which we live, the church in which we worship, and the worship itself? Nature incites man to be an artist. It is the high intent of the universe that he shall create the beautiful as well as the useful; for, as Emerson has said, "Man is a beggar who lives only on the useful." The all-enfolding and immanent spirit that flows out into the beauty of the world, now in this form, now in that, now as one combination of lights and shades, now as another,—that self-existent spirit also looks out of the soul of man, and inspires him to imitation and creation.

So art gets its root in a divine sense of the beautiful. The early man who dwelt in a cave did not dwell there long before he sought to vault it in the curve of the heavens. And, when he first constructed a hut, he rounded it to a peak in imitation of the same. At the Columbian Exposition the exhibit of archæological implements, of flints, stone axes, pottery, and the like,—in that exhibit one might discern a struggling after the beauty of form. From that aboriginal stage art has grown through an appreciation of nature's language of the beautiful. Of this language the artist is translator. GEORGE W. BUCKLEY.

Sturgis, Mich.

"A LIBERAL CONGRESS? OR A NEW LIBERAL SECT?"

Such is the caption of an article in the July *Unitarian*, which is copied into the *Universalist*, and followed by an article there. The Rev. R. F. Johonnot of Oak Park is the innocent cause of this little flurry. Will you permit, Mr. Editor, from the chairman of the Committee on Organization a word in reply?

Let us analyze the constitution and basis of the Liberal Congress, and see if it be "a new sect," "a departure from the original call, and the creation of a new body of religionists," "another denomination," "a new church."

1. What is a sect? "A body of persons who have separated from others in virtue of some special doctrine or set of doctrines; a school or denomination." Now, what is the special doctrine or set of doctrines of the Congress? The chairman of the Committee on Organization said of its basis on introducing it: "It stands on the ground of the common substance and spirit of all the various liberal denominations, churches, and Ethical Culture Societies. Thus its position is one of unity, good will, and peace." And again, "We would seek, emphasize, and push the common substance and spirit about which there is no dispute, and which constitute the true church in all churches, the true religion in all religions." Now, such a plan, instead of being the creation of a new sect, a new church, a new denomination, with a new set of special doctrines which separate it from others, is but the affirmation of old doctrine which is common to all, and, therefore, instead of tending in the least degree to separate or divide, must tend powerfully, as far as it has influence, to unite. Its basis is nothing new. It is the old common spirit and substance. It is not a new, but the old religion. Sects rest on dogmas. Denominations rest on dogmas, and new ones on new dogmas.

2. Now read next the objects of the Congress, and it will plainly appear that not a single dogma of any kind, nor any kind of theological speculation or theory, is there. It is wholly made up of administrative principles and a spirit. "Objects,—to unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of other non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful relation of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences

of the past, and keeping itself open to all new light, and the higher development of the future." There is not a single element in this basis of objects that goes to define a new denomination, a new church, or a new sect. It is wholly made up of administrative principles and a spirit. This printed basis, therefore, corresponds with the explanation of the chairman of the committee, who on introducing it said, "Names, rituals, theologies, theories, do not, in our view, concern this Congress, are irrelevant to its purpose." The case of a new sect, a new church, a new denomination, therefore, in the proper sense of those terms, cannot be made out. All that constitutes the basis of this Congress was as old as any of the five liberal bodies that sent delegates to it, and was already imbedded in these. It seems to me utterly impossible intelligently to call such a body "a new body of religionists," "a new sect," "a new church." Then what is it? It is a federation on the basis of that substance and spirit common to five or six already existing denominations. It is a federation, in the just and strict sense of that term, and nothing more. But says the editor of the *Unitarian*, apparently in a tone of disappointment, "It was to be a federation of existing organizations, and not a new church." So it is. And Mr. Johonnot says, "It was distinctly stated at the beginning of this movement that there was no intention of forming a new sect, nor of detaching any society from its present denominational relations." True, and such is the twofold intention still. There is nothing in the constitution of the Congress that requires a society to detach itself from its present denominational relations, nor is there anything to prevent it. It is purely a matter of choice. To the Congress it is a matter of perfect indifference.

3. But another objection seems to rise at this stage. If the basis of the Congress is made up of principles and a spirit which are common to all the liberal bodies represented in it, what is its utility? Curiously enough, both the editor of the *Unitarian* and Mr. Johonnot, so full do they seem of the vision of the danger of a possible new sect, virtually ask what the use of the Congress can be, if we already have substantially the same species of organization in the liberal churches. Says the one, "It cannot be less sectarian than Unitarianism has been." Says the other, "Unless wisely managed, there is serious danger of turning this Congress into an association of independent churches, thus merely creating another Congregational body, differing but slightly from the present Unitarian and Universalist denominations." Suppose it does not differ from them in its fundamental ideas and purposes at all, even "slightly," but is precisely the same. Then what? The query in the minds of these brethren seems to be, Why unite with it, if it be nothing different or new? The obvious answer is, To federate all the forces of the liberal churches as one whole toward certain common ends and aims, which cannot be realized without such organization. The explanation the chairman of the committee made when introducing the plan to the Congress was this: "The friends of this movement believe that the common good and a wise economy of means and energies require a closer co-operation and fellowship of all the liberal religious and ethical force of America, and indeed of the world, for the moral and religious service of mankind, the furthering of the truth they hold in common, the promotion of fraternal feeling, and the removal of misunderstandings and prejudices by a larger contact and acquaintance. We ought to have annual meetings, moreover, for the discussion of various subjects that pertain to our common work and common interests, as well as to the general social, educational, moral, and religious well-being of man. An annual congress of liberal religious and ethical societies would afford this great opportunity, and could not but result in great good. We need a propaganda. We need much more of the evangelical spirit,—not doctrine, but spirit. We need along certain lines where we can work harmoniously a combination of all our forces. This compactness would greatly multiply our weight, efficiency, and influence. By such united effort great economy would be gained, and great waste saved in many localities." In my judgment, these remarks disclose the true and real inwardness and whole absolute intent of the Congress.

But the editor of the *Unitarian* asks, "With a new sect (?) or denomination in the field, of course the question will at once

arise with most of us, To which body, the old or the new, shall we give our allegiance and our financial support?" In view of the real nature of the case, the confusion of thought involved in the above is curious and interesting. The plain answer is, To both for the purposes of each: to the Congress for the betterment and advancement of all the common interests; to the denomination to conserve its special interests. The United States and the several States furnish at this point a perfect parallel to the constitution and basis of the Liberal Congress in its relation to the several liberal religious bodies. The United States rests and founds itself on those common ideas of freedom, administration, constitution, law, political doctrine, and spirit which already existed in all the colonies, and which now exist in all the States. It was not a new kind of civil government that was created by the Union. It was but a federation of an already existing kind of civil government, which was previously parcelled out into several lesser spheres, having their individual peculiarities, into one filling a larger sphere. This did not create a new species. It only consolidated the whole toward the larger common ends, aims, and purposes. So here.

There is still another difficulty which arises in the minds of the brethren that appears formidable. The incorporation of the Congress seems to have been the action which in their eyes transformed its whole character. Mr. Johonnot says, "But by incorporating itself as a legal body, by undertaking all the functions of an ecclesiastical body, the Congress has gone a long way toward becoming a new religious denomination." Then, in Mr. Johonnot's opinion, it has not yet quite "got there." Note again here the confusion of thought. How can incorporation change the essential nature of a basis? The editor of the *Unitarian* says: "It was to be a federation of existing organizations, not the creation of a new church. But the Congress adopted a plan of permanent organization which seems to depart quite radically from the original purpose." Seems. Seems? Let us look at the force of incorporation a little. Did it change the nature of the Constitution of the United States, and turn it into a new kind of civil rule, to incorporate? Does it make the Young Men's Christian Association a new religious sect or denomination to incorporate it? Or the Evangelical Alliance? Does the incorporation of State and general conventions among Universalists, or of any State and National Conferences among the Unitarians, create "new churches," "new bodies of religionists," out of these people? Mere incorporation, then, has no transforming power. But, if it has, then necessarily there are as many different sects and denominations among Universalists and Unitarians as they severally have incorporated churches, conventions, and conferences. The only power of incorporation is to give more permanency and stability to that which is, and to enable it to act as a legal person. It cannot change the essential nature of the organization itself. And, in the case in hand, it confers no new authority on the Congress to act outside its original and proper basis, nor does it add to it any new principle, any new spirit, any new doctrine. Its advantage in the present case is this. Besides increasing the stability and efficiency of the Congress, it will be more likely to invite gifts and bequests.

One might well suppose that we are now through with objections, but we are not. There is one more. "The Congress undertakes all the functions of an ecclesiastical body," says Mr. Johonnot. Says the editor of the *Unitarian*, "Then it goes forward to adopt by-laws and regulations such as are adapted to the needs of a new religious denomination." What do these brethren admit the Congress was originally called for? One admits, "For the purpose of closer kinship and of fuller co-operation." The other admits, "It, the Congress, marks the beginning which must be made before practical co-operation can come." All who signed the original call must admit that its chief and vital purpose was much more of co-operation among the liberal bodies. Now, how can they co-operate without acting? And how can they act without performing a function? And, if they are a religious organization, how can they perform a function without performing an ecclesiastical function? And how can they, rationally and wisely, perform it without regulations and by-laws to go by? And if they thus co-operate to organize new churches on the basis of the principles and spirit of the

Congress, which are those of all the societies represented in it, does this make them "a new sect," "a new denomination," "a new body of religionists," and not rather a federation of the bodies already existing, acting toward common ends and purposes? And if they farther publish papers representing the common interests, and send out missionaries to do the common work of the liberal bodies, and establish summer or other schools for the benefit of ministers and others, is not the result in its character still the same? Does it make the United States a new kind of civil government to erect territories into new States? The Congress only multiplies in all this the weight, reach, and power of that which already exists in the old societies. The only thing new here is the federation, and its larger work.

To sum up. The basis of the Congress, being only the common substance and spirit of all the associated societies, it does not erect a new church, denomination, or sect.

Its incorporation makes it nothing new in any denominational sense.

To do the common work of its several federated societies is not to assume any ecclesiastical functions which change its essential nature. It is only doing an old kind of work under a new form of advantage.

A. N. ALCOTT.

Elgin, Ill.

We are glad to print from Mr. Alcott the above very full elucidation of his views as to the character and aims of the Liberal Congress. We have never had any doubt that what many persons who are in the Congress intend, and among the rest what Mr. Alcott intends, is a real congress or federation of liberal societies, and not a new sect. But that others have a different intention there are, we are sorry to say, some indications. The truth seems to be that nobody can yet tell what the new movement is to become. Time must prove. It is plain that its constitution is of such a nature as to allow it to become either what Mr. Alcott wants or something very different from what he wants. The clause in the constitution which proposes "to foster and encourage the organization of other non-sectarian churches and societies" opens the door wide to the possibility, if not to the probability, of its becoming a sect in every sense in which the Unitarian or Universalist churches of this country, or the Ethical Culture societies, are sects. Mr. Alcott claims that it takes formulated creeds and theological doctrines to make a sect. But he is quite mistaken. The Baptists and Disciples have no formulated creeds, yet they are sects. There may be ethical sects as well as theological. Get a lot of churches organized on a sociological basis, and we have a sociological sect. The Positivist societies, formed by the followers of Auguste Comte, calling themselves the Church of Humanity, are not only non-theological, but anti-theological, yet they are one of the most intensely sectarian of sects.

It would be easier to accept Mr. Alcott's declarations that the movement which has been inaugurated in Chicago is not to become a sect, were it not for the fact that there are others, and even more influential leaders in the movement than he, who talk differently. As is well known, Mr. Jones has withdrawn his church in Chicago from the Unitarian fellowship that it may become a pioneer in the new movement,—the new "Church of Humanity." He urges other Unitarian churches to follow. This does not look like a simple confederation of the various now existing liberal denominations. Many things have been said by Mr. Jones and others, both in public addresses and in print, since the Chicago meeting, which do not seem to harmonize with Mr. Alcott's thought, but which emphasize the thought of "a new church," "a new people's church," "a new non-theological church," "a new American church," "the Church of Humanity," etc. It is these things, taken together with the provision in the constitution to foster and encourage the organization of churches and societies, that has raised the inquiry, not only with us, but in many other quarters, Does the new movement mean simply a liberal congress? or does it mean a new liberal sect or denomination? It is probably too early to answer the question. Time must settle it. The proof of the pudding must be in the eating. We were among the original signers of the call for the Congress, and have been interested in it from the beginning. None will regret more than we if it shall be deflected from its original purpose. We shall await farther developments with interest. As we said in our July issue, there is clearly room for an

association whose object shall be to bring the various liberal religious bodies (better still all religious bodies, orthodox as well as liberal) into better acquaintance and fuller co-operation; but there is no room for a new denomination, orthodox or liberal. It will be a poor outcome of the great Parliament of Religions of last year if it shall result in our having more sects in this country instead of fewer.—EDITOR.

THE LATE GOV. BLAIR OF MICHIGAN.

In the death of ex-Governor Austin Blair, which occurred at his home in Jackson on August 6, Michigan loses one of its foremost citizens, and the most conspicuous and illustrious man that has ever filled the gubernatorial chair of the State. He was the last of the three great "war governors" to pass away, Andrew of Massachusetts and Morton of Indiana having both died several years ago.

He was born in Tompkins County, New York, in 1818, and was descended of Scotch ancestors, who originally settled, on coming to the country, near Worcester, Mass. He graduated from Union College in 1837, and, having been admitted to the bar in New York, moved to Michigan in 1841. At the time of his death he had been a resident of Jackson for more than fifty years. He had filled many offices,—prosecuting attorney of his county, member of the State House of Representatives, member of the State Senate, member of the National House of Representatives, and Governor of the State. The last office held by him was that of regent of the University of Michigan, his term of eight years expiring in 1890. None of these positions were sought by him; and they were all filled with ability, integrity, and honor.

Austin Blair was not a politician in the narrow and selfish sense. He would not be the bound slave of any party. Conscience, not his party's platform, was his guide. His early political affiliations were with the Whig party. In 1844 that party elected him to the legislature of the State. Two years later he was defeated by conservative members of that party because he maintained that the law should make no distinctions in citizenship or suffrage on account of color. It was more than a quarter of a century before the people of Michigan embodied in their fundamental law the principle thus early advocated by this brave young lawyer. Probably some timid and self-seeking souls thought that the young lawyer had made a mistake in following his conscientious convictions rather than the demands of his party. But the events of twenty-five years have shown that he was right, and to-day one of his highest titles to honor and respect is that he was ready to sacrifice party success and personal advancement in his generous advocacy of the rights of a defenceless and friendless race.

While he was a member of the State legislature, that relic of barbarism, capital punishment, was abolished in Michigan; and it was owing mainly to his able and eloquent advocacy that that more humane and Christian legislation was enacted, and the people of Michigan were forever relieved of the horrible, loathsome, demoralizing, and totally unnecessary duty of deliberately destroying human life. Austin Blair believed that an enlightened and civilized people ought to be able, and were able, to take safe care of their helpless criminals without killing them.

The present fame of Governor Blair rests mainly upon his conduct of the office of Governor of Michigan during the war. He was one of the first to send words of support and encouragement to President Lincoln at the beginning of the great struggle. In a message to the legislature early in January, 1861, when good and loyal men everywhere throughout the North were dazed by events, hardly knowing what to do, and we believe before any other State executive had officially spoken, he uses these stirring and patriotic words:—

The authority of the Union must be enforced in all parts of it, at whatever cost. We deeply deplore the unnatural contest which is upon us. On the heads of the traitors who provoked it must rest the responsibility. In such a contest the God of battles has no attribute that can take sides with the revolutionists of the South and the champions of human slavery. I recommend you at an early day to make manifest to the gentlemen who represent this State in the two Houses of Congress, and to the country, that Michigan is loyal to the Union, the Con-

stitution, and the laws, and will defend them to the uttermost, and to proffer to the President of the United States the whole military power of the State for that purpose.

During the four years that he was governor he devoted his entire time and energies to its duties—to the total neglect of a lucrative law practice—upon a miserable salary of one thousand dollars per year, and even that paid in a depreciated currency. He was indefatigable in raising, organizing, and equipping the ninety thousand men which Michigan sent to the field during his administration. He felt a personal pride in the glory which their efficiency and bravery reflected upon the State. He often visited them in the field, encouraging them in the camp with his patriotic eloquence, and cheered them in the hospital with his kindly sympathy. On retiring from the office of governor, in January, 1865, he addressed the legislature in behalf of the soldiers at the front:—

For the last time I commend the Michigan troops to your continued care and support. They have never failed in their duty to country or State. Upon every great battlefield of the war their shouts have been heard, and their sturdy blows have been delivered for union and victory. Their hard-earned fame is a treasure word of every household in the State, and their blood has been poured out in large measure to redeem the rebellious South from its grave sin and curse. At this hour they stand under the flag of their country, far away from home, in every quarter where the enemy is to be met. In every situation their bravery has won the approval of their commanders, and their heroic endurance of hardships has added lustre to their name. It is my sole regret at leaving office that I part with them. My earnest efforts for their good shall follow while I live; and now from this place I bid them hail and farewell.

He was faithful to his pledge. He never lost his interest in the Michigan soldiers who engaged in the war; and his address to a gathering of them, not many months ago, when referring to their increasing years and infirmities, and his own feeble health, and the fact that he should never meet them again, was touching in the extreme, and brought tears to the eyes of the battle-scarred veterans who listened to him.

Gov. Blair was a man of great ability and powerful eloquence as a public speaker, and to this eloquence he owed in a great measure his political success. His chief characteristics were sincerity, integrity, and courage. He impressed his audiences with these qualities, and moved them to action, as an orator clothed in such a panoply always does.

As we have intimated, he was not a good party man, and never followed his party when it ceased to represent his convictions. He left the Whig party in 1848 because it did not take positive ground against the extension of slavery. He would not vote with the Whigs in 1852 because the party favored the fugitive slave law, and the compromise measures adopted by Congress two years before. He helped to organize the Republican party in 1854, and acted with it until he left it in 1872, with Sumner and Greeley and Julian, and many others of its leading and most distinguished men. While he was often unfaithful to his party, he was never unfaithful to his convictions; and he followed those convictions with child-like sincerity and manly courage at whatever danger and cost to himself. His private and public integrity were above suspicion; and, with many chances to become rich by the opportunities which his public life threw in his way, he died poor. But for him to be poor was little hardship. Modest, simple, unostentatious in his tastes and in his home, he would much rather serve himself than be served by others. His life verifies the truth of the Oriental saying: "He became great among his fellow-citizens because he was willing to become their servant."

In his religious belief Gov. Blair was an earnest Unitarian. For several years he was president of the Michigan Unitarian Conference, and took an active part in its meetings. Often, in the absence of a pastor, he conducted services in the Unitarian church at his home in Jackson. In religion, as in politics, Gov. Blair recognized no guide and bowed before no authority but his reason and conscience. From their decision he would make no appeal,—to the one he was as obedient as a faithful child to its mother, to the other as faithful as an ancient knight to his mistress.

Theodore Parker somewhere says that a lady was once asked by John Quincy Adams

to translate for him the words of Tacitus, "Par negotiis neque supra," and replied that a *good* translation could be made in five words,—*Equal to, not above duty*,—but remarked that a *better* translation could be made in three words,—*John Quincy Adams.* I am tempted to say that the *best* translation could be made in two words,—*Austin Blair.*

W. D. HARRIMAN.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

The death of Charles Gounod last year (October 15) attracted less attention in this country than his eminence in the musical world warranted. Outside of our distinctly musical journals and one or two of our monthly magazines, the event elicited scarcely more than the merest mention in our periodicals. In this respect we presented a not quite pleasing or creditable contrast with England, where his death was extensively noticed and made an occasion for calling general public attention to his life and his valuable services to music.

While Gounod cannot be ranked with the greatest musical composers of the world, as Bach and Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, Haydn and Schubert, he may safely be set down as one of the two or three greatest—perhaps the very greatest—of the French composers of the past generation. Indeed, he has written several musical works, both in oratorio and opera, as well as a number of short compositions, some of them religious and some secular, which are perhaps as sure of permanent life as anything produced in any country during the second half of this century.

To say that he lived all his life in France is perhaps to say that he belongs to what is known as the French school of composers. But he is one of the best representatives of that school. Indeed, if we may divide French composers into two companies, we shall find Gounod's place in that which is sometimes called not strictly French, but German-French, because it has studied sympathetically and appreciatively the great German masters, and has much in common with them. Gounod was a diligent student of the great Germans, and always spoke of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart, particularly Mozart, as his masters. And, if he did not always wholly escape the sentimentalism of the French school, he did escape its frivolity, while he manifested much of the seriousness, the self-control, and the elevation of the best Germans.

He was born in Paris in the year 1818, and hence was seventy-five years of age at the time of his death.

His father was an artist, and his mother an ardent amateur musician.

The father died when the boy was only five or six years old. The mother gave the son piano lessons. She did not, however, wish him to become a musician by profession, but only to learn music as an accomplishment. But from the first he liked music better than anything else, and by the time he was twelve or fourteen years of age it was evident that music would be his life-work. In addition to his music he took an extended course of literary study, and graduated from the College of St. Louis, taking the degree of LL.B.

For several years he was a special student of music at the Paris Conservatory, where he took a second prize at nineteen, and at twenty-one a first prize. This latter entitled him to a three years' residence for musical study in Rome and a year of travel and study in Germany, with all expenses paid. His years in Rome were a very important time in his history. He studied hard, under good masters, taking the works of the great Palestrina for his model, thus laying a solid foundation for himself as a composer. Indeed, while in Rome, he composed a mass or two and several songs of much beauty.

In another way also he was affected by his life in Rome. His nature was impressive and emotional. While in the conservatory in Paris he had been much influenced by one of his teachers, who was a devout Roman Catholic, and drawn into somewhat active sympathy with that Church. Going to Rome with these feelings, and thus coming under the strong influence of Catholicism, his religious nature was still more awakened. The city of Rome itself and all the pomp and ceremony and music and art that he found associated with the venerable and imposing Catholic Church there greatly impressed his young and ardent nature. For a time he contemplated giving up his profession of music and entering the priest-

hood, and with that thought in mind made his home for a while in a Catholic seminary. After he returned to Paris, the question still haunted him for a number of years, Ought he not to enter the service of the Church as a priest? He even went so far as to pursue theological studies in Paris for two years. At last, however, the decision was made to be true to his first love, and devote his life to music. But, undoubtedly, the drawing which he felt for so many years toward the Church always influenced in a marked degree his character as a composer. It is to this that we owe the fact that nearly or quite half the music which he wrote during his long life was religious music.

At the end of his four years of absence in Rome and Germany, he settled down in Paris, where he spent all the rest of his life, with the exception of a single period of about five years. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, he went to London to avoid being in Paris during the siege, and continued to reside in the British capital until 1875.

His fame as a musician grew slowly. The first distinct recognition of his ability was in England. In 1851 several selections from a mass that he had composed were performed at a concert in St. Martin's Hall, London. They elicited glowing eulogiums from the critics in the London press. One of these eulogiums from the *Athenæum* was reprinted in Paris, and waked up that city for the first time to a consciousness that it had among its citizens an unrecognized musical composer.

This led him to compose his first opera, "Sappho," which, however, did not meet with much success. Several others followed, but none that was successful until 1858, when he gave to the world a comic opera, "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," which met with considerable public favor.

No real success came to him, however, until 1859, when his great opera, "Faust," appeared. At first there was some doubt in the public mind even about this; but the doubt was soon removed. It was not long before the musical world became convinced that it had in Gounod a really great composer.

It has been said of him that no great musical writer ever produced so many works that failed. Some that he composed with the greatest care and pains, and himself believed to embody his best genius, fell dead when presented to the public. A few of these have been revived with some little success in after years or in other countries; but most of them have been or soon will be entirely forgotten except beautiful fragments rescued from them,—a song from this, a chorus from that, a bit of orchestration from another,—which will live as rare gems entirely independent of and apart from the larger works to which they originally belonged.

But, in spite of his many failures, Gounod achieved many successes, so that little by little he rose to the high place which he occupies to-day. The poverty and obscurity of the earlier part of his life were changed to honor and even to wealth in his later years.

His fame rests chiefly upon his two operas, "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet"; his two oratorios, the "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita"; and upon his miscellaneous shorter music, which is extensive and varied, some of it being religious, and some not.

As already intimated, his "Faust" was the work that established his fame. It is founded indirectly upon the great poem of Goethe.

It is interesting to learn that no fewer than sixteen musical versions, more or less complete, of Goethe's poem, have been given to the world, and by such musical masters as Spohr, Schumann, Liszt, Berlioz, and others of less note. Among them all, Gounod's opera holds perhaps the first place. As we should expect, Gounod gives especial prominence to the sentiment side of the poem, and is particularly strong in the part of Marguerite and the love scenes.

Gounod's "Faust" has been played in all the leading countries of the world, and translated into all the leading languages. In Paris it has been performed more than a thousand times. Such a success is without a parallel in the annals of the French opera.

"Romeo and Juliet" may be said to have marked the culmination of Gounod's career. It is of course based upon Shakespeare's play, as its title indicates. This opera is pronounced by many critics to be equal in merit to "Faust," though it has not become quite so general a favorite. It has been performed in Paris more than five hundred times.

Of Gounod's two great oratorios which I have named, the "Redemption" appeared earliest. It was performed for the first time in Birmingham, England, in 1882; and in the winter of 1883–84 it was first produced in this country, in New York City, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Gounod himself gave the work the double title, "The Redemption, a Sacred Trilogy"; and on the opening page he wrote, "The work of my life." It is a lyrical setting of the passion and death of Christ; his life on the earth, from his resurrection to his ascension; and the spread of Christianity through the mission of the apostles.

The "Mors et Vita" appeared three years after the "Redemption," having been performed for the first time at the great Birmingham Festival of 1885. It is really a continuation of the "Redemption," though it was written in Latin, while the "Redemption" was written in French. The work is divided into three parts. The first is called "Mors," or "Death," and is short. The second is entitled "Judgment," and includes "the Sleep of the Dead," "the Trumpets of the Last Judgment," "the Resurrection of the Dead," etc. The third part is entitled "Vita," or "Life," and includes "the Vision of Saint John," as set forth in the Apocalypse, closing with a "Hosanna in Excelsis," exulting in the glorious vision of the heavenly Jerusalem.

There are differences of opinion as to which is the greater work, the "Mors et Vita" or the "Redemption." The older work is perhaps a little more widely known; but the later work seems to be steadily gaining in favor. It may yet outstrip the earlier.

Both works are full of genuine religious sentiment. To be sure, judged of from a liberal religious standpoint, both contain an abundance of theology that is artificial, unreal, and dismal to the last degree. But in this respect they are no worse than most other oratorios, and not so bad as some. The day of oratorios based on broad spiritual, and rational religion has not yet come. Indeed, one of the dark sides of religion is seen in the fact that so much of the religious music of Christendom, in all its forms, is as yet wedded to and made a promulgator of an outgrown and unworthy theology.

The liberation of music from this degrading bondage, and the joining of it to views of God, the Bible, Christ, salvation, life, death, and the hereafter that are reasonable and ethical and uplifting, is a work that awaits the broader-minded musical composers of the future. Sooner or later it will be done. And, when it is done, it will be one of the most important services ever rendered to music, to religion, and to humanity.

I say both the "Redemption" and the "Mors et Vita" of Gounod contain a framework of the old dark theology, as of course is to be expected, when we remember that the composer was a sincere Catholic. Yet it is only fair and just to add that, besides this theology, there is found in both oratorios a great deal of the most tender, noble, and beautiful religious thought and sentiment. Indeed, as an eminent musical critic has well said, "The feeling manifested in these oratorios is never anything but religious: the hearer is always surrounded by an atmosphere of devotion."

Gounod produced many other religious works of greater or less magnitude besides these oratorios. Some of these are compositions of rare beauty, as the "Mass of Saint Cecilia," a "Mass in C minor," a "Mass of the Sacred Heart," a "Mass to the Memory of Joan of Arc," a mass for two voices, three solemn masses, two requiem masses, a "Stabat Mater," a "Te Deum," "Jesus by the Lake of Tiberias," and several motets, also many sacred songs, and a very widely known, popular, and beautiful "Ave Maria," or "Meditation upon the First Prelude of Bach."

Something ought to be added to what has already been said, regarding the leading qualities and characteristics of Gounod as a composer, and of the music which he has given to the world. In him we do not find, at least in their highest measure, the strength, the vigor, the high intellectual qualities, the daring, the wide mastery of resource, the mighty passion, and yet the still mightier self-control that we find in the very greatest of the German masters. He is rather a dreamer than an actor. He is something of a sentimentalist. He has a hint of the feminine in him. He has in him also a touch of the mystic. He does not lack in originality or in fertility, but they manifest themselves in the direction of feel-

ing rather than of thought. His sympathies are wide and generous. His perceptions of the beautiful in nature and art are most keen. His emotions are ardent. Whenever he approaches religion, he is devout. His music is pre-eminently the music of love. Human love is the key-note of both his "Faust" and his "Romeo and Juliet"; and divine love is the key-note of both his "Redemption" and his "Mors et Vita."

His religious music is pre-eminently the music of faith, trust, dependence. Seldom does it embody anything of battle or struggle. Of doubt and those internal conflicts that come from doubt he seems to know nothing. Thus he is a true Catholic, not a Protestant. For Catholicism is pre-eminently the religion of faith and acquiescence. It accepts what is given, and asks no questions. Its ideal is submission. Its religion is therefore, above all else, a religion of resignation and obedience.

Of course, this is all true and good in its place. But it is partial. It is not all there is of religion. It needs to be balanced and supplemented by the more masculine and vigorous traits of courage, hope, inquiry, faith in reason, faith in truth, faith in human nature, faith in the future as well as the past, faith in right as certain to triumph by and by, faith in God as the God of the unchained mind. Thus, by a union of the two,—what Gounod has for us on the one hand and what the great German composers have on the other, what Catholicism offers and what Protestantism offers,—by a union of these two, but not otherwise, may we hope to get a development of religious music that shall be rounded, complete, suited to the full needs of men. It is hardly possible to estimate the debt that humanity owes to music, and therefore to the great composers who have given us music in its noblest and most enduring forms.

Anything is a good that gives to mankind a pure pleasure. But what pleasure can be purer than that which comes from noble music?

It is true, music may be allied with vice, with impurity, with sin, with moral degradation of many kinds, just as every form of art may be. But that is not the fault of the music or of the other arts. These of themselves are pure and elevating; and it is man's shame that he ever allows them to be allied with what can degrade.

Wide and rich and lasting are the resources for pleasure-giving that music possesses. Men everywhere should avail themselves of these resources far more than they do. If we sang more, we should weep less. Most of us mingle far too little recreation with our toiling lives. But what form of recreation is so universally available and at the same time so beautiful as music?

We are beginning to learn that music is a therapeutic, a healer of men. Our wisest physicians are urging, as did the physicians of ancient Greece, that it may wisely be introduced into the treatment of all mental and many physical diseases. The cases are numberless in which bright and joyous or gentle and soothing music will do more for one who is ill than any drug.

There is no such sweetener and sanctifier of homes as music. Thousands of homes that are dull and dreary now, that are so unattractive that wives gladly go out from them to talk idle gossip with neighbors, and husbands willingly desert them for the more inviting public house, and young people steal away from them to low amusements and evil associations, would be transformed, and made attractive to husband and wife and children, and be turned into little heavens on earth, by the coming in to dwell there of the sweet angels of music.

What a rival to the wine-cup music might be made! If we could everywhere in our cities and villages throughout the land have cheap, say ten-cent, concerts, of good music, with a chance to get at the same time a cup of coffee or a glass of lemonade or a bowl of hot soup and a biscuit, what a difference it would make in the numbers that would be found in the saloons!

Music is a noble counteractant to the materialism of our time. To interest one in music is to introduce a spiritual element into his life. In music's charmed presence the sordid and the earthly fly away, and one finds undreamed of doors opening into realms of the ideal, where dwell love and hope and aspiration and faith and all the daughters of light.

How great a benefactor to the world, then, is a composer of noble music! How worthy to be loved and honored in his life, and remembered with gratitude after he is dead!

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

A GLANCE AT TWO NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

There was published a short time ago a curious, suggestive, and learned work entitled "The Apology and Acts of Apollonius," edited by F. C. Conybeare, M.A., late Fellow of University College, Oxford. I am not going to review it, but simply to give two or three quotations from it, which will be sufficient to indicate its candor and its interest to Liberal Christians. From its pages one sees that most of the early Christian writers—judged by our modern standard of literary fidelity or historic accuracy—were deplorable delinquents. They had no hesitation whatever in altering or recasting documents to suit every fresh development of moral conception or dogmatic belief. "What was believed," says Mr. Conybeare, "in the first century was not believed in the same way, and was not at all believed in the second; and what was orthodox in the second century was, in many cases, insufficiently explicit in the third and fourth centuries."

But the fourth century was always equal to the task of setting the first or second century right in matters of faith or fact, and even reckoned it meritorious so to do. There was no conscious dishonesty in the process. Thus one Hilarion, in his colophon to the Armenian "Acts of Athanagines," states that, in composing the Acts, he "on paper made orthodox all that was said" (by the various actors). Athanagines was, doubtless, like other martyrs of Nicomedia, an Arian.

Apollonius, martyred at Rome 185 A.D., was a man seemingly of senatorial rank, and a philosopher to boot. His second-century creed was chiefly remarkable for its simplicity:—

Thus, in the Acts of Apollonius, Christ is merely said to have been the Word of God, made man in Judea, where he taught all goodness to men, and was crucified. No mention is here made of his resurrection or his miraculous birth. As Apollonius was familiar with Saint Paul's Epistles, the omission of the resurrection from his creed must be accidental. But the absence in such professions of faith of references to the miraculous birth from a virgin is so frequent that we may infer that it was not universally received among Christians of the second century, as, indeed, we know from Justin Martyr that it was not. Sometimes we read simply that Christ was born into the world in an ineffable manner; *e.g.*, in the Acts of even so late a saint as Demetrius of Thessalonica. In the third century the references to the Virgin become fairly common, though no early martyr ever invoked her aid. Their prayers were ever addressed to Jesus, the Messiah. Toward the end of the third century, and not before, do we meet in genuine Acts with the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. Before that epoch the saints were content with the simpler formula of God the Father, and of his Son Jesus Christ.

An interesting fact is that Cyprian, in the third century, was the first to introduce among the Carthaginian churches the "apostolic wine" of "the Eucharist." Until his day water was the liquid element in use! This is, I believe, the element used in the communion service in the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga. It is the element which Rev. R. A. Armstrong wishes to see substituted for wine among us here in England. The Carthaginian churches anticipated us!

Let us glance at another new book.

It was in the midst of the cataclysm of 1798 that Jean Paul Marat uttered the remarkable dictum, "The Revolution is in the Gospel." The Bishop of Durham, in a remarkable volume, "The Incarnation and Common Life," has been saying much the same thing. "The thoughts of a true Socialism, that all men are one man in Christ, sons of God and brethren, suffering and rejoicing together, that each touches all, and all touch each with an inevitable influence, that as we live by others we can find no rest till we live for others,—these are fundamentally Christian ideas." Dr. Westcott does not indeed subscribe to Socialist economic theories, but this is a broad concession for the Bishop of Durham to make. Probably he would prefer to work out the principle which he lays down on the lines of voluntary co-operation, but he can hardly have ignored the consideration that many of those who read his words will insist that his principle should be formulated in law. Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the latest writer on Evolution and Society, who finds fault with Professor Huxley for failing to recognize moral authority as the main principle of social development, goes as far as the Bishop, if not farther, when he contends

that the native or innate equality of all men is a doctrine which has been promulgated by Christianity. The prophets of the Labor Churches, who are constantly appealing from the Churches to the authority of Christ, may call in these two witnesses on behalf of their contentions. Curiously enough, it is Rev. Llewellyn Davies, one of the most liberal of Churchmen, who enters a protest against such abstract teaching. "Take the creation where you will," he says, "and you find that differences, variety, inequality, are its essential features; that equality is an impossible condition." All that you can do is to diminish existing inequality. Looking at the existing conditions of life, that is apparently true as regards this generation, and perhaps the next, and the next; but, surely, we are so far from the goal that there is ample room to strive toward approximation till, at any rate, the last living man has ceased to trouble himself with the affairs of this life.

S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

London, Eng.

*THE FIRST COMMUNION.**

Father of love, the sweet home road
  Hath led me to the spot
Where part the ways of life; and I,
With heart that lifts to thee her cry,
  Choose now my future lot.

One road lies smiling in the sun,
  Tracked with undreamed of flowers,
That mark as far as eye can see
The winding path of destiny
  To far-off happy bowers.

While from the thickets gay and bright
  The song-birds trill and call:
Each wind wafts breaths of perfumed air,
And up from groups of dancers fair
  The voices rise and fall.

It is the road to self. O God,
  I seek not self, but thee!
Help me to choose the other way
That is more glad, if not so gay,
  But wonderful and free.

I cannot see its turns that pass
  O'er hills, through hidden dales,
Beneath the changeful springtime hours,
The morning light, the sudden showers,
  The unknown fields and vales.

But I can catch the heaven-tuned songs,
  And sometimes, unawares,
The sun-tipped crags send back the glen
The passion of some great Amen
  That tells of pilgrims' prayers.

And soft I hear a voice I love.
  It cries, "Come, follow me."
And it will lead me right, I know.
O Captain Christ, with thee I go,
  A pilgrim to the sea!

My Father God, my choice is made,
  My Captain's life is mine:
Oh, give me strength in prayer and praise
To tread the path of love-spent days,
  And live the life divine!

Until I reach the solemn sea,
  The land-road's journey past,
On ocean waves of perfect love
To infinite perfection move,
  And lose myself at last.

L. ORMISTON CHANT.

* Written for Emmeline on her first communion, Aug. 5, 1894.

"*SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.*"

Beatrice Harraden's story, "Ships that pass in the Night," is not a great work; but it is interesting, and the wide reading which it is finding is not surprising. It is a pathological study of symptoms and phases of sick bodies and minds. The scene is laid at Petershof, a famous Old World health resort. The *dramatis personæ* are invalids who are seeking health, and friends who have accompanied them, and who, while easing their consciences by their presence, manifest their profound sympathy for themselves by having as gay a time as possible, often quite regardless of the requirements of the often selfishly exacting invalids dependent upon their care. And yet, though poor weak human nature is thus dissected before our eyes, even down to the core of its weakness, the knife is also made to reveal redeeming traits of quite unexpected kinds and in quite unexpected places, so that the outcome of the book is a tenderer sympathy for human frailty and a surer trust in human nature as a whole.

As illustrative of the charm of the book, we reproduce the following apologue from its pages:—

THE TRAVELLER AND THE TEMPLE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Countless ages ago a traveller, much worn with journeying, climbed up the last bit of rough road which led to the summit of a high mountain. There was a temple on that mountain, and the traveller had vowed that he would reach it before death prevented him. He knew the journey was long and the road rough. He knew that the moun-

tain was the most difficult of ascent of that mountain chain called "The Ideals." But he had a strongly hoping heart and a sure foot. He lost all sense of time, but he never lost the feeling of hope.

"Even if I faint by the wayside," he said to himself, "and am not able to reach the summit, still it is something to be on the road which leads to the High Ideals."

That was how he comforted himself when he was weary. He never lost more hope than that, and surely that was little enough. And now he had reached the temple. He rang the bell, and an old white-haired man opened the gate. He smiled sadly when he saw the traveller.

"*And yet another one,*" he murmured.

"Old white-haired man," he said, "tell me —and so I have come at last to the wonderful Temple of Knowledge. I have been journeying hither all my life. Ah! it is hard work climbing up to the Ideals."

The old man touched the traveller on the arm.

"Listen," he said gently. "This is not the Temple of Knowledge. And the Ideals are not a chain of mountains: they are a stretch of plains, and the Temple of Knowledge is in their centre. You have come the wrong road. Alas, poor traveller!"

The light in the traveller's eyes had faded. The hope in his heart died. And he became old and withered. He leaned heavily on his staff.

"Can one rest here?" he asked wearily.

"No."

"Is there a way down the other side of these mountains?"

"No."

"What are these mountains called?"

"They have no name."

"And the temple,—how do you call the temple?"

"It has no name."

"Then I call it the Temple of Broken Hearts," said the traveller.

And he turned and went, but the old white-haired man followed him.

"Brother," he said, "you are not the first to come here, but you may be the last. Go back to the plains, and tell the dwellers in the plains that the Temple of True Knowledge is in their very midst. Any one may enter it who chooses. The gate is not even closed. The Temple has always been in the plains, in the very heart of life, and work and daily effort. The philosopher may enter, the stone-breaker may enter. You must have passed it every day of your life, —a plain, venerable building, unlike your glorious cathedrals."

"I have seen the children playing near it," said the traveller. "When I was a child, I used to play there. Ah, if I had only known! Well, the past is the past."

He would have rested against a huge stone, but that the old white-haired man prevented him.

"Do not rest," he said. "If you once rest there, you will not rise again. When you once rest, you will know how weary you are."

"I have no wish to go farther," said the traveller: "my journey is done. It may have been in the wrong direction, but still it is done."

"Nay, do not linger here," urged the old man: "retrace your steps. Though you are broken-hearted yourself, you may save others from breaking their hearts. Those whom you meet on the road you can turn back. Those who are but starting in this direction you can bid pause, and consider how mad it is to suppose that the Temple of True Knowledge should have been built on an isolated and dangerous mountain. Tell them that, though God seems hard, he is not so hard as all that. Tell them that the Ideals are not a mountain range, but their own plains where their great cities are built, and where the corn grows, and where men and women are toiling, sometimes in sorrow and sometimes in joy."

"I will go," said the traveller.

And he started. But he had grown old and weary. And the journey was long, and the retracing of one's steps is more toilsome than the tracing of them. The ascent, with all the vigor and hope of life to help him, had been difficult enough: the descent, with no vigor and no hope to help him, was almost impossible. So that it was not probable that the traveller lived to reach the plains; but, whether he reached them or not, still he had started.

And not many travellers do that.

The lesson of the apologue, and of the entire book, is found in the following:—

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

Failure and Success passed away from earth, and found themselves in a foreign land. Success still wore her laurel wreath which she had worn on earth. There was a look of ease about her whole appearance; and there was a smile of pleasure and satisfaction on her face, as though she knew she had done well and had deserved her honors.

Failure's head was bowed. No laurel wreath encircled it. Her face was wan and pain-engraven. She had once been beautiful and hopeful, but she had long since lost both hope and beauty. They stood together, these two, waiting for an audience with the Sovereign of the foreign land. An old, gray-haired man came to them, and asked their names.

"I am Success," said Success, advancing

a step forward and smiling at him, and pointing to her laurel wreath.

He shook his head.

"Ah!" he said: "do not be too confident. Very often things go by opposites in this land. What you call Success we often call Failure: what you call Failure we call Success. Do you see those two men waiting there? The one nearer to us was thought to be a good man in your world: the other was generally accounted bad. But here we call the bad man good, and the good man bad. That seems strange to you. Well, then look yonder. You considered that statesman to be sincere; but we say he was insincere. We chose as our poet-laureate a man at whom your world scoffed. Ay, and those flowers yonder,—for us they have a fragrant charm,—we love to see them near us. But you do not even take the trouble to pluck them from the hedges where they grow in rich profusion. So, you see, what we value as a treasure you do not value at all."

Then he turned to Failure.

"And your name?" he asked kindly, though indeed he must have known it.

"I am Failure," she said sadly.

He took her by the hand.

"Come now, Success," he said to her: "let me lead you into the Presence Chamber."

Then she who had been called Failure, and was now called Success, lifted up her bowed head and raised her weary frame, and smiled at the music of her new name. And with that smile she regained her beauty and her hope. And, hope having come back to her, all her strength returned.

"But what of her?" she asked regretfully of the old gray-haired man: "must she be left?"

"She will learn," the old man whispered. "She is learning already. Come now, we must not linger."

So she of the new name passed into the Presence Chamber.

But the Sovereign said:—

"The world needs you, dear and honored worker: you know your real name. Do not heed what the world may call you. Go back and work; but take with you this time unconquerable hope."

So she went back and worked, taking with her unconquerable hope, and the sweet remembrance of the Sovereign's words, and the gracious music of her Real Name.

G. S.

And love shall teach us, while on him we lean,
That, in the certainty of coming bliss,
We may be yearning for a world unseen,
Yet wear our beautiful array in this.

—*Anna L. Waring.*

DR. MARTINEAU UPON THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

In view of questions which are likely to come up for discussion and action at Saratoga, the following paragraph from Martineau (his essay upon "The New Affinities of Faith") will be read with interest:—

"We often hear it said that, where there is agreement about things, it is idle to waste discussion upon names; and it has been pronounced a matter of indifference whether liberal-minded church reformers organize themselves in 'Free Religious Union' or in 'Free Christian Union.' The remark has neither reason nor experience on its side. In the world of physical objects, it is true, things dominate over names, and can take care of themselves, while their vocabulary shifts. But in the world of ideas, in philosophy, in morals, in religion, words dominate over things, and in their significance are even identical with things, and are as much the living organism of thought as the wing and throat of the bird are the conditions of action for its especial nature. . . . The word 'Christian' is the casket which holds for human thought the supreme treasures of the inner life of man, and the most precious gems of his external civilization; and, when all has been emptied out from it which false zeal and mistaken piety have stored there for safe keeping, there yet remains, in the catholic genius of the religion, the richest historic deposit with which Providence has blessed the world. To part with that word, and throw ourselves upon philosophy to weave us a substitute, would be to interrupt the Past in its creation of the Future, and not only to migrate to unreclaimed countries, but to sink the old native land, that we might do so. Part as we may with what once was demanded by the Church, there is something—and that, too, the very holiest influence in life—that is still with us; and this residuary truth, this divine spirit, which emerges from the mixed inheritance of Christendom when all that is perishable has been discharged, does but own its descent, and look up with fitting reverence to its fountain-head, when it claims the name of Christian."

That life is long which answers life's great end.—*Young.*

*REV. M. J. SAVAGE ON THE ATLANTIC.**

I write this letter on board the steamship "Cephalonia," as we are nearing Queenstown. It is the 8th of July. A few hours more, and we shall be in England.

I wonder as to what may have been the origin of the sailor's superstition that declares it unlucky to have a minister on shipboard. In the old theology the devil was the "Prince of the Powers of the Air," the "God of this world." He sent lightning and tempests; he sent down ships at sea. Perhaps he looked on the minister as his special enemy, and, getting him on so unstable an element as the sea, was expected to make matters as uncomfortable for him as possible. In any case, his enmity has availed him little on this trip. Here we are approaching Queenstown with six ministers on board, and a goblet full of water might have stood on the saloon table all the way and not a drop been wasted.

And yet a few of the passengers have so little appreciated their mercies that they have been seasick, just as though there had been some excuse for their conduct. I think it was Gen. Grant who said that the *waving* of a table-cloth, as it was being spread for dinner on ship-board, was enough to upset him. I have a clerical friend who says that his wife is made sick by reading a steamboat advertisement in a newspaper. So little regard have some people for the kind of conduct that befits their conditions.

As for me, the ocean has been only too placid. I would not have the "mighty deep" behave like the pond on the Common. I love the kind of weather that lets one stay on deck; but I also love the swing, the sweep, the roll of the waves, and to share with the ship the grand sense of mastery which, like "Britannia," "rules the wave."

We left the wharf at East Boston at 6.40 A.M. on the 30th of June; but to stay in the fog within half a mile of the wharf all day long, as we did, was not specially exhilarating. Yet, as now and then we caught glimpses of the town, it required only a little imagination to fancy it was Venice, or the city of our dreams, so strange a wonder-worker may a little fog become. I have seen it produce the most marvellous transformations,—for example, in theology. But—I had better keep out of these uncertain seas.

Though we have not had fog enough to give us serious trouble, yet the sky has been overcast all the way. Not until Thursday did the captain "get the sun." But so sure a science has navigation become that the ship was less than a mile off its latitude. It is indeed most wonderful that over the wide waste, in spite of winds and sea-currents, and with neither sun nor star for guide, the ship should so certainly pick her way.

This reminds me of a neat compliment which one of the sailors paid to Captain Seccombe, the commander of the "Cephalonia." It was on one of her voyages from Boston not long ago. Queenstown was reached in a fog. The steamship drew up to her position cautiously and slowly, and stopped. As the fog lifted a little, and the ship was found to be just where she ought to have been, a sailor on the lookout was overheard by a lady, talking or half chanting to himself. In a sing-song, rhythmic measure he was saying,—

> "Fog, fog, fog, fog,
> But papa's on the bridge,
> He knows, he knows,
> He's got brains, he's got brains."

Of course, *papa* was the captain. The sailor, it seems, was a believer in "*Papal* infallibility." And, in his case, it was not the faith which is indistinguishable from credulity, but a deduction of experience.

Oh, what a luxury is this being at sea!

> "No lover loves his mistress
> As I do love the sea."

Monotony? Infinite variety, rather. In any mood, or storm or calm, I love the ocean with a great passion. It rests me to be in the presence of an eternal movement and power that is never tired. The poor, pinched old lady, on first seeing the ocean, said she was "glad at last to see *something* which there was *enough of*." So I, when overworn, am glad to see something that is never weary. I thrill to Lowell's lines,—

> "And to our age's stagnant blood
> Still shouts th' inspiring sea."

* From the Boston *Commonwealth*.

Then I do love to read stories, just for the sake of reading. Even if my conscience would let me, my time will not, while the work of the year goes on. But here I am out of the world. The responsibility of life I drop for a while. That long-neglected "call" does not haunt me. The committee meeting, to consider the fact that the overcoats of the Fejee Islanders are destitute of red horn buttons, is far away. I am on a floating island, where mortal problems are in abeyance. So I get me a story, and let the writer's magic take me on a mental vacation, to some country "east of the sun and west of the moon." I want no "realism" now. Indeed, I fear I have little use for realism, anyway. Let the limber mouths and the little brains chatter on hotel piazzas or at afternoon teas. I would not willingly listen to them in the flesh. Why, then, should I read a report of their decadent insipidity in a novel? No, let me live over the adventures of "A Gentleman of France," in the time of Henry III. and the King of Navarre. I bless the man who will write me a book like that. And I am boy enough to want it to "end out right," as one of my own children used to say. I get all the tragedy I wish in my pastoral experience. I do not care to be miserable for the fun of it.

But I am not saying much about the voyage. To me it has been drifting in pleasant company, through fairyland.

I must be patriotic enough to refer to our celebration of the "glorious Fourth." It was satisfactory enough to make me rejoice that I was out of the reach of racket and crackers. "Old Glory" floated on the mainmast, and looked lovingly down on the Union Jack. Games on deck furnished activity for the young men and amusement for all during the day. In the evening the saloon was decorated, and fitting observances were held. An executive committee had arranged a pleasant programme. I cannot go over it all. Professor Faelten of Boston delighted us on the piano. Mrs. Fenderson gave us great pleasure with her singing. Rev. L. B. Macdonald made a fitting address. Professor Cumnock of the Northwestern University gave us some very fine recitations. Mr. Savage read some verses, made to order of the committee. The whole issued happily in the sum of fifty-two dollars and sixty-two cents for the benefit of the Sailors' Hospital at East Boston. So, with satisfaction all round, we felt that once more "the country was safe."

I enclose my verses, not expecting you to publish more than a verse or two. I fear it was more preaching than poetry; but I feel intensely on the subject which was the burden of its close. If only the English-speaking peoples could stop quarrelling about little things, and organize in one great league for the sake of great things, we might do almost incalculable good in helping on the civilization of the world. We could control the destiny of the planet, and arbitrate all questions of war or peace. When we get done fighting each other over contemptible questions of tariff, when we can waive petty jealousies, perhaps we can find time to do a half of what we might do for the civilization of mankind.

America and England! Shame on him
Who would dissever that which God united!
Joined in one league, the English-speaking race
May light man's eyes, by ignorance made dim,
Make fair the earth which tyranny has blighted,
And gladden with sweet peace her blood-stained face!

America and England! Let us two
But clasp our hands in amity, and say it,
And our combined command shall rule the earth!
What blessed things for men we thus might do!
One word, once spoken, none dare disobey it;
And so God's kingdom we might bring to birth.

This day then? It is England's and mankind's,
And it is ours with no selfish seeming.
So let us lift our purpose and our plan,
And send them riding forth on all the winds,
Till every nation, in its sluggish dreaming,
Rouse to the hope and meaning of a man!

M. J. Savage.

A pearl becomes red by nearness of a rose, but never a rose white by contact with a pearl. 'Tis not the lower, but the more noble that readily recognize and take home for profit the high qualities of others.—*Hindu* (*Sanskritapathop*).

A LETTER FROM MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

Yesterday was the last day at Bedford Chapel, which is now closed till late autumn; and the evening service, always a touching one on these occasions, was more than usually heart-moving, not only because of the tender pathos of the theme,—"the greatest of these is love," "love never faileth,"—but also because of the unusual circumstances of the preacher's holiday. For Rev. S. A. Brooke* has consented to give the Lowell Lectures, and pay his first visit to the United States; and the most affectionate members of his congregation feel that he is going further and for a longer time from them than ever before. London congregations are not, as a rule, given to making manifest their feelings, especially those that belong to the higher cult; but there was a good deal of quiet emotion both at the close of the beautiful sermon and outside the chapel doors after the service last night over the departure of the beloved preacher. Yet there was joy mingled with some of the tears; for one or two of those whose eyes were overflowing have been in Boston and many other notable places in the land of the stars and stripes, and we know what a warm welcome awaits him whom we love so well, and who has so many lovers on the other side of the Atlantic. We know what delight he will have in lecturing to those whose intelligence is so keen and so appreciative, what outpouring of kindness there will be, what hand-clasps of noble people, and of the tender care that will be taken of him by his only son, Stopford Wentworth Brooke, and the sweet, new daughter-in-law, and, if he will yield to it, by many who have everything in beautiful American home life to show him.

He will see and drink in all the beauty of the Hudson, the splendors of Niagara, and, I trust, the undreamed of loveliness of the White Mountains. He will give and receive inspiration in a land whose art and music are yet in early youth, and whose poetry is gathering her powers together for an outburst of song that shall make all the world listen.

It is not difficult to picture the rapt attention and eager following that will be given to one of England's best authorities on her literature, as he unfolds to those who know Tennyson and Browning almost by heart his wonderfully fine and delicate analyses of the great poets. Many who have only known of him at a distance through his charming "Primer of English Literature" or his "History of Early English" or maybe his recent exquisite book on Tennyson will be listening face to face with one of whom no adequate description can be given by pen.

Himself a poet of no mean order,—and to read his "Riquet of the Tuft" and "Poems" is a revelation of the man that is not to be found in his prose writings,—Mr. Brooke has done more to bring the poems of the great masters into the common life of everyday in England than any other master of literature; and the beautiful collection of choice hymns used at Bedford Chapel and edited by himself, some forty of which are of his own writing, is a treasure for which all hymn-loving people, living and unborn, ought to be grateful to him.

But, after all, it is not so much to the master of literature, the poet, and lecturer that the world owes an inestimable debt of gratitude as to the great teacher of rational theology, the eloquent preacher of the Christian religion freed from the encumbrances that centuries of erroneous dogma had piled upon its simple beauty. Mr. Brooke's has indeed been a fight of faith; and his fearlessness and clear-headed statement of the truths that free, practical, and loving men and women can accept, while they must have interfered over and over again with his material gain in this world, have won him a place among those "Immortals" who recognize that art and religion can no more be separated than truth and beauty, than goodness and love. Religious freedom from all authority except that of a sincere heart, intellect, and conscience; belief in Jesus Christ not as the divine become human, but the human become divine; trust in the everlasting kindness of our Father, God, to overcome his children's sins and mistakes by his own perfect wisdom, with Eternal Success for his watchword,—these are rough headings of that long catalogue of victories of faith won by

*Stopford Augustus Brooke, M.A., LL.D.

one of the most eloquent, physically splendid, kindest-hearted, and best of our renowned London preachers.

It is no wonder then, as we bade him farewell, and prayed the dear Lord of all tender human love and friendship to guard him from sorrow and danger in his travels, give him great success, and bring him safely back in health and happiness to us, that our voices failed and our eyes grew dim.

I wish he were going further West than Niagara,—to Ann Arbor, for instance, with its splendid university life, where people know so well how to listen appreciatively, and where he would receive a royal welcome; but it is his first visit, and he has been somewhat overworked of late, and must not spoil the good this visit to the States will do him by travelling and giving out too much. He will be more likely to come again if he does too little rather than too much.

But how I should like to be going over, too, to join in all the pleasure and uplift!

Every day since the 4th of May, when we landed in New York last year, has been an anniversary day, to my daughter Emmeline and myself this year, of the never-to-be-forgotten seven months in the States in 1893; and our hearts yearn many a time with unspeakable yearning for the beloved scenes and friends whose memory stars the recollection of them with increasing brightness.

Yesterday, it being our last communion Sunday with Mr. Brooke to officiate till his return from America, two young girls, whose parents have long been members of the congregation, took their stand on the side of liberal religion, and knelt for the first time at holy communion, one of them being the daughter of the writer of this article, for whom her mother wrote the enclosed verses. Emmeline Ormiston Chant learned a great deal that was of everlasting value during her visit to the States last year; and among these was that, the sooner we make up our minds to tread the path of service in the spirit and company of Jesus Christ, the greater will be our enthusiasm and joy in service, but it was the thought of Mr. Brooke's long absence that brought her to the point of declaring her resolve to follow the Master by partaking of his memorial supper yesterday. She is not yet sixteen, but it is sweet to know that the home religion has been so certain in its influence on character; and blessed beyond words is it to see the young joining the church of Christ because they have learned to love it, and desire its fellowship.

L. Ormiston Chant.

London, August 6.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

The Voice of the Heart.

We speak with the lip and we dream in the soul
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days the meanwhile to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "The Better" is ever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in,—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why, the grave has scope
And over the coffin man planteth—Hope.

And it is not a dream of fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begetter:
There's a voice at the heart which proclaims aloud,
"We are born for something better!"
And that voice of the heart, oh, ye may believe,
Will never the hope of the soul deceive!

—*Schiller.*

Monday.

He Leads me on.

He leads us on
By paths we do not know.
Upward He leads, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day.
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on
Through the unquiet years:
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze

Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know his will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And he, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us peace at last.

TUESDAY.

Just to be Good.

Just to be good,
This is enough,—enough!
O we who find sin's billows wild and rough,
Do we not feel how more than any gold
Would be the blameless life we led of old
While yet our lips knew but a mother's kiss?
Ah! though we miss
All else but this,
To be good is enough.

It is enough—
Enough—just to be good!
To lift our hearts where they are understood;
To let the thirst for worldly power and place
Go unappeased; to smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mother used to kiss.
Ah! though we miss
All else but this,
To be good is enough.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

WEDNESDAY.

Unchanging.

Unto Thee, abiding ever,
Look I in my need,
Strength of every good endeavor,
Holy thought and deed!

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even,—
Law and Love thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about thee,
Just and sure thy throne,—
Not a sparrow falls without thee,
All to thee is known.

Origin and end of being,
All things in and through,—
Light thou art of all my seeing,
Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
Thou my trust shalt be:
Whom have I on earth beside thee,
Whom in heaven but thee?

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

THURSDAY.

Our Work.

We are not here for holidays: our lives are not for dreaming,
While toiling hands and busy hands are laboring all around.
Men are stirring, wheels are whirring, fires gleaming, vessels steaming,
There is work on land and ocean and in regions underground;
And full often, as I ponder o'er some lofty pile upspringing,
On triumphant deeds accomplished, on some mighty victory won,
I find that in my ears a chime of thought has been set ringing,—
"All great works are made up of little works well done."

FRIDAY.

In the Dark.

O Thou who art my only Light,
Thee do I follow through the night;
Though home and hope are out of sight,
Firm trust in thee my spirit hath;
Thou knowest my path.

Although I cannot see thy face,
I feel the warmth of thy embrace
Enfold me in the dangerous place
Where sin lies waiting to betray;
Thou knowest my way.

O Thou that seest me through and through,—
The thoughts I think, the deeds I do,—
Thou knowest I would to thee be true!
Oh, draw me closer to thy side,
My Lord, my Guide.

I know not what may yet unfold
Beyond the morning's gates of gold:
This is my heaven,—thy hand to hold,
Thy steps to follow through the night,
My Life, my Light.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

SATURDAY,

Lowly Service.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that must surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know:
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.

I ask thee for the daily strength
  To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life
  While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
  If thou be glorified.

—*Anna L. Waring.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Naturally, the subject at present uppermost in the minds of all good Unitarians is the coming great meeting from the 24th to the 27th of this month at Saratoga, a nearly full programme of which we print on another page. It is now three years since our National Unitarian Conference met, the regular meeting of last year having been postponed on account of the Congress in Chicago. We trust that the year's delay will prove to have only deepened the interest in the gathering that is now at hand. To those who have been accustomed to attend these Saratoga conferences no word need be said as to their delightful and inspiring character to all present, and their great value to the denomination as a unifying influence and a stimulus to greater missionary activity. No church, however distant, should leave itself unrepresented, if it can possibly avoid so doing. Let us all do what we can to make the coming meeting the largest and best in our history.

The programme of the Conference could hardly be more inviting, whether as regards subjects to be considered or men and women selected to present them. We are particularly fortunate in the prospect of having two of our most eminent English Unitarians with us, Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, the distinguished London preacher and writer, and Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford.

The opening service of the Conference on Monday evening will be preached by Prof. F. G. Peabody of Cambridge, Mass., and the closing sermon, on Thursday evening, by Mr. Brooke.

Tuesday forenoon will be devoted to reports of work done, beginning with the report of Dr. E. E. Hale as the chairman of the council of the Conference, and ending with that of Rev. W. I. Lawrance on the Japan Mission. Wednesday and Thursday forenoons will be given to papers and discussions, the principal papers being by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer and Mr. Francis C. Lowell on "Regeneration," Prof. Carpenter on "What the Higher Criticism has done to restore to us the Real Historical Jesus," Rev. Joseph H. Crooker on "A Working Theory of Ethics," Hon. W. D. Robinson and another gentleman whose name is not yet announced on "The Mutual Relations of the Catholic and Protestant Churches."

Tuesday and Wednesday evenings will be filled by platform meetings, with short addresses by ten or a dozen of our ablest men.

The afternoons will be reserved for special meetings. On Tuesday afternoon the "Work of Unitarian Women" will be presented, with addresses or reports from Rev. Miss Hultin, Mrs. Sunderland, Rev. Miss Murdock, Mrs. Ames, Miss Ovington, Mrs. Andrews, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. On Wednesday afternoon the question of revising the constitution of the Conference will be considered. On Thursday afternoon the Unitarian Temperance Society will have a meeting, and the General Conference will hold its closing business session.

A matter of business which will be likely to attract considerable attention is the proposed revision of the constitution of the Conference. The subject will be opened, of course, by the report of the committee appointed three years ago. This report has been before our churches for some months. We printed it in full in the May *Unitarian*, and commented upon it in our issues of July and August, pointing out what seem to us serious objections to its adoption. Several other forms of revision have been prepared in other quarters, perhaps the most important being that presented at the Channing Hall meeting, Boston, in May, which we have given to our readers. Most of these have in view the preparation of a constitution that shall be (1) simpler and more homogeneous than the old, (2) that shall be broad, inclusive, and forward-looking, and (3) that shall present to the Conference, undisturbed, its Christian character and heritage by retaining for it the Christian name, and, what is even more important, a distinct statement of Christian purpose. The Christian character of the Conference is a matter so vital that under no

circumstances should anything be allowed to be done to compromise it or put it in question. Better defer the revision of the constitution for twenty or fifty years than open our doors to the misunderstandings, the strife, the disintegration, and the wide and lasting paralysis of our work that would be sure to follow a mistaken step here. But we are glad to say we do not apprehend there is any serious danger of such a step. Our Christian heritage is too precious and too much prized among us to be lightly surrendered or put in peril. Among the three or four forms of revision proposed which are free from any serious objection, and which embody the main points generally desired, there ought not to be much difficulty in agreeing upon one without much delay upon which a large majority could unite, and thus allow the Conference to go forward early to plans for *active work*, and spend its main time and energy upon these. The high mission to which the Unitarian body has been called of God never appeared so clear or so commanding as to-day. It is for the coming Conference at Saratoga to see to it that nothing be done to produce divisions, and everything possible to quicken the zeal of our churches and to deepen their consecration.

The fact that Unitarianism is a pioneer movement, and generally unpopular, has accustomed us to expect relatively small gatherings when we come together in our conferences, especially outside of New England. We hardly know ourselves, therefore, when we meet at our great Saratoga gatherings, and find ourselves packing the most spacious auditoriums and filling the largest hotels. But it is very delightful to feel once in a while that there are a good many of us. It gives us new courage and strength to bear our loneliness and to do our work when we get back home. Numbers do not make truth any more true, but they do have great power to kindle warmth in human hearts. Secretary Reynolds says we must have a round hundred thousand dollars to enable us to carry on the missionary enterprises that urgently press upon us for next year. It is to be hoped that Saratoga will devise the plans and generate the zeal that will secure us this sum, which it is so entirely within our power to raise if we will.

We called attention last month to the approaching centennial of the birth of William Cullen Bryant on November 3. The friends of the great poet have taken time by the forelock, and already held a centennial celebration at Cummington, Mass., his birthplace. The time chosen was August 16, to avoid the inclemency of November weather. The celebration was participated in by a considerable number of distinguished persons, most of them persons intimately associated with Mr. Bryant during his life. The exercises were held in a beautiful grove and apple orchard on the old Bryant homestead. An address of welcome was given by Mr. L. H. Tower of Cummington, the librarian of the Bryant Library, established by the poet. The president of the day was Mr. Parke Godwin, the son-in-law of Bryant, long associated with him in the editorial management of the New York *Post*. Addresses were made by Edwin R. Brown of Elmwood, Ill., a native of Cummington, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, Charles Dudley Warner, President Stanley Hall of Clark University, Worcester, Rev. J. W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, Mr. George W. Cable, the novelist, and others. Mr. John Bryant of Princeton, Ill., a brother of William Cullen, was present, and read two poems written by himself for the day. The occasion was a most interesting and notable one. We are only sorry not to be able to report it more fully.

It is with peculiar pain that we record the sudden death, since our last issue, of Rev. Henry C. Badger, one of the best known and most brilliant members of our ministerial fellowship. Our August number contained an article from him upon "True Prayer," which was probably the last word he wrote for the public. We believe his first settlement was over a Christian church in New Bedford, Mass. After that he was a professor in Antioch College, Ohio, and later pastor of Unitarian churches in Ithaca, N.Y., Cambridgeport, Mass., and Boston. For the past few years he had been connected with the library of Harvard University. His last consecutive ministerial work was done in New Haven, Conn., where two years ago he took steps toward the establishment of a Unitarian church. His health had long been greatly impaired; but he always bore

up courageously, and continued to the end to do much labor. He had passed through much sorrow, but had come out like gold tried in the fire. Perhaps no purer or loftier spirit was ever among us; and certainly we have had few men of greater intellectual power and brilliancy than he exhibited in the years of his strength. In his theology he was one of the most daring of our radicals, while at the same time he was one of the most conservative of our conservatives. There was never a man more absolutely honest and fearless in speaking his own full thought, or more broad-minded and generous toward those who differed from him. His whole heart was in the work of deepening the spiritual life of our churches. He will be greatly missed at our conferences and other religious gatherings in Boston and vicinity, where he often spoke, and always with a fervor and depth of spiritual insight that commanded the attention of all listeners. The knowledge of his death will bring tears to the eyes of many who have known and loved him, as they think of his sufferings, his heroism, and his noble nature. His simple funeral service of Scripture and prayer, so in harmony with the character of the man, was held in the Harrison Square Church, Boston, where he was once pastor. Rev. Caleb D. Bradlee and Rev. William B. Lord officiated.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The time has arrived for the reopening of those Sunday-schools which have been closed during the summer. I am well aware how formidable it seems to start the machinery again, to reawake the interest and marshal the forces anew. But there are many difficult things in this world. The laborer in this field should think of what is at stake, and how worthy it is of severe effort. In a few weeks everything will be moving along at full tide, and the value of the cessation from continuous duty will make itself manifest.

The helpful teacher embodies three traits: a genuine affection for his or her pupils; an open-minded, vigorous way of conducting the class instruction; and a patient, trustful attitude, hoping much and believing much.

The faithful superintendent is one who consults with the teachers, co-operates with the minister, and rules with gentle firmness. He seeks to make the sessions examples of promptness, cheerfulness, and a devotional spirit.

The co-operating parent always speaks respectfully of the Sunday-school, aids the child in the preparation of the lessons, visits the Sunday-school, contributes liberally to its support, and sees that the children attend punctually and regularly.

The model minister in his relations to the Sunday-school is ever anxious to maintain its prosperity in every way. He knows the children by name, and consults with the parents as to their peculiarities, holds teachers' meetings, and speaks often from the pulpit concerning the needs of the young people. He also sees that a contribution is sent every year to the Unitarian Sunday School Society. In season and out, he realizes that, unless the young people are cared for, the church will not prosper.

The praiseworthy pupil is intelligently obedient, glad to attend every Sunday, fond of his teacher, full of questions, a lover of the school songs, and a firm believer in his minister and superintendent. It is his intention as he grows older to do all he can in the church.

Every Other Sunday begins its tenth volume with the issue of September 9. This little paper is making steady way into the homes and Sunday-schools of our faith. There are new features for the coming volume. A series of articles on "Famous Portraits of Children," illustrated by Miss Evelyn S. Foster, will run through the numbers of the coming year. There is also the beginning in this first number of a continued story by Miss Kate L. Brown, entitled "The Happy Valley." The usual variety of departments, stories, and sketches will be maintained. Do our Unitarian households understand how cheaply all this is provided? The price to those outside of Boston is forty cents a year. Every Sunday-school ought to be supplied with this paper.

The leaflet lessons in the graded system, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, for the second year will be upon the life of Jesus. These are in three grades,—Primary, Intermediate, and Advanced,—prepared respectively by Mrs. Julian C. Jaynes, Rev. Edward A. Horton, and Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The Primary picture leaflets are now ready, being the same that were issued about two years ago. The Intermediate and Advanced are entirely new material. The first two lessons, intended for September 23 and 30, are now ready. Some schools begin in September, and some in October. In order to strike

a medium, the publication is commenced in this way. There are no dates on the lessons, so that they can be used at any time.

Another manual by Rev. Charles F. Dole, fourth in the series of "Questions for Bible Study," will be ready September 25. The contents of this new manual consists of biographies of the men and women of the Bible best worth remembering.

Now ready in pamphlet form, "Early Old Testament Narratives," thirty-six lessons for advanced classes, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. These are last year's lessons on the Old Testament issued in leaflets, now bound as a manual.

Also ready, "Early Old Testament Narratives," thirty-six lessons for intermediate classes, by Rev. William H. Lyon. These are the lessons prepared in last year's graded course and issued weekly, now bound as a manual.

"Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles," by Rev. W. W. Fenn, published in leaflet form, forty lessons, last year, is now ready in one volume, cloth.

No Harvest Service will be issued this year, but there is a large supply of excellent ones heretofore found acceptable by the Sunday-schools. Orders can be filled to any extent for the Harvest Services of 1887, 1890, 1892, and 1893.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held at Newport, R.I., Wednesday evening and Thursday, October 24 and 25, with the Channing Memorial Church, Rev. George W. Cutter, pastor. The full programme will be announced later.

The financial year of the Unitarian Sunday School Society ends October 1. Many of our Sunday-schools and churches have not yet sent in a donation. The awakened interest in the moral and religious education of the young naturally calls for wider work and greater expense in the Sunday School Society department. There is only one month in which to remember this cause with a contribution, and a hearty response is hoped for by the officers and directors of the society. EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

The meeting which was held at Weirs, N.H., under the auspices of the Grove Association and in co-operation with the meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, was accounted a successful and helpful occasion. Rev. E. A. Horton presided at the guild meeting held on the morning of August 2, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley doing a similar service for the Sunday-school session in the afternoon. After Mr. Horton's address Rev. D. M. Wilson spoke of the helpful service of the guilds to churches in his missionary field. Rev. Albert Walkley followed with an address on the work of guilds; and the president of the Alliance closed the speaking with the topic "How to start Guilds and their Possibilities." Much interest was indicated, and some consulted the last speaker in regard to forming guilds in their parishes.

Information comes of the establishment of a large society at Dighton, Mass., which bids fair to be of great help in the church. There are fifty members. The members conduct their own services in the evening. Rev. Mary L. Leggett helped organize this society. Programmes are arranged for three months ahead.

We learn of the good work of the guild at Millbury, Mass. The meetings which the young people conduct take the place of Sunday evening church services.

There are likely to be added to our list several new guilds in the autumn. All should report to the new recording secretary, Miss Anna C. Kingsbury, Needham, Mass., sending the names of minister and two delegates to make the societies members of the Alliance.

B. R. BULKELEY.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Attention is again called to the meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society which will be held at Saratoga on September 27 in connection with the National Conference.

It is hoped that our friends will attend in full force, and that many new names may be added to the society's membership. There is no condition of membership except the payment of one dollar annually into the treasury.

If there should pass before our eyes a procession of those whom each one of us has known as having suffered, somehow, from the drinking habit, and if, as they passed, we should recall the bright hopes and the reasonable expectations which at some time each of these cherished, to say nothing of the love-born hopes with which each mother's heart once swelled, back in the childhood days,—if, I say, our eyes could follow, as in a vision, and our thoughts dwell on each as the long procession passed, what need of temperance books or talk? In such a presence, what man could dare to tempt a brother, or what woman take the risk of pressing, for politeness' sake and with the careless banter of the ball-room, the wine-cup to a sister's or a brother's lips?

We found him sleeping by the roadside. It was not the sleep of innocence, honest labor's rich reward, but the dull, heavy sleep of intoxication. We called him by name. We took him by the hand. He staggered to his feet, and we led him home.

He was a college graduate, a gentleman; but to the world he was a "tramp." He had lost self-control, the purity of manhood, self-respect. His mother, many hundreds of miles away, knew not where or what he was. He was far down the hill, almost lost, a wanderer in despair. Education, gentlemanly instincts, the love of relatives and friends, had all surrendered to the temptation of drink.

A few days' rest, a respectable suit of clothes, new friends to say, "Be of good courage," work to do, and he was a new man, not only in appearance, but also in spirit. Once again the world lay at his feet, the world of opportunity and usefulness. If he can only be strong! If he will fight the demon "drink," he can yet win, for higher, nobler life, the victory! God help him so to do!

The Unitarian church of Rochester, N.Y. (Rev. W. C. Gannett), has issued a programme of subjects for its Social Topics Class. One of these is "The Drink Problem, and its Three Government Solutions," which, in the outline given, are named as Prohibition, High License, and the Norwegian System.

Here is a hint for other Social Topics Classes, Unity Clubs, or Guilds. In making up your programmes for next winter's work, do not forget that the temperance problems either cause or greatly aggravate the chief evils from which society suffers to-day.

The most interesting and important event in the temperance world of late has been the action of Mgr. Satolli in indorsing the position taken by Bishop Watterson of Ohio in relation to saloon-keepers and Catholic societies. The following extract from the bishop's letter explains his position:—

"I hereby withdraw my approbation from any and every Catholic society or branch or division thereof in this diocese that has a liquor-dealer or saloon-keeper at its head or anywhere among its officers, and I suspend every such society itself from its rank and privileges as a Catholic society until it ceases to be so officered. I again publish the condition without which for some years past I have declined to approve of new societies or new branches of old organizations in this diocese, namely,—

"'*That no one who is engaged either as principal or agent in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors can be admitted to membership.*'

"You will make this rule known to the organizations in your parish, and have it faithfully observed. It is sure, however, to commend itself to every right-spirited and healthy association of Catholic gentlemen.

"If there are saloon-keepers in your parish who call themselves Catholics, and yet carry on their business in a forbidden and disedifying way, or sell on Sundays either openly or under any sort of guise or disguise, in violation of the civil law, and to the hurt of order and religion and the scandal of any part of the community, you will refuse them absolution, should they perchance come to receive the sacraments, unless they promise to cease offending in these or other ways, and to conduct their business blamelessly if they can, or get out of it and keep out of it altogether."

This letter was sent to the clergy of Bishop Watterson's diocese last spring. It caused considerable excitement, and the matter was referred to the papal legate for his decision. Mgr. Satolli not only sustained the bishop's action, but added: "The liquor traffic, especially as conducted here in the United States, is the source of much evil: hence the bishop was acting within his rights in seeking to restrict it."

This action of the bishop and its confirmation by the papal legate have been hailed with satisfaction, not only by the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, but by Protestants generally. The journals of the liquor trade express doubt as to its being followed by other bishops. They point out the great pecuniary loss likely to result if the Church takes up this attitude. One paper says that it will be a "battle of giants." It is regarded as a serious matter for "the trade." The religious press and temperance papers are rejoicing. The *Outlook* regards it as the most important and promising step in the direction of restricting the liquor traffic that has been taken for many years. The *Irish World* rejoices. The *Union Signal* greets it as "the best news for many a day," and Archbishop Corrigan has answered the challenge of the *Wine and Spirit Gazette* by saying: "I loyally accept the principles laid down by his Excellency, Mgr. Satolli. As to the fear of consequences, I have yet, thank God, to learn what fear is in the discharge of my duty."

Pope Leo XIII. to Bishop Ireland:—

"We esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it be doubted that this determination is the proper and truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil; and that so much the more strongly will all be

induced to put this bridle upon the appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But the greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mould them to Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so the many calamities with which this vice threatens both Church and State may, by their strenuous exertions, be averted."

We urge Catholics everywhere to get out and keep out of the saloon business.—*Congress of Catholic Laity, Chicago. Sept.* 1, 1893.

The way of total abstinence has never injured any one; but, on the contrary, it is the way of health and happiness. It means for the children better health, purer blood, greater strength, more prosperity, brighter prospects in life. It means an extinction of all the woes that follow in the wake of drunkenness. It means an increase of the blessings of sobriety. It is the ounce of prevention that is worth all the cure in the world. If the generation of boys and girls now growing up were to become and remain total abstainers, in twenty-five years the curse of drunkenness would be completely swept away.—*Temperance Truth* (Catholic).

The consecration of Cardinal Manning's life to total abstinence came, it is said, from a brief conversation with a London dock-laborer. "Take the total abstinence pledge," said the prelate in paternal counselling to the laborer, "you need it." "Have you taken it yourself, father?" replied, with filial liberty, the laborer. "Why do you not, too, need it?" Quickly Manning said, "I do need it, and I take it." "Then I also take it," said the laborer. Explaining later his words, the cardinal said, "I needed the pledge, strong as I might have thought myself against temptation, in order to speak convincing words to the poor and weak."—*Archbishop Ireland.*"

The saloon is a good place for Christians to shun, and the liquor trade is a good one for Christians to get out of. Let who may take their places, *they* ought to leave it. Whether they mean it or not, they are doing incalculable mischief to others, they are loading their own souls with an awful weight of responsibility, and, though many of them would rather die than do it willingly, they are bringing dishonor on religion and on the Church of Christ.—*Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C.*

Dr. Jardy says that physiology has now shown the mistake made by Liebig, in 1858, when that great chemist placed alcohol among those aliments which keep up the warmth of the body. At present in Switzerland it appears that the professors of physiology—Gaule in Zürich, Hertzen in Lausanne, Buage in Bâle, and Schiff in Geneva—are total abstainers from alcohol. *Dr. Drysdale, Senior Physician in the Metropolitan Hospital of London.*

"If it is foolish and wrong to denounce all use of fermented liquors as a sin, it is no less foolish and wrong to speak of total abstinence from them as a Manichean condemnation of 'a good creature of God.' 'A good creature of God?' I have heard Sir Wilfrid Lawson say: 'of course it is! So is a tiger. But one does not want a tiger in one's bedroom.'"

"Apart from honorable economy, a man may wisely become a total abstainer if from hereditary or other causes he feels that alcohol might, under any circumstances, be to him a source of moral danger. With such examples as we have before us in history and literature, it is idle for any man to pretend to feel insulted by a suggestion of the possibility of his becoming a slave to drink. Neither education nor intellect necessarily places any man above the peril of excess. Who does not know the failing of Pitt, and of many statesmen who were his contemporaries, in what Sir George Trevelyan has described in his harrowing chapter as the 'Age of Gout'? Who does not know the deplorable degeneracy of Bonnie Prince Charlie? Who has not read of the infirmity of Addison? Who has not mourned over the pathetic outcry of remorse and wretchedness uttered by Burns, by Charles Lamb, by Hartley Coleridge? One of the most eminent clergymen and men of genius of this age says, in one of his published letters, 'I must be on my guard, for I find that *I am getting an ugly fondness for alcohol.*' What multitudes of men, ay, and of women,—men and women of high principles and religious instincts,—have yet been slowly swept into the vortex of excess under the influences of misfortune, of solitude, of depression, or of old age!"—*Archdeacon Farrar, in "Mistakes about Abstainers."*

LITERARY NOTES.

In answer to inquiries we would say that there are at least three biographies of William Cullen Bryant. The most complete is that prepared by Parke Godwin, and pub-

lished in two large volumes in 1883 by the Appletons. A briefer work is one issued by the Harpers in 1880. written by A. J. Symington, entitled "William Cullen Bryant: A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Poems and Other Writings." The latest is the excellent biography prepared by John Bigelow, and published in 1890 in the "American Men of Letters Series" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

An outline for the study of the poems of Bryant, prepared by W. C. Gannett, is published by the Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Price 10 cents.

It is to be hoped that many Unity Clubs and Guilds will be stimulated by the Bryant centennial to take up the study of Bryant's poetry. All such will find a valuable help in this outline of Mr. Gannett.

We are glad to call attention of organists and choir-leaders to a list of anthems and responses which are suitable for use in Unitarian or Universalist churches, which has been prepared by Frank J. Wills and Rev. Herbert Mott, and may be obtained at 10 cents each of Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

George H. Ellis, Boston, has just published a new volume of sermons by Rev. M. J. Savage. It is entitled "A Man." The headings of its twelve chapters are: From the Star Mist to a Man; Building a Man; Being One's Self; Finding One's Place; A Man in the Family; A Man in Business; A Man in Politics; A Man in Reforms; A Man Reading; A Man at Play; A Man in Church; A Man Ascending.

A new volume of sermons by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, entitled "God and Christ," will be published by Philip Green of London early in September.

The London *Inquirer* says that Stopford Brooke's new book on "Tennyson" is having a large sale in England.

Prof. Francis W. Newman, the Unitarian brother of Cardinal Newman, will soon publish a book entitled "Christianity before and after Paul of Tarsus."

Prof. Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man," an extended review of which we print this week, seems to be having a very large sale in England as well as in this country. The first English edition of ten thousand is exhausted, and a second edition is now on the market.

It is announced that Prof. John Fiske is to deliver a series of lectures in Oxford, England, this autumn.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Essex Hall lecture on "Unitarians and the Future," which our London correspondent gave an account of last month, reaches us in the form of a dainty little volume. Philip Green, publisher. Price one shilling.

Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, who represents Unitarian interests on the School Board of London, England, and who has fought so ably the attempt to introduce sectarian religious teaching into the London schools, has prepared and widely circulated a pamphlet called "Diggleism and Dogma," which gives a history of the controversy, and a strong plea for non-sectarian religious teaching. One of the leaders of the movement to sectarianize the London schools bears the name of Diggle, hence the pamphlet's title.

One of the most valuable organizations for scientific ends that we have in this country is the American Social Science Association, which holds its general meeting in Saratoga, September 4–7, with an unusually attractive programme. In the department of Education there will be papers on "The Relation of Sociology to Other Scientific Studies," "A Scheme of Sociological Study," "The Present State of the Study in Germany," "Possibilities of Social Amelioration," "Practical Instruction in Cities," "English as a Universal Language," "The Higher Education in Greece," "Instruction in Methods of Administering Charity," and several other subjects by such men as Prof. Giddings of Columbia College, Blackman of Yale, McCook of Trinity, Wilson of Brown, Jenks of Cornell, and Warner of Leland Stanford. In the department of Health there will be papers and discussions on "Medicine as a Career for Women," "The Eradication of Communicable Disease," and "Heredity." In the department of Social Economy, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn will give an address, and there will be reports from American cities and States on the "Relief of the Unemployed in the Winter of 1893–94." In the department of Jurisprudence there will be papers on "Law and Justice," by J. Warren Greene of New York; "Mobs and Lynching," by George C. Holt of New York; "Legislational Form," by Alfred B. Thacher of New York; "Social Surgery," by Dr. H. L. Wayland of Philadelphia; and "The Elmira System," by Charles Dudley Warner of Hartford.

The opening address of the session will be given by President F. J. Kingsbury of Waterbury, Conn., on Monday evening, September 3,—subject, "The Reign of Law."

NOTE FROM PRESIDENT CARY.

Dear Mr. Sunderland,—Slight misunderstandings are generally best left to their own fate; but the inquiries of two or three

friends concerning the article in the July *Unitarian* on "The Origin of the Term 'Unitarian'" may represent such a degree of general interest in the matter as to make a word of comment desirable.

In my *Chau'auquan* article, to which reference was made, it would have been out of place to enter into a discussion of the value of any historical testimony. I, therefore, simply made my statement concerning the origin and primitive meaning of the term "Unitarian," giving the historian Bod as my authority,—an authority the value of which any scholar is of course at perfect liberty to question. I did not write in ignorance of the fact that Bod's statement does not carry conviction to the mind of every one, nor did I depend upon him without first having given the matter some thoughtful consideration. Several years since, when Prof. Kovács was in this country, I opened the question to him, thinking that he might have some new light to throw upon the subject; but I only obtained his opinion, without any new evidence.

The result of all my consideration of the problem has been that I have not yet felt at liberty to reject the testimony of the historian. Under these circumstances, perhaps the statement that I had fallen into a "mistake" should rather have been that there was a difference of opinion as to the value of the historical testimony in question.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. L. CARY.

Readers of the August *Unitarian* will have noted that Dr. J. H. Allen now rejects the testimony of Bod as not to be relied on, as does Prof. Alexander Gordon of England.—EDITOR.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Mr. Ernest L. Staples, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

¶The next annual conference of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and Other Independent Churches will meet in Unity Church, Sioux City, Ia., October 9, 10, and 11. There will be reduced rates on all railways within a radius of two hundred miles. All ministers of the conference are earnestly requested to arrange for delegations from their respective churches.

LEON A. HARVEY, *Sec'y.*

Ames, Ia.—During the summer Rev. Leon A. Harvey of Des Moines has been continuing the services which he began here last May. The Odd Fellows' Hall, which was for a time denied the Unitarians, on the ground that they were "atheists," has been opened to them; and the congregations are very good, usually taxing the seating capacity of the hall. As the "Iowa Scientific and Agricultural College," with an attendance of some five hundred students, is located here, the importance of the movement is apparent. Several of the professors and many of the students are taking an active interest.

California.—The San Francisco Unitarian churches have remained open all summer. Dr. Stebbins has preached steadily at the First Church, but, when his helper, young Mr. Eliot, arrives, about September 1, may take a rest. At the Second Church Rev. N. A. Haskell of Denver, detained here by the serious illness of his wife, has preached for two months past, during Mr. Sprague's Eastern trip. Various brother and sister clergymen have also supplied his pulpit on Sunday evenings.——Rev. W. M. Jones, Universalist, formerly of Columbus, Ohio, has made a fine impression at San José, and will probably remain as their permanent pastor, and enter our denomination. ——Rev. G. Heber Rice is doing excellent work at Stockton, where the preaching of Theosophy and other outside issues had nearly wrecked a promising movement. At present the Stockton society is in vigorous condition.——Rev. Geo. A. Weaver, late of the California Methodist Episcopal Church, has begun a promising work at Santa Maria, where a society has been formed.——Rev. E. R. Dinsmore, a Congregational clergyman recently settled at Hayward, near Oakland, has been called as pastor of the Santa Barbara society. He is Boston born and bred, and a man of ability and character.——The First Church in Los Angeles is closed for a period of vacation; and the pastor, Rev. J. S. Thomson, has gone East.——The San Diego church is closed, and Rev. J. F. Dutton is spending his vacation in the mountains.——At San Bernardino Rev. H. Digby Johnston, late of Grand Rapids, Mich., will begin pastoral work on September 1; and Rev. A. J. Wells will confine his labors henceforth entirely to Redlands.——The Oakland church, as usual, has kept up services throughout the summer. Rev. Mrs. Wilkes, assistant pastor, has had congregations of between two and three hundred. Rev. S. M. Crothers, on his way to the Yosemite, gave them a sermon and a lecture, drawing crowded audi-

ences.——Rev. C. W. Wendte has just returned from a superintendent's trip in Oregon and Washington. During the five weeks of his vacation he has travelled three thousand two hundred and fifty miles, and spoken nineteen times. A new work has been opened at Eugene, Ore. On his return he addressed a citizens' mass meeting in the Oakland tabernacle, and made an earnest speech in behalf of law, order and respect for constituted authorities. The strikers and their sympathizers present tried to break up the meeting, but were unsuccessful, the great audience of four thousand persons being strong in their support of the speakers.——Rev. Dr. Stebbins recently preached a strong sermon on the labor troubles, which is to be printed. The superintendent has recently visited Stockton, and is to install Rev. Mr. Weaver at Santa Maria next week.——Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., is to be ordained to the ministry and installed as assistant pastor of the San Francisco First Church on September 9. His father, Rev. Dr. T. L. Eliot, and other clergymen, will participate in the services. ——Rev. Thomas J. Horner of Sacramento has gone East, and services are suspended during August.——The Berkeley church is on a vacation. Rev. Mr. Payne is lecturing, and organizing Altrurian Circles, preparatory to forming co-operative fruit-growing colonies in Sonoma County.

Erie, Pa.—The Universalist church here (Rev. Howard MacQueary, pastor) will celebrate its semi-centennial in September with a three days' Liberal Religious Congress,—the 11th, 12th, and 13th,—at which there are to be papers, addresses, and discussions by such well-known Universalists and Unitarians as Dr. E. L. Rexford of Boston; Dr. I. M. Atwood of Canton, N.Y.; Prof. Barber of Meadville; Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Rev. T. R. Slicer of Buffalo; Rev. F. A. Bisbee of Philadelphia; Prof. A. B. Curtis of Tufts College; Dr. Charles Fluhrer of Michigan; President Cone of Buchtel College, Ohio; Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, D.D., of Omaha, Neb., and others. The occasion promises to be one of great interest.

Fargo, No. Dak.—The Fargo *Daily Forum* prints in full two sermons of Rev. William Ballou on "The Pullman Strike" and "The Socialistic Trend," in which the wrongs done to their workmen by the Pullman Company are clearly pointed out and strongly condemned.

Frankfort, Mich.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor held services in the large pavilion of the Park Hotel in this place on Sunday, August 5; and Mrs. Sunderland spoke in the same place Sunday, August 19. Large and appreciative audiences were present on both occasions. Frankfort is one of the most attractive places of summer resort on Lake Michigan.

Kansas.—A novel missionary movement has been undertaken by Mr. William Bland of Olsburg, a Unitarian who came into the State some years ago from England. He has fitted himself out with a travelling "van," or covered wagon, and goes from place to place exhibiting a camera obscura in the day-time, and speaking to such companies of people as he is able to gather together and distributing Unitarian literature in the evening. His "van" has upon its sides in large letters the words "Liberal Christianity Bureau." He distributes tracts which he receives from the American Unitarian Association, takes the names of persons who would like to receive more tracts from our Post-office Missions, speaks to the people about Unitarianism, answers questions, sells Unitarian books, etc. He has visited Manhattan, Randolph, Garrison, and several other places, and reports much interest among the people in the missionary side of his enterprise. This combination of entertainment, business, and missionary work is certainly unique.

Lancaster, N.H.—Rev. A. N. Somers begins September 12 a course of lectures planned to bring the people of Lancaster into closer relations of interest to the live questions of the day, and especially to bring them into more vital relations to the public library. The University Extension plan will be followed,—a brief and pointed lecture, to be followed by general discussion and class drills. A syllabus of the course will be distributed to those in attendance, with full references to the literature of the separate topics dealt with. The lectures are not intended to be exhaustive of the subjects discussed, but suggestive, aiming to excite thought and give direction to it. The aim will be to bring to busy but thoughtful people the methods and appliances of the higher education as administered in colleges and universities.

Pasadena, Cal.—A correspondent from this Eden of the world writes us as follows: "I enclose a thought which came to me the other day, during a most delightful outing. We had toiled up a steep, narrow trail for nine miles till we had reached Mt. Wilson, a peak of the San Bernardino Mountains, where we camped over night. On rising the following morning, a sight met our eyes which we shall never forget. There we stood, bathed in the glorious sunlight, while a heavy fog, advancing halfway up the mountain-side, hid from our view the entire San Gabriel valley. White and glistening in the morning light, it strongly resembled a vast polar sea, upon which we gazed with both awe and admiration. My thought took the form of the following lines":—

UPLIFTED.

We stood upon the mountain top,
  The bright sun round us shining:
We gazed upon the cloud below,
  And saw the silver lining.

Ah! dwellers in the vale beneath,
  'Tis but a type of what shall be
When through the mists of earth we break,
  And *rise to immortality!*

ANNIE E. PIERCE.

Peterboro, N.H.—A guild has just been organized in the Unitarian church here. Rev. George E. Littlefield, the pastor of the society, enthused the young people to take hold of the work, and a goodly number have already signed the simple bond of fellowship: "We unite in the spirit of Jesus for the worship of God and the welfare of man." The first meeting was held last Sunday evening, August 19; and from the manner in which the young people came out there can be but thoughts of success to the movement.

Shelbyville, Ill.— Rev. Jasper L. Douthit's son, Robert Collyer Douthit, who graduated at Meadville two years ago, and is now settled at Baraboo, Wis., was married on August 8 to Miss Alma L. McGilvra of this place.

St. Louis, Mo.—Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., recently of Seattle, Wash., now of San Francisco, was married here on July 18 to Miss Minna C. Sessinghaus.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, SEPTEMBER 24 TO 27.

Programme of Meetings.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

4 P.M. Meeting of the Council.

7.45 P.M. Sermon, Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., of Cambridge, Mass.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

9 A.M. Communion Service, conducted by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D.

10 to 10.30 A.M. Introduction of the new President, Hon. George F. Hoar. Resolutions in memory of Hon. George William Curtis, late President of the Conference. Appointment of Committees, etc.

10.30 to 10.55 A.M. Report of the Council, by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., Chairman.

10.55 A.M. to 12.45 P.M. Unitarian Work: reports and recommendations, by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D., Secretary of the American Unitarian Association; Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, Secretary of the Women's National Alliance; Rev. D. M. Wilson, Superintendent for New England; Rev. D. W. Morehouse, Superintendent for Middle States and Canada; Rev. T. B. Forbush, Superintendent for Western States; Rev. G. L. Chaney, Superintendent for Southern States; Rev. C. W. Wendte, Superintendent for the Pacific Coast; Rev. A. W. Gould, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference; Rev. W. I. Lawrance, Report on Japanese Mission.

12.45 P.M. Report of Business Committee. Reception of Foreign Delegates.

1.30 P.M. Recess.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Meeting under the Auspices of Women's National Alliance,—"The Work of Unitarian Women: Retrospective and Prospective."

2.30. "The Western Women's Conference," Rev. Ida C. Hultin.

2.40. "The Pacific Coast Conference."

2.50. "The Religious Field," Mrs. J. T. Sunderland.

3.10. "Moral Enthusiasm," Rev. Marion Murdock.

3.30. "The Part of Liberal Women in the Community," Mrs. Charles G. Ames.

3.40. "The Young Women," Miss May White Ovington.

3.50. "The Work in India," Mrs. Judith W. Andrews.

4.00. "The Golden Bond," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

At the close of her address Mrs. Howe will recite the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

TUESDAY EVENING.

7.30. A Platform Meeting, with addresses by several of the younger Unitarian ministers. Chairman, Rev. S. M. Crothers.

"The Work of Church Extension in New Communities," Rev. Charles J. Staples.

"How can Existing Parishes be strengthened?" Rev. A. M. Lord.

"The Church in its Relation to Sociology," Rev. Christopher R. Eliot.

"The Church as a Social Prophet," Rev. Eugene R. Shippen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot.

10 to 11 A.M. The subject of "Regeneration" will be treated in two papers of thirty minutes each. The papers will be given by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer and Mr. Francis C. Lowell.

11 to 11.30 A.M. Discussion of the above papers by Rev. Charles E. St. John and Rev. William W. Fenn.

11.30 A.M. to 12 M. "What the Higher Criticism has done to restore to us the Real Historical Jesus," by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, of Manchester College, Oxford.

12 M. to 12.15 P.M. Report of Business Committee.

12.15 P.M. Report of the Committee on the Revision of the Constitution. (If necessary, the afternoon will be devoted to the consideration of the various projects for the revision of the Constitution and action thereon.)

4 P.M. Annual Meeting of the Women's National Alliance.

7.30 P.M. Missionary Mass Meeting, arranged and conducted by Rev. George Batchelor. Speakers to be announced.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Charles E. St. John.

10 to 10.30 A.M. "A Working Theory in Ethics," by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker.

10.30 to 11 A.M. Discussion on above paper.

11 to 11.30 A.M. "The Mutual Relations of the Catholic and Protestant Churches." A paper from the Catholic point of view will be given by Hon. Wm. D. Robinson of Connecticut.

11.30 A.M. to 12 M. Short papers on above subject, from the Protestant point of view, will be given by several gentlemen.

12 M. to 12.15 P.M. Business Committee.

12.15 P.M. Election of Officers.

3 P.M. Business session, if needed, for practical recommendations, resolutions, and general business.

4 P.M. Meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society.

7.30 P.M. The closing sermon will be preached by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke of London.

Persons desiring further information regarding the Conference can obtain it from Rev. D. W. Morehouse, 104 East 20th Street, New York.

JOTTINGS.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set. *Bacon.*

Every hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.—*F. W. Faber.*

Duty is carrying on promptly and faithfully the affairs now before you. It is to fulfil the claims of to-day.—*Goethe.*

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Let not thy peace depend on the tongues of men; for, whether they judge well of thee or ill, thou art not on that account other than thyself.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

This culture of character which you have undertaken is a vast and complicated thing: it is not one thing, but many; and it demands equal watchfulness and effort in many directions, as to the thoughts, the passions, the words, the actions.—*Henry Ware.*

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes: organize victories out of mistakes.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Hand in hand with science I go, by the steps of development, back to the dawn of creation; and, when there, we review all the forces and their combination that have helped us to arrive, and both of us together break into a confession of a Force of forces. *John Weiss.*

It is our faith in the present which gives us our faith in the future. It is the earthly trust which leads us to the heavenly. It is human goodness and purity out of which we form our conception of the divine. It is this earthly life of ours in which all these great sanctities lie.—*Edward H. Hall.*

Without the resolution in your hearts to do good work so long as your right hands have motion in them, and to do it whether the issue be that you die or live, no life worthy the name will ever be possible to you, while, in once forming the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won, now and forever.—*Ruskin.*

We speak of the ministry of sin, of suffering, of disappointment, of sorrow, and speak truly; but none of these "minister," not one, until they have been mastered. First our mastery, then their ministry. We say, "The Lord hath chastened us." Yes, but by summoning us to a wrestle in which it is our part never to let go.—*W. C. Gannett.*

I do not say, then, with Richter's dreamer, *Give me back my youth*, that wilful, undisciplined thing. My youth shines *before* me. I come from the west: I travel to the east. What is any monument to the advancing soul? It lives in the future. It leaves the past. It recollects not itself, and would not have us recollect it.—*C. A. Bartol.*

where thieves do not break through and steal."

But it is not alone in the Bible that we get intimations of riches more tangible than the mutations of external fortune. We find such intimations in our daily experiences. Nay, we find them built into our very forms of speech. We are all the while calling a thousand things ours which we do not own in any legal way. Yet we feel them to be, and they are, among our truest possessions. For example, I say "my friend." What do I mean by that "my"? I do not have any legal ownership of that friend. And yet I feel that I have a right in some true and real sense to call him *mine*. And my possession in him is very precious. I say "my wife," "my child." But I do not own these in any such sense as I own property. I am not at liberty to sell them or destroy them. Yet in a sense even more deep than that of mere legal possession they are mine. I say "my country"; and, if I have any patriotism in my soul, the words thrill me. I feel that the country in which I have always lived, which I have always loved, is mine in a sense very deep and very sacred, even though I may not have legal ownership to a single rod of its surface. If you want to know what it means to say "*my* country,"—what possessions you have, deeper and more inalienable than legal titles, in her every valley and hill,—nay, in everything that pertains to her,—go and travel in a foreign land. Then you shall understand. Or, if still you do not know, then read Edward Everett Hale's little book written at the time of our Civil War, "A Man Without a Country," and see how unutterably poor is a man who amidst all the lands of earth can say of none, "It is mine."

But, with reference to this matter of wealth other than that of a legal kind, perhaps our best teachers are our poets, as they are our best teachers in so many other things. Their eyes, better than most, are able to penetrate down below appearances to realities, and to see that man's life is more than meat and drink.

Here are some lines from our Unitarian poet-preacher, Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, N.Y.:—

This is the law of beauty,
  That, if we but serve her well,
All things are ours henceforward,
  In earth and heaven and hell,—
All things of the brown old planet,
  All of the deep blue sky,
All that the ear can hearken,
  All that can fill the eye.

And, if we are rich with their riches,
  The world may give or withhold;
For He who is God of beauty
  Her secret to us has told.

Is there no meaning in this? Is it a mere poet's fancy?

Here is a song from Lucy Larcom, one of the best of our woman poets:—

I do not own an inch of land,
  But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
  The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are.
  They bring me tithes divine,—
With scents and subtle essences,
  A tribute rare and fine;
And, more magnificent than all,
  My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
  A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
  Great fleets and argosies:
I have a share in every ship
  Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
  Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
  Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
  Than India ever knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
  Across that outlet blue.

Here sit I, as a little child:
  The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase.
  Now the vast temple floor,
And blinding glory of the dome,
  I bow my head before.
The universe, O God, is home,
  In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
  Content I am to be,
Glad, when is open to my need,
  Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

Tell me, is there no truth in this? ye children of a King! ye who live all your lives in your Father's house of many mansions prepared for you, and yet know it not! ye who sigh and weep and drudge, and look down instead of up, in a Paradise world more fair than Eden, more glorious than the New Jerusalem that John saw in his Patmos vision!

Among the hymns that we often sing to-

gether as a congregation is one entitled "Heirship." It runs:—

Heir of all the ages, I,—
  Heir of all that they have wrought;
All their store of emprise high,
  All their wealth of precious thought.

Heir of all that they have earned
  By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
  Through their weary toiling years.

Is this true? Am I the heir of the past? Do the long centuries that are gone offer me thus all their riches of thought and achievement? There is only one answer. All these are laid at my feet, to be mine if I will have them.

No, friends, if any of us are living lives of poverty, the difficulty does not lie in the fact that wealth is not offered us. The difficulty is in ourselves,—in want of eyes to see and ears to hear and souls to appreciate and appropriate the wealth that is at our hand.

And now we begin to get some intimation of what it was Paul meant when he wrote to his poor, struggling Corinthian brethren, who had so little of this world's goods, "All things are yours."

We begin to see that there is more than one kind of wealth. We begin to see that persons whom the world with its superficial judgments calls poor may be very rich, and that those whom it calls rich may be miserably poor.

A very little careful study shows us that ownership is of two kinds.

The lowest is that which we get by legal title. Yet I do not say that it is not important. It is important. The experience of the race shows that the right of property possession is an essential to civilization. Where that right is best guarded, society rises to its best. Man in all his history on the planet has never come into possession of anything of more value than the home. But the home is based on property ownership. Where the husband and wife can say of some chosen spot, This is ours, and nobody else in the world has a right here without our consent, there the first condition necessary for the creation of the true home is fulfilled. The stable nations, the nations where law and order have ever found their sturdiest defenders, have ever been the nations made up of homestead owners. The dangers threatening this country will have seriously augmented if the day ever comes when the proportion of its citizens owning their own homes shall have greatly decreased.

And yet, important and essential as is legal ownership, it is entirely possible to let it crowd out of sight another kind of ownership which is even more important; namely, that which comes from knowledge, sympathy, love, appreciation, enjoyment.

Of these two kinds of ownership, of course it is easy to see that that which stands uppermost in the public mind is the legal. Speak of ownership to a hundred men, and ninety-nine will not only suppose you to mean the legal, but will scarcely be able to understand you if you refer to any other. And yet legal ownership is the more limited, the more superficial, the less under control, and far the less enduring of the two.

Notice how much more limited it is. There are only a few things that we can have legal ownership of. Of the things that enter as essentials into your life and mine, how few do we buy or sell! Do we own the sunshine, which gives life to the world? Do we own the air, without which we could not exist? Do we own the clouds or the rains that water the earth, or the great oceans which are the primary reservoirs from which all clouds, snows, and rains come? Do we own the seasons that come and go in their time? Do we own the day or the night? Do we own the moon and stars that give the night its beauty, the splendor of sunsets, the freshness of dewy mornings, the songs of birds, the endless variety and charm of nature? Do we own human society or the great world of human thought, without which our lives would be a barren desert? Do we, with any mere legal ownership, own poetry, or art, or music, or religion? We may own a Bible; but is that religion? We may own a book of noble poems, or a grand piano, or a fine picture; but, if that is all, have we any part or lot in the world's splendid wealth of poetry or music or art? Mere money and law papers give no ownership of this wealth. To inherit this kingdom, we must be born again, not of gold or silver or warranty deeds, but of the spirit, which is love, knowledge, desire, appreciation,—a soul alive to music, to art, to poetry, to religion.

In another way, legal ownership contrasts unfavorably with the ownership that is of the mind and character. Since it is external, it is liable at almost any time to be lost. I may have possession of immense properties to-day, but to-morrow may bring unexpected reverses of fortune, and sweep everything out of my hands. Not so with the deeper ownership of the soul. What has been made mine by knowledge, by love, and by appreciation, is mine for ever: no changes of fortune can rob me of it. It has become a part of myself.

Still another thing, too, should be said of legal ownership. We need to be constantly on our guard respecting it, or else it will narrow us, contract our lives, make us mean and selfish. It need not do this, but to multitudes it does; and hence to them becomes a curse. The way it does it is this. Before we came to have property which we called our own in the restricted legal sense, our eyes were open to the larger heritage which we have in all things. Our minds were not distracted so but that we enjoyed all nature, all beautiful things, whatever was lovely, no matter who owned it. But, as soon as we got a piece of property that was ours in a special, legal way, our eyes were turned to that, our affection was centred on that, the larger world vanished away; and this little farm, or lot, or whatever it was, became virtually our world.

Says the author of that charming little book, "A Tour round my Garden": "Property is a contract by which you renounce everything that is not contained within four walls. When I had nothing of my own, I had forests and meadows, and the sea, and the sky with all its stars. Since I purchased this old house and this garden, I have no longer anything but this house and this garden . . . You are poor. The sea is yours with its solemn noises, the grand voices of its winds, the aspects of its imposing rage, and its still more imposing calm. It is yours: it is likewise others'. At some future period, when by dint of labor, mental exertion, perhaps business, you shall have become more or less rich, you will have a little marble basin constructed in your garden, or at least you will be eager to buy and keep in your house a vase containing a couple of goldfishes." But what now of the sea? It will be gone. It will have contracted to this marble basin or this glass vase.

Alas! this is a picture of what too often happens. Generous and unselfish and dwelling in a large world, so long as we have only that ownership of love and appreciation which we share with all others who love and appreciate, the moment we get something as our exclusive own we are so likely to grow selfish, and let our whole world of enjoyment narrow to that poor bit of legal property! What can prevent such a catastrophe? Only one thing, resolutely to keep the open eye, the wide vision, and especially the unselfish heart; resolutely to think of all property held by us as being what it really is, simply a trust,—a trust of which we are simply for the time being the stewards.

I have spoken of the deeper ownership as that which is gained by knowledge, by love, by appreciation, by enjoyment. Let us see a little more clearly how this is.

I went into a great museum. An ignorant rich man, who understood nothing of its wealth, except what he was told, held the title-deed. A scientist of extraordinary knowledge, who knew concerning nearly everything in it, and whose loving labor of a lifetime had made it what it was, had it in charge. To which of the two belonged the museum, in the truer sense of the word?

I saw a splendid picture, painted by a great master. A millionaire who knew nothing about art, and cared nothing except to buy with his gold what would make the world talk about him, purchased the picture, and put it into his private gallery, but never went near it except to show it to some rich friend as ignorant as himself. But the gallery was in charge of an artist who appreciated and loved the picture, and to whom it was a perpetual delight and inspiration. Which of the two, in the deeper sense, owned the picture?

How is it that we make books and writers our own, by purchasing volumes and placing them on our shelves, or by studying the authors, and filling our minds with what they have written? Who really possesses Shakespeare's works,—he who owns the rarest and most costly editions, or he who has the great dramas in his mind and soul?

How is it that we make the flowers and plants and birds—the flora and the fauna

of a region—our own,—by buying up real estate, or by long-continued and loving study?

Henry Thoreau had no legal ownership of Walden woods or Walden pond. But he knew and loved every tree and shrub and flower and bird of the one, and every stone on the beach and every changing light and shadow on the mirrored surface of the other. Did that knowledge and that love give him no proprietorship? The world will always think of both pond and woods as a hundred times more Thoreau's than the men's who had legal title to them. And will it not be right?

Any of you who have visited England, and have made a tour to the famous Lake Region of Cumberland and Westmoreland, have found there a singularly picturesque stretch of valleys and lakes, hills and mountains, popularly called "Wordsworth's Country." Why is it so called? Because Wordsworth held title-deeds to it? On the contrary, its title-deeds were held by a score or hundred obscure men whose names we have never heard mentioned, and Wordsworth held legal claim to only a modest hillside home. But everywhere the great poet had stamped himself upon the region by the fidelity with which he had studied it, under all skies, in all seasons,—every rugged peak, every mountain tarn, every secret nook of every valley, every variety of flower and shrub, every effect of sun and shadow on lake and mountain side, all the highways and byways and secret mountain paths, all the homes in the villages and cottages in the far-off, lonely wilds, every dweller in all the region from oldest grandsire to prattling child, all the history and folk-lore and old tales of the region,—and had woven them all as warp or woof into the cloth of gold of his poetry. Why, then, should not this region be called Wordsworth's Country? Who owned it if not he? And who had a better right to bequeath it to posterity connected with his name?

If from England you continued your journey up into Scotland, you found regions there connected similarly with the two greatest names of Scotland, and known as "Robert Burns's Country" and "Walter Scott's Country." And what could be more fitting than these names?

From these varied illustrations we see the difference between the two kinds of ownership. The lesson we learn is that much of our talk about poverty and riches is very shallow and foolish. Many who are thought to own most own least; and many who are thought to possess little have great wealth.

For what is wealth? Health is wealth. Hope is wealth. Courage is wealth. Knowledge is wealth. The open eye is wealth. The alert mind is wealth. Love and faith are wealth. Whatever broadens, ennobles, or enriches life is wealth. Says Carlyle, "The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by."

A millionaire rolls by in his carriage, without joy, without hope, without faith, without eyes to see, tired to death from chasing about over the earth trying to find some place in which his selfish soul can be happy, and, as the result of it all, seriously questioning whether life is worth living. A poor man goes by on foot, on his way home from his daily labor. He has a strong arm, a brave heart, a clear head, a free mind, a wife and children whom he loves; a future before him to which he looks forward with hope; a religious faith which assures him that over him and all whom he holds dear there is a providence of eternal good. Which is the richer man?

Do any of us, then, ask the question how we can obtain the largest possessions in this world? The answer depends upon what kind of possessions we seek. We can get the most of legal possessions, undoubtedly, by living definitely for these, by turning all our powers into money-making and money-saving powers,— by making Mammon our god, and serving him day and night. But, if we recognize other possessions as even more valuable than the legal, the way to enrich ourselves with the largest amount of these is to cultivate our minds, and store them with knowledge, so that all nature shall be to us an open book; to become acquainted with the great past and its noble life, so as to feel that this is all ours; to mingle heartily and sympathetically in society around us, so as to learn to recognize our fellow-men as our brothers, and their interests as our own; to open our hearts unselfishly to love, to appreciation, to the willing and glad service of every

cause of good that appears to us. Thus, whether our bank accounts are large or small, and whether the deeds and mortgages in our strong boxes are many or few or none, we shall have riches that will enlarge and ennoble our lives, which will gladden all our days, which will bless all with whom we have to do, which cannot be taken from us by thief or cheating fellow-man or business disaster, or even by death itself, but which we shall carry with us to be our permanent and eternal wealth in whatever future the good God may have for us beyond this world.

Oh, the lives of us all would be simply inexpressibly rich if we would appropriate even half the wealth God offers us! Writes quaint and devout George Herbert:—

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and waters flow.
O mighty love! man is one world, and hath
Another to befriend him."

What we need is the open vision, the appreciative mind, the thankful heart. Without these there is no joy for us in this world; and, what is even more serious, there cannot be in any other to which God can ever take us.

The unappreciative mind complains of the sun, that there are spots on his surface, instead of seeing with joy his glowing face of kindly fire that fills the whole world with light and life. The unappreciative mind complains of the rose that it is not a lily, and of the lily that it is not a rose; of the spring that it is not the summer, and of the summer that it is not the autumn; of the noon that it is not cool and fresh like the morning or the evening; and of the starlit night that it is not bright like the noon. With an impoverished mind and heart, the legal ownership of the whole earth would still leave you poor. With mind and heart endowed with knowledge, love, and thankfulness, the loss of all worldly possessions would still leave you rich.

"In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has, in their aid,—
Love that not ever seems to tire,—
Such rich provision made."

Thus it is that the mind creates and the mind destroys, the mind makes rich and the mind makes poor, the mind transforms the earth we tread into hells or heavens.

"All things are yours," says Paul. Yes, all things are yours and mine, if we will have them. In the lower and poorer sense of wealth, which is of the flesh and the earth only, we cannot all be rich; but in the higher sense, which is of the soul and of heaven, there is not one of us but may be rich with a wealth that is measureless, infinite in value, and lasting as God.

So, then, this is the word I would leave with you all to-day. Enter into your great heritage. Do not delay. Do not play with life's high prizes. Claim the wealth that of right belongs to you. Consent not for a moment to live a life of poverty, when God means you to be rich. The world is your Father's house. Open your eyes. Throw wide all the windows of your soul. Reach up for the highest. Live as becomes a child of God, and an heir of all best things in earth and heaven.

THE LATE EX-GOV. ROBINSON OF KANSAS.

Hon. Charles Robinson of Lawrence, Kan., the first governor of that State, and perhaps the most distinguished historic character that the State has thus far produced, died on the 17th of August. There was a time in the early days of Kansas when hardly any name in the land was better known than that of Gov. Robinson. And during the whole history of that Commonwealth, he has been a conspicuous and honored leader in nearly every movement looking to the advancement of the State. His death is an event of much wider than State importance.

We give below the address (abridged) delivered at his funeral by Rev. C. G. Howland of the Lawrence Unitarian church, with which Gov. Robinson had been for many years associated; also an article upon Gov. Robinson written by Dr. Edward Everett Hale for the Boston *Commonwealth*.

MR. HOWLAND'S ADDRESS.

One by one the pioneers of our beautiful Commonwealth pass away. We are about to

carry to his last resting-place the best known citizen of Kansas, an upright and benevolent man, remarkable for his independence and fearlessness. A useful and conspicuous life has come to an end, and the people of this great State unite to-day with his neighbors in mourning the death of Gov. Robinson. It is perhaps on account of his prominence in the Territorial history of Kansas that he will be longest remembered. He came here, as many others did, to see that Kansas was made a free State. The struggle in which he bore so great a part was not uncongenial. He took pleasure in it, because he felt that he was right. His sympathies and his judgment were on the side of justice. During that period of storm and stress Gov. Robinson did not fall in with the prevailing temper, but counselled moderation, and pursued a course that to many seemed timid. There is no doubt about the wisdom of his advice and action, but we should expect from a man of his strong convictions and aggressive nature far less scrupulous and prudent measures. It cannot be said of any man that he saved Kansas; but there are many here before me who witnessed the conflict from first to last, and took an honorable part in it, who will say that Gov. Robinson did more than any one else to save the State from the wickedness of slavery.

But this is not his only claim to our gratitude, nor is it the only question in which the State at large has an interest. Our university is a State institution to which young men and women come from every part of Kansas and receive that intellectual training and discipline which are needed for the highest duties of life. I do not think any citizen of our State has had a more intelligent interest in the welfare of the university, or has aided it so largely by his gifts. The present chancellor once told me of the warm welcome that he and his colleague received from Gov. Robinson when they came to Lawrence. Both were young, and constituted for some time the entire faculty; but they had such help and sympathy from Gov. Robinson that they never lost courage. Both are still in the university with which they have been so long connected, and I am sure they would bear willing testimony to the paternal interest with which Gov. Robinson watched the growth of what is now a great institution. Let the youth of our State, and especially the citizens of Lawrence, bear in mind this noble and enduring service.

Gov. Robinson loved his country and State, but no political party was exactly satisfactory to him; and I think his allegiance was somewhat divided among them. The same is true of his religious beliefs.

He had many of the qualities which command respect,— courage, energy, integrity. We like these in our fellow-men. They make the good and prosperous citizen. Whatever success Gov. Robinson achieved was won openly and fairly. He disguised nothing. He was not an adroit man: he had too much candor for that, and his candor was injurious to his political ambition. He was not always prudent in the expression of opinions. He knew nothing of prudence in such a sense as this, and his friends often regretted his frankness. I never knew a man more thoroughly independent, nor one more ready to advocate the cause of the few. He had observed that justice is so frequently on the side of the weak and helpless that he sometimes seems to have identified it with the minority. He never shunned controversy. He loved it, but it was not altogether from this spirit that he took the unpopular side until it became almost a habit. It was weakness that aroused his sympathy. He loved the combat, but he pitied the foe he had conquered.

Gov. Robinson had his prejudices. Some of them were vigorous and even contemptuous. They belong to his type of character and the circumstances of his stormy career. No one would say that he was perfect. He knew that himself better than any one could tell him; but, as those who knew him well look to-day upon those features, striking, although pale and motionless, they will silently say, "A gentle husband, a kindly and generous neighbor, an upright citizen, a heroic and faithful servant of the people." Courage, fidelity, kindness, have always been admired among men; and, when we measure men, we must do it by an all-around rule, and not by a special one. We must do it by a large standard. We must take them in the aggregate, in the sum of their qualities.

We give back to the earth to-day our most eminent citizen. Forty years ago he

began his work in Kansas. It is ended now, except as it survives in institutions, and continues in the spirit and affection of the people. What a choice inheritance our friend leaves behind him! What a great thing a good name is! Dear to men, and we have a right to believe just as dear also to God; for we cannot conceive that the divine way of estimating human character is at all different from our own. We judge of higher beings by what we know is highest and greatest in ourselves.

Much of Gov. Robinson's life was tempestuous, but the close was as gentle as the fading light of day. With a tender but speechless touch of a dear hand, and without the slightest concern, he went out to meet what the "future hath of marvel or surprise." What these may be has never been revealed to any son of man or son of God, for they all "see through a glass darkly"; but it has been the fond and firm hope of a vast majority of the wisest and noblest men that this life is only the childhood of the soul, while the real greatness and glory are yet to be! "It doth not yet appear"; but we comfort ourselves with faith in the universe and in the infinite God, the centre and soul of all.

DR. HALE'S ARTICLE.

The death of Gov. Charles Robinson of Kansas recalls the memory of the time, forty years ago, when the history of this country pivoted on him; and the pivot did not give way.

When Eli Thayer made the organization of the Emigrant Aid Company in 1854, everything had to be done promptly, where a mistake meant ruin. With a capital stock of only $30,000, the company began its attack on what was virtually one body of Southern slave-holders determined that the new Territory should be a slave Territory. In selecting the first agent to visit the Territory and to report to the newly formed company, Mr. Thayer chose Charles Robinson. He was then a physician in Fitchburg, Mass., having been an early settler in California, and having, once, at least, passed across the continent by land. He was therefore the only man in the early counsels of the Emigrant Aid Company who had so much as seen the country which was at stake. Early in 1854, he made a visit to the Territory as their agent, and brought back his first report. Acting upon that report, thirty or forty men were at once sent out, who founded the city of Lawrence at a point indicated by him on the Kaw or Kansas River. Soon after he joined this colony with a larger party, and, from that moment until he was triumphantly elected governor of the State of Kansas under its constitution he was the recognized leader of the hard-pressed and hard-fighting free State men of the Territory.

In this position he showed discretion, courage, and decision, such as surprised his friends and enemies. He never delivered battle except for a purpose. On the other hand, he never shrank from an encounter. The officers sent out by that poor creature, Franklin Pierce, and by the more shrewd Buchanan, were in no way able to meet his diplomatic skill. On the other hand, he retained the confidence of the free State settlers, so that they obeyed, even under the sorest peril, when he declined battle with the forces of the United States.

Under the banner of "Squatter Sovereignty," to which Senator Douglas had given the name, the real settlers had made what was known as "The Topeka Constitution," and had almost unanimously chosen Dr. Robinson governor. He was inaugurated under this constitution on the 4th of March, 1856. But early in April Major Buford's army of Southerners arrived in Kansas. The United States marshal took them in pay, invaded the town of Lawrence, burned the property of the Emigrant Aid Company there, and Mr. Robinson's house. From this time a civil war went on in the Territory between the settlers proper on the free side and the Missourians, who could be marched in on raids on the other.

These border men and their allies from the South were willing enough to fight. But men who owned slaves were not willing to risk them in such a Territory. Thus the real settlers were inevitably on the anti-slavery side. The federal government, however, gave its countenance to the Missouri clans, being indeed directed wholly by the Southern interest. A grand jury, summoned by the Territorial governor, indicted Robinson, Lane, and Reeder for high treason. Lane and Reeder escaped, but Robinson was kept in prison for four months. It

was while he was in prison that his house was burned.

The governors sent West by President Buchanan to repress the settlers, inevitably, by a curious law, took the side of the people of the State after they arrived. When Gov. Gray arrived at Lecompton, the pro-slavery capital, he released Robinson on bail. Gray reported to the President that peace was re-established, and at once the "Topeka Constitution" and its legislature reappeared. From this time—January, 1857—Kansas was virtually without a government, excepting that local government to which the American of New England ancestry is born. But the people gained in every encounter; and our Northern Doughfaces in Congress did not dare continue forever in a policy which disfranchised them. How, indeed, could you have a slave State in a region where nobody dared carry any slaves? At an election conducted under some forms of law, what was known as the Lecompton Constitution was rejected by ten thousand majority. A new constitution prohibiting slavery was made and ratified by four thousand majority. Under this constitution Gov. Robinson was again elected; and he was therefore, by either of his elections, the first governor of the State of Kansas.

This was in the winter of 1859. So soon as the Civil War came on, the young men who had been in arms for freedom were not averse to using the training they had acquired. Naturally, the population of Kansas was largely made up of young men and of brave men. And thus Kansas had the honor, in the War of the Rebellion, of furnishing the largest proportional contingent of any free State to the Army of the Nation, although she was the youngest State in the union, and although her birth had been so perilous.

In all the duties of forming a new State, Gov. Robinson showed the courage and decision and energy which from the beginning had endeared him to the people. Independent in everything, he has since differed from many of them in political or partisan divisions. But the sentiment of regard and respect which showed itself at his funeral was an index of which his friends may well be proud, as marking the close of the career of the Founder of a State.

EDWARD E. HALE.

*GLIMPSES OF EUROPE.**

LONDON.

London is a great city,—the most wonderful on the face of the earth. Last evening we took a 'bus ride from the Langham to Charing Cross, and thence by the underground to the Mansion House. There we looked round us in the moonlight, and reflected that within a quarter of a mile of where we stood was centred the commercial and financial power which ruled the world. I love England. It is easy sometimes for petty jealousies to rise between America and England, and so make us lose sight of the greatest truths. Call it English greed, if you will; but the fact remains that, wherever England goes over the face of the earth, it is to carry a higher civilization and a nobler hope for the human race.

No city is so well worth studying as this. If anything exists in all the world, a good specimen of it can be found here. If anything is known anywhere here can be found one to tell about it. It is the world in epitome.

Three of our party of five were "good," and went to church this morning. We generously promised to absorb and bring home enough goodness to save the other two, vicariously, if possible. I said we went to church. No, in England we must not forget that it was chapel, and not church. We went to Bedford Chapel to hear Rev. Stopford Brooke. I confess that, with the exception of the responses, I did not like the service. I am not up to the enjoyment of prayers given in a sing-song chant; and I would like a little of the "wrath" and all of the "curses" of the Old Testament left out of a liberal service. But the sermon was every way fine. Mr. Brooke was at his best; and his best is something very fine indeed. His subject was Hagar,—apparently one of a series of occasional discourses on the Old Testament. His attitude and his critical insight were unexceptionable. Out of the old-time legend he drew lovely and comforting and inspiring lessons of gospel or good news. One sentence, taken in its connection, was so delicately beautiful that I think I shall never forget it. Speaking of the writer's thought of the divine power, as

* From Mr. Savage's Letters in the Boston *Commonwealth*.

expressed in his treatment of Hagar, the Egyptian slave, he said, "And he who made the story must *have loved God well.*"

I noticed in the audience Rev. Theo. C. Williams, his brother-in-law, Rev. M. St. C. Wright, and Rev. Stopford W. Brooke. She has become so well known in Boston that it seemed homelike to look upon the radiant face of Mrs. Chant. She appears to thrive on much public speaking, for I never saw her looking in better health.

Early in August Mr. Brooke goes to his loved Italian lakes. When I told him of our proposed route, "Oh, go to the lakes!" he cried. "A day of the lakes is worth a week of the Rhine! The Rhine is dull!" I agreed with him; and yet—as is often true in such cases—I am going my own way, nevertheless.

HOLLAND AND THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

As we boarded the boat at Dover *en route* for the Continent, and felt the fresh wind on our faces, and saw the waves dancing beyond the pier, I felt my pity stir for the poor people who, on such occasions, "generally go below." So we naturally fell to thinking and talking of the long-proposed tunnel under the English Channel. Perfectly feasible, the one thing that stands in the way is the fear of the people on either side that, some day, it may be too easy to get across in case of war. If, however, these facilities could be multiplied and war made thus more difficult, it would be all the better for humanity. But the fear is absurd, even though war were desirable; for it would not seem very hard to defend such a tunnel or to render it impassable at either end. So, when the Panama Canal is completed, perhaps some enterprising engineer will earn the eternal gratitude of those who now

"Stand shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away."

I am told that there are many every year who would go, but who only look and long and wait, through dread of this most unstable barrier.

From Calais we went straight to Brussels. Here we stayed at the Belle Vue in the Upper Town, next door to the palace of the king. He must have been very busy; for he did not call on us, nor even send in his card. Though what the King of Belgium finds to do is a wonder. If I were going into "the king business," as the late A. Ward used to say, I think I would like his place. He must have as "soft a snap" as, according to the popular impression, is the lot of the city minister of a large parish. Two Irishmen were one day working on the highway, when, leaning on their shovels for a bit of a rest, one of them said to the other, "Pat, phwat wud yez like to be if yez cud have yer wish?" "Well," he replied, "fer a nate, clane, aisy sort of a job, I think I should like to be a bishop." It is somewhat in this way that I feel concerning the "job" of the King of Belgium. He is not big enough to fight anybody; and, if any other king undertook to fight him, none of the rest would let him. So he is as safe as the one small boy in a crowd of big ones. And yet he is a king, and may wear a crown as big as any of them.

The Palace of Justice in Brussels is a grand structure, standing in the highest part of the city, fronting on a spacious open square, and dominating by its majesty the whole country round. It is as magnificent as the principles it stands for. I will say in my humility that I may be betraying my ignorance in saying so, but it seems to me one of the finest buildings of its kind that I have ever seen. At Antwerp the Universal Exposition is only a very badly faded copy of Chicago, drawn on a greatly reduced scale. Although it was a fairly pleasant day when we were there, the attendance was so small that it looked like a good place for one to go to who wished to meditate undisturbed by the distracting noises of the world. And yet, judged by itself and not as contrasted with Chicago, it deserves success, which, it is hoped, it may attain before the summer is over. But, whatever may be true of the Exposition, Antwerp is always an attraction in itself, and for the sake of the old cathedral which contains the famous pictures by Rubens.

We have been staying now two or three days at the Hague. This lovely city, the capital of Holland, with the neighboring beach of Scheveningen, is in many ways the most interesting place in the Netherlands. From here we have made excursions to Delft, to Leyden, and to Amsterdam. But, in such sketchy letters as these, all attempts at elaborate description must be given up.

Every one knows that here is the great picture of Rembrandt, "The Dissecting Lesson." Wondrous in its power of portraiture and in the grouping of its figures, the subject is, to me, so very unpleasant that many far inferior works of art give me much greater pleasure. But the "Evening School" at Amsterdam, and especially his "Night Watch," are wonderful in every way. The latter seems to me as great as any work of art I have ever seen. Raphael's Madonna has, of course, another kind, and perhaps a more spiritual kind, of power. But the hand that painted the "Night Watch" possessed a cunning unsurpassed in the history of art. I suppose Paul Potter's "Bull" will continue to hold its position of pre-eminence, perhaps because of its size and striking effectiveness; but I cannot help thinking that Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is far ahead of it in drawing, in grouping, and in life. I must not permit myself to say even a word of Douw, of Wouverman, of Jan Steen, the Dickens of painters.

This morning (it is now Sunday) we have been breathing an air peculiarly inspiring to New Englanders. We have just returned from Leyden, which is not more than seventeen minutes distant by train. Here we wandered about until we found St. Peter's Church, in which the body of John Robinson was buried. Just across the street is a house which was built in 1683. On its wall is the following inscription: "On this spot lived, taught, and died John Robinson. 1611–1625." On the wall of the church itself is a bronze tablet large enough so that its lettering is distinctly visible from the street. It contains at the top a bas-relief of the Pilgrim ship, and under it the words, "The Mayflower, 1620." Then follow:—

In Memory of
JOHN ROBINSON, M.A.
Pastor of the English Church, worshipping over against this spot, A.D. 1609–1625. Whence, at his prompting, went forth the Pilgrim Fathers to settle New England, 1620. Buried under this house of worship, 4th of March, 1625, ætat 49 years.
In Memoria Æterna Erit Justus.
Erected by the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States of America, A.D. 1891.

Brave, prophetic John Robinson! How much more light *has* broken forth out of God's Holy Word! And how much grander has become our thought of the range of "God's Holy Word" than ever the Pilgrim preacher himself had dreamed! Some of us Unitarians are glad to believe that we are peculiarly entitled to be proud of him who was himself the pioneer of liberty. Unlike the Puritans, the Pilgrims were never persecutors. And since the cabin of the "Mayflower" saw the drawing up of the compact which was the seed of New England freedom, one feels, as he breathes the air of John Robinson's home, that he is specially near the birth of what is best in our American life.

I think this must be counted as a most remarkable letter,—dated in Holland, and yet, so far, not a word about either canals or windmills, which, every one knows, are everywhere the most characteristic features of the country. This virtuous reticence, however, is only a matter of prudence. These things fascinate me so that, if I once started floating on a canal with the lazy fanning of the windmills in sight, I should not wish to stop. I should drift away into the Lotus-eater's land, where it is always afternoon, and where afternoon day-dreams would be in order.

THE RHINE.

A day on the Rhine! Who is vain and foolish enough to try to describe it? It was a perfect day, cloudless and warm. Some of the party found it a little too warm. Not I, however. I have always had the conviction that I was intended for the tropics, but got misplaced in some way, and so was born in Maine. I rarely find a day when the cry, "Is this hot enough for you?" fails to thrill me with pleasure. So it was a perfect day. Toward night there was distant and most beautiful lightning, and, on landing, a playful shower chased us to our hotel at Mainz.

A day on the Rhine! What shall I say about it? Soon after leaving Bonn, the dark hills began to rise on either bank. But it is only from Coblenz to Mainz that the full glory of the river is seen. It is clay-color in appearance, and its current is so swift that the down trip is some three or four hours quicker than our ascent. The scenery is fine; and yet it is what one does not see which contributes its chief beauty.

After all, it is men and women which chiefly interest us. We note, indeed, the German industry which terraces the hills to their summits, utilizes every square yard of earth amid the rock, and covers all the banks with vines. But it is castle and ruin; it is the vision of old robber barons and love-lorn maidens; it is the cries and shouts of battle; it is the warlike echoes of "The Watch on the Rhine" or the pathetic refrain of "Fair Bingen"; it is legend and story, revenge and hate and love and deathless fealty,—it is these which give its undying interest to the swift river. America has grander rivers, as rivers. Some parts of the Hudson are much superior. Even the Kennebec and Penobscot have points of greater natural beauty; while the Columbia is far ahead, not only of the Rhine, but of any other river I have ever seen. Some day, perhaps, they may have a human and romantic interest that shall match it; though we will hope that the bloody and barbaric memories may be spared. But the people of the present age will still love to visit and dream in the Old World, and live for a time in romantic scenes which cannot attach themselves to any new country.

Our next stopping-place was Heidelberg. I was glad to refresh memories of this lovely place which are now fourteen years old. In 1880 I drove up to the castle. This time we went up on a railway, some two years old, which is worked by water power. Everybody knows that what is left of Heidelberg Castle is the largest and most beautiful ruin in Europe. For description, see guide books and the letters of writers braver and less modest than I. But, after you have read them all, you will know little about it till you have seen it. And then you will not wonder that nobody has accomplished the impossible task of telling you about it. From the tower of the castle one may see that the town is one of the most beautifully situated in the world. The lovely Neckar runs through it, crossed by its two fine bridges. One of these is modern; while the other is very old, and it is still guarded by its towered gateway, which suggests times when undesirable visitors might be too anxious to come over for anything but a friendly call.

The university, as unambitious as Bonn in its buildings, is one of the oldest and most famous in all Europe. It still has from one thousand to twelve hundred students. We were greatly interested in the university prison, where recalcitrant students are wont to be detained. "The handwriting on the wall" is not of quite so gloomy a character as one may see in the Tower of London. It is rather suggestive of the illustrations which I have been laughing over in the *Humoristische Blätter*. Every available and reachable space of plaster is covered with grotesque and saucy sketches and sayings and songs. So we came away with no great depression of heart from these not over-gloomy dungeons.

I was glad to be able to visit the fencing-rooms where the students practise their anything but gentle sword-play. Hundreds of wire masks, and swords, and gloves which reach to the elbow, and padded jackets are here. Fortunately, three students happened to be present. They not only welcomed us, but consented to let us see how it is done. One acted as master, while the other two showed us the play. It is rough enough, but no great harm is done here. But the student faces on the streets, crossed by livid welts, and some of them still caked with blood, tell the barbaric story of the still popular duels which are not quite so harmless. It is to be hoped that the day will some time come, both in Heidelberg and Harvard, when young men will learn that brutality and brilliancy are not identical, and that barbarism is not essential to manliness.

One other thing in Heidelberg I cannot pass by. Is there another case in the world like it? Here is a church—the Church of the Holy Ghost—which is jointly owned by Catholics and Protestants. I wondered at first if it was the dawn of the millennium, but soon discovered that a thick and impassable wall, reaching from foundation to roof, divided the brother (?) Christians, and, on looking the matter up, discovered that on several occasions in the past fraternal warfare and strategy, of a bitterness and sharpness not entirely celestial, had been indulged in, to the end that one or the other party might be as houseless and homeless as was he whom both factions claim as Master. So the old world wags on, and the millennium will not startle us by any sudden arrival.

Of one quaint attachment to the old church I must make brief mention. Nestled lovingly against its side, and covered by a lean-to roof, was a poor little shop. The kindly old man who kept it had for sale a cheap assortment of such cheap things as the poorest might buy and use. Here were wooden shoes and articles of clothing to be purchased for a few pfennigs. Here were hand-made rakes and hand-made clothes-pins, looking as if whittled out with a jack-knife. I could not help thinking that here, in this homely business, might be more of the religion of him who was manger-born, more of the presence of the real Holy Ghost, than among the quarrelsome Christians who preached and droned their masses inside, while each cursed the other half of the common building.

M. J. SAVAGE.

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*DRUMMOND'S "ASCENT OF MAN."**

We need not hesitate to pronounce this an epoch-making book. It is written with all the felicity of style of its author's previous works, and a strength of statement and earnestness of conviction growing deeper as befits the momentous importance of its inspiring aim and idea.

Without detracting from the honor due Darwin for his great discoveries, the volume before us shows the fragmentary incompleteness of the Darwinian theory of evolution.

The savage's conception of Nature, "red in tooth and claw" in the fierce strife for "the survival of the fittest," fades away; and the process of Nature, as more fully understood, is marked by divine beneficence.

In his "Origin of Species" Darwin made the struggle for life "the clew to the course of living Nature." This struggle is granted, "but that it is the sole or even the main agent in the process of evolution must be denied. There is, in point of fact, a *second* factor which one might call a struggle for the life of others, which plays an equally prominent part." This second factor, "which has all but escaped the notice of the evolutionists, arises, like the first, out of those universal functions of all living things, plant or animal, reproduction and nutrition. The first is the basis of the Struggle for Life, the second of the Struggle for the Life of Others. They run their parallel course, or spiral and ever intertwining, from the very dawn of life in the protoplasm. They affect the entire round; they determine the whole morphology of living things; in a sense, they are life. Yet, in constructing the theory of evolution, one of these has been taken, the other left."

This second and unrecognized factor is illustrated in various ways, and in glowing language, especially in a description of the instructive care and self-sacrifice of animals for their young, and in the culmination of this tenderness and self-forgetfulness in the love and care of the human mother for her child,—the sacredness of maternity.

Prof. Drummond's view of what is needed, and must come, is frankly given, as follows: "The first step in the reconstruction of sociology will be either to escape the shadow of Darwinism or to complement the Darwinian formula of the Struggle for Life by a second factor (the Struggle for the Life of Others), which shall turn its darkness into light. . . . The one-sided induction has led sociology into a wilderness of empiricism, and only a complete induction can reinstate it among the sciences."

With the coming of Man, struggling not only for himself, but for others, self-justice and altruism in due balance, "the working of evolution has changed its course. Once it was a physical universe, now it is a psychical universe. . . . The first chapter or two of the story of evolution may be headed the Struggle for Life; but, take the book as a whole, it is not a tale of battle. It is a Love-story. . . . At the farthest limit of time, in protoplasm itself, we saw start forth the two great currents which, by their action and reaction, as selfishness and unselfishness, were to supply, in ever-accentuating clearness, the conditions of the moral life. All this is the revelation of a purpose of benevolence, and a God whose name is Love."

These passages, gathered from the pages of this book, give such idea of its aim and scope as should lead to its thoughtful reading, and to a realization of its momentous importance and far-reaching influence.

The beauty of its style, the power of its thought, the clearness of its statements, its

* THE ASCENT OF MAN (Lowell Lectures). By Henry Drummond. New York: James Pott & Co.

scientific accuracy and depth of enthusiasm, are rarely equalled.

Others have doubted the perfectness of the Darwinian theory of evolution. Years ago, in an eloquent and able book, "Is Darwin Right?" William Denton showed the imperfection of ignoring the spiritual side,—the design of a ruling mind. But now comes this larger work, with wider scope, rich and strong, conquering and to conquer, gratefully accepting the work of Darwin, yet pointing out its incompleteness, and chasing away the grim spectres and clearing up the perplexing mists along the path of the great scientist and his disciples.

To all who believe in the free progress of religious ideas, and in the unity of all truth, scientific or religious, "The Ascent of Man" is especially commended.

In due time, in the growing light of psychical research, it is to be hoped that the author of this great work may write a volume to show how man's life on earth is prophetic of his immortality, thus giving still greater perfectness to the theory of evolution, and to our views of the destiny and infinite relations of man. Only incidental allusions to this great matter could find place in this volume, but they are like radiant flashes of pure white light. G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich.

A FRENCH PREACHER.

There has appeared in England, from the press of Kegan Paul & Co., a translation of the Lenten lectures given this year at the Madeleine in Paris by Père Didon, the eloquent Dominican preacher. His "Life of Christ," already published, has awakened much attention.

M. Didon seems to be of the same order of man as Lacordaire and Lamennais, combining a deep and luminous piety with fresh, original thought, electrified with the fire of the orator; and thus it is that he not only draws to his audience the fashion and rank of Paris, but also men of scientific and literary distinction who make it their boast that they believe in no God. We should judge from the reports that we have seen of these lectures in the *Christian World* that M. Didon, in making his appeal to his hearers to have faith in the Eternal God of Righteousness, does not attempt any careful course of reasoning; neither does he resort to Scripture texts or the tradition of his Church to support his arguments. He throws himself upon the hearts and consciences of men. Out of the depths of his own living experience he reaches them. He is alive with the reality of his own convictions, and cannot fail, for the time at least, to impart his own warmth to his listeners.

An enthusiastic correspondent says, "It is difficult to give a proper idea of the varied effect of these discourses, in which we have by turns childlike naïveté, quaintest asides, delicate railleries, lifelike descriptions of men and manners, mingled with soaring contemplations, which carry us into the realm of the unseen and the Eternal."

We give an extract of what M. Didon says about Christ. We shall notice that this is not the conventional Christ, as he appears in the Roman Catholic church,—the great sufferer on the crucifix shown daily to thousands of kneeling worshippers, and whose last seven utterances on the cross are made every year the theme of the most melodramatic and impassioned utterances during Holy Week, exciting an emotional people to sobs and tears. There is none of this, but a calm and convincing claim before educated men and women, as well as the gay world, of the transcendent greatness and beauty of Jesus Christ. We quote:—

I do not like to bring myself forward,—it is always a delicate thing,—but I do it now for your instruction. The study of history and constant reading of the gospel have allowed me to bring myself in contact with Christ. I have called upon him as one can call upon one who has long since passed away from earth, but who yet remains engraved ineffaceably on the pages where every candid mind can find him; and I bear you witness that I saw arise before me a human being whom none can resist. He has inspired me with absolute confidence,—a confidence which will lead me, following him, through fire and water. His moral beauty is dazzling, and his whole teaching instinct with the highest truth. His holiness shines forth in the least of his actions. A virtue goes out from him. He exercises a magic from which no sincere and simple heart can escape.

Didon shows also that he is free from any blind subservience to the Prayer Book of the Church, which is supposed to give a humble

Catholic all he desires without any reference to the fountain-head of all those Christian traditions, the Old and New Testaments of the Jewish and Greek scriptures, which have been withheld from the people, and opened only to priests and theologians. So he makes a plea for the gospel which would have led Luther to fall on his neck with joy and gratitude. He says: "You ask me how to believe. I shall not bring forward proofs: I shall point out the means as I know them, simply as experience has taught me to know them." We quote again: —

Before all things take the Eternal Gospel as a book for your bedside and as your travelling book. When you are tired of the business of the day or the fatigues of life, read and reread it, not as a poet, not as a critical scholar, nor as a learned professor, not as an interpreter or a historian: read it as a man. There is something grander than imagination, than science, than mind or genius,—were it the mind of the whole world and the greatest genius,—there is something which I put above all; and you will agree with me: this something with which you must read the Gospel is conscience.

These utterances might come from any liberal Episcopal or Congregational leader of to-day; and it only proves that, as these men have great latitude to preach their larger gospel in all their pulpits (although the old creeds may still stand), provided they are reverent in manner and spirit, so the Roman Catholic preacher, while he loves the rites and traditions of his Church, is also carried along by the free spirit of the age, and, although the old formulas may forever remain untouched, the Roman Church, especially in France and this country, will be carried along insensibly in the march for freedom and piety united. Such men were always found in the Church,—Boethius, Erasmus, Grotius, and the great scientific leaders; but they were few in number, and the age was too dark for them. But to-day the windows of heaven are opened, and we have great hope for the old Church, the mother of us all. It seems a pity that just at this period, when the pope, through his emissaries, is showing some elasticity with regard to his flock in connection with the institutions of this country, there should spring up an organization like the A. P. A., bitterly opposed to the Roman Catholics, and uttering incendiary speeches all over the country. The feeling of the speakers about our public schools is undoubtedly sincere and in a measure commendable; but their bigoted spirit is likely to defeat their best purposes, by arousing an equally intemperate spirit on the part of the extreme and narrow Catholics, and preventing the better educated and more liberal Romanists from using their influence for progress in their Church.

But we are wandering from our theme, the personality and the preaching of Père Didon. See what he says about human nature, and man's craving for the highest. It does not sound very much like a belief in total depravity or the Thirty-nine Articles, all of which had their origin in the Roman Church. We quote: —

I look first at man, investigate his nature, and inquire into his aspirations. I ask what is the desire of man. Man in the depths of his nature is irresistibly moving toward the Infinite, as I have already said in this pulpit. Man never stops. The truth he contemplates is limited, the love which enkindles him is limited, the perfection he attains is limited. But he ever seeks for more perfection, more love, and more truth. Man is ever pressing against the limits which confine him. This is his character and his privilege. He is constantly going forward, insatiable, panting, and athirst. This is his glory, and by this he is the ever-growing king of creation.

What he says about Jesus has a very unorthodox sound,—nothing in regard to three persons in one God, or substitution on the merits of Christ, or the atoning blood,—as follows:—

Nor should we be astonished that the declaration of Jesus, revealing in his person the highest union of the divine and human natures, finds an echo in man's conscience. On that day man felt that he could see, hear, and attain to God, and that his deepest inspiration was satisfied.

In alluding to Christ on the cross, and that supreme moment of agony when he felt forsaken, M. Didon does not indulge in the florid, sensational word-painting of the Jesuit preacher, but speaks thus:—

What we can see of God is a ray, what we can feel of God is a drop of ambrosia; while that which Jesus looked upon was the sun, and what he felt was an immense flood encompassing heaven and earth. Conceive,

then, what he experienced when the flood, like an intercepted source, no longer intoxicated him with its infinite sweetness.

The writer in the *Christian World*, in his fine comments on this notable French preacher, says eloquently of these sermons, "A characteristic which reveals the true power of the orator is the pungent asides, the quick thrusts that leap out of the body of the argument, and which make us feel that the thinking is being done for us by lightning"; and he gives the following quotation as an illustration: —

Leave conservatism to God, because he is the Infinite; but we whose truth is relative, whose justice is limited, we who are always in movement, ought always to advance.

We need not despair of the spiritual unity of Christendom, when we see in the oldest and most conservative Church of the Christian world the old harsh and intolerant creeds forgotten in one of her most important pulpits, and simple obedience and loyalty to the gospel and person of Jesus of Nazareth the all-absorbing theme.

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

Somerville, Mass.

KIDD'S "SOCIAL EVOLUTION."

This book has gratified the public from the fact that it indulges freely in that delicious luxury, prophecy. It is safer to be wise about the future than learned about the past. At the very threshold Mr. Kidd assumes that Weismann is right, as against Darwin and Spencer: whereas the Weismann school is waning.

The book is about twice too big. The opening and closing chapters are made up of chips left over from the main argument, —pretty good stuff some of it,—and he naturally disliked to throw it away. It should have gone into the waste basket, with a sigh.

Mr. Kidd proposes at the outset to be scientific in method. He says, "If you ask me to describe social evolution in a word, I should say that it is an endeavor to give a biological basis to our social science." Most of his critics have accepted it as a fact that the book really is "based on the theory of evolution." This can only be determined by a careful analysis of the argument, which, as compactly as possible, I will try to place before my readers.

Chapter first deals with the conditions of human progress. Progress is a necessity, but is possible only as a result of a conflict that elbows down the weaker. This at first was done by brute force; but civilization is the art of humanizing the struggle. Two new forces came into the struggle for progress with man,—the reason and an increased power for co-operation.

Man is an individual whose self-interest as an individual is all-important to himself; and yet, for the sake of human progress, he must subordinate these self-interests to social interests. This natural antagonism of the individual and society is Mr. Kidd's corner-stone. Progress—that is, social co-operation, as he sees it—conflicts with individual welfare, and has, therefore, no rational sanction.

Is there any such conflict? It is only the intensely individuated who are capable of co-operation. In advanced society, at least individualism and co-operation coincide; and so far Mr. Kidd, we know, is wrong. But is it true of even the lower masses of modern society that they feel any antagonism between their personal advantage and social life? The real facts are that the common people relish no power more than the social power of voting and schooling, and have ever been ready for the political co-operation of democracy.

We must not overlook also what Mr. Kidd seems to be oblivious of, that humanity began as a family. We inherited the family or social state from animal ancestry, and so from the outset had social instincts. There never was a period when the individual saw it to be rational to live for self. On the contrary, the primitive mothers died readily for their children. Altruism began with the race or before the race. Individualism is a late social product, —a bridge over from the primitive isolated family to the larger family (the new humanity).

To the contrary, however, Mr. Kidd insists that "the prevailing conditions of social existence can have no rational sanction for large masses of the people in societies where life is a long onerous rivalry,—where the many work and suffer, and only the few have ease." Here he limits the general

proposition to a special one,—that the *unsuccessful* can allow no sanction to social conditions, on which conditions, however, progress depends. This by parity would allow that all who attain success may sanction social life. Yet there are more suicides among the rich and learned than among the less fortunate. To establish the selfishness of individuality, he urges, "Do any of us deny ourselves a single scuttle of coal, so as to make our coal-fields last for one more generation?" To which we answer, "If this be so, it is not from recklessness of the future, but because knowledge shows us that, when coal fails, nature has other resources." Say what he will, foresight is the chief trait of man to-day. Mr. Mill says the chief human motive hereafter will be the fact that one action of ours can affect for good or for ill the unborn for many generations to come.

But let us see whither all this drifts. Mr. Kidd does not hesitate to add, "It is the interest of the masses holding political power to put an immediate end to existing social conditions; to abolish competition; to organize on socialistic principles; and, above all, to restrict population." This is, of course, to say that absolute communism is the only social order that the individual can rationally tolerate. This is a curious conclusion that would lead an ordinary man to review his steps. But Mr. Kidd is not an ordinary man. He even crowds on to say, "It would be an extremely difficult, if not impossible, task to find any halting place for reason before the doctrines of anarchy."

But let us get this corner-stone hewed exactly. The apparently final statement is this: "There emerges now clearly into sight this fundamental principle that in social development the interests of the individual and those of the social organism to which he belongs are not identical. The teaching of reason to the individual must always be that the present time, and his own interests therein, are all-important to him." And "the transforming fact which the scientific development of the nineteenth century has confronted us with is that, as the interests of the social organism and of the individual are and must remain antagonistic, and the former must always be predominant, there can never be found any sanction in individual reason for conduct in societies where the conditions of progress prevail."

To all which we reply, not only as we have, that the social state preceded the individual, but that individualism is a product of evolving society. Mr. Kidd moves on the opposite and false assumption. Individualism cannot exist alone.

There is also another fundamental falsity in the use which the author makes of the word "progress," which term he employs in a very indefinite way; but certainly as involving social equality. The real aim and end of social life is exactly that of individual life; that is, betterment. The ineradicable is inequality. The ideal is betterment, on whatever level we live or in whatever field we act. On the whole, this chapter is the final absurdity of the nineteenth century,—that progress is irrational, and living for self in the present alone rational.

Well, are we ditched? Mr. Kidd is equal to the occasion. Having created a conflict between reason and progress, he must find a reason for progress. This he does by introducing religion as another antagonist of reason,—a "super-rational" force. This conflict, which he sometimes terms a conflict of religion and science, he pictures to his own entire satisfaction. "Throughout all the centuries in which history has him in view, we witness man driven by a profound instinct which finds expression in his religions, unmistakably recognizing a hostile force of some kind in his own reason." Possibly Mr. Kidd knows what he means by an instinct, but it seems probable he does not. An instinct is understood by scientists to be a fixed automatic habit of mind or body. What possible habit created religion? At the very outset man appears to have been religious,—"the religious animal." That is, he kept the family intact (which death severed apparently) by bridging death with love and loving service. Religion was not an invention or a discovery. It was the *religo*, the bond of seen and unseen. Yet Mr. Kidd assures us that history is mistaken. "There can never be such a thing as a rational religion."

Now we march forward to see how progress really went on in spite of reason. Religion provides a supra-rational sanction

for social conduct; and Mr. Kidd thinks the significance of this conclusion will be evident as he proceeds. It only needs one more hitch in the logic. We must not only define religion arbitrarily as supra-rational, and rule out all other religions, but we must take into the definition all that Mr. Kidd wishes to prove. With a single sweep, therefore, we are requested to accept the following; and I believe the author's audacity has led many to accept it: "A religion is a form of belief, providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct in the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic." In which compact snugness we have asserted, or implied, that the interests of society and of the individual are antagonistic, which is untrue; that the only useful religion is opposed by reason, which is untrue; that irrational conduct is the only conduct that conduces to human progress; that there is a sanction above reason; that religion has somehow come into human life to hinder reason from utterly preventing civilization; that religion is a supra-rational device, requiring a supra-rational line of evolution.

Mr. Kidd has now shifted progress—that is, organic social life, or civilization—from reason to an assumed foe of reason, religion; and religion he has defined to be a supra-rational affair. But how did religion accomplish this? By the accumulation and disposition, we are assured, in community, of a vast amount of an altruistic feeling, which has overridden reason. It puzzles one, who stops to think at all over this matter, to know how this altruism began. For it could not have begun in the individual, who was already hopelessly dominated by reason. However, as the reason had nothing to do with the invention of altruism, it is not in reason to comprehend it. The simple facts are, however, that the earliest life was family life; and it was altruistic even to self-sacrifice. All religions have been the supremest product of reason. No greater logician ever lived than Jesus.

One illustration must be ventured on from the brilliant and sophistical chapter devoted to this point. Slavery, he informs us, was abolished by "the doctrine of salvation" and "the doctrine of human equality." But salvation for *this* life is not ultra-rational. And the doctrine of human equality came, as now understood, out of the seething of that French individualistic struggle that denied religion altogether. Slavery never was abolished anywhere by ultra-rational religion. Let him read the history of Columbus and the Caribs. My eye has just fallen on page 23 of the *New England Magazine* for September, where I read: "There is much talk about King Philip's son, a boy of nine years, who was taken prisoner. The ministers are bitter against him, and would have him sold into slavery, or worse." Rev. Sam. Arnold argued he might be put to death, as the children of Achan were; and a letter to Cotton Mather adds, "Philip's boy goes to be sold." This story of the poor boy of nine shows the vast deposit of religious altruism in New England that did not go to abolish slavery in spite of reason. The altruism of Jesus is based on individualism and reason,—"Love your neighbor as you love yourself." Egoism must precede altruism, the latter inevitably existing as a consequence. Jesus' appeal was to the man and to the reason,—not to a deposit of ultra-rational altruism. "Save yourself."

But Mr. Kidd now finds himself plump in contact with socialism. He has pronounced it rational; why not be socialists? He sees in all classes marked tendencies toward the enlarged definition of the State, and a lessening of the predominant competition, and of individualism. But, with competition and individualism abandoned, he assures us nothing is surer than progressive degeneration, and probably more immediate evils. Sweeping away verbiage and obscure entanglements, his argument is along this line. The progressive interference of the State, mostly in the interest of the weaker classes, and at the expense of the wealthy, is apparently inevitable. But the State will assume enlarged functions, not to suspend free competition, but to preserve and defend it! True socialism is individualistic and anti-social! Here are his words: "True socialism of the German type must be recognized to be ultimately as individualistic and as *anti*-social as individualism in its advanced forms." How he harmonizes this position with his previous statement, that "true socialism has in view the final suspension of that personal struggle

for existence which has been waged from the beginning of life," I do not undertake to discover. But here is his discovery that a socialistic state will end in stronger individualism.

With this pole in his hands, he jumps clear over socialism, which was altruistic, religious, and super-rational, and lands easily in rational individualism. But, to do so, he defines socialism as individualism; and, of course, it follows that individualism is social. And does it not follow, therefore, that the irrational is the rational, and that Mr. Kidd's whole book is a muddle?

E. P. POWELL.

Clinton, N.Y.

THE SONG OF THE FARMER.

Oh, sweet the welcome of the fields,
  The friendship of the trees,
The greeting of the swaying corn,
  The whispering of the breeze!
Oh, glad the dawning of the day,
  The rising of the sun!
O happy hour of even-tide,
  When labor's task is done.

Let others seek the noisy town,
  Its hot and crowded streets.
I better love the tranquil paths
  Where man with nature meets.
I better love the sheep and kine,
  The billowy grass and wood,
The pure, sweet air, and hardy fare
  That health and freedom brood.

As all day long beneath the sky
  I tread my toiling round,
A heavenly Presence seemeth nigh
  In every sight and sound.
It walketh with me by the plow,
  And through the yellowing grain.
As to and fro the reapers go,
  It followeth in the train.

I never know of loneliness;
  For, wheresoe'er I be,
This Presence keepeth close to bless,
  To guide and comfort me.
The hours pass by in happy flight:
  Each hath some joy to tell;
The heaviest work it seemeth light,
  So cheering is its spell.

And so I prize the peaceful life
  Of farm and country-side;
Remote from clamor, crowds, and strife,
  I gladly here abide.
I hail the opening of the day,
  When labor is begun,
And gladly wend my homeward way,
  When labor's task is done!

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Iowa City, Ia.

BEAUTY: ITS RELATION TO LIFE AND RELIGION.

III.

I closed the last article by calling the artist the translator of nature's language of the beautiful.

And yet at various times art has been practically cast out in the name of religion. The third goddess of the religious trinity of truth, goodness, and beauty, seemed to be regarded with suspicion, as one that charms men only to betray them, just as it has been supposed the fixed glittering gaze of the snake draws the bird on to its destruction. The Hebrew people, compared with the Greeks, showed a marked distaste for the more material forms of art; while the early Christians were too poor and too deeply absorbed in the practical moral interest of religion to value in worship the element of beauty. But the wealth and leisure which afterward came into the Church brought back the pagan goddess. In Catholic Christianity she was made chief upon the throne. Her worship became one of statues and pictures and "peacock ritualism."

Protestantism swung back to the plain worship of the first century. Again beauty was crucified as a dangerous snare to the believer. The courts of Europe were seen to be corrupt, the Catholic Church was seen to be corrupt; yet here flourished the arts and fine manners. There must be a connection between these. There must be an antagonism between beauty and religion. Grace of manner, elegance of speech, sculpture and painting and cathedral architecture, go not well with religion, or they cause it to go ill. Thus did men reason. The Quaker simplicity would not brook rite or song or fine words. God could only come in the silent sitting of the soul in the midst of the plainest surroundings. Whittier, broad as he was, fell somewhat short of all the lyric harmony of verse which, perhaps, might have been compassed by his muse, had he been able to escape his Quaker ancestors' inappreciation of music.

Our Puritan forefathers and the early Methodists did likewise banish beauty. Life was so serious and heavy with them that they were as the knotty pines on the sunless side of the mountain crag. They

moved in the shadows of things. An ugly stiffness and severity got into the whole personality, into religion and all life. Their home and church were barren of good cheer and the graces. Their gait was awkward. Their very smile, whenever they were betrayed into so sinful an act, was less beautiful than a frown. It was not so natural and easy to make. It was a time of starvation for women and children and poets, for these cannot live without beauty.

We must admire our forefathers for their moral earnestness and self-denial. But man does not grow by them alone. Beauty is important as well as these, for beauty is the star-eyed goddess that does often lead us unto these. As man cannot live long without sunshine, so he cannot live long without beauty. Indeed, beauty brings sunshine and good cheer into life, and gives value to it. Hence the natural cravings of the human heart are restoring the banished queen to her rightful seat among the gods. As little children bidden to a feast after their clamoring appetites have been kept in undue restraint are joyous beyond measure, even so men and women are returning with glad hearts to worship at her shrine. The glory of color, the grace of form, the "concord of sweet sounds," are coming again, as the flowers and birds of the springtime, to minister through eye and ear to the soul of man.

One of the most marked traits of our time is the rapid growth of the æsthetic taste. As the union of religion and morality is being effected, so the splendid nuptials of utility and beauty are solemnized everywhere in the civilization of the day. The element of beauty is being put into the most practical things. Steam-engines are growing beautiful. The common dishes of the dining-room are made beautiful. The very meats and viands that furnish forth the banquet table are prepared to delight the eyes, as well as to please the palate. The humblest home can be something of an academy of fine arts, so cheap has become the making and so free the distribution of beautiful things.

At the Columbian Exposition utility and beauty, veritable king and queen, ruled in joint sovereignty and in peace over the manifold achievements of men. The coarsest raw material of God's earth, the most common mechanical devices and utensils, were arranged to please the eye. Some firm exhibited macaroni in such attractive variety of form and color that he who had no fondness for it must have craved a dish of it, like the veriest Italian. The Agricultural Building was an enchanted palace of ancient and modern temples, with pictures and statues, all made from grains and grasses and the like. Surely, the genius of beauty has seized hold of this practical people when it converts the feathers of fowls into an opera cloak worth $5,000; when a farmer can conjure with grains and seed and grasses so as to make that wonderful picture which the thousands visited in the Illinois Building,—a mammoth picture of farm-houses and out-buildings, grain fields and clover fields, people and animals, all in varied lights and shades.

In that enchanting city of the nations, beauty, beauty, beauty, everywhere beauty, —beauty by day and beauty by night, at all times beauty! And men walked in the sight thereof, and heard the sounds thereof; and the meanest of them, though he knew it not, was caught up in the glory of it. The beauty of the Lord, expressing itself in the beauty of man, shone round about him. Who can outgrow the higher level of sentiment which those nights of illumination at the White City lifted him into? The lagoon, its bars of shadow and of light; the electric launches, with their red lights darting here and there; the poetic gondola, gliding with the grace of a swan; the rows of electric lights; the flare of torches on the Administration Building; the electric fountains shooting their watery sheaves now low, now high,—shooting and shifting into all the primary colors; the rockets gliding upward, like fire-serpents, and the Roman candles bursting into gorgeous galaxies of stars; the imposing buildings blending the architectural splendors of the world; the lavish display of the sculptor's statues of gods and men, of sublime achievements legendary and historical; the surging, aspiring throngs of a divine humanity; and over all floating the harmonies of exalting music, and playing the shifting streams of search-lights upon the water, upon the peristyle and statuary, upon the splendid variety of architecture, upon the far more splendid variety of manifold faces of men,—

shifting streams of silvery whiteness, a subtle and mysterious illumination, making some, verily some, then and there, to feel themselves transported before Saint John's white throne in the heavenly Jerusalem. "A brief hour of evanescent fire-works, of fleeting pageantry, of harmonies and beauties —what was it all good for? It is all gone." Nay, blind dullard of the earth, it is not gone. It never will be. It is in thy soul,—in thy soul, dull as it is; and thou shalt not rid thyself of it, neither in this life nor in the life to come. GEORGE W. BUCKLEY.

HAS SATAN CONQUERED GOD?

The non-Christian nations have morals, religion, prophets, and revelations. "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." "Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For when the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, they are a law unto themselves, and show the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness." Paul at Athens acknowledged the inspiration of the Greek poet who declared, "We are God's offspring"; and he complimented the Athenians upon their reverence and devoutness. Christ's conversations with the Roman centurion, the Syrophœnician woman, the Samaritan woman, and the parable of the Good Samaritan, show his appreciation of the faith and spirituality of other nations. God never inspired any soul to misrepresent, malign, and damn his other children. Inspiration is not compatible with bigotry and theological vanity. God's infinite spirit ignores all sectarian and race lines. It is monopolized by no people. The Bible, the most inspired book, often speaks of the religion and morals of other races with appreciation and charity; and it nowhere declares the eternal misery of any people. All souls are safe when they follow the best guides and the clearest revelations that have been given to them; for God could not be just, were he to punish people for not living according to a gospel that he had never sent to them.

The gospel of Christ is superior to all non-Christian religions. We inherit it from the Hebrew race,—a race that had the strongest genius for spiritual things, and that has given us the flower of the human race, Jesus the Christ; and we ought to send it to all nations, as a proof of our love to man, and as an expression of our gratitude to God. We should send it to them, not to save them from eternal tortures, but to lift them into our civilized conditions, and to help them to realize their divine relations in more spiritual and practical ways. And we should send them the Christianity of the Gospels, and not the illegitimate conceptions of sectarian leaders.

It is sad to think that millions of dollars are wasted that have been collected from ignorant and well-meaning people for the purpose of saving the heathen from the ever-hungry jaws of hell. The boards, agents, and officers consume a large part of the mission funds. Besides, according to the present method, it takes about $100,000 to convert a respectable heathen; and the genuineness of his conversion may then be doubted. Some missionaries may be honest and wise; but we generally employ men and women that have a love of adventure, a great deal of zeal without knowledge, and little ability to make a living in their own country. Rarely does one of our churches desire the services of an average missionary; and yet we expect our feeble-minded missionaries to convert talented and educated men and women in India, China, and Japan. The heathen, who now quite frequently visit us, say to us, with a smile on their faces, "If you want to convert us, you will have to send us your superior men." It would surely be wise for us to bring bright young natives to our country and train them to carry Christ's message to their countrymen; for they know the idioms of their own languages and the peculiarities of their own people, and can reach the hearts of all classes. We are glad to know that this more rational plan is receiving the attention and approval of our missionary boards.

Christians generally believe that Satan was an archangel in heaven at one time, that he became very ambitious and led an army of rebel angels against the loyal hosts of heaven's King, that he and his followers were defeated and cast out of heaven; and

they claim that God and his hosts won a grand victory. But, if God lost so many legions of angels forever, if Satan succeeded in drawing millions of spirits away from their allegiance, was not that a great victory for Satan?

The same Christians also believe that God placed Adam and Eve on this planet for the purpose of having a race that would love and serve him, and that would be happy in his service and in the blessings of beauty, plenty, and opportunity on the earth. Then the great rebel succeeded in corrupting the hearts of our innocent first parents, and in making them disobedient to their Maker. They and their unfortunate descendants became Satan's children; and he put a mortgage upon their souls, a mortgage that has not yet been paid off, although God has made schemes and put forth efforts to do so. To any sane mind this would seem another victory for Satan.

According to the beliefs of these same Christians, Satan is winning the vast majorities at the present day. The Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindus, Parsees, Jews, and heathen, represent 1,200,000,000 of the human race. These millions know little or nothing about our sacred Scriptures, and our divine Christ, and our schemes of salvation. If they can be saved only by our plans, then they are all lost, and they belong to Satan; and, consequently, he must be regarded as the mighty conqueror, and God is defeated.

To-day his prospects for future victories are exceedingly bright; and even Christendom is largely under the control of Satan, according to the teachings of sectarian theology. The tide of emigration toward his black dominions is tremendous. Every moment a doomed soul drops out of this world into the infernal regions. The people who hold this view of the destiny of our race insist that we accept it as gospel, good news, good will, toward man, peace upon earth. This is a fine message to take to non-Christian people; for it shows what a respecter of persons God must be.

Plato, Socrates, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Bryant, Lowell, and thousands of the noblest souls of the ages are to exist in hell forever; and some of the vilest monsters in human form are to be angels forever, not because they deserve to be happy, but because they are so low down in moral insensibility that they are willing to let somebody else suffer for their black crimes.

Christianity is not the only religion which has such a horrible theology; for Mohammedans, Hindus, and Buddhists cherish theories of religion that consign all Christians to hells of their own imagination.

Satan can point forever to the millions he has won, to the millions he is now winning, and to the millions he will win, as the trophies of his victories. He can say, "I have wrested these millions out of the hands of God; and they are mine forever, and I am conqueror."

At Whittier in this State (California) there is an excellent institution for the education of young people whose parents or guardians did not train them wisely and lovingly to fight the battles of life. The superintendent and his assistants treat these unfortunate young people as children of God, they teach them trades, and prepare them to be useful citizens in this great State of ours. That institution is truly Christian. It manifests Christ's divine love and humane spirit. It has his benediction, because it is conducted according to his plan of salvation. California realizes that these young people have claims upon her conscience and love, and that it is diabolical to punish people for crimes that grow out of parental, municipal, and State neglect and shameless indifference. They are the children of the State, and, as such, have a natural right to have their minds, brains, and hands so educated that they can earn an honest living in some calling. The State does not punish them to satisfy her spirit of revenge, nor does she brutalize them by confining them in filthy cells. She, like a wise mother, knows that they need discipline, education, opportunity, and encouragement. Now, this Christian plan of salvation is infinitely superior to that plan which remorselessly consigns countless millions of God's good and bad children to endless despair. So Christ is utterly opposed to the jail God of the Middle Ages, as the Whittier school fully shows. Some people would have us believe that God, the Father of all souls, does not manage his universe as wisely and kindly as the State of California manages the affairs of her un-

fortunate children. What an insult to the Almighty!

It has taken thousands of ages to produce human beings on the earth, and man is the masterpiece of the omniscient Artist on this planet. Why should he destroy his own finest work? Why should he waste so much human force in eternal fires? Is God insane? If an artist should tear his best picture in pieces, we would consider him a madman. How inconsistent it is to believe in the wisdom of God and at the same time to represent him as an insane Artist!

God is omniscient; and, therefore, he foresees all things. He has all power and wisdom and love to prevent evil things from happening. Before this world was formed, he saw what we are doing to-day. He knows what each soul will do before he places it in a human body. If he knew that the 1,200,000,000 souls in non-Christian lands this day would most certainly sink into the regions of eternal woe, why did he bring them into this world to be heirs of such an awful fate? He could have prevented it. Nothing compelled him to cause these souls to be born. He is, then, responsible for their earthly existence and for their fate. It is nonsense to attempt to clear God from the blackest crime that the human mind could imagine by saying, "He permitted it, he did not wish it"; for what the Omniscient permits he foreordains. Not even the worst earthly father would be guilty of the horrible crime of forcing his own child into eternal sufferings; and one naturally wonders that people holding this God-insulting theory of the destiny of so many souls marry and bring children into the world, when they believe that they may be tempted and fall from grace, and end in endless misery. But we are very glad that the Christians who say they believe such a dogma are inconsistent. They are generally honest, kind, and self-sacrificing in their efforts to save their neighbors from trouble and distress; and they would not knowingly and willingly hurt a worm. In their own conduct they manifest the spirit of Christ, while they confess their belief in a creed that demons would blush to cherish and defend. Nobody could really believe that millions of his fellow-beings are going to hell every year, and remain outside of an insane asylum, if his heart were not harder than a stone. And, when men and women enjoy their good meals, sing merry songs, sleep comfortably, buy and sell and get gain, laugh heartily at jokes, make love and marry, it is evident that they do not realize that every moment a human soul is called to its terrible doom, as their creed teaches. It is a Sunday belief, and not a week-day one. It is invoked to thrill the nerves during revivals. Healthy, educated, and refined people demand a God that is infinitely superior to the best earthly father, and not a God that is arbitrary, cruel, and insane; and they have the plain authority of Christ for expecting God to treat them with infinite love and mercy.

Every child of God has an eternal claim upon his divine care, his infinite love, and his gracious help in time of trouble. It is a false piety that requires us to regard ourselves as paupers, living on the bounty of our Creator, as mere worms of the dust, as miserable sinners, as unworthy of our heavenly Father's notice. We are just as necessary to God as he is to us. He is infinite love; and love needs objects to lavish its affections upon. The Bible teaches us that God desires our love, trust, consideration, worship, reverence, and obedience. We are created because he needs us, because our creation is a divine necessity, because love demands the worlds to be peopled. So we are here, not because God has condescended to make us and to give us many blessings and to allow us to cumber his footstool, but because God could not be a father without children, and he could not be love without having children to love, and he could not manifest his love without having children to manifest his love to, and he could not be loved if he had no children to love him. Besides, Christ represents the soul as being of such value in the eyes of God that all divine agencies must work to save it. In other words, Christ's teachings imply that neither God nor the universe can afford to lose a soul. Would it please a good father to have his son tell him that he is a worm, a vile creature, unworthy of his love or care? No, indeed. It would please the father much to hear his son say, "I have resisted temptation; I have overcome a great difficulty; I have striven to be worthy of my father's name; I have won a victory, feeling that my father would be proud of his son;

I am here for my father's congratulations." So God is well pleased when we feel the divinity of our nature, and act accordingly. "Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." The Bible represents God as asking his human children for their hearts, for their love; but he does not ask for our love, like a tyrant commanding his slaves. His heart is not hungry for the love of cowards, of worms, of vile creatures; but it is hungry for the love of men and women who feel they are his immortal children, and that they have a right to his eternal mansions, if they will qualify themselves for such abodes by making themselves his loving children. We are living in a world that has sickness, sorrow, and misery. If hell signifies the results of disobedience to God's good laws, then hell is no dream, but a fearful reality. But this hell has its uses and blessings.

God will ultimately enable every human child of his to banish hell from his life and environment; but his child must co-operate with him in bringing about this grand result. He must repent, obey, wait, pray, hope, and have a living faith.

We have as our Leader him who is the way, the truth, and the life. He has in his Father's name and spirit conquered death and the grave, and brought life and immortality to light by his gospel and character. He cannot fail, for the forces and laws of the universe are behind him as assurances of final conquest. In himself he embodies the best features of all other leaders; and, as the revealer of eternal life, he is the divine Captain of our salvation. With the two great commandments as our simple and comprehensive creed, and one that will never have to be revised, and with the glorious life of our Leader to interpret and illustrate that creed, there is no success too great for us to expect. In him we see the possibilities and promises of our human nature. We have every right to look forward to the utter banishment of hell, and to a future that will transcend our brightest visions. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

"Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee."

J. S. THOMPSON.

Los Angeles, Cal.

SARATOGA, 1894.

The spirit of the Lord has stirred,
Our hearts are touched with flame:
At last it is the living word,
The Christ's great word we name.

Beyond the shallows of our strife,
From heights of heaven above,
Across the untried deeps of life,
We sing the psalm of love.

In one strong faith we all unite,
With one great God above,
One word, to shine our beacon light,
The living word of Love.

FREDERICK B. MOTT.

OUR NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

A great gathering! As the groups of delegates began to arrive, many of them on Saturday that they might enjoy the privilege of hearing Dr. E. E. Hale's Sunday morning sermon, it was noticeable that an unusual interest animated all comers. "What will the new Convention Hall be like?" "Is Stopford A. Brooke well enough to be here?" "Has Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Manchester College, Oxford, arrived?" "Will Mrs. Julia Ward Howe recite her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic'?" and "What sort of fighting is likely to take place over the revision of the constitution?"

These questions were on many lips. On Monday morning they began to be answered.

Convention Hall, from the outside, had the appearance of a really commodious and handsome meeting place. Of bright red brick, lofty, with wide, welcoming archways, and a wholesome, clean air, after the dismal old Town Hall, it promised to be as cheering as the Unitarian gospel. "Believing, we rejoice to find the curse removed." But, alas! like the cleanly though unadministrative householder in the parable, to whom there entered in the place of the one fiend expelled seven more virulent visitors, so here, in spite of the exorcism of stringed instruments ranged beneath the iron girders, partitioning curtains, and other devices, seven-and-seventy invisible ghosts had al-

ready taken up their abode in the nooks and crannies of the vast auditorium, whence at every sound of a human voice proceeding from the platform they echoed an unbidden and undesirable response. The auditorium was grandly filled at the first evening meeting to hear Prof. Francis G. Peabody's noble sermon; and it was disheartening to be able only to hear half-sentences, and lose the rest in rolling reverberations. But, somehow, the instinct of the great congregation seemed to seize upon the high thought and aspiring ideal imbedded in every half-heard phrase. Somehow, there seemed to come a prophetic light in the two thousand eager faces, strained as they were to intense attention. It was as though every heart in the audience caught responsively the tone sounded, and felt it to be the true note which should be made to sound clearly through the coming days. It was a summons to quit dabbling in the shallow waters, and take heart of grace to let down our nets into the deep,—that great deep whence alone can be drawn miraculous drafts of spiritual food.

On Tuesday morning many went with foreboding hearts to what seemed an impossible demand, that of attempting the commemoration of a holy communion service in the bare, new, unchurchlike Convention Hall, with its rasping reverberations. But all who attended were soon brought to feel the truth of the grand old Psalmist's cry, "Though I make my bed in the under world, *Thou* art there." Such spiritual heights began to open to the soul's imagination under the spell of Edward Everett Hale's splendid declarations of the universal brotherhood intended in the symbolism of Christ's broken bread, that the building, the surroundings, all the disadvantages of the situation, were forgotten; and only the great life of the spirit, the great life of God into which Jesus leads us, seemed real.

"I know not," said Dr. Hale, reverently lifting the communion bread, "whether the grains of wheat that died in the earth to make this bread came originally from Egypt. They may have been planted by the Pharaohs or carried away by Moses. I know not whether Ohio or Dakota or Illinois yielded this latter crop. It is all one, it is the symbol of our common brotherhood, whether we come from East or West, North or South. We are here united in one name, one life."

In the business meeting which followed, resolutions in memory of the late president of the Conference, Hon. George W. Curtis, were unanimously adopted; and then the two thousand assembled delegates listened eagerly to the address delivered by the president of the Conference, Senator George F. Hoar. In every respect it was a fine opening to the many brilliant addresses which were to follow. It briefly reviewed the past, touched upon the comparative newness of Unitarian faith as an organized working church, yet referred to the striking line of famous names already enrolled upon its few brief pages of history. In claiming for all manner of religious faith a common cause, Mr. Hoar said:—

Although a dweller in Massachusetts, I claim property as an American and a countryman, in Starr King of California, as I do in George Washington of Virginia. If I were a Presbyterian, I would claim a like property as a Christian, in Starr King, the Unitarian, as in George Washington, the Episcopalian. No Athanasian creed can shut out my soul from the soul of George Herbert. No church politics can make my senses numb to the fragrance of that wreath of lilies, the "Christian Year" of John Keble. When Archbishop Ireland, then bishop of Minnesota, announced that, of the liquor dealers in his diocese, less than five per cent. were of the Catholic faith, I wished to pay my profound homage to the man who had brought this to pass. I felt that his Christianity and that of my revered and beloved master, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, were, in essential, very much the same. I should like to send a barrel of Archbishop Ireland's theology to the other bishops. When the same man uttered in Washington, two or three years ago, his brave rebuke to the men who despoil our Southern fellow-citizens of the glory of their American citizenship, I felt I should like to send some of our Protestant clergy to his Sunday-school.

We share with Christians everywhere the supreme certainty that the Power which has established this fabric of things is conscious and is beneficent. Upon this foundation, in all ages, has rested the hope from which cometh to man and nations every gift of noblest origin,—the hope of immortality. In virtue of this faith we claim our place in the ranks of those who, by whatever name they call themselves, are striving to bring in the kingdom of God, and that his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

The afternoon was devoted to the Women's National Alliance, whose meetings were held in the First Presbyterian Church very kindly offered, and which was vastly better than the bare Convention Hall, every

speaker being clearly heard. The church was full. Most excellent papers were given: "The Women's Western Conference," Rev. Ida C. Hultin; "The Women's Pacific Coast Conference," Miss E. B. Easton; "The Religious Field," Mrs. J. T. Sunderland; "Moral Enthusiasm," Rev. Marion Murdock; "The Young Women," Miss May White Ovington; "Work in India," Mrs. Judith W. Andrews; "The Golden Bond," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. At the close of her address Mrs. Howe recited the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

In the evening, in the same place, was held a platform meeting, presided over by Rev. S. M. Crothers, with the following speakers: "The Work of Church Extension in New Communities," Rev. Charles J. Staples; "How can Existing Parishes be strengthened?" Rev. A. M. Lord; "The Church in its Relation to Sociology," Rev. Christopher R. Eliot; "The Church as a Social Prophet," Rev. Eugene R. Shippen.

On Wednesday morning it was evident that something of unusual importance was on foot. An air of expectancy pervaded the corridors and parlors of the United States Hotel. Every one was either seeking information or emphasizing his already acquired convictions. The shadow of a great crisis was upon us. We could all feel that; but, whether it would lift or burst in storm, no prophetic voice seemed able to declare. Down streamed the great crowd to the Convention Hall. There were no trips to Mt. McGregor or the lake, Every delegate felt that his one vote might this day be needed in the making of Unitarian history.

Everything, however, was to move in order; and the pent-up excitement of all hearts was held in check by the steady procedure of the presiding officer. Under other circumstances less distracted attention would have been given to two fine papers on "Regeneration," by Rev. T. R. Slicer and Mr. Francis C. Lowell, as also to the scholarly address of Prof. Estlin Carpenter, whose bright opening remarks in his capacity of English delegate were heartily welcomed as a cheerful omen. Discussion was dispensed with; and almost before the great audience was aware of what had transpired the tall, rugged figure of Edward Everett Hale advanced to the edge of the platform, and in sonorous voice began addressing the chair. It was some moments before the house caught the purpose of his remarks; but, as soon as it was understood that he was presenting the report of the committee upon the revision of the Constitution of the Conference, every footfall in the aisles and every rustling movement in the chairs was stilled. Mr. Hale very moderately stated the circumstances under which the committee had been appointed, and the result, calling upon Mr. Savage to read the new form of constitution offered by the committee. This showed a careful revision of the usual business clauses, with an entirely new preamble. As the differences and dissatisfactions have all risen out of the old preamble, it was the committee's new preamble to which the audience listened with deepest attention. It reads as follows:—

The Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was formed in the year 1865, with the purpose of strengthening the churches and societies which should unite in it for more and better work for the kingdom of God. These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. The Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is Congregational in tradition and policy. Therefore, it declares that nothing in this constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test; and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims.

It was evident from the applause which followed that the simplicity, clearness, and strength of this nobly worded statement was something much better than the body of delegates had anticipated. It was no patchwork compromise, which so many had dreaded as the only outcome of a constitutional revision; but, instead, it sounded a strong, clear note of simple Christian faith, in which all differing beliefs find common ground.

After the adoption of the report was moved, however, there were several voices raised in favor of postponement; and for a few moments it seemed as though the dreaded violence of ill feeling was to be precipitated upon us. It ended, however, in the charitable giving way of the majority, and a postponement till afternoon. Short time was spent in material refreshment through the dinner hour; and, long before the time an-

nounced for reassembling, delegates eager to be at the front were crowding into the hall.

Then came our jubilee. After some details of business the report of the Revision Committee was read again. Some one rose to propose that it be accepted by acclamation, but the president said he should put the vote in the usual way. The "ayes" gave a splendid response; and, when the president called for "those opposed," after a breathless silence, in which *not one voice* responded, the whole audience rose to its feet, and shouted with joy.

Many clasped hands; while others, who remembered similar debates with sadly different results, shed tears of gratitude. Such a scene has never occurred before in the history of Unitarianism. All dispute disappeared in faith, all wrangling in love, all individual idiosyncrasies were hushed in the one great holy spirit of God's peace.

All felt that this meant a new era in the life-power of our common church. The prophet Calthrop arose, and declared that he should pray no more, "O Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," but "May the Lord now arise, and his enemies be scattered!" for we are about to march shoulder to shoulder in one phalanx, to one point, against one enemy, sin!

"We have done the impossible," cried Charles G. Ames, "we have combined stability with progress, we have unloaded all that belongs behind, we have won Liberty and Union, this day, now, and forever."

It was the greatest day in the history of the Unitarian Church. We plant the flag of Christian faith upon the summit of the world, high above the level of sectional dispute, in those sun-bathed heights, that clear, free atmosphere, where the love of man blends into the love of God.

The remaining events of the Conference were carried out in a joyous spirit of enthusiasm. The evening mass meeting was a stirring one, under the chairmanship of Rev. George Batchelor. Crisp addresses were made by Rev. C. G. Ames, Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. John W. Chadwick, Rev. C. W. Wendte and Mr. George W. Stone.

The programme for the closing day was carried out as announced, including interesting essays, discussions, and a final platform meeting.

One of the pleasing occurrences of the Conference was the announcement of a gift of $30,000, with $20,000 more to be paid in later, to found a new professorship at Meadville Theological School. The gift is from Mrs. C. B. Hackley.

A NOTABLE LIBERAL RELIGIOUS CONGRESS.

Steadily the consciousness spreads and deepens among Universalists, Unitarians, and Liberal Jews that they are one in aim and purpose. Perhaps the latest illustration of this is seen in the Congress held in Erie, Pa., September 11–14, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Universalist church in that city. Rev. Howard MacQueary, the pastor, had planned for addresses, papers, sermons, and discussions, not only from some of the leading men of the Universalist body, but from a number of well-known representatives of Unitarianism and Judaism. The attendance upon the Congress was large. The city of Erie was waked up as it had seldom been before. The newspapers gave full and sympathetic reports of the meetings; and broader and more reasonable views of religion have been placed before some thousands of persons to whom hitherto the words "Universalism" and "Unitarianism" have been scarcely more than names,—and very unattractive names at that.

Some of the more important subjects presented were "The History of the Erie Universalist Church," "A Half-century of Universalism in America," "Reformed Judaism and Liberal Christianity," "Progressive Orthodoxy and Universalism," "Unitarianism and Universalism," "The Universalism of the Future," "The Growth of the Hebrew Idea of God," "The Higher Criticism of the Bible," "A Union of Liberal Religious Societies," "The History and Work of the Young People's Christian Union," "Marriage and Divorce," "Woman's Industrial Rights and Wrongs," "Should Women have the Ballot?" "Crime and Criminals," "The Church and Industrial Problems."

Some of the better known speakers were Dr. O. Cone of Buchtel College, Rev. Dr. Rexford of Boston, Rev. Dr. Atwood of Canton Theological Seminary, Prof. H. H. Barber of Meadville, Rabbi M. J. Gries of Cleveland, Rev. F. A. Bisbee of Philadel-

phia, Prof. A. B. Curtis of Tufts College, Rev. T. R. Slicer of Buffalo, Rev. A. N. Alcott of Elgin, Ill., and Mrs. Clara B. Colby of Washington.

Space will not allow us to report the Congress as a whole. We must limit ourselves to a brief account of three of the more interesting addresses; namely, those by Mr. Slicer, Dr. Rexford, and Rabbi Gries.

MR. SLICER ON "UNIVERSALISM AND UNITARIANISM."

The speaker began his address with a pleasant picture of the Unitarian Church on one side of the stream and the Universalist on the other, joined by a bridge. He stood upon the Unitarian side, and could speak with knowledge of his people. While holding the Universalists in pleasant perspective, he could judge of them with a considerable degree of accuracy. He was not one who believed that all the flocks of Christianity could be put in one fold. There are and must be many folds. "I am content to be a Unitarian, in spite of all the attractions of the Universalists, feeling that, while there is much in common, there are also differences."

Unitarians and Universalists have this in common. They are twins in point of time of birth and in having a common mother named Religious Liberty. But, while they are twins, they are not of the kind resembling each other so completely as to occasion difficulty in distinguishing one from the other. But, of these twins, one is a blonde, the other a brunette. The Universalist is the blonde, its light complexion being due to the life it has lived. It has been within doors,—cloistered,—while the brunette twin has spent its time out of doors. The Universalist has kept within the Bible, the Unitarian has gone out to nature.

The two denominations have also suffered in common from a certain class of recruits. As soon as a man became disaffected with his church, he would say: "Go to! I am a free thinker. I sit on the edge of the world, and hang my feet over! I will join the liberal church." In common, we have done good even to these recruits, finally teaching them that religion is a matter of religious life rather than dogma. So effective has been our efforts in improving lives that it has been hurled at us by the way of reproof that our good lives viciously lead men to bad doctrine. Men speak of the fine lives of Unitarians. These lives are not accident. They are the outgrowth of one principle of life. Holy lives come from holy thoughts.

The differences between our churches grow out of different points of view. Universalists have appealed to the Bible, Unitarians to scientific discoveries as well.

One has developed a philosophy of theology, the other a philosophy of life. The members of our churches do not indicate the numbers of emancipated souls who are indebted to the liberal church for their freedom.

We have a common mission. Universalists say, "God is too good to burn men in hell." Unitarians say, "Man is too good to be burned." Our common mission is to produce perfect human life. Sin is not human: it is inhuman. To produce perfect humanity is to give to the world the supreme object of religion and God.

DR. REXFORD ON "THE UNIVERSALISM OF THE FUTURE."

I have been asked to indicate certain features which, in my judgment, will characterize the Universalism of the future. The conservative spirit would say: "Know the Universalism of the past, transfer that to the future, and the problem is solved. The decision of Universalist fathers at Winchester is Universalism." Change it, and it is no longer Universalism. This is intelligible, but inadequate.

But new and larger meanings develop in older definitions if the development of life be in them. If the mountains and the sea are not stable, how shall a dogma pertaining to the infinite life and truth remain unchanged forever in this restless, surging sea of human struggle? Logically, the relation of the original exists; but, practically, it is forgotten.

Unitarianism at first meant a belief in the unity of God in contradiction to the idea of the trinity. Now it means a belief in a sympathetic band between all things.

Universalism, too, means far more than it meant to the Winchester convention of 1803. Universalism has the right to grow from its original affirmative of a single characteristic dogma to the far greater, wherein it is seen as the interpreter of the universe under the sway of the infinite mind dominated by an infinite heart of love.

Now that the World's Congress is over, we recognize that religion is not a matter of the Old and New Testaments, but that the religious sense pertains to an original and universal endowment of mankind by the universal Father.

Revelation closely allied with inspiration will be regarded in the future more and more not as limited to one particular province, but a process that perpetually goes forward in the world, not as a great gift sent down from the heavens, but as a slow and laborious task of discovery in the fields of human activity and experience.

The Universalism of the future will be intensely theistic. Jesus of Nazareth asked nothing for himself as a finality. He was always pointing upward to a greater being than himself. The future ideal of the faith will cry out to all men, "Let us go, led by the infinite within us, to find the infinite everywhere." The Universalism of the future will have its church; and the chief purpose of that church will be the worship of God,—not a substitute for a lecture hall, theatre, nor gymnasium, yet a stimulator of all that is philanthropic and wholesome, helpful, and joyous.

The Universalism of the future will look upon all truth from whatever field as its natural and inseparable ally. All truth must serve the highest purposes of life.

RABBI GRIES ON "REFORMED JUDAISM AND LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY."

Rabbi Gries began by referring to the Congress of Religions at the World's Fair one year ago, and to its benefits. He said Judaism was a religion for the living. There is still a chasm between Christianity and Reformed Judaism. The Christian prays, "Lead us not into temptation." The Jew prays, "Give me strength to meet and conquer temptation." Temptation comes to all men, and what they need is strength to conquer it. The orthodox Christian religion offers salvation to all men through one path. Judaism approaches nearer to the Universalist idea, and offers salvation to all the righteous of both Jews and Gentiles. Faith is not the saving power, according to the Jewish belief. Good conduct alone is the passport to heaven.

The Jew is supposed to be narrow and contracted, but in reality he is not. He is progressive, and is truly universal. The old laws and customs of the Jews have passed away. The temple has been overthrown, and Palestine is under the rule of the Moslem. The Jew does not desire or look for the restoration of his temporal kingdom. While he may regret the destruction, he has taken *this* as the holy land. Israel is faced toward the west, not the east. He has obeyed the command of God to Abraham to "arise, and get thee out of the country and into another place." Our teaching and thought is universal, and our expression soon will be.

Judaism is still thought to be narrow, old, and antiquated; and Israel is still thought to have existed only to produce the Redeemer. It is still taken for granted that Christianity is far in advance of Judaism, and that Jews exist only to be used as an evidence of events of eighteen centuries ago; and Christians have even set missionaries at work among us to show the true light. We have been asked to surrender our name, and some Jews have become Christians; but the remainder will stand firm until the growth of religious fellowship will warrant the surrender.

Greece was a very small country, Palestine was a mere province; but Greece and Palestine by their philosophy and religion are ruling the world to-day.

The speaker then made a very eloquent plea for the uniting of liberal Christians and Reformed Jews, and concluded by saying: "We are all the children of one God. The separating walls are down, let us clasp hands. Liberal Christians and Reformed Jews are preparing the way for a universal brotherhood; and, while we may be far in advance, all the world is following us. Orthodoxy has divided mankind. Liberal religions are reuniting it. We were all God's children in the beginning. Let us be now."

THE POPPY WREATH.

There came an angel in the night,
When all the house was hushed to rest.
A star was shining o'er his hair,
A crown was clasped upon his breast.

To one who slept in dreamless ease
He bore the blooms of purple shade,
And, stopping, kissed the tranquil brow,
Just where the poppy wreath was laid.

With the first dawn we found him there,
Such noble quiet in his mien,
The morning light came stealing in,
As awe-struck by the wondrous scene.

Majestic death upon him lay,
The ermine and the honored state,
As if some office high and grave
Had oped for him the palace gate.

Thus the dark poppy wreath became
A victor crown in that last hour,
And all of courage, calm, and great
Shone 'neath the strange symbolic flower.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

SUNRISE OFF THE AZORES.

The night noises of New York hotels are proverbial, the clashing of great bells, the apparently reckless haste of escaping inmates,—are they throwing their trunks out of windows? the brutal ejaculations of rollicking ice-venders, the indescribably resounding racket from the street below. To exchange this pandemonium for a forward state-room on the "Fulda," bound out for the Mediterranean Sea and the atmosphere

of sweet, soft, balmy Italy,—what brain-worn worker would not rejoice in such an opportunity!

There is no fog on this southern route. *Ergo*, blessed *ergo*, no fog-horn. As a curdler of one's very life blood, a twister into twists of one's most sensitive nerve centres, nothing excels the blurting, booming, bursting ebullition of the fog-horn, especially when, with that vigilant consistency which the German military discipline regards as the eternal price of successful organization, the blasts recur at three-minute distances through the most precious hours of early morning sleep. But this southern passage knows no fog. A soft and delicate haze, mellowing the shining countenance of the sun, and rather improving his appearance than otherwise, was all the cloud we saw. No muffling up in coats and capes and rugs. The bright summer dresses of the ladies enliven the canvas-covered promenading decks. The cute little German flags that are pinned every day upon the chart to indicate our place upon the trackless blue soon show that something like two thousand miles of rolling sea lie between us and the dear, prophetic statue bearing in patient solitude her beacon torch in New York Harbor.

It seems like a reversion of things to be sailing from Liberty to Columbus; but we have it on good authority that our first impression of Genoa will be the imposing statue of the great "Christophe," shining in sun-steeped marble against a terraced cliff wreathed with bay and palm and myrtle trees. However, something is preparing for us between, even here in mid-ocean; for there comes a day when the vast underbed of blue grows rippleless. Perfect sense of perfect calm rests upon us all, stills our hearts, overawes our restlessness, makes us imagine holy things, and dream prayers. Night hushes our expectations, and drowses us with purple gloom.

A bugle note at 4 A.M. startles us awake. Dim shadows careering over leaden seas. Due north a black burden upon the deep. Is it some abandoned hulk drifting before the morning mist or a phantom battlement dismantled and tenantless? It is Tennyson's immortal isle,—

> "At Flores in the Azores,
> Sir Richard Glenville lay."

But it passes, a dim, weird vision, before the dawn. Once more the impenetrable deep closes around us, speechless of its treasures. Only for a moment a sudden sweep of cloud-drift, and seven thousand feet above us the cone-capped peak of Pico cuts the sky. The crimson tints of coming day gleam behind it; a rosy bloom hangs upon the olive-tinted slopes below. Red mounds all blared across with scorched black-fire stains seem rolled together at the base. Heralded by a leaping blaze of dazzling light, the sun himself suddenly fills the air with golden splendor, the light bathes the rocky heights. Far above fly the curled clouds, and far below, far as the eye can follow, the crystal, glassy, gleaming sea.

Pico is the tip of an extinct volcano. The cliffs run sheer down four miles below the surface of the ocean. Between the rock-bare peak, the lava slopes tinted in wonderful colorings of reds and browns, and the white breakers we can see a meandering checker-board of terraced vineyards, hedges, bits of barley fields, long white pineapple sheds, churches with Algerian turrets, a light-house, and a windmill for all the world like one of the dear little Dutch toy-bits.

Ah! but it is all gone now for us. We should like to come back this way.

FREDERICK B. MOTT.

PERPETUAL DAY.

To the Editor of the Unitarian:—

Let me urge you and your many readers to embrace the earliest opportunity of visiting Norway, the glorious land of the midnight sun. The route from any of the southern ports to North Cape is through the most romantic and thrilling scenery. The fiords are of an ideal beauty and picturesqueness. Snow-covered mountains rise several thousand feet directly out of the water. Waterfalls come tumbling down their sides. The jagged peaks of some of the ranges appear as if they had been broken and wrenched in some giant warfare. It is no wonder that our old Norse forefathers peopled these regions with Thor and Wodin and other gods who were the embodiments of force. This beauty and grandeur is heightened by the fact that during the season when Norway is visited by travellers

there is perpetual day. The scenery is never veiled by night. During our entire stay in the country there was no shade of darkness. On board the boats I often sat on deck and read through midnight and the small hours of the morning. In the towns and cities children play upon the streets, and women exchange bits of news from their upper windows when our section of the earth is stilled in slumber. Near midnight we saw and heard ambitious marksmen practising on a rifle-range. We have grasses and flowers gathered at 1 A.M. Most of the Norwegians scorn such amenities as shades and curtains, and the flies buzz about during the entire twenty-four hours.

Along the coast and on board flat-boats, fish is piled up like cord-wood. Twenty thousand fishermen ply their occupation about the Lofoten Islands. The table is always laden with choice varieties of fish. The two great industries of fishing and grazing—more than a thousand hills being dotted with cattle—present a unique series of pictures to the eye of the traveller.

From May till August the light-houses of Southern Norway even have a vacation. In Northern Norway there are no light-houses except in the harbors and at a few specially dangerous points. And yet the boats run during the entire year. The Gulf Stream which our continent is good enough to send to Northern Europe keeps the waters of the coast of Norway from freezing, and the boats run continuously during the long night of winter, steering by the compass and the watch. Navigators know that it is so many minutes from point to point, and, taking the proper direction, steer by *time*. The boats are provided with double bottoms, as a protection against the rocks among which they must often feel their way. While the coast of Norway is very much awake and active during the night of winter, it being the chief season for fishing, on the opposite side of the peninsula it is so cold that the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland are sometimes entirely frozen over. The Norwegians are truly grateful for our Gulf Stream.

Another striking feature of travel in Norway is the exceeding cheapness of it. On the boats one's wife travels at half-fare. This is a little humiliating to the wife, but beneficial to the husband's purse. Other members of a family travel at fixed reductions of price, the head of the family being the only one from whom full fare is asked. The hotels are also cheap and good. It is much cheaper travelling in Norway than staying at home. And the people are so primitive and honest that they do not even take advantage of Americans, everywhere else considered the legitimate prey of the spoiler. I several times had dealings with natives with whom I had no means of conversing. I allowed them to help themselves to their pay out of what wealth I had on hand, and on no occasion was all of it taken. I was surprised at the proportion they left me.

While the travel along the coast by boat is so delightful, that of the interior of the country by carriage or cariole is equally so. Those who prefer *terra firma* to water think it exceeds in novelty and picturesqueness the travel along the coast.

The midnight sun is hard on those who cannot sleep by day. After several weeks of perpetual light many a traveller has found himself completely worn out. This has led many a one to revise the popular opinion that the blessed state is one of perpetual day,—where no darkness is. The Norwegians, having had experience of long periods of light and darkness, their opinion is entitled to respect; and they think that —given our present natures—in the blessed state light and darkness will alternate as in our latitude of the globe. Night has its blessings as well as day. May this not be true in realms above the physical nature of man? We strive for the perpetual day of happiness and joy; but out of the night of sorrow come our deepest and holiest experiences. Out of the broken hearts of humanity have come its sweetest, loftiest music, its highest aspirations, its noblest achievements. Not Eden, but Gethsemane, gave to the world the heroic, godlike soul.

Some also look forward to the time when, in the light of knowledge, faith shall have passed away,—faith, which is the going out of the mind and heart into the darkness of the unknown. But, however much knowledge may grow, the realm of faith will still compass it round about. It would be a sad day for mankind if there were no domain of the spirit where it could escape "the garish day."

Neither perpetual day nor perpetual night would be best for the body, mind, soul of man, but the happy mingling of the two, as the Almighty in his wisdom hath measured them out to us.

T. G. MILSTED.

Trondhjem, Norway.

GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D., died at his home in Concord, Mass., Sunday, at the age of seventy-one years. He was born in Franconia, N.H., Dec. 22, 1822, but moved to Boston at the age of four, receiving his education in the Boston schools. He went into business for a short time, after which he attended the Divinity School at Cambridge, class of 1847. He first preached in Jamaica Plain. He was called to the old First Parish Church of Concord in 1858, being the eleventh pastor of that church, which was founded in 1635. After one of the most successful pastorates that have ever been recorded, in 1882 he resigned his position to accept the office of secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which office he held at the time of his death. As the chief executive officer of this Association, he travelled very extensively the last twelve years, visiting churches of the denomination throughout the West and South.

In the old historic town he was beloved by every one, taking a great interest in all town meetings and affairs, and for a long time was chairman of the school committee. In the time of the war he was very active in the service of the Soldiers' Aid Society, of which his wife was president. At the public meetings held in these times none were considered perfect unless they had heard from Mr. Reynolds or Judge Hoar, with whom he was intimately associated. As a historian and literary man, Mr. Reynolds was very able, having the true genius of authorship. He wrote a "History of the Concord Fight," which was published; also the "History of Concord," contained in Drake's "History of Middlesex County." He also contributed articles to Johnson's Encyclopædia, and during the war wrote frequently for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. Reynolds was a member of the Social Circle, a society over a hundred years old, and wrote a number of the biographical sketches of the members who are dead. As vice-president of the Antiquarian Society of Concord, and member of the American Antiquarian Society, which has its head at Worcester, he did excellent work in the direction of historical sketches and researches. His last service to his beloved town was as chairman of the committee of which J. S. Keyes, C. H. Wolcott, Samuel Hoar, and George Tolman were members, appointed by the town to print the town records from the first period up to 1850. This work, although completed, has not been given to the public, waiting as it has for his final revision.

Mr. Reynolds received the degree of A.M. from Harvard College in 1860, and that of D.D. was conferred on him June 27, 1894.

HENRY C. BADGER.

A wreath for my brother's grave. He has passed away in the fulness of his fame, without sorrow or suffering, in a way he would have chosen to go above all others, but by the saddest of accidents to us who are left, as it deprives us of many years of his enjoyable companionship and usefulness.

He had long been troubled with a feeble heart-beat, often as low as forty a minute, whereby he had often foretold and anticipated his end in the way it came; yet it had worn so well in that feeble way for many years that he had ceased to fear its constant and ever-present danger.

He loved loneliness, and lived in such close communion with nature that for many summers he went off alone to those lonely lakes in New Hampshire near Wolfeboro, where at sundown on August 4, 1894, he was found dead in his boat, evidently from heart failure.

He was the last survivor, except myself, of the seven sons of Rev. Joseph Badger, of Mendon, N.Y., now Honeoye Falls, in the famous Genesee Valley, long considered the garden of the world, and in the first quarter of this century the "Far West." The family came from England to Newburyport, Mass., in 1641.

Joseph's record has been published, and is in many libraries, as the founder of the *Christian Palladium* at Rochester, N.Y., about 1820, the first religious paper in the Far West; and some two hundred

"Christian" churches growing from it constituted his monument, many of them bearing now illegible inscriptions, and some of them drifting backward into Orthodoxy, though Dr. Bellows once said they differed from Unitarians only by having a better name.

Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, was the highest blossom of those and other liberal Christian churches which sought to abolish sectarianism by taking no name but "Christians," because "the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch."

Horace Mann there received his aureole as its first president; and at the head of the first class he there graduated, in 1857, stood Henry Clay Badger and his most gifted and accomplished wife, then Miss Ada Shepard of Dorchester, Mass. They had both so distinguished themselves in the college life as to be offered at once two of the leading professorships,—his, Logic and Belle-lettres and English Literature, hers, Modern Languages. They each spent two years more in special preparation for those professorships, he in the Divinity School of Harvard College at Cambridge, Mass., and she in Italy, in the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne, where her accurate picture as Hilda in the "Marble Faun" has placed her among the immortals.

They were married in 1859, and held those professorships with honors for several years, till the untimely death of Horace Mann, when they returned to Boston, he as pastor of the East Cambridge Church, and afterward for several years at Cambridgeport and Dorchester, and she, later, to establish the Ladies' School known as the Newbury Street School in Boston. He also preached a year in New Bedford and a short time in New Orleans and San Francisco.

Their happy lives thereafter, with their four bright children, are well known, till her sad and untimely death in 1874 from an over-sensitive constitution resulting in nervous prostration and loss of reason.

Before the gravity of her illness could be fully realized by any one, she left her home secretly in mid-winter, took a steamer for New York at Fall River, and jumped into the sea off Newport. No further trace of her was ever found, though faithful search for months was continued. She left letters saying she had so acted, knowing she was insane, or soon to be so, and from fear of an asylum, where one of her sisters had been confined for a similar cause. The circumstances were so terrible for her bereaved husband, who was also of a highly nervous and over-sensitive constitution, that only the strongest intellect could have survived them.

That he did survive them was due mainly to her most affectionate letter to him, written with her last gleams of intelligence, appealing to his affection, and urging strongly his duty to the children, the youngest daughter a year old. Her sole idea was self-sacrifice to prevent being a wreck and burden to him, after their happy years; and this was expressed with such affection and so pathetically that no one could read it without tears.

It was a perfect protection to him and justification, if any should be needed, of his entire life with her; and its utter sincerity was shown by another letter she mailed to his most intimate friend and college chum, Cyrus Christie, then near Boston, saying, "The instant you get this come at once to my husband, who will need you in the greatest trial of his life."

That terribly tragedy, after so much happiness and romance, was the beginning of the end. He lived, but with a broken heart, which beat feebly from that hour. His intellect trembled from that blow for years, till finally, after two years as pastor of the church on Staten Island and five years at Ithaca, N.Y., he sought comparative seclusion for several years as an assistant in the Library of Harvard College, where, as curator of maps and charts, he has left a most valuable and enduring monument of his industry and learning in the great classification and index of all the geographical records of the world.

For two years past he has preached at New Haven; and, having a passion for college towns, he attempted to establish a Unitarian church there. Of that effort Judge Sheldon, a prominent citizen there, writes me:—

"We would all have done anything we could in reason have been asked to for him. His learning, his gentleness, his power of speech, his social, cordial ways, won for him a high place among the best of all who knew him here. His discourses have seldom been excelled for effectiveness. If he had had

the robust health of Beecher or Chapin, he would have been among the foremost preachers of his time. In the quality of his sermons he was great. The world seems poorer when such rare and beautiful souls leave us."

He has left many valuable writings, including a novel called "Bethlehem College," which may be published, giving all the romance of those Antioch days and of free life in the West.

His last public utterance was in the *Unitarian* for August last, on "True Prayer," and shows so well his clear and incisive thought and his bold and uncompromising theological position that I quote from it as follows:—

"Prayer is not all petition: it is also a listening, a recognition, a responding, an enlistment, an act of obedience, an effort to hear the Master's voice, to understand the message, and to win guidance and strength, that the attentive aud loyal heart may obey it. . . .

"Darwin and Huxley give us magnificent displays of an unspoiled faith. God can hear without words. He can see without light. All science rests on faith. But true prayer, when we look at our modern civilization, and see the march of the ages, means humanity's worship, attuned to sing true to an ever-growing science with an ever-rising ideal or standard of life."

Also from his masterly review in the *Unitarian* of August, 1893, of Prof. R. F. Horton's "Verbum Dei," where, as he says, the head of the Yale Divinity School has bravely flung away the whole false theory of supernaturalism by the following radically new statement from that source:—

"Science is a word of God, and the poetic and rapturous perception of beauty in the universe is a word of God. They who shut their minds to the proved facts of science are closing their ears to the voice of God; and, when they do it in the interest of what they would call the word of God (the Bible), they are adding blasphemy to ignorance, and are numbered among the false prophets."

Yet Christ is still the great word of today, and of all coming days, and Unitarianism is still a part of Christianity, and therefore founded on Jesus Christ as its chief corner-stone, exalted rather than degraded by emergence from the Trinity.

That was my brother's last appeal, "to conquer the world for Jesus, exalted as the Christ, the eternal purpose, going forth backed by Infinite Power."

I was in Harvard when he went to Antioch; and I have always since regretted the divergence of our lives at that point, as we were previously inseparable.

He has left many literary gems, like his poetical tribute to Brooke Herford on his return to England, to Robert Collyer at seventy, and to Bryant at fourscore.

These fill the albums of many friends, and one of them shows so finely his delicate touch and soulful disposition that I transcribe two verses of

THE STREAMLET.

In a world full of heartlessness, wandering alone,
Where disaster and triumph thy pulses attune,
Be thou, O my heart, though unyielding as stone,
As gentle and genial as zephyrs in June.

I stretch on to regions of manly control,
Where love has no passion, and sorrow no pain;
To the land above sorrow, which only the soul
That has suffered and triumphed may hope to attain.
May my life like this streamlet in melody flow.
There are rocks in its course, there are foes in my way;
But obstructions grow gentle where soft mosses grow,
And the still touch of purity wears them away.

O childhood departed! O boyhood gone!
Shall my heart thy innocence know no more?
The billows of life come shouldering on,
And bear me away from that radiant shore.
Yet I linger oft o'er those glimmering scenes,
With a longing I scarce can understand
As a mariner long o'er the taffrail leans,
And yearns toward his vanishing native land.

So he departs in faith and hope, with the courage of his convictions, and fidelity unto death, and much of the same spirit and temper as the great Cardinal Newman, yet needing no one to write his "Apologia sua Vita."

"His armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

In his views he was both radical and conservative, as sincere men are apt to be. There is nothing so radical or so conservative as truth. It is a two-edged sword, which cuts to the correct line every time, and so wins the battle for both sides, and commands peace.

The future of the Unitarian church he had much at heart, and his hope was that, as the Christians had largely failed in their

bold attempt to abolish sectarian *names*, the Unitarians should continue to abolish the *realities* which those names represent, until Presbyterianism and Methodism, etc., should be but *empty shells*, and the frightful curse of Calvinism be thereby lifted from the human race.

WILLIAM W. BADGER.

178 Broadway, New York.

VACATION OVER! THE BENEFIT.

"There are days when one can see a thousand years."

Such days must be among the benefits of a vacation, and come as a result of mixing one's blood with sunshine, and letting the wind stir in one's pulses.

The long months of work and study have only half satisfied us with results; but now one day in vacation, when we have been for a time a fellow with the tree and grass and stone, the truth we sought flashes upon us. The fulness of time has come, and with it the vision we longed for and strove to get.

"Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes the student's wiser business." Newton, idling there in his garden, makes the great discovery of his age. Without that moment of idleness he might have continued striving for a lifetime; but, without the life of activity back of that vacation, apples might have continued falling to all eternity. When the direct revelation is sealed, sometimes the indirect will yield its flood of inspiration if one has the faith to wait for the gifts of the spirit. To "loaf and invite his soul" was the method of the "good gray poet" when waiting for the tides of the spirit. This one does during a vacation.

And so we take back from a vacation its gift of vision, and turn with joy to the new work of the year to gain its blessing, too, coming to it with the confidence of one who maketh the heaven of his hope his home.

O. J. F.

Bedford, Mass.

For ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone, impossible to find, which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so: happiness is a mosaic, composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which, united with art, form a graceful design.—*Mme. de Girardin.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

A Grateful Heart.

Last night I stole away alone to find
  A mellow crescent setting o'er the sea,
  And lingered in its light, while over me
Blew fitfully the grieving autumn wind.

And somewhat sadly to myself I said,
  "Summer is gone," and watched how bright and fast
  Through the moon's track the little waves sped past,—
"Summer is gone! Her golden days are dead.

"Yes, they are gone, they will return no more."
  The slender moon went down, all red and still;
  The stars shone clear; the silent dews fell chill;
The waves with ceaseless murmur washed the shore.

A low voice spake: "And wherefore art thou sad?
  Here in thy heart all summer folded lies,
  And smiles in sunshine, though the sweet time dies.
'Tis thine to keep forever fresh and glad!"

Yea, gentle voice, though the fair days depart,
  And skies grow cold above the restless sea,
  God's gifts are measureless, and there shall be
Eternal summer in the grateful heart.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

MONDAY.

The Heavenward Call.

What shall I do, my Lord, my God,
  To make my life worth more to thee?
Within my heart, through earth abroad,
  Deep voices stir and summon me.

Through strange confusions of the time
  I hear thy beckoning call resound.
There is a pathway more sublime
  Than yet my laggard feet have found.

My coward heart, my flagging feet,—
  They hold me in bewildering gloom.
Come thou, my stumbling steps to meet,
  And lift me unto larger room!

The dearest voice may lead astray.
  Speak thou! Thy word my guide shall be.
Oh, not from life and men away,
  But through them, with them, up to thee.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

TUESDAY.

Father, I need thee.

Father, I need thee! troubles abound,
Billows on billows break all around;
Hold out thy saving hand,
Help me in faith to stand;
Thou dost the waves command,—
I shall not sink.

Father, I need thee! dangers are near;
Thine arm around me, I will not fear.
Teach me thy voice to know,
Speaking so clear and low,—
"Fear not, with thee I go,
Thou shalt o'ercome!"

Father, I hear thee!—hear and obey,
Know thou art near me, near me alway,—
Near me when troubles lower,
Near in temptation's hour,
Near me, O Love and Power!
Yea, more than near!

Father, I trust thee! thou wilt defend,
Comfort, and guard me on to the end.
Still would I do my part,
Keep a brave, cheerful heart;
Since thou my helper art,
I shall not fall.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

WEDNESDAY.

The Two Shores.

Upon the river's brink I stand,
Beside the rushing water's flow,
And look from off the shore I know,
The safe and dear familiar land,
Unto another shore, which lies

Mist-veiled beneath the crimsoning skies.
This is a shore, and that a shore.
Does the earth cease, to rise once more
Beyond the river's span?
Ah, no! the shores are clasped in one:
The same firm earth goes on, goes on
Though hidden for a little space
From eye or tread of man.

Upon another shore we stand,
Beside a darker water's flow,
And catch beyond the earth we know
Faint glimpses of another land
Dreaming in sunshine, half-descried
Beyond the rushing river tide.
It is life here, and life is there:
We look from fair things to most fair,
The river rolls between;
But, held and bound and clasped in one,
Immortal life goes on, goes on,
Though only from the farther strand
The union can be seen.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

THURSDAY.

Be True.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul would'st reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

FRIDAY.

Resignation.

This wayward human heart of mine
Is learning now to see
That, whatsoever way I turn,
Each path leads up to Thee.

I used to think that I could choose
My road; but now I pray
That thou wilt take my hand in thine,
And lead me on my way.

I used to think that I could plan
My life, and call it mine;
But now I ask my human will
May be subdued to thine.

I suffer; but I do not doubt
Thy wisdom nor thy care,
Knowing that thou dost make for right
And goodness everywhere.

And so I trust; and, though my tears
May blind the present way,
I feel that with my hand in thine
I cannot go astray.

I call on thee, and not in vain:
Thou answerest to my heart.
I know where there is need of thee,
That there, O God, thou art!

—*Anna R. Taber.*

SATURDAY.

Into the Silent Land.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's duties firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land.

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the dear departed,
Into the Silent Land.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The meeting of the National Unitarian Conference just held in Saratoga has made itself historic. We believe that in the future none since the first, in 1865, will rank as of equal influence upon the cause of Unitarianism in America. That which has given it its significance is the harmony with which, after nearly thirty years of compromise and divided sentiment as to the religious basis of the Conference, all parties have at last come together,—and come together not on a basis that is merely colorless and empty, and acceptable because meaning nothing, but upon one that is through and through positive, vital, charged with energizing and inspiring power. Indeed, as Dr. Hale well said, it is doubtful if ever since Christianity was born has any religious organization given to the world a statement that goes down deeper into the very heart of all living and eternal religion than this; while at the same time it leaves to every church connected with the Conference the perfect freedom of Congregationalism, and to every man and woman the perfect liberty of children of God.

The new constitution adopted by the Conference need not be given here in full. Its business provisions are essentially the same as those of the old. Its new and significant parts are the following:—

"*Preamble.*—The Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was formed in the year 1865, with the purpose of strengthening the churches and societies which should unite in it for more and better work for the kingdom of God. These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. The Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is Congregational in tradition and policy. Therefore, it declares that nothing in this constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test; and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims.

"ARTICLE I. The churches and other organizations here represented unite themselves in a common body to be known as the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches."

From the above it will be seen that the Conference not only keeps the Christian name, but it does much more,—it declares that the churches forming the Conference "accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man." And, best of all, this basis was adopted, by the Conference, not only heartily, but *without one dissenting vote.*

It is clear that this extraordinary unanimity could not have been reached without two things, which had prepared the way for it. One was the wisdom of the preceding Conference in ordering that the report of the Committee on Revision should be made in print six months before it was to be acted upon. This allowed time for careful consideration in our churches, and full discussion in our denominational journals, thus helping everybody to a better understanding of the mind of the Unitarian body as a whole upon the subject. The second was an informal preliminary meeting called by Mr. George H. Ellis on Tuesday afternoon, for the purpose of comparing the various plans of revision that had been proposed in various quarters, with the hope of arriving at some plan that would be generally satisfactory. This meeting was attended by between one and two hundred of those members of the Conference who had manifested most interest in the revision question. At this meeting the Committee on Revision offered a new report, much changed

from that which they had submitted in print six months before. As the meeting went on and the minds of all present came to more and more full expression, it grew increasingly clear that upon this report a very large part of the Conference could agree. This was submitted to the full Conference the next day as the final perfected report of the committee, and adopted with the unanimity described above. As might be expected, the delight of the Conference was almost unbounded when this happy issue was reached; and the fervor with which that great company, at the conclusion of the vote, joined in the hymn of grateful joy,

"From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,"

can never be forgotten.

And now that the wisdom and the grace have been given us to put aside small things and unite on the great, lifting up in the sight of all the world a banner the simplest and noblest that the religious thought of man has ever framed,—so noble, indeed, that more and more it must command the love and honor of mankind,—a great new opportunity and a corresponding new responsibility are placed before the Unitarian body in this country. Will we be equal to it? Let us now as one man, with a unity of purpose, a zeal, and a consecration such as we have never known, go forward to give our peerless gospel of reason and love and life to the world.

The recent Saratoga meeting was a notable one, not only on account of the action taken in connection with the new constitution, but by reason of the large attendance upon it, its thoroughly representative character, and the general excellence of its papers and addresses. We doubt if any preceding meeting of the Conference ever reached a higher intellectual or spiritual level. The meeting occurred so late in the month that it is impossible to give more than a very brief report of it. Indeed, in order to report it at all, we are obliged to delay our present issue several days beyond the time it ought to be in our subscribers' hands.

The Unitarian Club of Boston has issued an exceedingly bright and attractive "Unitarian Annual" for 1894-95, illustrated. Its eighteen pages are crowded with information about our Unitarian organizations, churches, work, and men, with pictures of a dozen of our most distinguished leaders, and quotations from the writings of thirty or forty more, setting forth the Unitarian gospel. The object of the "Annual" is to disseminate information, and especially to stir up our churches to greater missionary zeal. To this object it seems well adapted. May it be circulated by the ten thousand, and bear plentiful fruit!

In the *Forum* for September Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows, president of the great Parliament of Religions of Chicago, calls attention to some of the results that are already appearing from that Parliament. He says: "The human race has been wofully divided, by national and other antipathies, especially by those of religion. It is remarkable, therefore, that the first universal council ever held, the first parliament of man, was a religious convention." The special preparations for this remarkable gathering were, Dr. Barrows thinks, "the almost universal spread of Christian missions; the rise and study of comparative religion; the wide use of the English language in the world; international facilities for travel; ample religious freedom in America, where Church and State are separated; the attractive opportunity afforded by a world's exposition; and much hard work, extending through more than three years." Besides the daily reports of the Parliament, which were carried by the Chicago papers to many millions of readers, we are told that the permanent reports, more or less complete, which have been published in bound volumes, have reached a sale of more than a hundred thousand, going to nearly all the libraries of the world. Naturally, one result of all this has been a wide-spread new interest in the study of comparative religion, not only in Christian, but to some extent also in non-Christian lands. Heretofore such study has been confined mainly to a very few scholars: now it is everywhere attracting the attention of educated people. Dr. Barrows thinks, too, that one of the chief ideas which the Parliament made luminous was a reunited Christendom, the preparation for a Christianized world. "Since the best religion must come

to the front," he says, "may we not look to see the lines of human progress centring more and more in Christ, the unifier of mankind?"

The last English Unitarian papers bring word of the death, on September 2d, of Rev. John Hamilton Thom, a man of rare quality of spirit and rich learning, who for more than half a century has been among the most widely known and honored Unitarian ministers of England. He spent all his active life in Liverpool, having been minister of the Renshaw Street Chapel for thirty-six years, from 1831 to 1867; and, although he did not have charge of a congregation after the last-named date, he yet continued active religious, literary, and philanthropic work in Liverpool up almost to the time of his death. Besides being a gifted preacher, he did much valuable work with his pen, contributing extensively to the *Prospective, National and Theological Reviews*, and other liberal periodicals, and giving to the public a number of books, among the most important of which were the "Life of Blanco White" in 1845, a "Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians" in 1851, a treatise on "Christ the Revealer" in 1859 (enlarged in 1879), the "Life and Letters of John James Tayler", in 1872, and a volume of sermons of rare spiritual power, entitled "Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ," in 1883. Prof. Alexander Gordon, in a fine article upon Mr. Thom in the London *Christian Life*, says of him: "Though he was never in the broad or popular sense of the word a public man, yet his teaching has moulded many lives to the finest issues, and the powerful and finished thoughts embodied in his calm and masculine writings have struck their roots into the souls of a long succession of grateful readers. Those who at any time were privileged in any degree to come under the elevating spell of his mingled dignity and grace will reverently confess their ineffaceable debt to a spirit unique in its quality."

The death of Mr. Thom inevitably calls to mind one of the most marked events in the history of English Unitarianism; namely, the famous "Liverpool Controversy" of 1839. Thirteen clergymen of the Established Church united to deliver a course of lectures entitled "Unitarianism Confuted," with a view to checking the growth and influence of the dangerous heresy in that city. The challenge thus thrown out was promptly accepted by the three Unitarian ministers then settled in Liverpool, Rev. James Martineau, Rev. Henry Giles, and Rev. John Hamilton Thom, who delivered thirteen lectures in reply. These lectures were listened to by very large audiences, and attracted attention all over England. The portly volume, entitled "Unitarianism Defended," which contained them, soon became a Unitarian classic, and was perhaps as complete and able a statement and defence of Unitarian doctrine in its earlier form as has ever been made. In this series of lectures Mr. Thom gave four, upon "The Practical Importance of the Unitarian Controversy," "Christianity not the Property of Critics and Scholars, but the Gift of God to All Men," "The Unscriptural Origin and Ecclesiastical History of the Doctrine of the Trinity," and "The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, who dwelleth in us, and teacheth all things." All three of the preachers were young at the time, but their powerful discourses lifted them up at once into wide public notice. Each had afterward a distinguished career; and one, the greatest of the three, and perhaps the greatest theologian and philosopher that England has produced this century, Mr. Martineau, still lives, at the ripe age of nearly ninety years.

As we go to press comes the sad news of the death, at his home in Concord, Mass., of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, secretary of the American Unitarian Association. His loss will be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, for he was known and honored wherever Unitarian opinions have been promulgated. Tireless as a worker, wise indeed as a counsellor, skilful as an administrator, faithful and true to every trust, he was the friend, adviser, helper, and confidant of all.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but, when a man makes gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*Lowell.*

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The following item is of interest as showing how energetic some of the Sunday-school work is in the West:—

"The 'chapel cars' that have been run in the West by one or two denominations have now been followed by a Sunday-school car, the 'Good News,' which has been built and fitted up, at a cost of about $8,000, to propagate Sunday-school work throughout the West. Its use is given free by a man who withholds his name at present; and a corps of competent Sunday-school workers will travel on it from place to place, holding services in each town and village."

It is somewhat needful for us to lift up our eyes from our own work and look about, in order to understand that, while we think the world moves, there is still need of a little more push. The paragraph below was quoted in the *Watchman* (Baptist) from another paper without any comments; but the smile of the *Watchman* editor is very evident. In our Unitarian Sunday-school addresses we are only too glad to have the views and presence of women, experts as they are so frequently in this department:—

"We announced last week the withdrawal of Rev. Carter Helm Jones and ourself from the programme of the Kentucky Sunday School Union Convention at Russellville because two ladies were to make addresses there before the public mixed assembly. We are glad to announce that those having the matter in charge promptly changed the programme, removing the objection; and thereupon we both agreed to make the speeches according to appointment."

The Congregational Sunday School Superintendents' Union of Boston took for the subject of its opening session this season, "Why are Massachusetts Congregational Sunday-schools losing Membership and Influence, while Other Denominations are gaining?" So far as we can judge from a report of the meeting, the expression of opinion seemed to be that the Congregational Sunday-schools needed more enthusiasm and the adoption of better methods. The Episcopalian Sunday-schools are fairly prosperous, and it is owing to the fact that they take great pains to make their work thorough and interesting. Yet, with all respect to our friends in that denomination, there are greater possibilities of variety and attractiveness in the Congregational way of handling Sunday-schools than in the more formal and catechetical habits of the Episcopalians. The source of trouble discussed above lies, probably, in the lack of wholeheartedness and appreciation of the Sunday-school cause. It might be said that that is true of the Unitarian Sunday-school constituency.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held at an interesting place,—Newport, R.I., in the Channing Memorial Church (Rev. George W. Cutter, pastor). The beauty and the associations of the city create special interest, but the programme of exercises promises to furnish sufficient inducements for a large attendance. At the opening session on Wednesday evening, October 24, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., will give the chief address. Subject, "The Place in Modern Training of Religious and Moral Instruction."

Dr. Abbott will treat this subject on high ranges of thought, and yet, no doubt, with practical applications of the theme. The sessions on the next day, Thursday, forenoon and afternoon, will be filled by leading speakers, some of them being Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Rev. George C. Cressey, Rev. Stephen H. Camp, and one or two others yet to be announced. The subjects treated will be of vital importance to all, whether in or out of Sunday-schools, who are interested in the religious and moral instruction of the young. Some of the topics assigned are "The Power of Personality in the Teacher," "Our own History in the Sunday-school," "The Duty of the Church to the Sunday-school," "The Duty of the Sunday-school to the Church." By the generosity of our Newport friends all individuals who wish to go will be entertained on Wednesday night. This is an exception to the general rule, for such hospitality overnight is commonly limited to delegates and life members. Those churches and Sunday-schools contributing the past year to the treasury of the Unitarian Sunday School Society are entitled to three delegates each, with full powers to vote and discuss business. To all others full privileges of participation, except with regard to voting and debate of business. Special rates will be made over the various branches of the Old Colony system.

Another tract has been added to the series for free distribution published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, being No. 4. Subject, "What is needed to make a Successful Sunday-school?" by Rev. Earl M. Wilbur of Portland, Ore. This is a very inspiring and helpful word from one of our most successful Sunday-school workers. Copies can be had by applying or writing for the same.

The Channing Hall "Talks" were resumed September 22, Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford taking the Intermediate and Advanced, and Miss A. C. Dockham the Primary. The subject this winter is "The Life of Jesus," now appearing in the one-topic graded system.

The readers of the *Unitarian* are reminded again that the president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society is very glad to consult with workers in the field. The

society which he represents realizes that an important part of its work lies in that direction, and he trusts that there will be frank and ready application on the part of any one who desires such advice or help. The following extract is from one of many letters received during the year acknowledging the help which the Unitarian Sunday School Society gave in missionary and co-operative ways: "Your kindness to our little Sunday-school and the valued assistance of the Sunday School Society will not be forgotten. Without them the society could hardly have been able to carry the additional expense of a Sunday-school."

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

CONTENTMENT.

Essay by Robena Waterman.

My first object is to suggest some antidote against the many ways of tormenting one's self.

For instance, a great deal of fretting might be avoided by the conviction that there is no such thing as unmixed good in the world. A great many men, ignorant of this fact, after having made a free choice in a matter, find many causes for blaming their judgment. One has had the colors red and black set before him, and is not satisfied because he failed to choose pure white. Shenstone has faithfully worked out the whole process.

We are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the choice of different pursuits. We choose one at last, doubtingly, but with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the scheme which we have chosen answer our purposes but indifferently, as most worldly projects will. We therefore repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in the paths which we decline, and this heightens our uneasiness. We might at least escape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable that we would have been more unhappy, but extremely probable that we would have been not less so had we made a different decision.

Over-sensitiveness about what people may say regarding you or your actions causes a great amount of discomfort. This requires to be blunted. You must consider whether anything you can do will have much connection with what they will say; and, besides, it is doubtful whether they really will say anything about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in a public exhibition with all the world as spectators, whereas all the time they have been playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, that they are the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might defy the proverb, and hear themselves well spoken of. But suppose it is no fancy, and you really are the object of unmerited gossip, what then? In that case, I do not think the abuse can touch you. If you are guiltless, it ought not to hurt your feelings any more than if it were about some other person whom you do not even know. It would do great injury if this unjust talk about you were believed by those people whose good opinions are of importance to you. But, to bear up against it, you must form some just estimate of its nature and extent.

We might measure it by the worldly harm it does us. We must not let our imagination conjure up all sorts of hateful things. It is partly our own fault if the people who know us well believe it. That should be a circle where no poisoned dart can reach us. But for the injury done in the world's estimation, it is a piece of ill-fortune, and it would not be wise to moan much over it.

If we do not meet with the gratitude which we expect, a little thought will keep us from being discontented. If we could only measure our expectations of gratitude by the amount of benevolence we expend, we would not so quickly call people ungrateful. But many people place such value on any service they may render, it is not odd they are discontented with what they receive in return, which nevertheless may be as much as they deserve. Besides, many people expect from gratitude what only affection can give.

There are many ways, I think, in which we can console ourselves when we think we are not as much esteemed as we should be. We must remember that most people do not look for anybody's merits or admire them, unless they happen to come in their way. If a person did not justly appreciate your merits, I am sure it would not be at all pleasant to hear him praise them. We must consider how few people have the opportunity of forming a just judgment of us. Then we must remember how very few of these are persons whose judgment would influence us in other matters; and we must conclude that these people do estimate us fairly, though we may never hear of it.

We all seek sympathy, and wish the world to recognize our talents and labors; but this craving may become morbid unless we constantly keep it in check by reflecting upon its vanity or thinking of the different and higher motives which should govern us.

Helps said truly:—

"Man has fallen into a pitiable state of moral sickness, in whose eyes the good opinion of his fellow-men is the test of merit,

and their applause the principal reward for exertion."

A habit of mistrust is a torment to some people. It taints their love and their friendship. They take up small causes of offence. They expect their friends to be exactly the same at all times, which is more than human nature can do. They try to find out if they are sufficiently loved. They watch the effects of absence upon their friends, and wish these friends to prove that their intimacy is upon the same footing as before. Some persons acquire these suspicious ways through a natural diffidence, for which they are often loved the more. And they might find comfort in that if they would only believe it. But in others these habits arise from selfishness, and they should try to uproot such a disposition.

Contentment abides with truth. We generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what we are, whether it be richer, greater, or more learned. The delusion soon becomes a torture.

A great aid to contentment is fit objects to employ the intervals of life. The life of many a man is a sort of listless apathy. He is either grinding or doing nothing. A man who is half of his life fiercely busy generally spends the other half in idleness. A person should have some pursuits which he can at any time turn to.

But the most fatal idleness is that of the heart, and the man that is weary of life may be sure he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.

You will never be content as long as you think the events of this life of so much importance. Many people do this, and they make themselves very uncomfortable through it. They regard external things as the only realities; and, so long as they have made their home here, they must have it arranged to suit them. In all they undertake they feel the anxiety of a gambler, not the calmness of a laboring man. It is not the motives for their endeavor which concerns them, but the success or failure of their efforts. An Epicurean says, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence." But a truly religious man exhorts them to extend their hopes to the future.

But the others are thinking only of the present, though they do not enjoy it any more for all that. So they go on planning, fretting, and contending until an event about which they have felt the least anxious sweeps them away from the face of the earth.

It is not for me to give or quote any specifics for real afflictions, except to say that, as long as there is anything to be done in a matter, the time for grieving has not come. But, when the subject for grief is inevitable, sorrow is to be borne like pain; and we must remember that it is the lot, the trial, and the privilege of man. And, surely, the reliance on divine goodness, and our full belief in another world, should console us against the under-current of vexations which is not wanting in the smoothest life.

Rev. W. R. G. Mellen of Colorado Springs, Col., writes that a young people's religious society will be organized in the Unitarian church this fall.

The society at Bolton, Mass., is soon to observe its first anniversary, having had a helpful year's work, we believe.

The new recording secretary of the National Guild Alliance is Mrs. Laura B. Martine of Dorchester. By mistake our last issue gave another name in connection with the office. The secretary has a timely notice to guilds in the *Christian Register* of September 13 in regard to reporting names of delegates and minister to her, in order to become members of the Alliance. She says further, "Asserting that the future Unitarian churches depend upon the zeal and energy of our present young people, it behooves all who have not formed young people's societies to do so, that our young people may be educated and interested to promote even better living and better work in the future than has been accomplished in the past."

Already guilds must be selecting subjects for meetings for the ensuing year. It would be interesting to many to have published extracts from these lists, and later a combined lot of topics could be issued to circulate among both old and new organizations. Accordingly, send lists to the president and secretary.

Rev. N. S. Seaver writes in regard to guild work in Millbury, Mass., that the study of "Noble Lives" was "an encouraging success." Forty subjects were chosen, and a programme for nine months laid out. Attendance and interest were well kept up to the last meeting. Texts were given at meetings, and the golden text was recited in concert at the close. Biographical quotations were given each time.

B. R. Bulkeley.

UNITY CLUBS.

Inquiries are frequently made for good plays, such as are suitable to give in church vestries and before Unity Clubs. Similar inquiries are made for entertainments which are tasteful and of a good character. Will any who can help us to answer such queries send us word of such plays, tableaux, panto-

mimes, or other entertainments as they have tried and know to be of a wholesome nature? The clubs and other societies can help each other very much by contributing of their experience and knowledge in this way. The results of our inquiries will be published for the benefit of all in due time. Address all replies to Geo. W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The literary class of the Unity Club of Lynn, Mass., devotes nine evenings to the study of "Colonial Massachusetts." These studies follow those of last year on the beginnings of American history. The programme is prepared with the same care and thoroughness, and gives ample references. The subjects to be considered are "The Struggle between France and England," "Politics and Society from 1700 to 1750," "Causes of the Revolution," "British Policy," "Resistance of the People," "Outbreak of Hostilities," "Siege of Boston," "Lights and Shades of Religion and Politics," "Types of Patriotism." The fourth evening will be devoted to a dramatic representation, in four scenes, of the debates in the House of Commons during January and March, 1766.

The Unity Club of Seattle, Wash., is to devote nineteen evenings to lectures on the social questions of the day. Among the subjects to be considered are "Labor Unions and Strikes," "Profit-sharing and Co-operation," "Single Tax," "Scientific Charity," "Temperance Question," "Immigration," "Prison Reform," and "Child-saving." The programme gives an excellent list of authorities and works of reference under each topic. It is not announced in any way on the printed outline by whom the lectures are to be given. To outsiders this seems to be a serious defect, for it leaves one quite in doubt as to how the course is to be managed.

At Lancaster, N.H., Rev. A. N. Somers, minister of the Unitarian church, has devised an admirable scheme of University Extension lecturing. He is to give in his Church, on Wednesday evenings, twenty-four lectures on the leading questions of the day, divided into six sub-groups of three and five lectures each. The first sub-group is devoted to problems in popular science, and gives a lecture each to the Relations of Science to Invention, Bacteriology, the Germ Theory of Disease, and Nutrition. The fourth sub-group gives five lectures to problems in sociology. The special topics are the co-operative Law in Nature and Society, Labor Problem of To-day, The Defective and Delinquent Classes in Society, Workingmen and Old Age Endowments, and Domestic Economy as a Science. Each lecture is intended to be short and pointed, notes are to be taken by the hearers, discussion is to follow the lecture, and class drill is to be made use of in order to fix the subjects in the mind of the student. This effort of Mr. Somers's to introduce the University Extension in connection with his church work is admirable in every way, and deserves the heartiest support on the part of the people of Lancaster. GEORGE W. COOKE.

LITERARY NOTES.

"God and Christ."—This is the title of a volume of sermons by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, LL.D. We have not yet received the book, but understand that it will be for sale at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, in a few days; and, as Dr. Brooke is shortly expected in this country, we are sure this volume, which will give an opportunity for closer insight into the lofty temples in which the poet-preacher's spirit loves to dwell, will be heartily welcome. Anything written by Dr. Brooke is sure to have a high literary value over and above its merit as regards skilful handling of the difficult themes of theology. A proper review may be expected in our next issue.

We are glad to announce that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to add a volume on "George William Curtis" to their excellent "American Men of Letters" series. The writer of the volume is Edward Cary. It will be ready this fall.

Oliver Wendell Holmes recently passed his eighty-fifth birthday. He is in good health, and does considerable work.

The notices of Kidd's "Social Evolution" and Drummond's "Ascent of Man" which we promised last month have been unavoidably delayed until this. But perhaps they will not be less enjoyed for the delay.

Under the title of "A College Town Pulpit," Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich., has begun the publication of a series of monthly sermons. Price 50 cents a year, 5 cents a number. The subjects of the first two sermons (for September and October) are "The Soul's Cry for God" and "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal." Subscriptions are solicited. These sermons will be furnished in quantities of ten or more to Post-Office Missions and churches at special reduced rates.

The September number of the *New World* is up to the level of its predecessors, to say which is high praise. The following is its list of articles: "Universal Religion," by John W. Chadwick; "The Influence of Philosophy upon Greek Social Life," by Alfred W. Benn; "Animism and Teutonic Mythology," by P. D. Chantepie de la Saus-

saye; "The Roots of Agnosticism," by James Seth; "Giordano Bruno's 'Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant,'" by W. R. Thayer: "The Service of Worship and the Service of Thought," by C. F. Dole; "The Resurrection of Jesus," by Alfred Réville; "Truth as apprehended and expressed in Art," by G. F. Genung; also about fifty pages of carefully written book reviews.

Mr. Edward Emerson of Concord, Mass., the son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, has recently been lecturing in London. One of his subjects is "Thoreau," a name of growing interest in England. He has also been speaking on his father's correspondence with John Sterling,—a series of letters never given to the world, but which, we are told, the London publishers are trying to get hold of for publication.

An English translation of Count Goblet D'Alviella's work on "The Migration of Symbols" will be published soon. His book on "The Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought" is known in this country, as is his series of Hibbert Lectures delivered in 1891 on "The Origin and Growth of the Idea of God." His new work covers a fresh field, and will be looked for with interest.

"The Life of Frances Power Cobbe," by herself, in two volumes, is promised us soon from the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Perhaps no woman in England of the present generation has made herself so strongly felt in connection with social and religious progress as Miss Cobbe. Her autobiography cannot fail to be a work of great interest and value.

We called attention a few months ago to the new "Cambridge Edition" of Longfellow, which, in a single volume of good type and not large enough to be cumbrous, includes the complete poetical writings of Longfellow, most admirably edited, indexed, etc. We are glad to be able to say that a similar edition of Whittier has now been issued at the same low price of $2.00. This answers a great need, as up to this time, in order to get all of Whittier's poetical writings, one was compelled to buy several volumes. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Good Sense in Religion." Eleven Lectures. By Rev. Henry R. Rose. Universalist Publishing House. Boston and Chicago. Price $1. By mail $1.10.—In his preface the writer says: "This volume tries to answer the question, 'If a person use good sense in considering the fundamental and vital subjects of religion and theology, to what conclusions will he come?'" The subjects of the lectures are "Reason in Religion," "The Bible," "God," "Evolution," "Man," "Jesus Christ," "Salvation," "Hell," "Annihilation," "Immortality," "Heaven." It would be hard to find a book giving a stronger or clearer popular presentation of the views now generally held by the best Universalist and Unitarian writers on the above subjects. So far as doctrine is contained, the book might just as well have been published by the American Unitarian Association. It is one more proof, and one of the most telling that has come to hand, that the two denominations are essentially one in thought. The work should be circulated widely by both Universalists and Unitarians.

"L'Évangéliste," by Alphonse Daudet (published by F. T. Neely, New York and Chicago, paper), presents a vivid picture of the pain and heartache too often marking the course of what is even to-day called religion. Revivalistic methods and all unnatural, nerve-exciting, over-emotional forms of worship are here pictured as leading not to fuller religious life, but merely to a physical state of nervous excitement often bordering but too closely on insanity. The book is strongly written, and now that it is put into the hands of English readers cannot fail to suggest pertinent queries as to the nature of some of the so-called "religious experiences" urged upon Christians, American as well as French.

"Evolution: What is it? and What of it?" By J. F. Morse.—This is a pamphlet of ninety-two pages. The first eighty pages are devoted to the two questions, "What is Evolution?" and "Why should we study Evolution?" and the last twelve pages are given to a sermon by Prof. F. G. Peabody of Cambridge, Mass., upon "Creation waiting for the Sons of God." Prof. Peabody's sermon has been in print before, and is a fine treatment of the religious aspects of the evolutionary philosophy. Mr. Morse's part of the book gives a clear statement of reasons why the doctrine of evolution must be accepted, and why it should be welcomed, not feared or fought against, by religion. It has evidently been written more especially for the benefit of those well-meaning but conservative Christian people who know just enough about evolution to be prejudiced against it, but not enough to see its truth and religious value. Published by Mauro & Wilson, Burlington, Ia. Price 40 cents.

"The Diseases of the Will." By Th. Ribot. Translated from the eighth French edition by Merwin-Marie Snell. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. pp. 134.

Price 75 cents.—This is an attempt to deduce, from a study of its anomalies, some conclusions regarding the normal state of the will. The subject is treated from the purely materialistic standpoint. The will is resolved into volitions. Volitions are regarded as psychological, and are declared *not to be the cause of anything.* The principal factor in volition is character; but character is only the psychic expression of an individual organism, and individuality is only a state of the organism. In every voluntary act there are two elements,—an "I will," a mental act which has in itself no efficacy in producing action, and a very complex psycho-physiological mechanism in which resides the whole power to act; and this power is purely physical. Yet this will is declared to be *the own very self*, and the highest force which nature has yet developed, the last consummate blossom of all her marvellous works. Man as an efficient force is thus a purely physical being in a physical universe.

Like other members of his school, Ribot does not attempt to deduce his conclusions by logical processes from well-established premises. Rather both premises and conclusions are assumptions into which the illustrations which compose the body of the book are made to fit. For one who is able to take the illustrations and draw his own conclusions the work will prove valuable.

Charles G. Ames, the successor to James Freeman Clarke in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, has quietly surprised his friends by preparing for publication in book form a series of four studies of "inward culture," which are so simple, and yet so striking, that the little volume must gain hosts of readers. The title of the volume, "As Natural as Life," shows that Mr. Ames deems the higher plane of being the normal plane, and he would make the path as simple as it is natural. We shall review the book next month. It contains 109 pages, and is published by James H. West, 174 High Street, Boston, price fifty cents.

"Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles." By W. W. Fenn. Boston: Sunday School Society.—This is a class text-book, most carefully prepared, and containing no less than forty lessons, all of a critical character, designed to give the student an insight into the difficult study of text, references, genuineness of authorship, etc. The work is skilfully arranged for the needs of younger as well as more advanced scholars, with explanatory notes, questions, and commentary. Though decidedly scholarly and analytical in its treatment, it is still intended to be of use to those who simply seek a better, braver, more faithful way of life, like that of the first disciples.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Rev. Caroline E. Norris, late of the Universalist Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon her qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that she is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. Edward R. Dinsmore, late of the Congregational Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. Frank H. Adams, late of the Congregational Church, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
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Algona, Ia.—Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, pastor of the Unitarian church in Humboldt, Ia., conducted morning and evening services in the Congregational church at Algona Sunday, July 29. On Monday evening, July 30, Rev. Mr. Byrnes gave to the Algona people an interesting lecture on Wendell Phillips.

Boston, Mass.—In spite of all the array of pros and cons regarding church vacations, the practical tendency on the part of the congregations of the large cities is still evidently toward leaving the churches for the beaches, whether the churches remain open or shut. Even the reopening of the public schools has not yet brought back all the families. Still, the churches are nearly all resuming services. Special opening discourses are announced by ministers returned from European travel, and all sorts of ideal courses of Sunday-school instruction are being broached. It has evidently been a

season of rejuvenation and accumulation of spiritual energy, to judge from the following announcements of topics taken from one Saturday evening paper: "The Right Way of Doing Some Good Things," "Six Months of Christianity," "Religion for America," "The Kind of Men who get on," "Man's Best Service to his Fellowman," "New World Radicalism," "Noticeable American Tendencies in Vacation Time," "Starting Anew," "The Soldier, the Seer, and the Prophet." We have omitted several topics, taking it for granted that the ministers who announced the following subjects had been kept at work all summer: "The Empty Vine," "Satolli as a Crawfish."

We find that one of our own best known Boston ministers has prepared during the summer an exceedingly acceptable volume, which will furnish delightful hours to his host of friends. We feel sure that all who know the writer will recognize the fine spirit that moves in this volume, and feel that it is "Natural as Life." Mention of the book and further particulars will be found in our "Literary Notes." Among the good things that have been prepared for the coming season's work, the Unitarian Club has taken a new departure, and a very capital one, in publishing for free distribution an exceedingly taking little pamphlet entitled "Unitarian Annual." It is so brightly pleasing in its appearance and contents that no one taking it up can fail to read it through. The illustrations of Unitarian leaders are excellent; and the general idea of what Unitarianism is and is doing to be gathered from this pamphlet seems to be so clear and attractive as to make it the very thing for broadcast missionary scattering.

Bolton, Mass.—A unique service was held in the Unitarian church here on Sunday afternoon, September 16. It was a service observed in commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Thomas T. Stone, D.D. Dr. Stone, who is nearly ninety-four years of age, was for many years minister of this parish, and now resides here, beloved by all. At the services Dr. Stone made a forcible address, speaking in glowing terms of his own lifelong joy in his profession. He said, if he could live over again his long span of life, there was no other field of work he should prefer. He declared that the monstrous divorce between religion and morality was to be preached against, and religious morality enforced. Dr. Stone has had settlements at the old First Church, Salem, and other churches. There was a large attendance of ministers from the neighboring towns.

Chelsea, Mass.—Sent to the pupils in the Sunday-school: "Dear Friend,—Our church and Sunday-school will reopen September 9, and we hope to see you present on our opening day. We hope, too, that you will be very regular in your attendance this year, and will not stay away for trifling causes; for it is hard for your teachers to make the work interesting if you are often absent. We want you to tell your father and mother that we would like to see them oftener in the Sunday-school, and hope that they will help us this winter with their presence and influence.

"We would like to add fifty more pupils to the school, and we urge each one of you to try hard to bring in at least *one* new pupil this season.

"Pew 68 is the Sunday-school pew; and, if you or your parents have no regular seat, we shall be glad to welcome you there at all services. Margaret B. Barnard, Supt. Unitarian Sunday-school."

Chicopee, Mass.—Great satisfaction is expressed by all in our convenient and beautiful church building, which was dedicated a year ago last Easter, at which time our present pastor, Rev. Cary F. Abbott, was installed. During the past year, owing to the convenience and admirable facilities of our church, more meetings, social and religious, have been held than ever before. It has been a great encouragement to the society to have this pleasant home, and a spur to renewed activity.

Among the interesting features of our church work is the Day Nursery. This new movement, which has been in operation for the past twelve months, is meeting with appreciation on the part of the mothers whose children it provides for. From ten to twelve little ones, from three months to five years of age, spend every working day in this home while their mothers are at their employment in the mills. Much of the real benefit to the children is due to the peculiar fitness of the matron, Miss Collins, to her difficult duties.

Concord, N.H.—Regular services were resumed at the Unitarian church September 2. The church is well filled every Sunday, and there is a good attendance in the Sunday-school. The school voted to study the lessons on the Old Testament this winter.

Miss Mary Ann Downing and Mr. George L. Stratton were chosen by the society as delegates to the National Conference at Saratoga.

The annual contribution to the Unitarian Sunday School Society taken this month amounted to $23.28 from the society and $20 from the Sunday-school, the amount contributed by the Sunday-school to constitute Rev. and Mrs. F. L. Phalen life members of the society.

Fayette, Ia.—The *Evening Call* of this place prints a sermon by Rev. H. Lewellen on "Crimes against Boys and Young Men," in which the preacher urges strongly the evil effects of the use of tobacco, and par-

ticularly cigarettes, by boys and young men. The array of facts which he presented was very startling, and ought to open many eyes to one of the most serious evils of our time.

Hopedale, Mass.— At both churches good congregations have gathered since vacation, and, judging by the enthusiasm manifested, there is every prospect of a full and profitable year of religious activity before us. At Hopedale the Sunday-school begins more vigorously than ever. Only a few changes in teachers have been made. This year instead of the alphabetical texts we shall build the "character monument." The evening services promise to be especially interesting. A large number of persons have promised to contribute papers and addresses on themes which cannot fail to be as profitable as they will be ably handled. The choir also continues large and enthusiastic, while the guild begins its work this year with several new members, causing the guild-room to be almost too small for comfort. The ladies' sewing society has met with good attendance, and work is being planned for the coming year. At no time in the history of the parish has there been such real willingness on the part of all members to do their share of the work, and accept each his part of the responsibility. At Mendon the interest is also encouraging. Here the young people are coming forward to make the old church glad, and to bring back some of the prosperity of former days. In the Sunday-school a "one-lesson system" is to be adopted, Miss L. Darling giving the instruction to the whole school, excepting the primary department. The ladies' circle meets regularly. It met with Miss Sara Staples on Thursday, September 13. There was an excellent attendance, and much interest shown in the work of the coming year.

Hyde Park, Mass.—E. Q. S. Osgood, after a pastorate of four years, has resigned from the ministry of the Unitarian church here, the resignation to take effect December 1. Mr. Osgood, who is very much beloved, gives up his pulpit for the purpose of devoting himself to private tutoring.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Mr. Silas Hubbard, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Kalamazoo, whose recent gift of $20,000 made possible the erection of the new Unitarian church here, died on September 9, at the age of eighty-two years. He was highly esteemed in the community, and leaves behind him a noble monument in the new church edifice, which will be dedicated in a few weeks. On September 16 memorial services were held in his honor, at which a memorial hymn was sung, suggested by his dying words to his children, which were, "Do all the good you can." The hymn was written by Rev. Miss Bartlett.

Kansas City, Mo.—Rev. J. E. Roberts of the Unitarian church has just been made the recipient of a fine horse and phaëton as the result of a voting contest planned by the Kansas City *World* to ascertain the most popular minister of the city.

Lawrence, Kan.—A terrible blow has just fallen upon the home of our Unitarian minister here, Rev. C. G. Howland. On Sunday morning, September 9, his eldest daughter, Marcella, died, after a brief but painful illness. She graduated from the university here in '91, and the next year was a graduate student at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. She was a pure-minded, noble, and talented young woman, with prospects of great usefulness before her. The sympathies of a wide circle of friends, not only in Lawrence, but in many other places, will be with the bereaved father, mother, and younger sister.

Lynn, Mass.— The Unitarian society begins its Sunday services again with renewed activities. One of the most appreciated subdivisions of our work last year was a literary class under the able leadership of Rev. S. B. Stewart. So much interest has been expressed in the continuance of this class that a printed pamphlet has been issued, giving a careful detailed outline for the winter's course. This is really a very valuable document, as the most complete and discriminating references are given. The course covers the period of Colonial history from 1700–76. The general subjects treated will be: "Struggle between France and England," "Causes of the Revolution," "British Policy," "Resistance of the People," "Siege of Boston," "Types of Patriotism."

Manchester by the Sea, Mass.—The new movement among the owners of summer homes here to establish Unitarian services has been so successful that steps have been taken which will probably lead to the building of a church at an early date.

Pittsfield, Mass.— The church here is kept open all the year round. The four Sundays our pastor was away were supplied by Rev. W. W. Fenn and two of our laymen, Messrs. Birks and Fisher. We also had the pleasure for the first time since the church was started to listen to excellent sermons from Rev. Edward E. Hale and Rev. John W. Chadwick. Unity Church notes appear regularly in both of our dailies every Monday evening, thus keeping the work of the church before the public.

Providence, R.I.—The vesper services at the Westminster Church, which were so well attended last year, will begin again in October.

In order to promote hospitality, a com-

mittee has been formed, consisting of two seat-holders on each aisle of the church. It is intended to be the business of this committee to welcome any strangers attending the church services. The class of young people in the Sunday-school, led by the pastor, Rev. Herbert Mott, is to study the arguments in support of the doctrine of the Trinity as contrasted with Unitarian views.

San Francisco, Cal.—On Sunday, September 9, Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., was ordained and installed as associate minister of the First Unitarian Church of this city. A large congregation was present. Rev. G. R. Dodson of Alameda read the Scriptures; Rev. Leslie W. Sprague offered the first prayer; Rev. C. W. Wendte of Oakland preached the sermon; and Rev. Dr. Stebbins, who has been the minister of the church for thirty years, offered the prayer of ordination and made an address to the people. Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, the father of the minister ordained, gave the charge; and Rev. Roderick Stebbins of Milton, Mass., son of Dr. Stebbins, gave the right hand of fellowship. Hon. Horace Davis, as a layman, made a short closing address, referring to the long and influential service of Dr. Stebbins, the earlier ministry of Starr King, and the deep interest the congregation should take in the spiritual leadership of the young man who had just been ordained and installed as associate minister. Mr. Eliot has been called with great unanimity to his new work. Under the joint leadership of its two able ministers we may expect the old historic First Church to go forward to a career of even greater usefulness and influence than in the past.

Shelbyville, Ill.—The fourth annual "Chautauqua," arranged for by Rev. J. L. Douthit at Lithia Springs, closed on August 25, after a session the most successful in its history. There were lectures, addresses, and sermons in great number, with devotional meetings, conferences, recitations, music, and social good times interspersed in abundance. The subjects considered were religion, temperance, patriotism, education, kindness to animals, and moral and social reforms of various kinds. For speakers Mr. Douthit utilized much of the best talent of this section of the country, and brought a number of distinguished lecturers from a distance.

Toledo, Ohio.—Rev. A. G. Jennings preached during September upon "Our Present Industrial Problems," "A Way out of Present Difficulties," "How can Jesus be Most Helpful to our Age," "and "Hypnotism." Mrs. Jennings is beginning her Emerson and Browning class work for the year on a more extended scale than ever. The interest she has kindled in the city in this work is quite remarkable.

Worcester, Mass.—An interesting feature of the Sunday-school work of the Second Parish Church (Rev. A. S. Garver, minister), which proved very profitable last year, is to be carried on through the coming season. It consists in illustrating each Sunday-school lesson by photographs taken by a club of amateur photographers in the society, who print off enough copies to supply every scholar with one for each lesson. Each scholar has a book in which these are pasted, forming a very interesting and permanent record of the Sunday-school work.

THE BATTLE ROYAL.

A Dean and Prebendary had once a new vagary,
And were at doubtful strife, Sir, who led the better life, Sir,
And was the better man.
The Dean, he said that truly, since Buff was so unruly,
He'd prove it to his face, Sir, that he had the most grace, Sir,
And thus the fight began.
When Preb. replied, like thunder, and roared out, 'twas no wonder,
Since Gods, the Dean had three, Sir, and more by two than he, Sir,
For he had got but one.
Now, while these two were raging, and in dispute engaging,
The Master of the Charter said both had "caught a Tartar,"
For Gods, Sir, there were none,—
That all the books of Moses were nothing but supposes;
That he deserved rebuke, Sir, who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,—
'Twas nothing but a sham;
That as for Father Adam, and Mrs. Eve, his madam,
And what the serpent spoke, Sir, 'twas nothing but a joke, Sir,
And well-invented flam.
Thus, in the Battle Royal, as none could take denial,
The dame for which they strove, Sir, could neither of them love, Sir,
Since all had given offence.
She, therefore, slyly waiting, left all three fools a-prating;
And being in a fright, Sir, Religion took her flight, Sir,
And ne'er was heard of since.

As love is the life of faith, so, with the increase of love, faith increases. Even from man toward man faith and love grow together The more we love, the more we understand and trust each other.—*Dr. Pusey.*

Jesus did not invent self-sacrifice. He discovered it,—discovered that self-sacrifice is the great central law of the universe, that this is the heart of God. He obeyed it, loved it, lived it, and gave himself for it.—*S. A. Calthrop.*

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SYMPATHY WITH THE WORLD.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CENTRAL CHURCH, CHICAGO, BY DAVID SWING, D.D.

"I have compassion on the multitude."—MARK viii. 3.

If you will look over the records of the past, you will perceive that once the world had not many individuals; but it had a few distinct persons, and the residue of the race was in mass,—in great wholesale packages. The children were owned by the father, the father was owned by the king. When in old Padan-aram the young man Jacob served seven years to purchase the girl Rachel, neither the toiling young man nor the girl was found to have any rights before the patriarchal throne, for the potentate calmly said that the younger daughter must not marry before the elder daughter; and Jacob at once entered upon another seven years of service, that he might yet have the Rachel of his choice. This one story illustrates the fact how for thousands of years the individuality of man and of woman ran very low, the majority having been completely owned in body and soul by the few. The few held power of life and death over wife and children, and over servants and slaves.

Up to our own times,—the times of America,—daughters having some education were sold as wives, virtually to the highest bidder. From such domestic customs, it was not difficult for the old Hebrew or the modern American to pass to the custom of stealing or buying and selling men called slaves. In a world where a man could buy a wife, and could whip her at discretion, it was but a step to the purchase of servants for the house or the field. Mankind was owned by a few, just as a few capitalists hold grain or land in bulk.

One of the blessed works of our century is the detaching of each individual from this bulk, and the building up in each soul of the idea of an important and responsible selfhood. New maxims have been evolved for the memory and use of all the young. Such aphorisms as "Every one is the builder of his own fortune," "To each one his own," "Every one for himself," "What is everybody's business is nobody's," all which teachings, enjoying now an unusual popularity, indicate how rapidly the human family is dividing up into separate persons. Even a child's life is sacred. This evolution of opinion has broken up the sale of negroes, and the sale of men for debt, and the sale of young women for wives, and in the civilized portions of the community the whipping of wives. As when the sun is up all the monsters of prey, the hyena, the tiger, and the wolf, skulk away to dark tangles and to caves in the desolate rocks that they may wait for darkness to return, so all these customs which once ruined the personality of men retreat as the sun of civilization rises, and now we find hidden away among Indian tribes rites and customs which once held Europe and the United States in their cruel fangs.

But all good has its offsets of evil. Our world is projected upon the plan of perpetual vigilance. Not only is perpetual vigilance the price of liberty, but it is the price of all else that possesses intrinsic worth; and to retain a blessing is a work only second in difficulty to the task of securing it in the first instance. Lay up stores of learning or skill, fill your mind with language, and history, and all knowledge, and, unless you continue studying and reviewing, all these acquisitions fade away like old dreams. By infinite practice teach your

fingers to make the delicate touches of the painter, and teach them the ten thousand combinations of the piano, and unless these arts are guarded with eternal vigilance they evaporate like dew-drops on hot June mornings. A distinguished clergyman, who preaches without notes, said recently that a two months' vacation ruins his power for a time, and that he stammers and hesitates two or three Sundays, while his art is coming back to his brain. To keep any skill pure and sweet is almost as difficult as to keep cut flowers from withering, but with at least this difference, that to hold an art or a virtue is possible.

In such a world this individualism is to be faithfully watched; for it will be found very capable of transition from a good to an evil. The price of this honorable and beautiful individualism is vigilance. What is the peculiar danger to be feared? Why, this individuality is only one remove from selfishness. In its legitimate confines it is a glory of man; but it passes out of these confines easily, and turns to selfishness and self-conceit. Fill me to overflowing with the notion that I am an individual, the only one of a form, that nature may produce something better or something worse, but will never duplicate the exact me, and sooner or later I shall wish to take all my meals alone, shall wish a street-car all to myself, shall get out when any other and of course dissimilar mortal may get in, and shall object to a city because it has in it somewhat of other people. In such an exaggeration of individuality those blessed words of Christ that he had compassion on the multitude, or love for them, will lose all their significance, and all our sunshine will fall only upon ourself.

How to be a perfectly free person without becoming a cold egotist is a practical question sprung upon us by our times. For, if our era is detaching the man from the crowd, that same isolation may change him into a pillar of salt. It becomes therefore a practical question how we may be our own selves and own masters without ceasing to be sympathetic men? It is not a question to be hastily solved, but it is one to lie in the mind for perpetual review. Let us always keep conscious of the fact that, although our epoch has brought out the long-buried gem of personality, and has polished it up to a great lustre, society is still a perpetual fact, and one of earth's best realities. Man is a social creature. Man is like the lot of rods which the old dying father in the fable called for in presence of his sons. With his trembling hands he took separate sticks, and easily broke them; but, placing them in a neat round bundle, he could not so much as bend them. The sons saw the lesson, and all through their lives remained bound in one group by a faithful friendship. Dear as this modern individualism is, there is a point where it makes society a number of separate rods, having no quality except that of solitude. But society is just as absolute a fact as is your personality, and it will destroy all who are its persistent enemies. There is a multitude swarming around each heart to be seen and conversed with, and loved, and, if need be, aided; and in one very important sense of the word there is no such thing as individualism. When what is called personal independence passes a certain boundary, it becomes only selfishness and vice. What began in liberty ends in egotism.

Even if the abolition of slavery and the gradual distribution of property and education have filled up some of the gulfs which once separated the rich from the poor, the educated from the untaught, and have thus made unnecessary some of the old tears of humanity, yet the lines have not all been erased, and there is a great crowd still that asks for the help and friendship of each great self-adequate soul. We cannot destroy that pathetic idea which Christ called the multitude. It will surge to and fro always. There will always be differences of talent and fortune; and, if political liberty and quality shall come to elevate the lower classes to the higher plane, the same powers will raise the upper classes in proportion, and, looking down, they will still see Christ's multitude at their feet. In his own unequalled wisdom he said, "The poor will ye always have with you."

It should not be any excuse for personal selfishness that the multitude is no longer whipped in the fields, that it is not as hungry or ragged as it once was, it is not as indolent as the Congo blackman nor Italian Lazzaroni; for to place a book in the hand of an industrious and well clothed poor boy is as divine an act as to give a yard of

muslin or a piece of bread to a naked African or a famished Indian. To shake hands on the street with a poor laborer who is attempting to do his duty is as rational and sacred a work as was pointing an old slave toward the north star in those by-gone years of our nation. To build a reading-room and picture gallery for industrious young men and women is as noble a work as is the sending of tracts and boxes of clothing to pagan lands. A rude, coarse charity will pull a man out of a fire or out of the water; but it is a finer article of charity that can mark the sorrows of people who are neither being burned up nor drowned, but who are nevertheless fighting a hard battle of life. A mind cast in the very coarsest mould can feel that the custom of widow-burning in India and infant slaughter along the Ganges should be terminated at once; but only minds that have thought deeply upon the problems of this world, and that have built up a delicate humaneness, can find the wrongs of man and woman in our own land that may be corrected, the tears of those not pagans that do flow and might be changed into smiles. It is the law of nature, therefore, that those reforms which lift up the humbler classes shall to the same ratio exalt the upper classes, and make them discover new deeds to be done in the very ground over which once before their kindness may have passed like a benediction. Not only has the beggar advanced from rags to decency, from ignorance to reading and writing, but you also have in the same time advanced; and to your enlarged vision some new form of mercy should be unveiling itself, When the Middle States were being settled, the new settler in the woods first asked in all his neighbors to help him roll his logs. They all came. But in two or three years he had emerged from poverty, and again his word went round to his neighbors that he would like to have them meet on a certain day and raise his barn. As years passed, the community assembled to raise the school-house, and still further along to found a library or a college. And thus a forest of dense timber turns into a city, each new era discovering a new need and joining hands to meet the new want. The world will never outlive this form of interdependence. The outward shape may be changed, but the essence of this social compact will never die until man dies from off this planet. It is thought by some scientists that the earth will after a long time become too cold to support animal life or to grow the food of animal life, and that the human race will gradually become extinct. But do you not perceive that even in such an ending he who may have the last loaf of bread of earth will divide it with his children or his friend, and that the human race which began in society will die in charity, with a bosom full of the welfare of others? The love of the multitude will be the last sentiment upon earth to die away.

That personality which leads one to feel that he has a world of his own, often, instead of becoming a power in the shape of striking originality, becomes a weakness in the shape of eccentricity. What might have become genius becomes oddity. After a time such a mind, without being aware of it, begins to find out what it likes by marking first what the public hates, and begins to find out its antipathies by noting what are the favorite things of the public. If most persons approve of a meeting-house as a place of worship, this mind will advocate worship alone, and under a tree. It will inquire about for some impossible creed or music or some impossible preacher, and will discourse about Sundays and churches as being things which the world may need, but for which he has no personal use, he being so peculiarly constituted in mind and soul. It will require great care and skill on the part of those who really possess much personality to avoid the mental descent to caprice or habitual antagonism. It probably injured Thomas Carlyle that he became unable to think as any one else thought. His general impulse was to oppose the crowd. To such a degree did he follow this passion that he attempted to make a language of his own. He did not approve of the world's prefixes that make the comparative and superlative degrees, and he set up a "beautifuler" and "beautifulest" as emblems of his contempt for the fashions of language. The probability is that all these conflicts between the one and the many will result in loss to the one. Time will call him an "eccentric man" who might have become a beloved leader of generations. It was an injury to Charles Sum-

ner that he rode so much alone in a carriage. All those feelings which made him an institution all by himself were a mistake in the soul. There were men worthy of going in that carriage. At times his own servant or an educated negro would have made good company. Had that coach rolled along thus occupied, its wheels would have carried the gifted orator to a sweeter immortality. The vehicle of rest and pleasure would have thus become a chariot of fame. But the world thus left out of the evening drive soon seeks revenge by omitting the offender from the catalogue of those it most loves.

It must be admitted that the chief end of each man is the development of himself. The old catechism is right when it declares that "the chief end of man is to glorify God," but it is wrong in its omission to state that man must honor God by the most perfect self-culture. God needs no personal praise. He needs no additional wealth or wisdom. He needs no human help. All that man can do is so to build up himself in mind and body and virtue that God will be honored in such a noble child. When we see the cannibal or the Indian, who has just dashed out the brains of a white child and is laughing at its mother's agony, we wonder why the Almighty created such forms of manhood. The depravity of the savage reflects back toward the Creator; but, when we pass into the library of a Bryant or a Whittier, and mark the culture and goodness of these men, or think of a Fénelon or a Newton or a Watt, we at once believe in God, and love him as the source of such an intellectual and moral world. These great ones are called "sons of God," there is such a resemblance between them and the heavenly Father. So far as our Christian fathers thought that God could be glorified by fasting and penances and dust and ashes, they came short in their measurings of the universe. What the Infinite needs is the infinite excellence of his children. It must be perfectly evident that the practical chief end of man is the development of himself in all directions. The greatness of society is only the greatness of its individuals. Hence, indeed, individualism is an immense end of all personal thought and toil. But does not such a conclusion contradict the lesson of the hour? Not by any means. Nature has again put a check upon egotism and personal isolation, for it has decreed that no individual can develop himself without going to the school of the multitude. He must, Christ-like, love the great army of mankind. A great man must be great in his sympathies. As though to stamp mere self-love with her disapproval, Nature has ordered that that human plant shall wither which remains in its own close room. As Nature has ordered plenty of moving air and flowing heat and light for her floral world, so for her children, whom she loves more than she loves her lilies, she has ordered the taking down of prison walls, and their forth-rushing into the general open fields, where all the winds of the human soul come and go, and where the light and shadow chase each other over the hills.

When the monks and the nuns began to withdraw from society, they equally withdrew from all great self-progress, and made their minds contract with their shrinking experience. No cloistered nun ever drew from her solitude such personal power as came to Madame Guyon, who flung her heart to the people; and all the women in all convents together would not equal intellectually the Madame de Staël, who kept always near the French and German cottage and palace. Napoleon feared no French or German recluse, male or female; but he did fear the mind of a woman who was equalling himself in the study of mankind. She had been in the cottage of the poor and in the salons of the great, and knew all the inmost sentiments that were flowing like an underground river across the continent. There is a couplet about as follows:—

"In cloistered state let narrow sages dwell,
Proud of a heart as narrow as their cell,"—

words reminding us of the intellectual ruin which set in in that day when men and women took upon themselves the vows of isolation and poverty. When any of these sent forth any literature, it was not really literature, the broad experience of man, but it was the wail of some failing brain, the scanty blossoms of a tree about to die. For the world's powerful thought you must look to those who lived near the people. Homer, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Goethe, and

Schiller, and most of the giants now living, all were strangers to that chilling quality called individualism. They did not plead the argument of the "me" and the "not me": they combined with the world like kindred drops of water, and wore upon their foreheads the old famous words: "I am human, and nothing that concerns man is foreign to my heart."

Thus, while the progress of self is the first end of each man, yet in the love and service of society man finds the highest things of self. Thus God has made his world a strange, self-acting, self-propelling machine. Self being the prime motive in a certain sense, this high interest can best help itself by helping others. For example, a Shakespeare is born into this life with a remarkable brain. How can he make the most of his precious gift? Shall he sit still, and rejoice in the possession of such a genius? Shall he declare himself an individual, and go and live alone? Shall he eat alone? Shall he say such creeds will do for the world, such things are well enough for mankind at large, but I am so different? All such questions are trampled to death like insects under his feet; and he draws near to the world, and hears all its wisdom and love and disappointment and laughter, and sets them to his scene and music. He makes the multitude live twice instead of hating it for living once. After it was dead and gone, he makes it come back, and repeat its joy and suffering. And not only is the world made rich thus, but the bard is made rich by the world. Thus is society a machine which winds up its own wheels forever.

Having seen now what a ruin for the individual is involved in a rigid convent life, and what a glory comes from the air and light of the streets, it will appear at once that the old monastic evil did not die when the literal walls were torn down; but in a changed form it remains, and we have the monks and nuns of egotism to take the place of those better ones of religion. There are cities which are said to be ruined intellectually and morally because each educated and rich citizen is an individual rather than a member of society. His home is his monastery, and in his dining-room ring his monastery bells. These persons have called in all that outstanding sympathy which in life's young dream they must have placed somewhere outside, and all that remains to them of the world can be gotten into the family carriage on a fair day. Froude makes great sport of Cicero because he ridiculed so much the fish-ponds and bird-coops of the Roman senators; but the facts were so grave that the Roman patriot could not have lamented them too bitterly, for those fish-ponds and gluttonous feasts showed plainly that the great men of the republic were all passing away, and men were coming along who had no sympathy with the multitude, but whose hearts were empty of all the sublime ends and rewards of life. It matters not whether this isolation from the multitude takes the shape of the sackcloth and ashes of the monk or the daily gluttony of an old Roman: it leads to the same overthrow of man in his person and in his social compact. The figure which Christ used in the illustration of his religion holds true all through the vast field of the human race: that each one is the leaf of a vine, and a vigorous, beautiful leaf it is while it remains attached to the central stalk. This mother stalk, passing down into the deep soil, brings forth rich juices for every remote twig and tendril and leaf, and, while this bond of friendship remains, the leaf laughs in the breeze and sunlight; but let this bond be broken, and it fades and withers and flutters to the ground. Thus, he says, a Christian must remain in his God. The lesson expands, and passes out of religion, and tells us that man cannot detach himself from the great body of this human vine without becoming soon a mere autumn leaf, full of colors for a day, but also full of death, bearing in all its tracery the mournful words that the summer of duty and hope is past.

Many who are not moved by the multitude confess in private that once they loved the world and attempted to serve it, but that they have given up this care, not from personal egotism, but from despair. They declare time and money thus applied to be only as poured out water upon a flinty rock. No plants will grow, water the rock as you may. No despair can be more causeless; for, if there be one thing which society does treasure up, it is all the good which its friends give it when living or will it when

dead. The intellectual grandeur of to-day is the treasured up thought of all the past. The poems of Horace and the hymns of Isaac Watts, the preaching of Paul and Wesley, and of all between, meet in one result. Our liberty is the result of all tears and battles. All we have came from the hands of all. Nothing is doubtful, except whether you or I shall see the good we may help to accomplish. If we insist upon thus seeing results, we may well carry heavy hearts; for, when we plant a tree, there is no one to assure us that we shall see it in future years laden with rich fruit. It may be its autumn harvest will drop upon our grave. But, aside from this sad questioning, nothing is more real and assured in our world than that all the love and care poured out upon the multitude by each one will become a part of the future riches of earth, —a poured out perfume that will fill forever the majestic temple of man.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE, HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.

It is in no temper of narrowness or exclusion that we have gathered from all parts of the country and from across the sea, in obedience to a summons addressed to us by the honored and beloved name of Unitarians. We claim no separate property in the peace of God which passeth understanding, or in the love of God which abideth forever. Above all, we claim no separate property in the rule of faith and practice delivered upon the Judæan mountain, or in the memory of that divine life which was its perfect example. We should as soon claim property in the sunlight or in the morning. These gifts, coming to us from that infinite Father of whom all mankind are children, are themselves the offspring of a love from which none of his children can ever be shut out. They are "too high-born to be propertied."

But of the instrumentalities by which God builds his government on earth, and by which he effects the moral training of mankind, among the chiefest is that of organization. The child, in his earliest games, is taught to take a side, in which he sinks his personality. In that way he forgets to say "mine," and learns to say "ours." He finds the highest stimulant to exertion, even in the play of childhood, in seeking, of his own free will, an interest other than his own, and in obeying, of his own free will, a law higher than his own desire. So awakes in him what has been well called "the celestial sense, which is the sense of duty."

A little later, and he learns to love the town where he was born. He transfers to it something of the affection which belongs to his parents. He delights in its citizenship. He takes an individual pride in its history. I suppose there are men and women in this company—at any rate, I know one—whose blood would fly to their cheeks at the charge that some little town in New England had done an act of dishonor a hundred years ago, as if the imputation were upon one of their own kindred to-day.

Then there wakes in the soul that highest and purest of human affections,—love of country. This emotion, stronger than institutions, stronger than constitutions, is the master passion of the loftiest natures. At its bidding young men and old men give their lives, mothers their sons, wives their husbands, and maidens their lovers. The man who is without it, or who thinks himself above it, is a poor and useless creature. Whatever dreamers may affirm, whenever it is lacking, the man is weakened and spoiled, and becomes worthless to his own country and to mankind. It is like the law of gravitation to the universe. It is above, around, and beneath everything we value most. It has been our safety from the beginning. It has overcome for us the greatest rebellion since Satan marshalled against the Almighty the third part of heaven's hosts. It will overcome for us the spirit of anarchy, which, it may be, is yet to be more dangerous still. I believe that wherever these sentiments are found strongest in the narrower relations they will be found strongest also in those that are larger. Wherever the national spirit is most vigorous, there the State and local forces will exist in fullest life. The sentiment of patriotism will be found strongest in happy homes, where family love abounds. The man who loves his household and his kindred and his town and his State best will love his country best.

I have uttered these commonplaces—and the more they seem to you to be commonplaces, the better they are for my purpose—that I may impress upon you the importance of the chief object which has brought us together,—the inspiring of new strength, activity, and zeal into the great work of the Unitarian denomination, and the importance of that organization as to which, I fear, there is far too much indifference,—the Christian parish. This does not contemplate in the least any antagonism to other religious bodies, but rather increased harmony, good will, co-operation. Family life is not a quarrel with the next household. Town life is not a feud with the next town. State life is not a wrangle with a neighboring State. National life and love and pride do not mean war with the rest of mankind. The contrary of all this is true. Peace, good will, brotherly kindness, charity with all men, the exchange of all good and kind offices, are but the natural offspring of our love of these objects which God has created, that by them the sentiment of love may be inspired, and have its vigorous growth. So the warmer our love for our own organization, and the more earnest our devotion to our own work, the friendlier our relation to other religious bodies, and the dearer our fellowship to the Church universal.

We may well take lessons from other in Christian denominations. If we do not imitate them and emulate them, we shall fall behind them. The country owes an incalculable debt to the brave pioneers whom the Methodist Church has sent into the wilderness in advance of the settlers. It owes an incalculable debt to our brethren who fancy they still believe in the five points of Calvinism, whose instinct for the building of republican States in Christian liberty and law is as sure as that of the bee in building her cell or the eagle his nest. We may well contemplate with admiration our brethren who utter their worship with the solemn voice and stately ceremonial of the English Church, in this day of the revival of her spiritual life, who have learned so well to create and bring to the aid of religion all the inspirations of music, of architecture, and of art. Can we not work together in our freedom as they do in their discipline? Have we not the inspiration of the lives of saints and the thoughts of sages and the songs of poets, as well as they? Are not the Scriptures and the prophets and the apostles and the martyrs ours, as they are theirs? Have we not a history and traditions and memories which may excite us to a common activity in Christian work? Is there not hung in our halls also armory of the invincible knights of old?

It is not yet a century since the name "Unitarian" was first borne by an American church. The word is not found in the first edition of Johnson's Dictionary. We have never been strong in mere numbers. Yet how have the men and women to whom, whether in honor or in reproach, it has been applied mingled with the best life in a thousand communities! What poets, what prophets, what inspired orators, what sages, what counsellors, what grave and reverend men in chair of State, in legislative chambers, on judges' bench, in college halls, what fathers and mothers and daughters in Israel, what martyrs and reformers, what benefactors, what soldiers who gave their young lives for their country, or came home from battle victors, living and laurel-crowned! As their figures rise to your imagination in many a city and town and hamlet,—

> "The passing of their beautiful feet
> Gladdens the pavement of the street."

We do not esteem the parish as we ought. We go from one to another too easily, according to our caprice or convenience, or as we like or dislike a particular clergyman. We need the disposition of John A. Andrew, who told Dr. Clarke's church in its earlier days that, "whoever was a come-outer, he was a stay-inner."

The responsibility for accomplishing the ends that a parish is made for rests upon the parish even more than upon the minister, and rests upon every member of the parish to the reasonable extent of his power. The office and function of the minister is to teach, stimulate, and impel the parish to do and be what it is made for, and the members of the parish to do and be what they were made for; and then it is the business of the parish and of the members of the parish to do it. Our function as parishioners is not to put burdens upon the

back of the minister, but rather to take them off.

The parish has many advantages which ought to place it among the very highest and best of organizations to stimulate a generous activity for public ends, and also to inspire a genuine affection for zeal. It is that one of our republican institutions which cuts down through all social distinctions, and harmonizes all political differences, and summons men and women to work together, and to know, esteem, and help each other, from every calling and position in life. It ought to be a leveller, but to a level upon a high table-land. It ought to be, and it largely is, the most republican institution in our republic, the most democratic institution in our democracy.

I strolled one Sunday afternoon two years ago into the little parish church of Chesterle Street, seven miles from Durham, in England. Against the walls were the tombs of some of the neighboring families, with their effigies of crusaders and of men who had helped to wring Magna Charta from King John. In a porch there was a notice board, like those which are familiar to us; and among various notices of meetings of ladies' societies and other charities was this one: —

"The one thousand and ninth anniversary of its foundation will be celebrated in this church next Tuesday evening. There will be an address by the rector, and music by the united choirs from three neighboring parishes." Nothing very remarkable. It was the one thousand and ninth anniversary,— that was all. Next year, and it would be the one thousand and tenth.

We have a few parishes in America with whose early traditions are blended the memories of souls as knightly and devoted as ever wore the red cross of the crusader upon their breasts. Our fathers cared little for the attraction of art, which the Anglican Church, both in its Catholic and its Protestant days, has so well understood. As Emerson said, "The light struggled in through windows of oiled paper, but they read the word of God by it."

But this New England parish, as it was established at Plymouth and Boston and Salem and Concord, is now one of the oldest institutions among men. The map of Europe has changed and changed, and changed again. As I have said elsewhere, four dynasties have sat in succession on the throne of Great Britain. England has united with herself Ireland and Scotland, conquered Canada, subdued two hundred and fifty million Asiatics; France has been twice a republic and twice a monarchy, and now is a republic for the third time; Belgium and Holland have been joined and severed; the star of Poland has disappeared from the sky; Italy has thrown off the iron heel of her tyrants from her neck; Germany has built up her mighty empire from sixty petty States; and during all this time this mechanism, which sprung up of itself in the forest, abides. Under it the people have chosen their religious teachers without control; and the worship of pure hearts, uttered by free lips, has risen from their simple altars to the imperishable heavens.

But while we support and stand by this great organization of our denomination, and while we demand of our brethren and sisters their most zealous and devoted service in the work of the Unitarian parish, let us remember that these are instrumentalities for teaching and promoting chiefly the things in which we agree with devout men and women of the faith everywhere, and not those things in which we differ from them. The Sermon on the Mount, the two sublime commandments upon which hang all the law and prophets, the entire precept and example of Jesus Christ, constitute to our minds the chief portion and essence of Unitarianism, as they constitute, I believe, to the Methodist, to the Calvinist, to the Episcopalian, the chief and essential part of Methodism or of Calvinism or of Episcopacy. We have a statement of faith, a liturgy, a priesthood, and a scheme of salvation. And, if we maintain that either of these is not assented to in principle and substance by the great body of worshippers of other denominations, we are so far making the very serious admission that it is not supported by what, to many thoughtful minds, is the strongest single argument for immortality itself; namely, that it has its support in the consent of all devout souls, and in the instinct of universal humanity.

I do not look for the coming of the time

when what are called sects or denominations will disappear. Still less is the time to be expected or to be desired when the emulation which comes from separate organization will cease to be one of the most powerful forces in Christian activity. In the time of the apostles they began to say, "I am of Paul" and "I am of Apollos"; and, with a change of name, they have been saying it ever since. The seven churches to whom the angel of Patmos sent his messages had acquired, within the time of a life which began as early as the life of the Saviour himself, a separate, individual, human character and quality, each as distinct from that of the other as that of Hamlet is from that of Othello. These distinctions, these organizations, these rivalries and emulations, these strifes, are to continue until the end of time. From them, as from all things human, will come much evil, but mingled with and, as I believe, in the end to be subdued and overcome by a far larger good. But we are here to assert our property as brethren and as Christians in whatever any of them has that is excellent in its history, in its achievements, in its literature, or in its examples of brave and holy men or women. Although a dweller in Massachusetts, I claim property as an American and a countryman in Starr King of California, as I do in George Washington of Virginia. If I were a Presbyterian, I would claim a like property, as a Christian, in Starr King, the Unitarian, as in George Washington, the Episcopalian. No Athanasian creed can shut out my soul from the soul of George Herbert. No church politics can make my senses numb to the fragrance of that wreath of lilies, "The Christian Year" of John Keble. When Archbishop Ireland, then bishop of Minnesota, announced that, of the liquor-sellers in his diocese, less than five per cent. were of the Catholic faith, I wished to pay my profound homage to the man who had brought this to pass. I felt that his Christianity and that of my revered and beloved master, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, were, in essentials, very much the same. When somebody told Abraham Lincoln, during the war, that Gen. Grant drank whiskey, he said he should like to send a barrel of the same kind to each of the other generals. I should like to send a barrel of Archbishop Ireland's theology to the other bishops. When the same man uttered in Washington, two or three years ago, his brave rebuke to the men who despoil our Southern fellow-citizens of the glory of their American citizenship, I felt I should like to send some of our Protestant clergy to his Sunday-school. If the dear theologians have said anything unkind of us, let us hope they will think better of it when we meet them hereafter, where they will know even as also they are known. As Beatrice said to Dante of Saint Gregory,—

"Wherefore, as soon as he unclosed his eyes
Within this heaven, he at himself did smile."

The Christian Church, like almost everything else in this world, I believe, has been often compared to a ship. But I think, perhaps, we might compare it more aptly to a fleet, made up of ships of different build and speed, but bound on the same voyage, having the same sailing orders, and obeying alike the signals of the same admiral. Each sailor loves his own, and thinks her the finest craft afloat. Not a man in any one of them recognizes the least authority in the officers of another. There is much rivalry and emulation. In a storm you can hear from one to another the voices of the captains and the shouting. If there be danger of collision, you get occasionally a stern order to keep off, perhaps accompanied with some theological language used in a very untheological way. But every man is ready to obey the admiral's signal, whether it be Nelson or Farragut. In time of danger each is ready to go to the rescue of the other. In time of calm they interchange a thousand good offices. When the weather is good and the sea is quiet, they like to visit each other. You can sometimes hear, of a Sunday, from ship to ship, the chaplain's prayer or the chant of a solemn service, or, of a week-day, the sailors singing at the windlass. Each ship has its own songs. From one rise the sweet strains of Wesley, from another the pious refrain of Doddridge or the lofty organ-tone of Watts. From our own ship goes up the watchman's voice of good cheer as he answers what of the night, or the heart-stirring chorus,—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

From the oldest and largest of them all come the accents of foreign tongues and of dead languages and of ages long gone by.

There is another craft whose beautiful lines and graceful curves are the admiration of the whole fleet. Her officers are not always over-eager to invite us to their company; but yet let us say, with Andrew Marvell,

"Still sing they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note."

We share, also, with Christians everywhere the supreme certainty that the Power which has established this fabric of things is conscious and is beneficent. Upon this foundation, in all ages, has rested the hope from which cometh to man and nations every gift of noblest origin,—the hope of immortality. In virtue of this faith we claim our place in the ranks of those who, by whatever name they call themselves, are striving to bring in the kingdom of God, and that his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CONFERENCE.

The report of the Council of the National Conference made through its chairman, Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., closed with the following recommendations to the churches and local conferences within its boundaries:—

Looking forward, and suggesting new efforts which may give solidity and dignity to our work:—

1. The Council ventures to suggest that any local conference or missionary superintendent who can arrange in good working order a plan by which conscientious men or women may join the Unitarian Church of America, though they have no local Unitarian congregation near them, will render to our church a very essential and important service.

2. That the directors of the local conferences are entreated to see that every conference meeting has some definite Christian work in hand, so that each meeting may definitely tend to bringing in the kingdom of God.

3. That first in such efforts, as it has been since the Saviour established the First Congregational Church of Sychar, is the establishment of churches or congregations—the two words are identical—of people, few or many, who are willing to work together for the coming of the kingdom.

4. To speak in detail of agencies which must be encouraged, the various societies and churches whom it is our privilege to advise are begged to give strength and permanency to the religious journal founded by this Conference three years ago, regarding which a special report will be presented to you.

5. That the churches owe it to the honored name they bear that, so long as the Unitarian Association is the trusted executive of the Unitarian Church of America, it should be liberally supplied with funds. This nation is four times as rich as it was in 1865, when this Conference was formed. Its population is twice what it was then. The growth in physical wealth ought to be accompanied by an equal increase in moral endeavor.

Lastly, we affectionately remind our brethren of other religious communions that for centuries after Jesus Christ established his Church each congregation of Christians was independent of every other; that, in all that he said and in all that his apostles said, it was supposed that every Christian man and woman was to work for the enlargement of the kingdom of God; that, whenever this duty has been specially delegated to a priesthood or other religious aristocracy, disaster and defeat to the Church of Christ have followed. It is the duty of the Church now, as much as it ever was, to forget the things which are behind, while it stretches forward to the realities which are before. And every man in it is bound, as he always was, not to seek first his own salvation, but to seek first the kingdom of God.

Jesus did not invent self-sacrifice. He discovered it,—discovered that self-sacrifice is the great central law of the universe, that this is the heart of God. He obeyed it, loved it, lived it, and gave himself for it. *S. R. Calthrop.*

HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AND THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

In his report as chairman of the Council Dr. Edward Everett Hale said:—

"The president of the Conférence, Hon. George William Curtis, died on the 31st of August, 1892, within a year after his election. The great loss to the nation and the world has been publicly expressed in a thousand ways, by poets, preachers, and statesmen, and is still freshly felt. Mr. Curtis, in ways unusual even in our Congregational churches, had shown how direct is the service which a layman may render to the work of the church. For many and long periods, when the Church of the Redeemer at Staten Island was without any other minister, he personally conducted its Sunday services. As early as the first meeting of this Conference he represented that church in this body. And since 1890 he has been vice-president or president. In 1878 he read here an important paper on civil service reform; and any one of our publishing boards would do well to reproduce this paper, as a contribution to the advance of pure and undefiled religion. The impressive address with which he opened our meeting here only three years since is to-day fresh in the memory of all who heard it. The Council will offer, at a proper time, a minute to be preserved on our records, in recognition of the inestimable service which he has rendered to the Unitarian Church of America.

"It is the duty of the Council to fill such vacancies, and Hon. George Frisbie Hoar was chosen president in his place.

"The presidents of the National Conference since its formation in 1865 have been: John Albion Andrew, Thomas Dawes Eliot, E. Rockwood Hoar, John D. Long, Samuel Freeman Miller, George William Curtis, and George Frisbie Hoar."

The following resolutions regarding Mr. Curtis were unanimously adopted by the Conference by a rising vote:—

Whereas George William Curtis, elected president of our Conference at its last meeting, died at Staten Island, N.Y., Aug. 31, 1892,—

Resolved, That we, as members of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, deplore the loss of one whose character and life were precious and inspiring, not only to the Unitarian body, but to the whole American people and to men of noble thought and purpose in all civilized communities.

Resolved, That we recall with admiration the service which he rendered to our Conference and our body on various occasions by his eloquent expression of the spirit and the temper, the motives, and the inspirations of the liberal faith; and that we remember gratefully his habitual testimony to the sufficiency of those principles and those ideals which have animated the acknowledged leaders of our Unitarian thought and life.

Resolved, That we are glad together, and with all who love the literature that makes for gentleness and kindliness and simplicity, and truth and honor among men, that our American literature found in him one who was always faithful in his service of these good and perfect things, and that in his various books and writings we have a fountain of the purest pleasure, always fresh and clean.

Resolved, That in his conduct of a great public journal we see high advanced the standard of what political journalism ought to be, to shame our baser dispositions, and to show forth those principles and duties that are inseparable from the true progress of the American people, which no material success can measure, but only its devotion to the ideal ends of personal and social righteousness.

Resolved, That we applaud the noble service that he rendered to the anti-slavery cause in the bright ardor of his early manhood, nor less his stern indictment of the spoils system in our politics in his maturer years, and his splendid advocacy of a rational and equitable method of civil service reform, pledging ourselves to follow where for twenty years he led the way.

Resolved, That nothing is more pleasant in our recollection of this great and honored friend than those personal qualities of mind and heart which endeared him to all who knew him, and made the beauty of his daily life a more persuasive invitation to all goodness and sincerity than he could utter with the magic of his voice or pen.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CONFERENCE.

The following significant resolutions were adopted, among others, by the recent Conference at Saratoga: —

THE "NEW WORLD."

The National Conference hereby declares its great satisfaction with the honorable record made since its last meeting by the *New World Quarterly*, and repeats its rec-

ommendation made three years ago, that this review should be substantially endowed. We approve the plan of raising an endowment of $50,000, which shall be placed in the hands of the American Unitarian Association as a trust fund, the income only to be paid over annually to the editorial board. A committee on the endowment and current support of the *New World* shall be appointed by the chairman of the Conference to invite subscriptions, under such conditions as shall insure the continuance of the *New World* as an unsectarian liberal review. In case of its discontinuance or of the failure of the editorial board to comply with these conditions, the endowment fund shall revert to the American Unitarian Association as a publication fund, unless the donors otherwise direct.

THE PRACTICE OF LYNCHING.

Resolved, That this Conference condemns without qualification the barbarous practice of lynching which exists in various parts of the United States. Vindictive passion displaces the authority of law, and persons unconvicted of crime are murdered by mobs. The willing failure of public officers to protect the accused is an abdication of their sworn functions, and the neglect of citizens to support their own officers is so far an abandonment of popular government. In the name alike of religion, humanity, and civilization we call upon the pulpit, the press, and all friends of order and justice to unite in rectifying public opinion and in strengthening the moral sense of the people, so that this blot may be removed from the fair name of our country.

INDIAN EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT AID.

Whereas the United States government has failed to furnish adequate education for all the Indian children who are still its wards, and has left much of this work to be done by religious and benevolent organizations;

And whereas the American Unitarian Association has established in the Crow Indian Agency a non-sectarian Indian school, and has received partial support for this school from the government;

And whereas the bestowment of government funds for the support of enterprises conducted by religious bodies is opposed to the spirit of our institutions,—

Therefore, *Resolved*, That the directors of the American Unitarian Association are requested to consider the advisability of surrendering all government aid for this school as soon as the arrangement can be conveniently made.

Resolved, That it is the duty of Unitarians who have founded this school to maintain it, and see that its support is not imperilled by the withdrawal of any government funds.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Conference that the United States government should provide industrial and common-school education for the ten thousand Indian children not enrolled in any schools.

THE "MAYFLOWER" CHURCH.

The old historic church of the Pilgrims in Plymouth, Mass., is making an effort to erect a memorial church edifice. The matter came before the Saratoga Conference, and awakened much popular interest. We give below the resolutions that were passed:

Resolved, That this Conference, recognizing the historic interest and importance of the First Church in Plymouth, cordially commends the effort to build a new church in place of the one recently destroyed by fire, which shall stand as an enduring memorial of the Pilgrim life and spirit, and to that end asks of its members and their churches their active support and co-operation.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the president of the Conference to assist the church in securing the funds necessary for this purpose.

ADDRESS TO THE CHURCHES FROM THE NEW COUNCIL.

To the Unitarian Churches of America, Greeting: —

By a law of the Conference it is made the duty of the Council to issue at this time an address, with a request that it be read in the churches.

After the memorable meeting at Saratoga this duty would naturally have been undertaken with alacrity; but the general rejoicing over the successful issue of that meeting has been followed by an equally general grief for the loss of Dr. Reynolds. Our brave, wise, and indefatigable executive officer has fallen in the hour of victory. Almost his last conscious act was the sending of a message to the writer of this address, asking him to write an appeal to the churches, and sign it with his name. That office of friendship is no longer possible. All the more it becomes the duty of the Council to remind the churches of our common cause for rejoicing over the magnificent Conference at Saratoga. More than two thousand Unitarians assembled there, under circumstances so adverse and with such interruptions that failure was pre-

dicted. But a new spirit was abroad. At every session the interest deepened, and the numbers increased. The Women's Alliance showed results of which we may justly be proud. Meetings for temperance, missionary work, of the younger ministers, regular sessions for business, and extra meetings of many kinds were thronged with eager listeners. At a meeting of the alumni of the Meadville Theological School a gift was reported from Mrs. C. B. Hackley of Tarrytown, N.Y., of fifty thousand dollars to found a professorship in memory of her husband. Resolutions were passed denouncing the resort to lynch law in any part of our country. An appeal was received from the First Parish of Plymouth, Mass., for twenty-five thousand dollars to be used in rebuilding the church destroyed by fire. The raising of the money was referred to a committee, consisting of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Hon. John D. Long, and Hon. Winslow Warren. The plan of raising an endowment trust fund of fifty thousand dollars for the support of the *New World* was approved, and a committee is to be named. Resolutions were passed recognizing the brilliant service of Dr. E. E. Hale during all the years of the Conference, and assuring him of our affectionate regard.

But by far the most important act of the Conference was the adoption of the new constitution. After twenty-nine years, during which there had been controversy concerning the terms of our fellowship, with repeated effort and repeated failure to state our common purpose in terms that all could accept, we were forced by the vote of the last Conference to make another trial. A new constitution was offered, of which the following is the

PREAMBLE.

The Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was formed in the year 1865, with the purpose of strengthening the churches and societies which should unite in it for more and better work for the kingdom of God. These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man. The Conference recognizes the fact that its constituency is Congregational in tradition and polity. Therefore, it declares that nothing in this constitution is to be construed as an authoritative test; and we cordially invite to our working fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our spirit and our practical aims.

This is the one hundredth year since Dr. Priestley, after suffering the violence of a mob in England, sought shelter in America, where he found Unitarianism just beginning to show itself. During the century since the problem has been to state our Christian purpose in the terms of universal liberty, to affirm what no Christian could deny, and to make our affirmation a burden to no man's conscience. If we have not yet attained to this high calling, we have certainly witnessed an event unparalleled in our history,—the passage of a declaration of our spirit and purpose with tumultuous cheers, followed by profound silence, broken by not one dissenting voice. We have now a right, and it is our duty, to appeal to all who love God and their fellow-men to join with us in "more and better work for the kingdom of God." We stand at last all together before the world, with nothing to apologize for and nothing to explain. The Trinitarian who loves God and his fellow-men, and who loves liberty more than creed, is not barred out. Men of every creed who are in general sympathy with our spirit and practical aims are invited to our work and fellowship. We accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man; and we are summoned to go forward in the name of God and humanity. In answer to the summons our churches and conferences should now arise, and show their might in work for the common cause. It causes us grief to remember that the happy consummation for which our secretary, Dr. Reynolds, had bravely and patiently toiled, came too late to cheer him in his last hours. We can pay no tribute to his memory which would have been more pleasing to him than to take up with enthusiasm and carry on with energy the great work to which without reserve he devoted his life.

With the approval of the Council,

GEORGE BATCHELOR,
Chairman.

G. S. Hale, Fanny B. Ames, George W. Stone, F. L. Hosmer, M. T. Lewis Gannett, John Cuckson, William Howell Reed, Samuel M. Crothers, D. W. Morehouse, M. J. Savage, George E. Adams.

TRANSFORMED.

So unto sorrow are we bound and wed,
The slightest transmutation brings a dread
Lest sable pall should change to purple fold,
Or silver gray with gleams of palest gold.
To the dear pulseless heart it seems a slight
To lose one poignant pang from Love's despite,
Or note the midnight change to livid hue,
That after hours may pulse in depths of blue.
For we would lie still wrapped within thy shroud,
Still covered with our sorrow's inky cloud,
Still hide within the tomb where thou wert laid,
Of consolation and of hope afraid.
But, oh, short sighted is the soul of pain,
And blind to permanence and deathless gain,
To drop our tears on "Finis" of a phase,
While thou art plumed anew with glory rays,
And, like a bird, dost wing thy happy flight
Beyond our murky day, our feeble sight.
Let us rejoice as Aaron in his rod;
Thy bliss is bound about the feet of God.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S CREED OF LIFE.

Sad, indeed, it is to see the "old forsaken bough" of America's classic tree of poetic genius denuded now of "The Last Leaf." But we are comforted that the leaves have only fallen to nurture the roots of perennial song and beauty in celestial gardens.

The "Autocrat" was the gentlest man of opinion among us, the "Professor" the wisest and wittiest in our literature, and, as for the "Poet," he was as devout and clear-eyed a seer of divine things as he was lover of his class and after-dinner merry-maker.

How pleasant it has been to think of him all along as looking out of the storm-worn and creaky windows of old age with a still genial heart, and so beloved by all the English-speaking world! How precious was his personality, the peer and companion of our greatest poets, and almost the only man of letters who could tell our little children, had he chosen to do so, just how they all looked and loved and worked far back, when they were all here together in the land of living men!

Dr. Holmes was the creator of a literature as unique as that of Lamb and Goldsmith, with whom he is often compared. But he was a great deal more than essayist and poet. He was a philosopher. The wisdom of old Ben Franklin comes cropping out at every turn of the conversation at the Breakfast Table, only it is expounded with the most delicious tact of a literary man of the most exquisite grace of expression. A philosopher, indeed, who brushes away the fine spinnings of theorists and phrase-makers with a twinkle in his eye, and in a wittily chosen word gives you the gist of the matter. That is one thing that has made him so universally admired. He is a truth-teller as to things all men are thinking and talking of, but always with such charity, with the keenest devices of argument, and with the utmost playfulness of a fraternal heart. At the Unitarian Club dinner Dr. Hale reminded us that Holmes never goes into an extended discussion of anything but what he introduces religion and theology. You will always find it so. He is sure to drift into it.

Any one who used to sit down at the *Atlantic Monthly* Breakfast Table will remember how the discussion went on between him and the callow divinity student, who had been pretty thoroughly instructed after the old-school doctrines. But I think the sympathy of all the boarders who listened to it and of all to whom it has been since repeated was with the liberal-minded "Professor," as not only having the best of the argument, but the right of the case.

Philosopher and theologian, but a natural theologian, with no sort of interest in professional theologians. To professional theology he gave a wide berth. I can imagine no sort of sermon under which he would more conscientiously avail himself of the opportunity of taking a nap than a polemical drizzle from an intellect surcharged with the necessity of defending a dogma. Dr. Holmes lived to great age, and his memory went back to the Calvinism that was rife in his childhood. When he talked of religion, it was very apt to come up before his mind; and he loved nothing better than to indulge his humor over its fallacies. He had no sympathy with it. He was a poet: and, as Dr. Hale said, furthermore "you cannot have a poet who is tied to the traditions of the past, who is looking backward, and not forward, trying to hold the world back, as is the necessity of the creed-bound churches."

Calvin and Edwards have been—and are still, to greater extent than we are aware, perhaps—corner-stones of theology for a

great many people yet in America. The grim monsters hatched under their speculation that have so long terrified Christian mothers and little children the poet could not endure. It was a settled determination with him to use every possible charm of wit and fancy to dislodge them and get rid of them. And I suspect, if the truth were known, we are more indebted to the conversations at the Breakfast Table for the broadcasting of a liberal theology than we are to the classic discourses of Dr. Channing. A good preacher Dr. Holmes always is also, and a good preacher for us preachers to pattern after; for he never "bores," as he says he has seen "a clergyman with a one-story intellect and a one-horse vocabulary who consumed his valuable time (and mine) freely in an opinion of a brother minister's discourse." If there was another thing besides Calvinism that he wittily deplored, it was the miserable altercations between Christian churches over tweedledees and tweedledums of doctrine and rite.

"From my lone turret as I look around
O'er the green meadows to the ring of blue,
From slope, from summit, and from half-hid vale
The sky is stabbed with dagger-pointed spires,
Their gilded symbols whirling in the wind,
Their brazen tongues proclaiming to the world,
'Here truth is sold, the only genuine ware;
See that it has our trade-mark! You will buy
Poison instead of food across the way,
The lies of—" this or that, each several name.
Whom shall we serve?
The jealous God of Moses, one who feels
An image as an insult, and is wroth
With him who made it and his child unborn?
Is this the God ye mean, or is it he
Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose loving heart
Is as the pitying Father's to his child,
Whose lesson to his children is, 'Forgive,'
Whose plea for all, 'They know not what they do'?"

A good preacher and a good physician to Christians of every name. If ever any have been afflicted with what Emerson calls the "soul's mumps and measles and whooping-coughs,—namely, mental anxieties over, for instance, original sin, or predestination, or the state of the damned, or any similar theological disease contracted from the mediæval church,—he has been to them the most skilful of physicians. In his literary saddle-bags he carries plenty of little pills of corrective satire, sugar-coated with laughter enough to drive out all the wretched humors of an unnecessarily concerned conscience, phials of aromatic tonic to brace up morbid and melancholic Christians, and all sorts of happy suggestions for exorcising the demons of bigotry and intolerance.

Charity,—that is the one uppermost message of Holmes's heart whenever he falls upon theology. That sentiment is diffused all through his writings. And you are sure how much he has done, though indirectly, to shame Christians of the persecuting spirit they have always been exercising toward one another on account of their differences of belief,—more, without a doubt, than half the preachers together, who, although they are supposed to preach love and charity, do nevertheless contend for their particular creeds, often with an unabated bitterness.

Dr. Holmes is a cheerful Christian, who believes in living on the sunny side of the house and in having all the pure and bracing air there is astir. He keeps a cheerful board, and is friendly with all the people, of whatever religion or politics. He believes in talking, too, and not in a glum silence. "Religion and government appear to me the two subjects which of all others should belong to the common talk of the people who enjoy the blessings of freedom. Fear of open discussion implies feebleness of inward conviction, and great sensitiveness to the expression of individual opinion is a mark of weakness." He starts conversation, and never allows it to drag. Neither does he miss an occasion to administer his anodyne or his tonic of wit and humor as it may be needed to correct the abnormal condition of anybody's temperament or feelings or opinion about things.

Such a good physician is an invaluable member of society. We cannot do without him. We need him to disarm us of our foolish prejudices. We get into jaundiced and one-sided ways of looking at things, and need intellectual as well as physical

treatment. In fact, it is a good thing to be jolted out of the ruts we sink into and drag ourselves along through so laboriously. Welcome a paradox, an absurdity, a joke, and a laugh.

Dr. Holmes was not pronounced as a social reformer, like most of his literary peers. He is not stirred, as were Lowell and Whittier, in anti-slavery days. He is incapable of Whittier's deep and sustained moral passion. Whittier gazed long and with solitary and anguished heart upon the suffering body of humanity chained down by social and ecclesiastical tyranny. That was not Holmes's nature, however deeply he may have felt the iniquity of any form of slavery.

But there was no more distinguished patriot than he, no more loyal voice than his in war-time. War-songs, appeals to loyalty, hymns of freedom and victory and peace, and memorials to our patriots pour forth from his kindled soul in stirring accents.

On the whole, it seems to me that the great service of Holmes to his generation—and it is a service that will never lose in value, for it has the stamp of immortality upon it—is that he clarifies for us the medium through which we look at things. He is sunshine that dissipates the pernicious miasms that exhale from our intellectual and morally perverted and unhealthy temperaments; the fresh, sanative wind that, having veered into the north-west, comes down, and clears off the clouds and lingering mists of the heart's anxiety; the morning air with sparkling dews in the grass and roses blooming out. He is the happily constituted mind that knows how to take us with our various prejudices and prepossessions, and bring us to a rational sense of things. When you rise from the Breakfast Table, where the "Autocrat," the "Professor," or the "Poet," has led the conversation, you find you can see things better and find your way about easier. The humor and the laugh have done you good. And the poems have the same effect upon you. The roguish graduate, the gray-haired boy. breaks out in sallies of affection for his comrades, in pathos, in smiles, in tears, in laughter, in holiest trust; and you see that for him as for us it is true that

"For all base lies that the almanacs hold,
While we've youth in our hearts we can
never grow old."

His creed of life is the creed of Christian love in distinction from the creed of Christian dogmas. Like all the great American poets, he is of that liberal faith which has no creed with which to fetter the human mind, and has no definitions to enforce save such as imply that man is the child of a loving and merciful Father, who only requires of him to be loving and merciful.

"Oh that the loving woman, she who sat
So long a listener at her Master's feet,
Had left us Mary's Gospel,—all she heard,
Too sweet, too subtle for the ear of man!
Love must be still our Master; till we learn
What He can teach us of a woman's heart,
We know not His, whose love embraces all."

For a parallel in pathos to Sterne's Recording Angel writing down Uncle Toby's oath, dropping upon it a tear and blotting it out forever, read the last stanza of "After a Lecture on Shelley," as a plea for divine mercy as against the dreary theory of vindictive wrath:—

"Breathe for his wandering spirit one passing sigh,
O happier Christian, while thine eye
grows dim,—
In all the mansions of the house on high,
Say not that mercy has not one for him!"

Or, again, in "The Promise," one of the few pieces for which he wished he might be remembered:—

"Living, thou dost not live,
If mercy's spring run dry;
What Heaven has sent thee wilt thou freely
give,
Dying, thou shalt not die!"

Emerson called Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality" the high-water mark which the intellect has reached in this century. Every poet, at some moment, touches high-water mark. Holmes reached it in "The Chambered Nautilus." That is and ever will be classic, like Longfellow's "Resignation," or Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," or Shelley's "Skylark." Toil, noble toil, and its reward in freedom, blessed freedom,—that is the ideal he sets for youth and man alike.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

What more stirring call to manhood than

"This is the new world's gospel: Be ye men!
Your prophets are a hundred unto one
Of them of old who cried, 'Thus saith the Lord.'
Look on this world of yours with opened eyes
Ye are as Gods! Nay, makers of your Gods;
Each of ye break an image in your shrine,
And plant a fairer image where it stood."

An earthly voice of clearest accent is silent, the last of our great dear poets voices, upon whose accents of beauty and love and truth we have so long hung with bated breath. But his voice and all those voices so dear to us American hearts will forever echo sweet music from the celestial hills. The sounds will never die away. Listening, we shall feel the same entrancement. Softlier and yet softlier will they strike upon our ears, until at last our earthly spirits are freed to the peaceful realms whose rest and beauty they sang.

"Say not the poet dies!
Though in the dust he lies.
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unsphered by envious death!
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air
Sweet with the lingering strains that Echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!"

SAMUEL B. STEWART.

A GENEROUS FAITH.

What a noble example is that set forth in the will of the late Philander Shaw, as follows:—

At the decease of Mr. Shaw's widow, who is to have the entire income of the whole property during her lifetime, the following distribution is to be made: $21,200 is set aside for special bequests to relatives. $1,000 to the Newport General Hospital. $500 to the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston. $1,000 to the American Unitarian Association of Boston; also $10,000 in trust to the American Unitarian Association, the income of said trust to be expended in sending the *Christian Register* wherever it will be most efficacious in disseminating the doctrines of Christian Unitarianism. $500 to the same American Unitarian Association, for the purpose of supplying to all clergymen, irrespective of their denominational beliefs, the works of the late William Ellery Channing. $25,000 to the trustees of the Channing Memorial Church of Newport, to be used for the general purposes of the church, in accordance with the judgment of the trustees. $1,000 to the trustees of the same Channing Church, for the purpose of enlarging the Sunday-school library of said church. $500 to the trustees of same Channing Church, the income of said fund to be devoted to maintaining the church music. $2,000 to the trustees of the same Channing Church, the income of said fund to be devoted to the support of the poor of said church. $5,000 to the Redwood Library of Newport. $1,000 to the Newport Historical Society. $1,000 to be a fund, the income of which is to be devoted to the support of the poor of Newport. The remainder of the property is to be divided into three equal shares,—one for the Channing Memorial Church, one for the American Unitarian Association, and one for the Redwood Library, which three corporations thus become the residuary legatees in three equal proportions.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 18, 1894.

The Directors of the American Unitarian Association to the Unitarian Churches:—

It was the purpose of Dr. Reynolds, the late secretary of the American Unitarian Association, to have followed the Saratoga meeting with a ringing appeal to the churches on behalf of our missionary work, which was never so pressing or so promising as now. His voice, which was just ready to have called the forward march, on a sudden fell into silence. It becomes, therefore, the sacred duty of the board of directors to speak for him to the churches,

on behalf of the work which he loved and to which they are committed.

The "hard times" have crippled us all. It was voted last year not to start any new movements. But new movements are starting themselves, springing up in spite of us, and calling for aid. Many of these are in regions unfamiliar with our gospel, and they must have nursing and guidance until they are strong enough to go alone. So much has the work grown upon us that we have had to run in debt merely to do the things that could not be left undone. This work will not and cannot stop. All over the country are open fields and material ready to our hand. We need not attack the older churches. Thousands are outgrowing them, and are looking for a religion able to command the allegiance of both heart and brain.

We have recently experienced a new birth. After years of discussion, at our recent Conference at Saratoga we have at last reached a unanimous and positive expression of our faith. We have now a banner and a rallying-cry. With the message of Jesus on our lips, we ought to call to our following all the free and reverent souls who wish to love God and help their fellow-men.

We have not yet done half we might. If only *every man and woman* in *all* of our churches would give but the little they might, we should have enough.

We appeal to the ministers to organize the work of giving, so that every individual may be *personally* approached. People will give if they can only be reached with a definite appeal for definite work.

Methods are good, are even important: but the *chief* thing is that, by *some* method, *every person in every church* shall be reached.

We need, and we expect at least, one hundred thousand dollars every year. The enthusiasm of Saratoga is not to end in cheers. It means a forward movement all along the line. Hear, then, the divine appeal that has been heard by God's faithful ones in all ages: "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward!"

George S. Hale, president; John D. Long, Joseph W. Simonds, Dorman B. Eaton, Daniel L. Shorey, Alva Gage, Horace Davis, vice-presidents; George W. Fox, assistant secretary; Arthur Lincoln, treasurer; Charles G. Ames, George Batchelor, Howard N. Brown, Elizabeth L. Bullard, Francis Cutting, Charles F. Dole, Samuel A. Eliot, Thomas L. Eliot, William W. Fenn, Thomas Gaffield, Sarah E. Hooper, Henry J. Hosmer, Archibald M. Howe, Arthur T. Lyman, Minot J. Savage, Henry B. Wells, Kate Gannett Wells, Velma C. Williams, directors.

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*FIRST MEETING OF THE BOSTON UNITARIAN CLUB.**

The first (October) meeting of the Boston Unitarian Club was held at the Hotel Vendome. About one hundred and fifty members were present. Hon. George S. Hale presided. The special guests of the evening were: Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford University, England; Rev. George Batchelor, chairman of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches; Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Howard N. Brown, and Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

In opening the after-dinner proceedings, President Hale said: We meet under circumstances of closely mingled joy and sorrow, of triumph and depression. On that Pentecostal day at Saratoga, the Antioch when all Unitarians became Christians [laughter and applause], and from that day, we should have looked forward to this occasion as one of ebullitions of joy and of triumphant recollection of the success of the meeting of our representatives.

But hardly had the sound of those tongues from heaven died upon our ears, when we were called upon to mourn the loss of the Moses who had led us toward this promised land, who longed for it and looked for it and prayed for it.

And since then, too, another name of which we were proud and have been proud for the larger part of a century, reckoned as our own by dissent, by belief, by qualities which we loved and honored. That name has passed into the domain of history, which we believe will forever record his merits and his success in the field of literature, of poetry, of fiction, and the most delicate expression of human feelings of the deepest and tenderest kind.

The speaker went on to pay an eloquent tribute to the late Rev. Grindall Reynolds, the secretary of the Unitarian Association, and called on Rev. Howard N. Brown, who presented resolutions referring in fitting terms to Mr. Reynolds's demise and the loss

* From the report in the *Herald*.

therein sustained by the Association. The resolutions were carried by a standing vote.

Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, vice-president of the Manchester College at Oxford University, England, gave an interesting account of that institution, now engaged in preparing students for the ministry.

The speaker said that simply to witness at Saratoga, as he had done, the common enthusiasm that prevailed, and to see the making up of the divisions of a generation by one common profession of allegiance to the great religion in whose service they were all enrolled,—this was enough to recompense him for the time and labor of his visit.

Referring to the recent death of Dr. Holmes, he went on to remark: We in England have long learned to love Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, not only as a humorist, as a literary man, teaching with singular grace and charm and tenderness the manifold relations of life, but we have found in him also a brother in faith who was never ashamed to stand up manfully for the truth he loved. [Loud applause.]

The speaker dwelt enthusiastically on the benefit which the college drew from its American students, and expressed the hope that they would form a link to unite in still closer bonds the Unitarians of America and England. [More applause.]

Rev. George Batchelor, chairman of the new Council, next said: I went to the Saratoga Conference incredulous, downcast, looking to the West in my hopes: I came back believing, exulting, with my face to the rising sun. [Loud applause.]

And my experience was that of thousands of others. We never before had discussions without acrimony, without personalities. This time there was not one word that needed to be retracted. The next day we adopted the preamble: "These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man."

Those who say that Unitarians cannot feel and never say the same thing ought to have heard the shouts and seen the tears. We had won a victory. A victory over what? A victory over ourselves. The omens are good. The new watchword is, "Jesus, our leader, and victory." [Loud applause.]

Rev. John Cuckson began his remarks by saying that much of the controversy at Saratoga was a controversy over words. The prevailing feeling was that there was only an appearance of wanting to give up Christianity, and that what was needed was simply an understanding that the Conference stood loyal to Christ and Christianity.

We are one in thought, one in aim, one in purpose before the world,—not more Christians than before the Conference, but better understood by the world as such. Saratoga was simply the coming together of people of kindred hearts and generous spirits, who had not before quite understood each other.

And now, after Saratoga, what? We have a flag under which we can rally. We have found a set of principles on which we have united. What are we going to do? We have a splendid opportunity. We have a large work to do, not only in the spreading of liberal ideas, in the diffusion of religious principles, but also in the settling of some of these social and political problems which are the problems of our time. In my judgment these social and industrial questions will never be satisfactorily settled until religion is brought to bear upon them. [Applause.]

Rev. Samuel M. Crothers said: To my mind the meaning of that Conference was not that we had found some happy phrase which we should love to repeat continually, but that we had come to a point where we could rise above the words, and come to unite in the only unity possible,—the unity of spirit.

The result of the Conference was a sensible desire to make our religion felt, to take our place among the forces that are moulding this great republic. We need first the work of church extension, measuring itself not by the parish standard, but by the natural needs. We need to support the centres of our faith throughout the country.

We need men to go through the country side, wherever they can get a hearing. When we give ourselves to this missionary work, our faith will be purified.

Rev. M. J. Savage gave a brief account of the salient features of the Conference at Saratoga, and wanted to say—what he had discovered only recently—that from the first in these Unitarian Conference discussions Dr. Hale had stood for the broadest, freest, grandest, and most inclusive thought.

I cannot think, said the speaker, that these controversies have been all about names. There has not been a single man in the Unitarian denomination, to my knowledge, who has ever desired to disclaim the name "Christian."

There are two reasons why we have objected to the use of the word "Christian" as a shibboleth, as a test word. One reason is that it is too indefinite. We want a definition of statement that is positive. At last we have it. We have Lincoln's religion at last.

I am proud and glad to say that I accept the religion of Jesus. This religion of Jesus we all accept. We make a positive statement of what we are and what we mean. We are now organized around the only thing that free, intelligent men can organize around; and that is a magnificent common purpose.

It is not a creed, but the simple statement of a purpose—a purpose which is big enough and grand enough to fill our hearts with enthusiasm, and that we can work for

cordially, faithfully, and all our life long. [Applause.]

The speaker finally suggested what ought to be done in the direction of the systematic raising of money for the spread of Unitarianism. Unitarianism, said Mr. Savage, is everything, or it is nothing. I believe it is everything. [Loud applause.]

Rev. Edward E. Hale, the last speaker, referred in eloquent terms to the recent death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. I think everybody in this room, said he, feels that he has lost a personal friend. That is the Boston feeling right through. But it is not remarkable or extraordinary in any sense that the great poets who have given distinction to America should have been Unitarians.

Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, and Holmes were out and out, through and through, Unitarians. It is remarkable, because the poet and the prophet are always one; and you cannot have a poet who is tied in by the traditions of the past, who is looking backward, and not forward, and trying to hold the world back, as is the necessity of all the creed-bound churches. If you are going to have a poet, he must be connected with the most advanced and liberal faith. That is true of the first four of the men I have named. But, when we speak of Dr. Holmes, we speak of something more. We speak of a man who, having the remarkable hold he had over all sorts and conditions of men,—a hold which he deserves to have,—he never goes into any extended discussion of anything but what he introduces religion and theology.

I don't care which of his novels you take up: you see it must have been written by a man who had gone through the whole battle, and had handled the subject as well as any theologian here could have done. It is well that the American people should understand that Dr. Holmes opposed Calvinism, and in one of his books crushed it as I could crush an eggshell if I had it here.

He delivered a remarkable address some years ago, which our publishing board should issue as a tract; for Dr. Holmes's writings are read by all the denominations, while our tracts are only read by Unitarians. Some here will remember his extraordinary Lowell Institute lectures, when he touched on the eternal influence of religion.

There are some words of his about good Isaac Watts, and the way that man is now known as no other body of his age is known, and that his songs are repeated by babes and children long after his death.

When he said that, I could not help saying that this man, too, was going to be remembered in the same way, one hundred, two hundred, three hundred years hence, in these words of his, that are going to be repeated by children and by their children's children, because this man loves God and loves man, and because he has not written anything which does not show the intensity, the purity, the reality, the eternity, of his love. [Loud applause.]

GRINDALL REYNOLDS, D.D.

Born in Franconia, N.H., it was as if this man had received something of the spirit of the great mountains in whose near presence the years of his early infancy were passed. Their strength and solidity, together with something of their grandeur and repose, were in his character. He was so large a man, his life was so well rounded, and his mind contained so many strongly developed qualities and traits that it is not easy to describe him, or in any brief sketch to do justice to his worth.

Taken to the city while he was very young, and when the life of Boston was on the whole much cleaner and purer than it is to-day, he grew up under the influence of a moral and spiritual culture that was wonderfully quickening and wholesome. Here was added to his vigorous physical life a natural and healthful development of mind and heart. They who knew him well during the last ten years of his life were aware that at no period of his career was the growth of his finest powers more strongly marked. A character which thus put forth fruit in old age must have been sound at heart from the beginning, free from morbid taints, and distorted by no wild fanaticisms.

Probably he was also fortunate in having had several years of business training before he decided to study for the ministry. This contact with the hard realities of business life made a good foundation on which to build the ideals of his riper years. It tended to sober and steady all his thought and to increase his respect for the standard of practical usefulness. Perhaps it deepened his instinctive habit of asking, not what would show well and attract notice, but what would stand as a genuine gain and abiding success in every work to which he put his hand.

In 1848 he was ordained to the ministry, and settled over the church in Jamaica Plain. There and at Concord till 1881 he lived the life of a faithful and conscientious parish minister. He made no wide reputation as a preacher, for brilliancy was

never the conspicuous quality of his mind. Rather an entire healthfulness of soul was his distinguishing attribute. His affections, his sympathies, his ambitions, and his beliefs were all normal and sane; and so it was not any special gift or grace that he possessed, but the man himself who won his way to the hearts of his parishioners, and grappled them to him as "with hooks of steel."

In 1881 he was chosen secretary of the American Unitarian Association. His election was not unanimous; for there were not a few who feared that he was too conservative, in temper as well as in thought, to carry that organization forward to a career of larger usefulness and power. But this fear soon disappeared as he became known in his office, and they who had voted against him were afterward among his warmest admirers and friends. The story of his administration does not now need to be told. He freely gave to the work every talent and faculty that he possessed, and there is little doubt but that its burdens much shortened his life. High aims and great practical sagacity marked all his conduct in this place; and, though there were differences of opinion as to the policy to be pursued, none who knew him could ever question his motives for an instant. If any have thought of him as meaning to be narrow and exclusive, they were simply ignorant of his spirit. He was magnanimous almost to a fault; and over the petty divisions which sometimes creep between brethren he was only deeply grieved, never angry or vindictive.

First of all, perhaps, one's impression of him gained from close knowledge was that of a large nature, generously planned,—a mind well supplied with many different aptitudes, and well lighted on its way both by noble hopes and by a genial sense of humor, which, by the way, ought to be reckoned one of the religious graces. Can any mind be called truly great which lacks the power to free itself now and then from a galling yoke by hearty laughter? The incongruous is ridiculous, and he who sees it only in its tragic aspects is afflicted with a kind of mental color-blindness which must make him sometimes an unsafe guide. Part of the complete sanity of Mr. Reynolds's mind was his enjoyment of all innocent fun.

And his hopes were those of a large-hearted man,—no projection on the clouds of class prejudice, sectarian animosity, or small provincial whims, but broad and inclusive perceptions of a possible order in human affairs whose corner-stones should be liberty, righteousness, and peace. His thought was not particularly quick in its movements, and he was not so forward as some in taking up with new causes and enterprises. Moreover, he had the kind of loyalty which a true man is apt to feel for the bridge which had once carried him safely over. But, on the other hand, his reason was never closed against any new appeal. He meant to appropriate the new light as fast as it came to him; and it is seldom, indeed, that a man of his years increases, by so much as he did, his mental stature and his breadth of view.

He would have done many things with more than respectable success. It has transpired that he was the author of unsigned articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* whose merit might warrant a prediction of literary fame. Unquestionably, if he had continued in business life, he had the ability to conduct large enterprises, and might have become a merchant or manufacturer of large means and influence. All who have listened to his addresses will agree that he developed into an unusually forceful and impressive public speaker. As to the work to which the later years of his life were devoted, perhaps it is enough to say that they who knew most intimately what means he had under his hand and with what obstacles he was obliged to contend, are best content with the manner in which his duties were discharged. They say with one voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

His religious nature was strongly based on a living trust in the eternal, ever-present goodness which rules above us all. This trust was to him the essence of religion, and so far did he carry it that he had less curiosity than most men as to the future life. He once said that he thought he could look forward to death with composure as a dreamless, never-ending sleep, if that were best in the sight of the Power that had given him life. The best would come to him and to all men at last, such was his faith; and it is the faith upon which all other faiths are built. He worked to hasten the day.

In him the religion which we possess was a great working force, and his life and character furnish one of the best examples of the fruit which this religion bears. We would fain gratify our affection for him, and our sense of obligation to his memory, by some tribute in words which should be both adequate and just. But, if the question were to gratify him, unquestionably that would be best accomplished by carrying out his unfulfilled designs, by pushing forward toward the ends he aimed at, and by faithful service of the work he loved.

HOWARD N. BROWN.

A POET OF "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT": FELICIA HEMANS.

I.

"Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep."
—*Wordsworth.*

If one of the rising generation, asking who it was that Wordsworth commemorated in these lines, were told it was "Mrs. Hemans," the next question, in too many cases, probably would be, "And who was Mrs. Hemans?" Yet it is likely that few older persons are unable to remember hearing read, or being made to read, from some book of selections at school, the stirring lines beginning,—

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast";

while, to many of us, the "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" is mingled with early recollections of brief, melodious lyrics, set like gems among the pages of some old Christmas annual or gift book belonging to our elders (filled with verses and sketches of too fanciful a turn to satisfy the more critical and realistic taste of the present day), and bearing the signature of the English poetess who for so many years stood at the head of her sex as the sweetest singer of the romantic school. Or we may first have known her from finding "Casabianca" in some book for children, and are yet able to recall the painful thrill awakened by those lines,—

"The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled."

But, in either case, the name of Mrs. Hemans grew to be inseparably entwined with memories of high-souled and heroic beauty, such as no later flood of realism, or reality, can ever wash away.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born at Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1793. She herself always playfully maintained that her romantic, imaginative turn had been derived from the German and Italian blood of her mother, whose maiden name of Wagner was said to be a corruption of the Italian Veniero, three ancestors of that race having become doges of Venice. Commercial misfortunes led her father to remove from Liverpool to Grwych, a secluded spot upon the coast of Denbighshire, in Wales, before Felicia was seven years old. There, in a "large old mansion, close to the sea, and shut in by a picturesque range of mountains," the future poetess passed her childhood, with the exception of two winters spent in London, when she was eleven or twelve. Adoring the wild freedom of her rural life, she pined for the Welsh hills, and the society of her younger brother and sister.* It would seem that she was never sent to school, her education being almost entirely the work of her accomplished mother, so that the talented, dreamy little girl grew up well skilled in modern languages, and a fine performer on the harp, then the fashionable instrument of the day. From her earliest years she attracted attention by her precocious mind and personal loveliness. A lady exclaimed, in her hearing, "That child is not made for happiness, I know: her color comes and goes so fast." These words haunted her for life, proving, like many a careless word, but too true a prophecy.

Yet, while almost too sensitive and highly strung for what the world calls happiness, Felicia never wearied of her untrammelled enjoyments in the realms of nature and of books. She loved to read Shakspeare, sitting alone up in the branches of an apple-tree, and once ran out by moonlight, hoping to encounter the ghost of the old Welsh

* She also had two elder brothers, to whose unfailing kindness she owed much, and an elder sister Eliza, who died at eighteen. The youngest brother became the solace of her last days; and her sister Mary Anne, afterwards Mrs. Hughes, besides setting many of Mrs. Hemans's songs to music of her own composing, wrote an interesting biography of the poetess, more copious, save in letters, than the one which the accomplished *littérateur*, Mr. Henry F. Chorley, gave to the world.

homestead, a certain "fiery greyhound," said to haunt the garden. She took a precocious interest in the history and literature of Spain, one of her own family being then absent on the Peninsular campaign. In her early teens she wrote a poem, "England and Spain," which attracted sufficient attention to be afterward translated into Spanish, though of the English original there now exists no trace. From the age of seven she had been writing verses, and at fourteen her parents rather unwisely allowed the publication of a volume which, while full of promise, was, as might have been expected, somewhat severely handled by the press. Mr. Chorley says that "an unkind review so affected her as to confine her to her bed for several days." But she profited by such severe and early discipline, for this first experience of harsh criticism was also the last.*

When but fifteen, in the first glow of a youthful beauty which faded only too early, though her great womanly attractiveness never left her, she became acquainted with Captain Hemans, a young Irish gentleman, who had served in Spain, where his health had suffered severely from the hardships of the disastrous retreat upon Corunna, and from fever. Gentle, romantic, and affectionate as she was, this most tender and womanly of poetesses proved no exception to George Eliot's maxim that "women hate war and love soldiers." Prudential reasons and Miss Browne's extreme youth caused a delay of three years in the progress of this love affair; but, in the summer of 1812, Felicia, not yet nineteen, was married. After the first year of her, as it is said, unhappy union, the corps in which the captain served was broken up; and the young couple, with an infant son, returned to the home of Mrs. Hemans's mother, in Wales. It was here, at Bronwylfa, that, in rapid succession, the four other sons of the poetess were born.

Little has been said to explain her separation from her husband beyond the fact that Captain Hemans, after about six years, thought it best to try a southern climate, and went to reside in Rome, where he remained, while keeping up a correspondence with his wife, whom he never saw again. No permanent separation was intended at the time; and no breath of scandal ever touched her name. Quietly living with her mother until the death of the latter, Mrs. Hemans had sole charge of her five boys, and undertook all their primary education, while never ceasing to write, to study, and improve herself. She made literary friends, among them Bishop Heber, then rector of Hodnet, to whose kindly advice and encouragement she owed much. She gained prizes for her poems "Dartmoor" and "The Meeting of Wallace and Bruce." She attempted tragedies, but without success. Her "Siege of Valencia" may indeed take rank as a pathetic poem cast in the form of a drama; but the genius of Mrs. Hemans was too purely of a lyric order for her to excel in this, the hardest line of all. The interest of the piece centres in the fact of the young sons of Gonzalez, governor of Valencia, having been taken prisoners by the Moorish prince, who is besieging the city, and who threatens them with death unless their father will give up the town into his hands. He, of course, is firm in loyalty to his king; and the youths are executed. The chief interest is in the part of the poor mother, who vainly tries to rescue them, and who sees sons, husband, and only daughter pass away before her. It was not put upon the stage, nor is it well adapted for it. Her other tragedy, "The Vespers of Palermo," appeared in London, but failed, and was immediately withdrawn, though it afterward was acted at the Edinburgh theatre with applause. But, like several of Mrs. Hemans's longer works, this play is written in too diffuse a style, and would gain by compression. She herself believed her best long poem to be "The Forest Sanctuary," which is "intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest." Gracefully and melodiously written in the Spenserian stanza, there are passages in this mournful poem of retrospection which remind us of

*It is said that Miss Browne, in early girlhood, having attracted Shelley's notice by her first volume, he wrote to her, requesting a correspondence, which was fortunately declined. Readers of his many biographies will remember how one of his favorite diversions seemed to be gaining the ear of young, susceptible women, and poisoning their minds with his own wild jumble of atheism and free love.

the most beautiful outbursts of grief and anguish in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." It was begun in the autumn of 1824, when Byron's recent death in Greece had awakened a fresh interest in his memory; and, while totally free from imitation, we yet seem to trace in it the influence of Byron in his nobler moods. To the same period belongs her collection of shorter poems, "Lays of Many Lands."

It is in these, in her "Songs of the Affections" and "Records of Woman," besides in her long list of occasional verses, that we find the true power and pathos of this sweet and pure-hearted singer at their height. We are now only too apt to hear her ranked as a sentimentalist, or set down as a mere versifier, and "damned with faint praise." That the works of Mrs. Hemans do undoubtedly teem with the romanticism which was the dominant school of her day we do not pretend to deny. We may also assert that she invariably fulfilled one—oh that it were deemed indispensable!—duty of a poet, as set forth by Stopford Brooke, when he says, "Clearness of thought and words ought to be a part of a writer's religion: it is certainly a necessary part of his morality. But the poets are most bound to feel and fulfil this duty, and it is not one of the least which belong to their art and their influence." And we may also apply to her his words: "He whose eyes are steadily fixed on the beautiful always loves, and is always young."

Love for the beautiful, purity, refinement, loftiness of aim, and an unfailing tendency to uplift the souls of all who read her poetry may be claimed for Mrs. Hemans, together with a spirit

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

Like too many other poets, she sometimes wrote too much, and repeated herself. Like many poets of her time, she preferred subjects from mediæval history and tales of chivalry. Nor was it possible for any one to have kept on writing, often when staggering beneath the burden of ill-health, the cold and constant pressure of affections sorely blighted in the quarter where she had expected most, and the care of a large family of boys, without occasionally falling beneath her usual level, or lapsing into a strain of what nowadays is called sentimentality. Neither is it fair to describe her as being all poetry and romance. Her letters, while often compelled to be sadly serious, are yet full of mirth. She is witty and playful, makes jokes out of her domestic troubles, and writes merry verses about small things. When, in 1828, after the death of her mother (an irreparable loss) and her sister's marriage, she quitted the beloved Welsh home for a three years' sojourn at the unattractive country town of Wavertree, not far from Liverpool, for the sake of educational advantages for her sons, she was always bravely fighting down her depression at the trials of the change, the vexations of housekeeping (to her a hitherto unknown field of duty), by persistently dwelling upon the comic side of her new surroundings. Congenial friends were not lacking; but they were outnumbered by the tribe of thoughtless strangers who flocked to gaze upon the poetess, bringing albums for her autograph, sending verses for her criticism and inspection, and bothering her in a thousand petty ways. Mr. Chorley says: "I remember once paying her a visit, when a persevering writer, personally unknown to her, had sent her a hundred sonnets, printed on separate slips of paper for inspection and approval. These had not yet been consigned to the 'chaos drawer,' as she used to call it, from which many a precious piece of folly and flattery might have been disinterred for the amusement of the public; and, as the day was windy, and the window chanced to be open, this century of choice things was flying hither and thither, much to our amusement, a miniature snow-storm, chased by her boys." No wonder she playfully besought a friend to procure for her "a dragon, to be kept in the courtyard," or that she sighed: "Oh the 'pleasure of fame'! Oh that I were but a little girl in the top of the elm-tree again!" A beautiful girl from New York, full of enthusiasm for the poetess, actually grew pale at the prospect of meeting her face to face, and said "her friends at home would think so much of her if she could only say she had seen Mrs. Hemans." *

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia, Pa.

* Among her real friends in America must be mentioned Prof. Norton, who, besides corresponding with her for many years, superintended the publi-

THE GENTIAN.

Months of sunshine could not wake you,
  Autumn's blue-eyed, sleepy child;
Wind and bee tried hard to shake you,
  But you only dreamed and smiled.

While the summer came and faded,
  By the brook you slept and grew,
Till the colors all were shaded
  Into autumn's golden hue.

Naught but blue could tell the story
  Of the peace which filled your eyes,
When from frosty meadow, hoary,
  Late you looked up to the skies,—

Saw the perfect color waiting,
  Caught whole cupfuls of the blue,
Nothing on the earth quite mating,
  Saved from June days, just for you.

EURETTA A. HOYLES.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF EUROPE.

WALES.

There are those who think that Wales must be tame after Italy. I did not find it so. History tells us that the English found it no easy thing to conquer Wales. Indeed, perhaps it is more nearly true to say that they did not conquer it at all. They only came to an agreement to live together on condition that the heir to the throne should take his title from the plucky little country. I suppose the rocks and rivers and mountains must have proved serious barriers to conquest. But I should think that the most nearly insuperable barrier must have been the language. Imagine the English forces mixed up and entangled in a word like this, Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerchwyrndrobwlltysiliogogogoch! And this is only the name of one little town. Think of a name like that wound half a dozen times or so round the town itself, and acting as a sort of *cheveaux de frise!* One may thus get an idea of the valor of the English army that could bravely march up to the attack of such defences. It is *said* that this is the name which is in daily use by the inhabitants. If this be true, and if they pronounce it many times in a day, it must seriously cut into what leisure time is left after the necessary work of life is over. In order to save the expense of ink and type, this name, when printed, appears as Llanfair-P-G. I had the startling experience of hearing some of the people in apparent conversation. I say apparent advisedly, because, although they pretend that they understand each other, I do not believe it. They evidently think they can impose on strangers in this way.

From these incidental remarks the reader will be likely to gather that I did not entirely master the Welsh language. But, after heroic efforts, I did learn how to pronounce a few of the shorter names. I found out, for example, that the quaint and interesting town of Llangollen was to be pronounced *Thlangothlen.* So Llandudno is Thlandudno,—the *Ll* being equivalent to *Thl.*

This latter place is now one of the popular watering-places of England. Being a part of his estate originally, on this spot the town was laid out and built, and is still almost entirely owned by the Earl of Mostyn. A shallow bay, about two miles in length and curving in a beautiful crescent along its shore, is bounded by the Great Orme's head on the one side and Little Orme's on the other. These are two bluffs of singular beauty. Winding around the larger of the two is a magnificent drive, from which are gained views of ocean and valley and mountain both grand and picturesque. The edge of the bay is a fine sandy beach admirably adapted for bathing. Along the crest of the beach is a grand promenade. Next behind this and parallel with it is one of the main streets, and along this street for a mile and a half is a line of hotels and boarding-houses which are crowded in the season. Back of this still lies the town, which has grown to have a permanent population of about seven thousand. One here looks out on the Irish Sea, and in clear weather may watch the great steamers as, having left the harbor of Liverpool away to the north-east, they now sail afar, and carry one's fancy with them to almost every land.

From Great Orme one looks down on the island of Anglesey, and knows that just

cation of her works in this country, and secured for her the profits from their extensive sale. She was also in correspondence with Dr. Channing, for whom, notwithstanding great differences of opinion, she cherished the utmost reverence. She was offered a liberal salary by her admirers in Boston if she would settle there and undertake the management of a periodical; but, feeling her own unfitness for the anxieties of such a position, she declined. Whenever a case of books arrived from Prof. Norton, it was the occasion of a family rejoicing; and she used to call the fresh, piny odor of the packing-boxes "the American smell."

beyond it is Holy Island, on the extreme western point of which is Holyhead, toward which the "Wild Irishman" flies, across the Menai Strait and Holyhead Bay, as it rushes on with the last letters you have despatched to your loved ones, to catch the Ocean Flyer as it touches at Queenstown.

At your feet in another direction lie the ruins of Conway Castle. This is now a museum; but its traditions take one back to Edward, to Eleanor, to Elizabeth, the days of the conquest, and the rough fighting years that followed.

These ruined castles, by the way, are picturesque and romantic; but, as one realizes a little the life of those times, how glad he grows that they are only ruins, and that the condition of things which they represented is passed away. The common workingman in his cottage to-day has more comfort and is surrounded by more of the things which are needful to a high human life than were the richest and noblest of those days. Only the sentimental or the ignorant sigh over the departure of those "good old times." I sometimes wonder if those who are so proud of crest and armorial bearings ever stop to think that they are only evidences of the universal ignorance which characterized those times. The Indian had his totem,—snake or beaver,—to stand as the symbol of his tribe, because he was not able to express a tribal name in any other way. So, in the old days, a bush was hung out by the door to publish the fact that wine was to be had within. Or, since he could not write the words, "The White Horse," the landlord had a white horse painted as the name of his inn. In like fashion, the old lord, who could only make "his mark," adopted some device to stand as totem or symbol of his noble house. Well, there are still some snobs left who "dearly love a lord."

From Llandudno we took train (a little more than an hour) to Bettws-y-Coed. The *w* in Welsh is double *u* or double *o*, so this is pronounced Bet-oos. It is said to mean the Church in the Wood. The railway follows the windings of the Conway River through one of the most delightfully picturesque valleys I have ever seen. Bettws itself is the very poetry of sylvan seclusion and quiet. We stayed at the Waterloo Hotel. Close by, across a clear, wide stream which ever makes music over its stones as it hurries down the vale, stretches a beautiful bridge, which along its whole span, in large letters, tells the looker-on that it was erected in the year in which the battle of Waterloo was fought. To describe Bettws is no more possible than it would be to describe a rose to him who had never seen one. It can be painted, and it often is painted from a hundred different points of view by the artists with whom it is a favorite resort. One of our party placed this alongside Grasmere as one of the two most beautiful places seen in the British Isles.

Lovely drives may be taken from here in almost any direction. One leads to Capel Curig, whence, across a tiny gem of a lake, may be seen the white shape of Snowdon, distinguished as the highest mountain in Great Britain. This is not very high. Neither do some of the great paintings cover many square feet of canvas. But it is exceedingly beautiful for all that.

In another direction one drives to Trefriw. On the way is quaint, curious, old Gwydir Castle, connected with the history of the old and famous family of Wynn. The rooms are full of rare carving, old tapestry, and curiosities of every sort. Here are relics of the first James, of Elizabeth, of the Queen of Scots. Among the portraits on the walls is one at least by Lely. In the well-kept grounds are some of the finest cedars of Lebanon to be found in all England. Perhaps only those of Warwick may be compared with them. The castle is now the property of the Earl of Ancaster. The young woman who acts as care-taker told us that the earl had spent only one night there in twenty-eight years, though he visited it for about two hours some fifteen years ago. I did not wonder; for, in spite of its historic interest, almost any well-built cottage would make a more comfortable home. Speaking of him as an absentee, I was reminded of the Irishman who declared,—with a bull which would have done credit to Sir Boyle Roche,—"The curse of Ireland is its absentee landlords; and *the country is full of them.*"

I have not been fortunate enough to see South Wales, where Patti has her country home; but, if it is as fine as North Wales, I hope some day to look on its beauty. It

is indeed a fair and lovely land. And, though it were guarded by a language still more consonantal and craggy than its present speech, I should try, at least, to break through all barriers for the sake of its picturesque repose.

CHESTER, ENGLAND.

As we leave Wales and hasten toward Liverpool, we go through the old city of Chester. The mind is full of thronging memories, from the days of the old Roman occupation down to the life and work of the big-hearted Charles Kingsley, who, to my mind, was so much more than the famous cathedral in which he preached. While we skirted the river, I found the verses of Kingsley singing themselves over and over in my brain,—

> "O Mary, go and call the cattle home
> Across the Sands of Dee."

And then came the pathos of "The Three Fishers," and the figures of the three wives who stood waiting for those who were never to come back. The cathedral may become more of a ruin than is now its most ruinous part, the historic walls of the town may crumble, but the love and pity of Kingsley's words shall abide forever.

Just outside the doors of the railway station at Chester one of the party discovered a fine-looking little dog with a wide brass collar on his neck. The inscription on this collar was so unique that it is worth while to copy it:—

> "Don't dare to interfere with me,
> Or you'll find your fate in the river Dee.
> For I belong to my own Cabbee,
> And he alone is dear to me."

He made ready friends with us, but kept all his loyalty for the "Cabby," who seemed to be worthy of a love and faithfulness far ahead of much which is called human.

From the car windows as we approached Chester may be had glimpses of the homes of the greatest man and the richest man in England. One of these, of course, is Hawarden, the home of Gladstone; and the other is Eaton Hall, the country-house of the Duke of Westminster. One of these has linked his name forever with the cause of justice to a long-oppressed people. The other is perhaps the most prominent name connected with an inherited land system which is bound up with the social problems which are stirring the civilized world to its centre. In the old days the landlord had privileges indeed, but they carried with them obligations of public service. To-day a man may own miles of the richest and most crowded part of London. He may receive an income of millions, not one penny of which has he earned. And all this enormous wealth he may use practically as he pleases, acknowledging no responsibility to the public in any way whatever. There is no time to discuss a situation like this, further than to say that no society can be stable and progressive which rests on a foundation like this.

ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL.

If you mean to visit a country, you need to know beforehand something about its history, its literature, and its art. Then you can comprehend as you look. It is said that a gentleman once, on his return from Palestine, was talking with Humboldt. The great German went on to discuss the city of Jerusalem, and talked so familiarly about its streets, buildings, and places of interest that the gentleman asked him when he was there. "Oh, I have never been there," Humboldt replied; "but I planned to go once, and so read up about it by way of preparation." And he was one of the greatest and wisest of travellers. If, therefore, you wish to get the advantages of travel, go prepared; for "to him that hath shall be given."

I think it is well worth while to go abroad, if one can, if only for the sake of the mental balance one gets in actually seeing the other side of the world. Europe is apt to be only a name to one until he really sets his foot down on its soil. There are thousands of persons in New England who do not know what the West or the United States means, because they have not crossed the continent. To say it is three thousand miles to San Francisco signifies little. But let one ride for six days and six nights; let him cross prairies or deserts wide and desolate as a sea; let him wind through mountain passes; let him see the great cities and the unfamiliar life,—then our country and its interests and resources begin to have a meaning for him.

Then it is a good thing to get rid of one's provincialism. This is not only a folly, but a danger. This has been the great weakness of France. In art, in letters, in glory, she has supposed herself to be everything. That kind of spirit does not learn anything of others until—as in the case of the Franco-Prussian War—the knowledge comes too late. It is this lesson "the Central and Flowery Kingdom" is now learning, through defeat and humiliation, at the hands of Japan.

With provincialism always goes conceit. It is very amusing to see how unconsciously a man, on his first trip abroad, sets himself up as the standard, and judges everything from his own point of view. "How odd and strange these people are!" Yes; but does it ever occur to him how odd and strange he is to them? Shall the one sparrow who has flown out of his way and finds himself in a flock of swallows condemn them all for not being sparrows? The crow thinks all his young ones swans. But he would not if he had a little more sense than the average crow. Instead of finding fault with everything in Europe which is not "like we have it at home," it would be quite as wise to see what can be learned from things which differ from ours.

Not often, but now and then, I find myself almost ashamed to be known as an American. I remember a scene in the great smoking-room of the Hotel Metropole in London. Four Americans sat around a table, with their feet upon it and chairs tilted back, in the middle of the room. Of course, this attitude is every freeman's right; and I would not presume to quarrel with it. But they were talking so loud that nobody else in the room had much opportunity either to speak or listen to any one but them. And they were "cussing"—in their own classic phrase — everything English. I was so ashamed of them and of myself for belonging to the same country that, had I been strong enough, I would have flung them through the window, and felt a holy joy in paying for all damages.

Most Americans, on their first visit to London, are astonished and a little chagrined to find how little space home affairs take in foreign papers. But a little reflection shows that these feelings are only the outgrowth of conceit. The standing of the base-ball nines, the last murder in Fall River, or the prospects of Breckinridge in Kentucky,—these are of a certain kind of interest to us; but why in the world should London get excited over them? London is still the centre of the civilized world; and London papers have a perspective that sets things in their relation and proportion as seen from her point of view. And, if we do not look quite as "big" from there as we think we ought, it may be a wholesome thing for us to learn the lesson, though it does reduce our "proud flesh" a little in the process.

But the advantages of travel are not all in the way of our getting rid of our conceit. A sober study of home and abroad will give us many just sources of content and hope.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way:
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Leaving aside all nonsense talk of "the effete monarchies of the Old World, the sober student and thinker may well be glad that he is an American, and that his part is cast in the great drama which is here to be played out. Certain people in Europe may thoughtlessly point to our labor difficulties and our political corruptions as signs of our being no improvement on the Old World. But the thoughtful students of history know better. Most of our difficulties so far have sprung from our too confident hospitality to the products of European social conditions. Made up of people from all over the world, we are not yet a homogeneous people. We have too readily admitted to a share in governmental affairs the ignorant offscouring of the Old World, —the malcontents which other nations could not endure. These things must be mended, and they can be. When we are welded—or fused, rather—into one people, and when the reins are trusted only to intelligence, there is no rational doubt that we are to lead the world. The balance of power must ultimately go with the preponderance of resources. And they—no merit of ours!—are doubtless with us.

But, just in order that we may be ready to enter on our inheritance and to administer it for the good of mankind, we need, without provincialism or conceit, to learn

all that the experience of the Old World can teach us, and be ready to better that experience.

Besides all these, I think a sufficient reason for going abroad may be found in the pure and simple pleasure of such travel. If one has earned the right to rest, or is going anywhere for a vacation, why not go abroad if he wishes to? The expense need not be much more than one would pay for similar accommodations at home. Of course, one can spend what he pleases,—if he has it. But such a trip need not be extravagant. I met on the steamer, coming home, a college student. He had spent between eighty and ninety days in visiting Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, and Switzerland, to say nothing of England, Scotland and Sweden. He had been on his wheel; and the entire expense from Boston back to Boston, he told me, would be about two hundred and twenty-five dollars. Of course, he crossed the ocean in the second cabin. But this shows what can be done.

Now, at the close, I wish to mention one more advantage of travel,—to me. I met a man the other day who told me he had just completed a set of books composed of fine photographs of everything he had seen abroad. One of the finest collections of this sort I know of is owned by Gov. Ames. This is fine, and I would like such a collection myself. But I have never been able to afford it. Nevertheless, *I have my collection.* It is hung on the walls of the chamber of memory. These pictures will not fade, so long as I am mentally in a condition to care for them. I have not only the sights, but the sounds as well. I have never seen a copy, for example, of the Sistine Madonna or of Beatrice Cenci that had not lost the soul somehow in the transfer. But in this wondrous memory of mine *I have the originals.* What a pleasure these things are! How they rest me when I am weary! In the midst of my work, now and then, I stop for a moment, and listen to a lark which I once saw and heard as he rose and faded out of my sight, singing, just outside the city of Munich. I sit at my window at Interlaken, and bow myself in presence of the dazzling beauty of the Jungfrau. I walk once more round the summit of the Rigi, and see the Swiss lakes and towns at my feet, while the peaks of the Bernese Oberland cut the blue of the sky-line with their whiteness. So all I have seen is mine. And this is a possession that robs nobody else. I remember thus how beautiful and full of glory is this Old World. Then I take heart for the work of making man as fair as is his dwelling-place. And I go on toward the shadow we call death with a strong conviction that, if this antechamber is so fine, the great universe of spirit to which the dreaded Gate-opener introduces us must be glorious indeed.

M. J. SAVAGE.

NOVEMBER.

The wan, dishevelled woods are russet now;
But still white poplars glow with yellow leaves,
Last remnants of that wild magnificence,
Which early autumn from the frost receives.

The oaks still wear their robes of reddened brown,
Albeit their kindred leaves lie thick below;
The wayward weeds, their graceful sprays unkempt,
In the bleak wind toss fitful to and fro.

The cheerful squirrels dart among the boughs,
The unfriended rabbit lurks in sheltered nooks,
The partridge whirrs where leafy coverts hide,
And the wild duck sails stately on the brooks.

In sunny fields the blackbirds cluster thick,
The crow still haunts the lone, deserted field;
And some belated travellers hasten on
To where fresh fields a richer promise yield.

The farm-yards all are rich with golden straw,
The cattle huddle near the fragrant stacks,
Horses run gayly in the frosty air:
No form of life the sombre landscape lacks.

O'er the wide prairie sweeps the lonesome wind,
Snowflakes fly threateningly in the chill air,
Menace of coming winter fills the world,
And o'er the heart sweep clouds of coming care.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Columbus, Wis.

DAVID SWING.

Prof. Swing has often been spoken of as Chicago's most distinguished citizen. This is probably no exaggeration. At least, it will be denied by few that he was Chicago's first *preacher.* Indeed, there seems little room to doubt that the verdict of history will assign him a place among the five or six greatest preachers that America has thus far in her history produced.

This, however, will not be in virtue of his oratorical gifts, in the usual sense of

these words. Of such gifts he was almost wholly wanting. He seldom spoke without manuscript. He did not even read his manuscript with freedom. He made few gestures, and they were awkward. His prayers were almost inaudible; and his sermons were read with a sort of careless and monotonous drawl which, to those unaccustomed to hearing him, was far from pleasant. And yet for a quarter of a century he held not only the largest audience in Chicago (and one of the two or three largest in America), but his audience was exceptional and almost unequalled in the intellectual quality and influence of those who composed it.

What was the secret of such power? The rare intellectual and spiritual qualities of the man. His was a mind at once unique and powerful, at once richly gifted and splendidly furnished. Whether a great and profound thinker or not, he was at least a singularly fresh thinker, whose ideas on whatever subject he touched bore the impress of his own gifted mind, and of nobody's else, and seemed always like newly minted coin. His golden thought was given perfect expression, in simple but singularly picturesque, poetical, and charming language.

The spiritual quality of his thought, too, was of the highest. The religion he taught was broad, undogmatic, in alliance with all truth and all beauty, devout, sweetly reasonable. It is no wonder that such a preacher attracted a great following, and among the most thoughtful people.

David Swing was born sixty-four years ago, in Cincinnati. His father was poor, I believe a pilot on the Ohio River, but of sterling moral character. When the boy was only two years old, the father died. The mother married again, and went to live on a farm in the central part of the State, where the son spent most of his boyhood years. Thus he acquired that fondness for nature, that love of simplicity, and that independence of thought and character which a country life is so well calculated to give. He went to school three or four months in the winter, and worked on the farm the rest of the year. From a circuit-riding Presbyterian preacher, whom he always remembered with the most loving regard, he learned Latin.

At eighteen he went away to Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio. Here he underwent many hardships for lack of funds; but he pressed forward in his studies, soon attracted attention on account of his great natural powers of mind, and graduated with high honors. Among his classmates were two men who afterward rose to distinction, —Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York *Tribune*, and Benjamin Harrison, who became President of the United States.

Young Swing's first intention, on graduation, was to study law; but soon he found himself drawn irresistibly to the vocation for which nature had designed him,—the Christian ministry. And he began theological studies with that end in view. Within a year, however, he was invited by his Alma Mater to take the chair of Latin and Greek in her faculty. He accepted, and remained here twelve years. But his thought of the ministry was not abandoned. While he carried on his teaching, he did more or less of preaching, as occasion offered. At once his originality and genius as a preacher shone out, so that wherever he went he attracted attention, and drew large numbers to hear him. Various calls came to him to settle as a pastor, all of which he rejected until he was invited to Chicago in 1866, when he accepted, and at once entered upon his extraordinary career as a preacher in that rising metropolis of the West.

The church with which he settled was in the part of the city known as the North Side. When the great fire of 1871 came, his church was burned, as were also the homes of himself and every member of his society but two. His congregation rallied in a hall, in the unburned south section of the city, until their own place of worship could be rebuilt. His popularity and influence steadily grew from the first. His church was crowded. His sermons were printed by the Chicago dailies, and quickly found thousands of eager readers all over the West. Wherever they went they were felt to be unique and rare, in thought, in literary style, and in spirit. Few readers had ever seen religion presented in so winning a form. To read one sermon was to desire more.

In 1874 came the indictment for heresy by Prof. Patton, now president of Princeton University, then a very clear-headed

and very orthodox young professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Chicago. The trial was before the Chicago presbytery. It was a battle between a poet and a logician, between religion and theology, between the spirit and the letter, between Jesus and Paul, between a forward-looking church and a backward-looking, between the nineteenth century and the sixteenth. At first the nineteenth century won: Swing was acquitted. But the sixteenth century was not to be so easily baffled. It still recognized itself as having a claim on the Presbyterian body, and would not give up until that claim was duly acknowledged. Accordingly, Prof. Patton appealed the trial to the higher ecclesiastical court, the synod of Illinois.

But Prof. Swing refused to continue the battle, and withdrew from a denomination where he had come to see that he could not be really free even if he won his case before the higher tribunal. It would be interesting, if space allowed, to recall some of the incidents of this famous trial. It attracted the attention of the whole country. Even the trial of Prof. Briggs was less dramatic. But it settled nothing. Its sole outcome, so far as the Presbyterian body was concerned, seems to have been the loss to that church of its most gifted preacher and one of its saintliest spirits. To the cause of religious freedom and progress, however, there was great gain. From that time on, for twenty years, the most conspicuous pulpit in the West was to be dedicated distinctly to a purified and liberated Christianity, cut loose from all the creedal fetters of the past.

The two young men who in the trial were arrayed against each other — Prof. Swing on the one side, and Prof. Patton on the other—were both men of signal ability, and standing at the beginning of distinguished careers. But it would hardly be possible to conceive of two men more unlike. They were as far apart in all their mental and spiritual characteristics as were their respective theologies; that is to say, they were separated by a gulf as wide as that between Calvin and Bushnell, or Augustine and Channing.

I recollect hearing Robert Collyer at the time characterize Prof. Patton very well. Said Collyer: "They tell me that Patton is a young man. It is altogether a mistake. He is very old. In fact, his age is just three hundred and sixty-five years. Do you ask how that is? I will show you. You see John Calvin was born in the year 1509, which is three hundred and sixty-five years ago. But Prof. Patton is no more modern than Calvin. Indeed, he is John Calvin prolonged on into this nineteenth century. So, then, his age is to be properly reckoned by the number of years that have elapsed between Calvin's birth and now, which is three hundred and sixty-five."

Among those who were greatly interested in the famous trial was Col. Ingersoll. When it was over, he made a characterization of Patton and Swing, which I remember got into the newspapers, and was widely quoted. It is perhaps worth recalling. Said Ingersoll: "The difference between Patton and Swing is this. If they both had been present in Geneva when Calvin burned Servetus, Prof. Swing would have put out the fire with his loving and pitying tears. But Prof. Patton would have calmly backed up to the fire, put his hands behind him, parted his ecclesiastical coat-skirts, and complaisantly warmed himself."

I do not say that this was not too severe a representation of Prof. Patton. But it is certain that he was a defender, even if he was not, as to many he seemed to be, himself a living embodiment of Calvinism,—that theological system which, without a tear of pity, could consign a lost world to an endless hell, for the glory of God. While, as to Prof. Swing, he was a teacher and himself an embodiment of the sweet religion of him who wept at the grave of Lazarus and over doomed Jerusalem, and taught men to think of God as a loving Shepherd who will not cease to search the mountains and deserts until the last wandering sheep is gathered safely into his fold of eternal peace.

After Prof. Swing withdrew from the Presbyterian body and established the Central (Independent) Church of Chicago, his popularity was even greater than it had been before. In order to accommodate the great numbers that wished to hear him, his friends built the Central Music Hall, which has ever since been the home of his large and influential congregation. In this place,

where his voice had been heard so long, his funeral service was held. The form, so well known and so beloved in Chicago, lay peacefully amid a sea of flowers, which seemed like blossoms dropped from those beautiful utterances of the great preacher in sermon and prayer, with which the whole place was redolent.

It is hardly possible to estimate the broadening, liberalizing, and sweetening influence of Prof. Swing's preaching upon the religious thought of the West. There is still religious narrowness, unintelligence, and bigotry enough, wherever we turn; but how much worse it would have been, had not his weekly sermon of "sweetness and light" been uttered to his great congregation in the capital city of the West every Sunday morning for almost thirty years, and from there been carried by the great Chicago dailies all over the land!

Though Prof. Swing never distinctly and publicly took the Unitarian or the Universalist name, yet his work was exactly in line with ours, as he well understood and freely confessed. He had taken the *Unitarian* from the beginning of its existence, and had written us very warmly and appreciatively concerning it. Through his kindness we have been able to give our readers many contributions from his pen. We print this month one of his latest sermons. None will mourn more sincerely than the readers of the *Unitarian* the death of this brilliant, noble, and beloved leader in the army of the light.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

The recent proceedings at Grindelwald on the Reunion of the Anglican and Nonconformist Churches, have attracted considerable attention. Some sneer at them as a pretty piece of unreality. Some gush over them with glowing feelings, as over the dawn of a millennium. Rev. Dr. Lunn, Wesleyan, their promoter, is almost carried off his feet by the emotions they arouse within him. It may at least be said of them that they are happy evidence of broader charity and larger catholicity. They enable men of different types of mind and thought to understand each other better, and that is a distinct gain. But beyond the growing sentiment which impels theologians of different ecclesiastical and doctrinal schools to be more fraternal one with another, there seems to be little substance in the business. In the narrow valley of Grindelwald, amidst beautiful surroundings, far away from the tumult of sectarian conflicts, these excellent men may sing,—

> "Names and sects and parties fall:
> Thou, O Lord, art all in all!"

But, when they return home, they find that the narrow valley of Grindelwald is wider than the ecclesiastical realm of England, and that God's blue sky is too broad for them; and they go each to his own company in "houses of God" in which not God, but man, makes and maintains sectarian divisions. The union afar is separation at home. At Grindelwald men dream their dreams, and ignore their difficulties. Not all of them, however. The Dean of Bristol spoke with refreshing frankness. He suggested that organic union might not be a blessing, and that division might be really a safeguard. He only spoke the plain truth when he declared that "reunion which demanded sacrifice of conviction was as undesirable as impossible." Rev. Dr. Berry—once invited to succeed Ward Beecher—made no attempt to minimize differences, but suggested that a conference should be held on the subject of the Historic Episcopate. What would be the use of that? Even Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, who defended what he called the "Historic Episcopate," insists that reordination would be to him an impossibility. But it is beyond question that the greater part of the Anglican clergy would never consent to recognize as a minister of the Church a man who had not been ordained by a bishop; and it is equally certain that the greater part of the Nonconformist clergy would never consent to be ordained "priests" on any terms whatever.

Are the men who take part in the business altogether ignorant of history? In the time of Archbishop Tillotson, and half a century after, in the time of Doddridge, the chief leaders of dissent professed their readiness to be satisfied with a few modifications in ritual and liturgy; and the majority of eighteenth-century Churchmen

did not care half so much about such things as they do now. Yet even then comprehension was found to be impossible. Much more so now, when almost every leading Non-conformist holds that a State Church is unscriptural. Both the *Church Times* and the *Guardian* adopt the "no surrender" attitude on the vital point of Episcopal orders.

Of course, these Reunionists have their limitations to union on the theological as well as on the ecclesiastical side. Unitarians are not embraced in their charity. The door of the kingdom must be shut on them. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes disavows all desire to admit them within the fold. Mr. Hughes told the Grindelwald Conference that "one of the most singular misunderstandings that had arisen was that many devout Churchmen believed that most Nonconformists were Unitarian." It no doubt is a misunderstanding that "most Nonconformists" are Unitarian; but who is responsible for the misunderstanding? Mr. Spurgeon declared that Nonconformity was honeycombed with Unitarianism. The old form of the Trinity, the old doctrine of the fall of man, the old conceptions of an infallible Bible, of total depravity, of a forensic and substitutionary atonement, and of eternal punishment,—only here and there, in spots, are these found. Mr. Hughes went on to say that "there never was a greater mistake, and there never was a time when the Evangelical churches of this country were more free from Unitarianism than they are to-day." This is worth only so much as an individual opinion is worth; and it would be easy to adduce evidence to show that it exhibits a "singular misunderstanding" of the theological condition of the Evangelical churches. Then, with a spirit of exultation, Mr. Hughes added that, "when the great Nonconformist communities organized the Free Church Congress some time ago, they deliberately excluded the Unitarians." Mr. Hughes evidently sees in that deliberate exclusion ground for pride in what he is convinced is theological purity. Others see in it a remnant of theological narrowness, and a wide departure from the mind of the Christ, who said, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

The popularity of Prof. Henry Drummond's book on "The Ascent of Man" might suffice to open the eyes of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes to the weakening of orthodoxy in the Evangelical churches. Mrs. Lynn Linton's truly feminine shriek about it in the *Fortnightly Review* will help its circulation. Mrs. Linton's loud cries of denunciation are characteristic. She declares that, whatever of originality there happens to be in "The Ascent of Man," is "lifted" without acknowledgment from the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Whatever is "false, strained, and inconclusive" is Prof. Drummond's own. That is a severe enough indictment, but the counts of it do not end there. The work, she proceeds, is a "mixture of sentimentality and science at second hand"; otherwise, "claptrap written to catch the taste of the uncritical and scientifically uneducated public." Amid all these wild and whirling accusations Mrs. Linton's penetration deserts her. See does not see into the heart of the book. Darwin's disciples could see nothing else but the struggle for life, or "Nature red in tooth and claw." They placed that aspect in view at all seasonable and unseasonable times and opportunities. Prof. Drummond admits that that conception of nature is true as far as it goes; but he maintains that it is a one-sided conception. He argues that in the same nature there is another principle, as old, as powerful, and as inexhaustible; and that is the desire and "the struggle for the life of others," or, in other words, he says altruism is not a growth of influence from without, but is a part and parcel of the universe. Wherever organized and vitalized matter exists, there is the principle of sacrifice in operation; and, the higher the order of organization, the more powerfully the principle manifests itself. The altruistic element is not, then, a minor factor of late appearance. Prof. Drummond claims for it the position of a powerful, jointly working force from the very beginning of things. In proclaiming this truth, Prof. Drummond strikes at the foundation of all orthodox teaching. He teaches that human improvement and salvation are not primarily dependent upon an addition to human nature termed "grace," supernaturally or miraculously superimposed from without. He does his best to prove that there has been no fall, in the orthodox sense, and that man's rise is inevitable and in obedient harmony with the indestructible and ever-operative energy of

Nature. In her diatribe Mrs. Lynn Linton fails to see the all-pervading purpose of the book. She ridicules Prof. Drummond's central doctrine of altruism as ruling creation from its protoplasmic base to the summit of the nineteenth-century civilization.

She says that this is a notion of sickly sentimentality to the rightly educated mind. In so describing it, she proves herself utterly unable to rightly estimate the essential teaching and dominant aim of Prof. Drummond's book,—a book which will aid Mr. Price Hughes to see that the modern Evangelical cisterns hold a water of life very different from that of the old and nearly dried up wells.

The historical method is, as everybody knows, revolutionizing the old view of the Bible. Here is the latest instance, as reported in the *Christian World*. Rev. Prof. Adeney opened the session, 1894-95, of the New College (Congregational), London, with an address on "Religion and History." The address was a very able exposition of the historical method, illustrated by the application of the process to several selections from the Old and New Testaments, cautiously conservative, perhaps, yet combining intellectual courage with soberness of judgment in a degree that one would have looked for in vain in similar quarters twenty years ago. I refer to it, however, to reproduce from the *Christian World*, in substance, some of Prof. Adeney's introductory remarks. For one thing, he presented a plea for extending the idea of the revelation of God in history to the greatest possible breadth. To think of God's manifestations in world history, he said, as local or temporary, was to reduce him to the proportions of a tribal deity. His revelation in Israel was unique, but he was in all history. The terms "sacred" and "profane" were subjective. To the profane mind the story of the Old and New Testaments would be profane: to the devout mind the history of England would be sacred. Then they needed to recognize God in the whole course of history, not merely in some critical moments. As Prof. Drummond had pointed out in his "Ascent of Man," to the man who found God only in the "gaps" of evolution the discovery of the missing links which filled up the gaps would cause him to disappear. History, as Lessing had shown, was the record of the divine education of the human race. "Open your eyes," says Prof. Adeney, in effect, "and you will see that the revelation of God is universal and continuous." We are steadily advancing toward a more precious, because a truer conception of revelation.

Mr. Gladstone's articles in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Heresy and Schism" and the "Atonement" will be familiar to my readers; for do not his words go everywhere? In a sense, they are thoroughly Gladstonian,—neither purely orthodox nor purely heterodox, but a mixture of both, and, as such, bristling with inconsistencies. His doctrine of vicarious sacrifice as rooted in human life, and as having its supreme exemplification in the self-surrender of Jesus to the cross, is one that a good many of us who are Unitarians can accept; for do we not admit that the innocent are always suffering for the guilty, bearing their sins for them, and redeeming them by tenderness and sympathy? It is the ethical view which Mr. Gladstone emphasizes, while he indignantly condemns the legal view, as if it existed only in the mind of some one preacher he once heard, and whom he scarifies. Mr. Gladstone, the theologian, descends to the arts of Mr. Gladstone, the diplomatist, when he quietly ignores the fact that this legal doctrine is the doctrine of the Prayer Book. One idea—nay, conviction—he has always held, and still holds as tenaciously as ever,—the High Church idea of a divinely instituted ecclesiastical corporation, endowed with authority to determine what is truth and what error. Dr. Vance Smith has flanked this position. In the article on "Heresy and Schism" Mr. Gladstone started with the assumption that the Church was a visible and organized body, founded by Christ to be the great standing witness in the world for him. Dr. Vance Smith challenges the whole assumption. When and where, he asks, did Christ found the Church as a visible and organized society? The word "Church" only appears twice in the Gospels; and in both cases it could only mean the "assembly," the equivalent of the Hebrew "congregation." He goes on to affirm that "no organization of any kind, forming what can be rightly termed the 'Church,' was in existence, even in an incipient state, for many years, or

rather decades of years, or generations, after Christ had passed away from the earth." Dr. Vance Smith further shows that it was the common belief of the primitive Christians that their Master would return almost immediately: men who expected this would not busy themselves with building up an organized society. Of course, he protests against Unitarians being stigmatized as heretics, especially as the New Testament nowhere formulates any standard of orthodoxy, after the manner of the London School Board. Mr. Gladstone points to the testimony of numbers. Then retorts Dr. Vance Smith, "What say you to the hundreds of millions of Buddhists and Mohammedans?"

S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

Hackney, London.

A GREAT LAW.

"Now abide these three, Faith, Hope, and Love." There are some great economic laws expressed in religious literature; and they need to be translated over into the vernacular of every-day life. One of them I have quoted. Profoundly as you may study human society, you can find no wholesomeness and prosperity based on anything but the three sentiments named by Paul. At the bottom of society we must have (1) faith or confidence in each other, faith in the principles and laws of nature. (2) We must have hope in progress and our own chance for betterment. Pessimism must have no footing. (3) We must have that subtle, ever-permeating desire to help each other,—love for humanity, altruism.

As soon as Faith breaks down, we have a financial crash. Hedging and hoarding begin with greedy anxiety. The rich hedge in their holdings, cease to display enterprise, except for self-protection; and the poor classes hide away a store against worse days. The return to prosperity can only come by encouraging each other, by trusting each other, and giving to each other good ground for confidence. Threats, charges, combative combinations, strikes, have the exactly opposite result of creating distrust. All people should comprehend that the common welfare ever did and ever must depend on faith. The chief trouble at the present hour is the readiness to fall into classes, and assume or create natural antagonism. No classes exist in America except such as depend on moral character or on education or on arbitrary classification. The one essential class at each end of the bulk of humanity is a helpless, dependent, incapable waste,—a handful of rich, and a double handful of degenerate creatures, who are in no sense laborers any more than they are millionaires. They are, however, most ready to assume to be the workers,—the army of the unemployed. We have not one hour to spare on the Coxeyites, only to see that this element is not increased. What we need is to create a confidence in each other that will leave those who handle large wealth to exercise all their talent in its free and speculative use.

Then, as for Hope, the end of social organic effort should be nothing else. Betterment is our real goal, not equality. Each one's ability and freedom to move out on his own line, with his own faculties and his own training; to do better, to be better, to see better, to have better,—that is the whole of individual right and prosperity. It is not merely the equality of suffrage or political equality that is the goal; nor is it social equality; nor is the end even equal education. For common and free education, however largely it may equalize our ambitions, leaves us vastly unlike in powers and tastes. And it is very certain that the bottom of our difficulty is the fact that very commonly those means are spoken of as ends. The school curriculum is immensely at fault; for it creates ambitions more than it creates powers. The result is an uneasy restlessness. The desire is rather for equality than for betterment. But, if we even assume an absolute socialism to be established, the social residuum at both ends of society could not work in it. Such degenerates at the top and degenerates at the bottom would still be helpless. Thus all along the main line would be inequality of power.

But, as for Love, will that settle the balance of the difficulty? Mr. Kidd, in his recent volume, makes a vast deal of the accumulated altruism of the world,—the immensely increasing readiness to consider the rights and needs of all classes and all peoples. But altruism depends on egoism. Only as we learn nobly to love ourselves can we love

others. So there really can be no difficulty in social progress from any conflict of the two principles. The real interest of each one is in the interest of others. This great truth is hidden as yet by a large heredity from the brute-force ages. It is persistently thought that we can thrive only by crowding down our neighbors. We sit down at our communion tables, and rise up to elbow our brothers to the wall. A full belief in altruistic wisdom as an economic principle is not in our business life. It is not in our politics. We construct our tariffs for ourselves, and deliberately to weaken our neighbors. Mr. Kidd, in his book, insists again and again that the interest of individuals is not in social advance. There is, he says, no rational sanction for what is called social progress. He quotes Henry George to show that social progress has not advanced individual prosperity: "The interests of the social organism and of the individual are and must remain antagonistic." The Founder of Christianity made no such blunder. Only in the creation of strong individuals lies any true socialism. Love your neighbor as you love yourself, was his formula. And, when we come to consider Christianity as something else than supernaturalism, and Jesus as something else than sweetness,—in fact, give him his place in social literature,—we shall feel his real greatness. I cannot love others like myself worthily when I love myself poorly. There is no co-operation like that of intensely individuated persons.

I am immensely afraid of the drift toward legislative socialism. Nothing can be made of a man till you have created in him a great egotism. What the people need is not less self-reliance, but more; less crying for government aid, less turning at the lever of legislation; to value more "each one's life sent of the universe with the tasks it offers and the tools to do them with." The keynote of salvation is, "God works in you." Therefore, work out your own salvation. So we say, Government works with you, and society in you: therefore, learn to take care of yourself. Evolution has kept two things in view, *pari passu*,—the making of man and the construction of society. For a man once made becomes thereby a social force. It is only the unmade man, or half-made man, or tenth-made man, who cannot cooperate with others. He cannot be a good citizen or a good church member. He is too bigoted, too narrow, too conceited. The democratic State and democratic Church rest on individualism, not on its suppression. Francis Abbot defines religion as "man's effort to perfect himself." Evolution pronounces religion to be an effort to perfect yourself and others. The nearer perfected, the less friction in the organism. Mobs are not made up of statesmen.

That our keener, clearer definition of ourself is first essential to altruism is seen in our readiness to take responsibility on ourselves for others. Mill says, The future religion will be shaped by the awful fact that our conduct to-day may curse or bless thousands a thousand years hence. This is no new moral conviction, but very old, as you know by the fourth commandment. All mankind is one—to the past, to the future. We are linked in destiny. So the living generation the world over cannot escape its interrelationship. The commerce of the world is one; and soon our lawmakers will find it out, and let it alone. The morals of the future will be international. We are citizens of the world. We shall learn by and by to consider the interests of all human beings without stopping at geographical limits. My fate and yours is interlinked with the cotton-spinners of Manchester, the silk-weavers of France, and the tin-miners of Wales. I am never benefited by legislation that starves my neighbor, no matter how remote he be. The final morality can repeat the Lord's Prayer without a blush: "Our Father,"—not our Father this side of the Rio Grande or our God till you get as far as Boston and New York. Into the world of trouble and problems we enter unhesitatingly on the God side, as children of God. Christianity must be put out, or individualism will go forward. It is the people's religion,—the Father and his children.

What we need is to demonstrate exactly the opposite of what Mr. Kidd affirms. We want to see that the interests of the individual and of society are interrelated and inseparable. It is for the interest of the individual as an individual to be a good member of society. The immense storage of altruism in the world, that makes a Gladstone a good deal more than an Englishman, is based on the individualism of Gladstone.

With this exposition, Love is really the third great social power. Faith, Hope, Love, and the greatest of these is Love. In reality, it is the intense adhesion to this social principle on the part of Christianity that made it a living, indestructible power. It believed in this universal moral law. This was the real heart of that Church that, to the amazement of philosophers, grew in the teeth of antagonizing imperialism, and lived in spite of their downfall. Christianity grew—outgrew all else, on the basis of the great sociological law: "Now abide these three, Faith, Hope, and Love."

E. P. POWELL.

Clinton, N.Y.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

The Universe.

How wondrous are thy works, O God,
In radiant freedom showered abroad!
Thy wondrous works, still fresh and fair,
O God, let every tongue declare!

The deep roar of the voiceful ocean,
The changeful billow's sleepless motion,
Even there thy sounding foot hath trod:
There goes thy march, thou mighty God!

Thy clouds o'ercanopy my way;
Thy waters roll, thy breezes play.
Thou hast engirt me with fair show
Of beauty, Lord, where'er I go.

How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!
Thy lovely radiance freely poured
On this old world, still fresh and fair,
O God, let every tongue declare!

—*John Stuart Blackie.*

MONDAY.

The Over-soul.

Ever with me,—in the dawning,
In the silent, darkling night,
When the evening shadows deepen,
When the mid-day sun is bright.

Ever One, in joy or sadness,
On whose breast I may recline,
By whose hand I am upholden,
Perfect, changeless Love Divine!

Ever-present sense of Being
That informs and fills the whole,
All created things controlling,
Vast, mysterious Over-soul!

—*Mary Seabury Lothrop.*

TUESDAY.

Words.

A fitly spoken word,
It hath mysterious powers:
Its far-off echoes shall be heard
Ringing through future hours.

A wise and holy word,
It falls as doth the dew,
A sweet refreshment to afford,
And virtue's strength renew.

A gentle, gracious word,
'Tis music in the heart,
Thrilling its very inmost chord
Till tears unbidden start.

Speak thou, then, lovingly
Out of a Christ-like soul:
Thy words a blessed balm shall be
To make the sin-sick whole.

—*G. B. Bubier.*

WEDNESDAY.

The Lord's Appointment.

I say it over and over; and yet again to-day
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday:
"It is the Lord's appointment!"
Whatever my work may be,
I am sure, in my hearts of hearts,
He has offered it for me.

I must say it over and over, and again to-day;
For my work is somewhat different from yesterday:
"It is the Lord's appointment!"
It quiets my restless will,
Like the voice of a tender mother;
And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this and every day,
Whatsoever the Master orders, come what may,
"It is the Lord's appointment!"
For only his love can see
What is wisest, best, and right,
What is truly good for me.

—*Selected.*

THURSDAY.

Nothing is Lost.

To-morrows and to-morrows stretch a gray,
Unbroken line of shore; but, as the sea
Will fret and gnaw the land, and stealthily
Devour it grain by grain, so day by day
Time's restless waters lap the sands away,
Until the shrinking isle of life, where we
Had pitched our tent, wholly engulfed shall be,
And swept far out into eternity,
Some morn, some noon, some night,—we may not say
Just how or when or where! And then,—what then?
O cry unanswered still by mortal ken!
This only may we know,—how far and wide
That precious dust be carried by the tide,
No mote is lost, but every grain of sand
Close-gathered in our Father's loving hand,
And made to build again, somehow, somewhere,
Another Isle of Life, divinely fair!

—*Stuart Sterne.*

FRIDAY.

"Behold he Prayeth!"

Lord, how in darkness can I see aright?
Child, all the universe I fill with light:
Be true within, and truth shall cleanse thy sight.

More than all speech the silent order saith:
All laws of life are articles of faith;
Who loves and seeks for good, behold he prayeth!

—*Charles G. Ames.*

SATURDAY.

Sunrise Never Fails.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away.
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joys once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The good work of the National Conference at Saratoga, and the splendid spirit of harmony there manifested, have created a new enthusiasm throughout our churches far and wide. Many proposals have been made looking to some practical work for the extension of the Unitarian gospel, so nobly expressed in the National Conference preamble as "The religion of Jesus, love to God and love to man." Among these proposals the plan initiated by the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, and which is being followed in other societies, seems worthy of general adoption. It consists in the formation of groups of ten people, each giving ten dollars. If one hundred of our ministers, touched with such love to God as to be ripe for self-sacrifice, could each rally nine laymen to add ten dollars each to their minister's ten, the American Unitarian Society would have an immediate sum of ten thousand dollars with which to take advantage of the great public interest in Unitarianism aroused by the wide-spread press reports of the National Conference. Ten thousand dollars wisely put into the work of church extension *now* would yield a hundred-fold.

Two widely known and honored representatives of the liberal Christian faith have died since our last issue,—David Swing, the great Chicago preacher, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the eminent scientist, the brilliant man of letters, the last of our five great poets whose writings have lifted the literature of our young republic up to the level of the best of the Old World. Of Prof. Swing we speak on another page, and also allow him to speak for himself through a noble sermon. Of the witty, wise, genial, and altogether incomparable "Autocrat," against whose autocracy no one has ever been known to rebel, we publish an interesting essay from the pen of Rev. S. B. Stewart.

A question that is already occupying much attention in Chicago religious circles is, What will become of Prof. Swing's church, now that the great and winning religious teacher who created it, and held it together for twenty years, has gone? It is known that he himself felt much apprehension regarding its future. Circumstances seemed to him to make it necessary for his church to remain independent; but he did not believe in independency, and did not hesitate to say that he regarded it as a source of weakness, and not of strength, and wished he and his church were connected with an organized denominational movement. The grounds for such a feeling are easy to discover. Isolation in this world is never strength. Men are made to co-operate, and only thus find their largest and fullest life. The same is true with churches. Prof. Swing himself associated freely with Universalists and Unitarians, and did not hesitate to express to us his hearty sympathy with our religious position. Indeed, no reader of his sermons, especially during the later years of his life, could fail to see that in thought he was with us wholly. He probably would have joined us but for the peculiar character of his church. It was made up largely of persons who had followed him out of the Presbyterian body, not pri-

marily because they did not love Presbyterianism, but because they loved him. These people had never associated with Unitarians or Universalists; and, when later, under the teaching of their broad and liberal minister, they grew to accept the faith of Unitarians and Universalists, they only very imperfectly recognized the fact, and were not prepared themselves to take either of these names. We are disposed to think it was a mistake on Prof. Swing's part that he did not do more to bring them to a consciousness of where they stood in the theological world and in what directions lay their natural affiliations. If he had taken pains to bring them into connection with an organized body of churches, their future as a church now would be much more assured. This is the weakness of ultra independency, —it must organize around a man. As a consequence, when the man dies, the organization has very little power to persist.

We are glad to receive information that Rev. T. G. Milsted, who has recently returned from an extended tour abroad, is undertaking to establish a new Unitarian church in Chicago still further north than Unity Church. This is an important and fast-growing section of the city, with a population that is already large, and composed for the most part of an excellent class of people. Mr. Milsted's acquaintance with the field will give him a great advantage in undertaking such a movement, while his proved ability and wisdom will give him the confidence of the people. There is abundant room for the proposed new society without interfering with any existing church.

In this connection we wish to call attention also to another field for a new Unitarian church in Chicago, even more promising than that on the North Side: it is the region at the south, in the vicinity of the old World's Fair grounds, the parks and the university,—an immense region, extending from Kenwood on the north to Woodlawn on the south, and from the lake shore on the east to State Street and beyond on the west. Already it has a population of 75,000 or 100,000, nearly all American, and largely of persons who own, or soon will own, their homes. It has the immense advantage, too, of having better connection with the central or business part of Chicago, through elevated, electrical, and other railway lines (owing to the location of the World's Fair here), than any other equally distant section of the city. There is no Unitarian church here, and only one Universalist. It is far removed from our two South Side churches, the Messiah and All Souls'. The region is fast filling up. We ought to establish a church here without delay. It is rare that so favorable an opening presents itself in any of our cities. It is a question whether there is not also a fine field for a new society on the West Side, in the vast new region beyond the Third Church. A new and vigorous church at the south and another at the north would greatly strengthen our cause in Chicago; and, if to these a third could be added at the west, then Unitarianism would begin to have a fitting representation in this great central city of the nation.

From no source do we receive warmer congratulations over the outcome of our late Saratoga Conference than from our Universalist friends. The broader and more forward-looking men of the Universalist Church have long believed that the mission of the two bodies is the same. But they have been puzzled and grieved over the tendency appearing in certain Unitarian quarters to surrender the Christian name, and even to revolt against a declaration of a theistic purpose. This has done not a little to hinder that fraternal co-operation and that growth of confidence between the two bodies which is so desirable. But now that the Unitarian denomination, through its largest and most representative national organization, has declared itself with such crystal clearness of statement and such overwhelming unanimity and enthusiasm as a Christian body, having for its aim the promotion of "the religion of Jesus," our Universalist brethren are prompt and warm in their expressions of gratification. The greatest barrier to fraternization and co-operation between the two bodies has now been taken away.

Two or three years ago a more zealous than intelligent orthodox minister in Oakland, Cal., made himself ridiculous by lead-

ing an attack upon Prof. Joseph Le Conte of the University of California, because in his natural science classes he taught the doctrine of evolution. The result was a great public discussion of the subject throughout the State, and such a general support of Prof. Le Conte as will make any benighted opponent of evolution in the future think twice before venturing to attack an adherent of the doctrine in the State University or elsewhere.

Recently word has come to us that there is similar trouble in the University of Texas. Indeed, the Adjunct Professor of Biology, Dr. Edwards, has been compelled by the regents of the university to resign because he was discovered to be teaching the dangerous doctrine. The good people of Texas could put up with a good deal, but not with any "science, falsely so called," which taught that possibly the world may not have been created in six days, and that the countless species of plant and animal life on the planet possibly may not have come into being in the precise manner described in the Genesis story. As one of the daily papers at the capital of the State elegantly expressed it: "The mind of the common people of Texas is wonderfully set and united on the verity of the old Bible as she stands in the King James version. The least hint that anything is to be taught in any school that will unsettle the faith of their children in the good old Bible doctrine of the creation of matter, the origin of life, and the descent of the race from Adam and Eve, without going any further back in the pedigree, will raise the 'Old Henry' and wake the reptile that sleeps on the log in the sun with pious fathers and mothers all over the State." Well, it seems that Prof. Edwards's dreadful offence resulted in raising the "Old Henry" and "waking the reptile that sleeps on the log in the sun with pious fathers and mothers"; and, as a consequence, the offending professor, and two or three others who shared his views regarding evolution, have taken their departure to regions where piety is illuminated with a little more intelligence. Meanwhile, as the *Popular Science Monthly* says, "the sufferer is the State, which condemns its young men either to listen to antiquated and utterly inadequate discussions of biological questions in the State University or else to go abroad for the knowledge which is denied at home."

We are glad to be able to announce that Rev. W. I. Lawrance has arranged to devote his time to the excellent home missionary work of extending the circulation of the *Unitarian* and the *Christian Register;* and we hope that his efforts will meet with cordial support.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The following is from the *Pilgrim Teacher* (Congregational House, Boston):—

"If the primary department could only have a session for the very youngest of its members during the morning service, it might greatly increase its numbers and efficiency. There are mothers who would then bring their little ones with them when coming to church, knowing that they could take them home after the service is over, and that in the mean time they would be well cared for. Some mothers will not send their children at the noon hour; some believe that the church and the Sunday-school are together too wearisome for such wee folks; some do not themselves come to church because they have no one to leave their little ones with, and will not take them. A session, then, of the primary department for the smaller children during the preaching hour would be likely to be welcomed by many parents. Such a limit of age can be placed as not seriously to interfere with attendance upon the primary department at the regular Sunday-school hour. Let the experiment be tried. If it should practically amount to nothing more than a morning nursery, it would still be worth while."

The editor evidently has not heard of some of our Unitarian experiments in this direction. Rev. Earl M. Wilbur of Portland, Ore., writes to me that his kindergarten Sunday-school, held in the chapel at 11 A.M., is very successful. Parents having children between the ages of four and six are cordially invited to take them to this little gathering, while the parents themselves attend the church service. In Chicago Rev. W. W. Fenn is pursuing the same plan. The kindergarten class, as it is called, assembles at eleven o'clock, and is taken in charge by a trained kindergarten teacher. The parents are supposed to be listening to the preacher and participating in the service at the same time in another

part of the building. No doubt, many more such instances will be heard of soon.

"What shall we Do with the Sunday-school?" by Rev. Edward A. Horton, is the latest tract, No. V., in the series for free distribution, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. The object of this tract is to face the difficulties which now attend successful Sunday-school work, and is an effort to solve the problem in a certain degree. The two requirements elaborated in each case are adjustment and discrimination.

"What is needed to make a Successful Sunday-school," by Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, is tract No. IV. in the same free series. This is an admirable and inspiring essay on the chief lines of activity along which Sunday-schools should run. Both tracts will be supplied in any number to schools and individuals on application by person or by mail without cost.

The current lesson leaflets in the one-topic graded course for the second year are now published up to No. X., inclusive. The subject for the year is the "Life of Jesus." It will be remembered that last year's subjects were from the Old Testament, and the third year will be upon the "Teachings of Jesus." These on the Life of Jesus are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton for the Intermediate, and Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford for the Advanced. They are proving very popular for Sunday-school work through the West and East. Price 50 cents a hundred, both grades printed together.

The Primary grade of the above-mentioned course consists of Mrs. J. C. Jaynes's picture leaflets with conversation and text on the same subjects as in the Intermediate and Advanced. These were issued some two years ago, but have been somewhat revised. Price per set of 36 lessons, 15 cents a package, postage not paid.

There was no Christmas Service issued last year by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, but a new one is now ready for the coming Christmas. It contains five carols, with responsive readings and devotional exercises. The composers of the music are Mr. Hubert P. Main, Miss Sara J. Lincoln, with arrangements, by Mr. E. H. Bailey, from Schubert and Koschat. Words by Rev. Edward A. Horton. Sunday-schools will find the music bright, easy to learn, and expressive. Price 5 cents a copy, $4 a hundred.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society was able to report at the annual meeting in Newport a very gratifying financial record the past year. A larger number of Sunday-schools and churches have contributed the past year than ever before in any one year in the history of the society, and a larger sum has come from donations than was received last year. In view of the hard times, this is encouraging. Yet this organization needs much more money, if it would carry out the plans which it has on hand. The directors are grateful for the loyal and generous support thus shown, but there is still a large number of churches and Sunday-schools who do not remember the treasury of the Unitarian Sunday School Society with a donation.

Miss Lilian F. Clarke has prepared a little pamphlet entitled "Jesus in the Temple." Miss Clarke has set forth this event in an attractive description. There is more or less dispute with regard to the accuracy of the record of this transaction; but Miss Clarke is fully convinced that it is substantially correct, and that our glimpse of Jesus in his twelfth year, as given in the gospel, is historically reliable. Copies of this pamphlet may be obtained at the Sunday School Society rooms, at 2 cents a copy, or 50 cents a hundred.

The Worcester Conference, a large and important one, is always attentive to the subject of the religious and moral education of the young. Its programmes bear witness to this fact. The autumn meeting in October considered these subjects: "The Sunday-school an Opportunity," essay by Rev. Edward Green of Petersham; "What the Sunday-school should Emphasize," by Rev. John M. Wilson of Hudson; "Some Timely Words in Relation to the Sunday-school," by Mrs. Charles Colburn of Hopedale; "Children's Theology," by Miss Lydia Bell of Worcester. This is the way in which conferences can help to keep interest quickened in those quarters from whence we must draw our supply for the future church.

In *Our Church Home* we find the following paragraph, no doubt written by the editor, Rev. L. G. Wilson. It touches an important subject:—

The success of any Sunday-school depends upon the loyalty of its members. Headaches, the time of lunch or dinner, "company," the desire to go to ride, indolence, and moral indifference—superficial and unworthy reasons, all of them—are the obstacles to a constant and devoted attention to the Sunday-school, nine times out of ten. How can we expect the children to be true and sincere if, concerning the highest and best things, the parents are negligent and untrustworthy? It should be taken for granted that, as often as Sunday comes, the children are to be gathered in the church for religious instruction and devotional inspiration. EDWARD A. HORTON.

Reputation is what men and women think of us: character is what God and angels know of us.—*Thomas Paine.*

GUILDS.

A suggestion comes from Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, Jr., of Millbury, Mass., that the young people's societies would find a profitable series of subjects in such a passage as the fruitful twelfth chapter of Romans. For each evening there could be a little sermon, based upon a verse or part of one. Turn to the opening of the chapter, and see how many sermons are at once revealed in the kernel: "The Mercies of God," "Your Bodies a Living Sacrifice," "Holiness," "Acceptableness to God," "Reasonable Service," etc.

The list of subjects and leaders has come from Northfield, Mass., arranged for a period extending from September 23 to June 30. There are many leaders, though the minister, Rev. George F. Piper, is to conduct meetings interspersed among the rest, at which Mr. Lyon's "Study of the Sects" will be used. Altogether this must make a very interesting year. Some of the subjects besides the sect topics are "The Love of Nature," "Promptness," "Cheerfulness," "Self-control," "Patriotism."

We learn that the guild at Concord, Mass., has started upon its new year with great promise. New names are added; and there is an exceptional proportion of young men, they furnishing nearly half of the list of leaders. A few evenings are to be set apart for visiting ministers. The guild is surely doing wonderfully well, and must be of great service in the church, which as yet has no minister. We instance some of the subjects, which in general cover weekly meetings from October 7 to May 26: "National Conference," "What can we do for Temperance?" "Children's Mission," "Phillips Brooks," "Andover House," "The Power of the Passive Element in Life," "Mozoomdar and the Brahmo-Somaj," "Thou shalt say, 'No,'" "Money: Its Uses and Influence," "She hath done What she could," "Is Morality Enough?"

The president of the Alliance, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, would call attention to his change of residence. His address is Unity Church, corner Dearborn Avenue and Walton Place, Chicago, Ill. He urgently requests all young people's societies to send to him items about guilds for publication in the *Unitarian* and *Our Young People*. Let every guild send at least its list for the year. B. R. BULKELEY.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society held at Saratoga on September 27 was perhaps the best it has ever had, both as to the enthusiasm shown and the strength gained by the society.

The meeting was held in the New England Congregational Church, to which we received a cordial invitation. Addresses were made by Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford, Rev. S. H. Camp of Brooklyn, Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester, and also by Rev. Father Conaty of Worcester. Our space will not admit of even brief abstracts of these addresses; but they may be found in the *Christian Register* of October 25, where also a full report of the meeting has been printed. Suffice it to say that the addresses were full of earnestness and enthusiasm. Mr. Carpenter's encouraging words, bringing us a greeting from our sister society, the Essex Hall Temperance Society, were followed by Father Conaty's stirring appeal, by which the audience was deeply moved. We owe a special word of thanks to Father Conaty. He came to our meeting at the suggestion of Dr. E. E. Hale, always our stanch friend; and, though he had addressed the Conference that same morning upon "The Roman Catholic Church and Temperance," he gave us a wonderfully vigorous and searching speech, which found many a conscience and touched many a heart. Mr. Camp and Mr. Gannett added to the earnest enthusiasm we all by that time felt; and it was little wonder that we gained seventy-five new members for the society. The one regret was that the meeting could not have been held in a larger church, or as an integral part of the Conference itself, so that two thousand, instead of two hundred, persons might have been reached. We felt most grateful, however, to the minister and committee of the Congregational church for the welcome given us, and hope that they may have a church twice as large for us next time.

The following are the officers elected at the meeting: president, Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, Boston; vice-president, William H. Baldwin, Boston; secretary, Rev. George W. Cooke, East Lexington; treasurer, Frank B. Thayer, Boston; Directors: Rev. Charles F. Dole, Jamaica Plain; Rev. William C. Gannett, Rochester, N.Y.; Rev. Lyman Clark, Andover, N.H.; Rev. James De Normandie, Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. J. L. Marsh, Saco, Me.; Mrs. M. F. W. Homer, Belmont, Mass.; Miss Mary O. Rogers, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Abby C. Woude, Neponset, Mass.; Rev. W. W. Fenn, Chicago, Ill.; Walter H. Evans, Montreal, P.Q.; Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, Dorchester, Mass.; Rev. F. G. Peabody, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. W. I. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. W. G. Eliot, San Francisco, Cal.

By a change made in the constitution of the society, provision has been made for life members; and we earnestly recommend this opportunity of helping the society to our friends. The payment of twenty-five dollars, within five years from the date of the first payment, will entitle any one to a

life membership,—a privilege which we hope a good number will embrace, not for their own sakes indeed, for we can offer no special inducements, but for ours; that is, for the sake of the good work their gifts will enable the society to do. One such membership was received at Saratoga.

May others follow!

The society rejoices in the gift of a thousand dollars from Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Weis of Dorchester, which amount will stand as a memorial to their son, Richard C. Weis, a loyal member of our society and a devoted friend of temperance. It is not the generous gift alone that causes our satisfaction, but chiefly the friendship and devotion to our cause, out of which it has come. We recall the honest purpose and manly independence of the young total abstainer whose name will thus be kept in sacred memory. We recall the ancient saying that "honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years: an unspotted life is old age."

Such was the life, we believe, of Richard Weis, unspotted, pure, upright, true, loving; and this makes us the more ready to accept for the work of temperance education this gift of money, which, we understand, represents not only the kind thought of his parents, but his own industrious and honest toil, and which, we believe, he would gladly have us use for this end. It will be known as the "Richard C. Weis Memorial Fund."

The Unitarian Temperance Society will soon be incorporated under the general law of the State of Massachusetts. Henceforth, therefore, its business meetings will be held annually in the city of Boston, in the month of May. The condition of membership will remain practically the same as now, and the new by-laws will be based upon the present constitution.

The Women's Alliance passed the following important resolutions at its business meeting at Saratoga; and we hope to call the attention of all Post-office Mission workers and of every Branch of the Alliance to them:—

"Whereas we, members of the National Alliance, realizing the tremendous evils caused by intemperance, feel the pressing need of temperance education and reform, and

"Whereas we believe that a special duty in this regard rests upon women, and that a special opportunity awaits them,—

"*Resolved*,—

"*First*, That we recommend this subject of temperance as one eminently suitable for the earnest consideration of the local Branches of the Alliance in their Religious Study Classes or at their regular meetings;

"*Second*, That we recommend to the branches of the Post-office Mission the use of carefully selected temperance leaflets or tracts, to be sent to correspondents asking for them, and that we recommend the use of the circular recently prepared by the Unitarian Temperance Society, offering such publications to correspondents;

"*Third*, That we urge our members everywhere to interest themselves more earnestly in the temperance question, by becoming members of the Unitarian Temperance Society or some other, and by helping in every way consistent with their conscientious judgment the temperance cause."

A circular will be prepared, explaining this opportunity of doing temperance work and offering the society's tracts for Post-office Mission use. A list of our publications will be ready for use at an early date, which list may be sent to correspondents with the offer to supply their needs. We rejoice in this opportunity of co-operating with the Post-office Mission in its noble work, and hope that, with the Unitarian word, many a temperance word may also go forth.

All ministers having a tract table, a "Church Door Pulpit," may have temperance leaflets, etc., for the same on application to the secretary of the Unitarian Temperance Society, Rev. George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Subscriptions and membership fees may be sent to Mr. Frank B. Thayer, treasurer, Parker House, Boston.

LITERARY NOTES.

Roberts Brothers will soon publish two important religious books; namely, the fourth volume of Renan's "History of the People of Israel" and Harnack's "History of Dogma."

It is announced that Archdeacon Farrar has long been at work upon a book to be called "The Life of Christ as represented in Art," which, it is expected, will be ready for the public before the holidays. It will be profusely illustrated.

"Fischer's Album of Sacred Solos for High Voices." Embracing compositions by Gounod, Saint Saëns, Curto, Beltjens, La Hache, Wiegand, etc. Published by J. Fischer & Brother. New York. Price $1.25.—This is a good collection of sacred music from standard composers.

The proceedings at the Bryant Centennial Celebration at Cummington, Mass., are to be printed in book form.

A nearly full report of the recent memorable meeting of the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga was published in the *Christian Register* of October 4 and 11, and a large edition of the same was printed for the purpose of supplying the churches of

our body with copies for general distribution.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the publication in book form of Andrew D. White's "Warfare of Science," which has been appearing chapter by chapter for several years past in the *Popular Science Monthly.*

A volume entitled "Life and Letters of Whittier" is passing through the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. We are also to have later a volume on Whittier in the "American Men of Letter Series."

We mentioned last month Rev. Charles G. Ames's new book, "As Natural as Life," published by James H. West. It is composed of four sermons, entitled "As Natural as Life," "Self-preservation," "Heartache and Heart's-ease," and "Numbering our Days." These sermons are characterized by all the sweetness of spirit, breadth of outlook, keenness of insight, delicacy of humor, and glow of prophetic fire of Mr. Ames's very best utterances. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, with red edges. Published by James H. West, Boston. Price 50 cents.

"In Love with Love" is the title of a very attractive little book by Rev. James H. West, made up of "four life-studies" of "Transfigurations," "Serenity," "True Greatness," and "Our Other Selves" (J. H. West, Boston, publisher. Price 50 cents). These papers (we suspect they are sermons: they are certainly good enough to be) are of very rare ethical and spiritual quality. One will look far before he will find more earnest utterances, or those that appeal with greater power to men and women, not only "in love with love," but in love with truth and duty and their fellow-men.

The Ethical Societies of this country have set out to publish a series of ten selected addresses or papers each year, in pamphlet form, illustrative of the Ethical Culture movement. The general name of "Ethical Addresses" is given to the series. We have received the following: "What do We Stand for?" by Felix Adler; "An Ethical View of Life," by W. M. Salter; "What does it mean to be Religious?" by W. L. Sheldon; "The Religion of Ethical Culture," by M. M. Mangasarian; "Morality: What does it mean?" by W. M. Salter. Published by S. Burns Weston, 118 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Yearly, $1; single numbers, 12 cents.

Our English Unitarian friends are publishing three or four series of excellent tracts and sermons for popular use. Of the series entitled "Tracts for the Times" we have received the following: "The Place of Jesus of Nazareth in Modern Religion," by R. A. Armstrong; "The Limits of Compromise in the Profession of Faith" and "Eternal Punishment," by G. Vance Smith. Of the series called "Pages for Religious Inquirers" we have received: "The Personality of God," by James Freeman Clarke; "Christianity as Christ preached it," by Dr. Brooke Herford; "The Atonement in Connection with the Death of Christ," by Dr. F. H. Hedge; "Eternal Punishment," by Stopford A. Brooke; "The Person of Christ," by William Gaskell; "Fallacious Ideas of Sin and Salvation," by Samuel Charlesworth; "Old and New Motives in Religion Contrasted," by T. R. Slicer. Of the "Essex Hall Pulpit Series" we have received: "Life and Peace in the Spirit," by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter; "Is thine Heart Right?" "The Day of Pentecost," by L. P. Jacks; "The Underlying Verities in Religion," by C. J. Street; "The Sympathy of God," by R. A. Armstrong; and "The Immortality of Man attested by Christ," by J. H. Thom. These are all published by Philip Green, Essex Street, London. Price one penny each.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

God in Christ. Sermons preached in Bedford Chapel. By Stopford A. Brooke. London: Philip Green. Price 5 shillings.

The Flying Halcyon. By Richard Henry Savage. Chicago: F. T. Neely. Paper. 50 cents.

The Disappearance of Mr. Derwent. By Thomas Cobb. Chicago: F. T. Neely. Paper. 50 cents.

Lourdes. By Emile Zola. Neely's International Library. Chicago: F. T. Neely. Price $1.25.

As Natural as Life. Four Sermons by Charles G. Ames. Boston: James H. West. Cloth, red edge. Price 50 cents.

In Love with Love. Four Life-studies by James H. West. Published by the author. Price 50 cents.

The Strike at Shanes: A Prize Story of Indiana. Published by the American Humane Education Society. Boston. Paper. 10 cents.

Pamphlets: New Testament Narratives of Jesus, by George M. Harmon; Credulity and Scepticism, and Influence of Creeds on Character, two sermons by J. H. Whitmore; Religious Education, a paper read before the New York Unitarian Sunday School Union, by Thomas W. Butts; The Guide to Lasting Happiness, by Christopher Hoffmann, translated from the German by W. F. Schwilk and S. B. Howe; The Universal God, by John Page Hopps; Historians of Judaism in the Nineteenth Century, by E. Schreiber; Mental Evolution, by George W. Cressey, Ph.D.; The Religion of Love, by Rajnarain Bose, Calcutta, India; The New American Church, by J. B. Turner; Good and Evil, by Aaron M. Crane; Sixty-ninth Annual Report of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, London.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston opened the Unity Club lecture course for the season on October 15, speaking on "What O'Clock is it in Religion?" He had a packed church, and made a powerful impression upon his audience composed largely of students of the university. Mr. Savage spoke here last year upon "Religion and Evolution," and made a similarly strong impression. Hundreds of the young men who heard him will never forget his lectures. It is to be hoped that he will come here every year: there is probably no other so important an audience in America for him to speak to.

The church work is opening here this fall with great promise. Mr. Sunderland's congregations are large. Mrs. Sunderland's Bible class has an attendance of two hundred and fifty.

Baltimore, Md.—The Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada will hold its tenth annual meeting on November 13 and 14 at the First Independent Christ Church. The opening sermon on the evening of November 13 will be given by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford, Eng. A most attractive programme is arranged for the following day.

Boston, Mass.— Local pulpits, conferences, clubs, and all denominational gatherings have been occupied with reports from the National Conference at Saratoga. The good work of the Conference, and the splendid spirit which prevailed there with such unanimity, have created great enthusiasm here. It is probable that Unitarianism never before had so popular and wide a hearing. The Boston *Daily Herald* of October 1, in one issue, had no less than eight separate articles relating directly to the Unitarian Church. One was a column leader summing up the notable work of the Conference. Six others were reports of sermons, as follows: "Unitarian New Departure," by C. G. Ames; "Unitarian Christianity," by J. Cuckson; "What it is to be Liberal," by C. W. Wendte; "Greatest Day in Unitarian History," by Frederick B. Mott; "Simplicity in Worship," by A. D. Mayo; and "In the Beginning," by M. J. Savage; while the eighth article was a very full review of Dr. J. H. Allen's book, "The Unitarian Movement." It is surely pretty good evidence of healthy life in any religious body when it can occupy so much precious space in a popular daily paper.

—The funeral services of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at King's Chapel were exceedingly simple, while impressive. The painless passing of the great poet from earth's low-vaulted temple caused a peculiar and poignant grief to every citizen of Boston; for to us he has been a presence, a figure, a soul-lit face, carrying into our busy city life the purity of a saint, the uprightness of a stoic, the insight of a poet, the fearlessness in utterance of a prophet. He looked into Boston hearts, and probed our weaknesses; but how gently! Doctor he was,—not of medicine only: doctor of body and brain, sense and soul. No wonder people flocked to him. His prescriptions were carried into every home, and read over and over. They were written in no mysterious symbol, but in happy anecdote and sparkling poem and tender tale.

Chelsea, Mass.—On Sunday, September 30, an able review of the doings of the National Conference at Saratoga was given from the platform of the First Unitarian Church by Miss Margaret B. Barnard to an interested audience.

The Unity Club of the church offer for 1894-95 an attractive entertainment programme, and a study in American history, covering the period of the War of Independence and the formation of the government. The basis of this course will be Fiske's "American Revolution" and "The Critical Period of American History." A reception and its first entertainment, on the evening of October 3, forecasts a pleasant and profitable season.

Chicago, Ill.—Nearly three years have passed since the experiment was made in the Church of the Messiah of discontinuing the Sunday-school, with various classes, and substituting the Children's Church, in which all the children of the church between the ages of six and sixteen meet to receive instruction from the minister. In attempting a hitherto untried plan, many difficulties were encountered, not all of which have been overcome; but success in most directions has been so marked that none of those best acquainted with the work of the Children's Church wish to revert to the old system.

The undertaking for this year is to continue the course of Christian history from the close of the New Testament record down to the time of Channing. Obviously, only the barest outline can be given; but it is hoped that at the end of the year the children will have in mind a few clear, accurate lines of historical progress which will serve as basis and incentive for further study. Moreover, by employing the picture method, which proved so successful last year, we hope to inspire a liking for art, to make the children acquainted with a few good paintings, and to teach them how to look at a picture intelligently.

Colorado Springs, Col.—Rev. W. R. G. Mellen, whose society have recently built a pretty stone church, is pushing forward his work with his usual strength and en-

thusiasm. The Rocky Mountain Conference held its annual meeting with this society last May, and was most hospitably entertained.

Concord, N.H.—Rev. F. L. Phalen has issued a very interesting leaflet for distribution among members of the society and their friends. Upon the first page is the "Bond of Union":

"In love of the truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." Unanimously adopted by the society, April 9, 1889. "Let none be strangers in our church. Every person who desires to get good and do good is welcome. We invite to our work and worship all who are in sympathy with our ideas and purposes."

The leaflet contains the new preamble to the constitution of our National Conference, recently adopted at Saratoga, followed by a few inspiring words and helpful suggestions from the pastor:—

"This preamble has now become the banner-word of Unitarianism. It is a positive and luminous expression of our faith and freedom. Its enthusiastic adoption by the National Conference marks an epoch in the history of the Unitarian Church.

"A new chapter of progress and missionary enthusiasm is opened. Our fellowship feels the impulse of new life and strength. Let us all work loyally together, and hold aloft our splendid banner of love to God and love to man.

"Do not hesitate to invite people to attend your church. If it is helpful to you, it may be to your neighbor. Freely ye have received, and freely ye should give."

Rev. F. L. Phalen, Mrs. Howard Kimball, and Miss Harriet L. Huntress were chosen by the Sunday-school as delegates to attend the annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, to be held at Newport, R.I., October 24 and 25.

—The programme of the Concord Branch of the Women's Alliance for 1894 and 1895 is as follows: Topic for study hour, "The Religious Life." October 5, reports from Saratoga, Miss Mary A. Downing, Mrs. F. L. Phalen; November 2, The Dignity of Labor, "Shoes and Sermons," Mrs. Frank Cressy; December 7, One Vine, Many Branches, "Spokes and Hubs," Mrs. Ezekiel Morrill; January 4, Love, "Duties and Privileges," Mrs. John S. Hubbard; February 1, Cheerfulness, "Is this a Vale of Tears?" Mrs. W. D. Chandler; March 1, The Little Things of Life, "A Little Man savin' Souls,'" Mrs. George L. Williams; April 5, annual meeting, informal tea.

Denver, Col.—Services at Unity Church were resumed September 2. The condition of the society is now most encouraging. The yearly rental of seats has been raised about eight hundred dollars, and three hundred dollars have been raised as a special contribution for immediate needs. The congregations are large, and the people are enthusiastic. All the various enterprises of the church are in full operation now. A library and reading-room has been started, which will be open every afternoon and evening. The historical section of the Library Circle is studying the Constitutional History of the United States. A sewing-school has been opened in one of the poorer sections of the city, and the movement promises to extend into the public schools. The girls in the school are furnished with materials, and taught to cut and make garments.

Des Moines, Ia.—On the afternoon of September 28, at the home of the Misses Stowe, 722 Sixteenth Street, occurred the first meeting this year of the women's section of the Des Moines Unity Club. The spacious parlors were filled with bright and happy faces of the members and their friends. The Des Moines Unity Club is one of the most prominent, intellectual, and influential clubs of the city. The Unity Club is the outgrowth of the Unitarian Aid Society. During the year that Miss Ida Hultin, who is so favorably known and endeared to the Des Moines public, presided in the pulpit of the Unitarian church, she expressed a desire that this club should be formed into a literary society, and be known as the Women's Section of the Des Moines Unity Club, the object of which should be to promote the mutual mental and moral growth of its members by such a course of study as to increase the good fellowship and social life of its members through frequent contact, and to advance the interests of the Unitarian church by doing whatever work its members chose to do. This club opens the years of 1894–95 under the most auspicious circumstances, and has elected the following officers: president, Mrs. Lulu Cranston Harvey; vice-president, Mrs. Julia M. Hunting; secretary, Miss Emily Stowe; treasurer, Miss H. Stowe; club reporter, Miss Katherine Gue.

Greeley, Col.—Rev. C. H. Wilson is adding greatly to the strength of the church here. He is becoming one of the most popular ministers of this thriving city, situated in one of the most fertile sections of the State.

Iowa.—The following resolutions were passed by the Iowa Association of Unitarian and Other Independent Churches at Sioux City, October 11:—

"1. *Resolved*, That in the death of Rev. Grindall Reynolds American Unitarianism has suffered the notable loss of one of its most earnest advocates and consecrated workers; that to his integrity and geniality of character, to his tireless energy, and to his fidelity to duty during many years as secretary of the American Unitarian Association, we are indebted for much of the

strength and prosperity of liberal religion. To this service the Iowa Unitarian Association would hereby bear its grateful testimony.

"2. *Resolved*, That in the death of David Swing this association feels the loss to high scholarship in the pulpit, and also the departure of a man of peculiarly gentle and kindly courtesy in social life. To the city where his weekly discourses spread intellectual and moral light, to the church which he served, to the companions who loved him, we offer respectfully our sincere sympathy in their loss of the citizen, minister, and friend.

"3. *Resolved*, That in the death of Sylvan Stanley Hunting this association sustains a loss not only in its work, but personal to every member thereof. Mr. Hunting continued to the end both to inspire the work and to help the fellow-workers of this association of which he was one of the founders and incorporators, and which he never ceased to build up. With a high religious fervor he sought in all ways to spread noble, simple, pure, and rational religious thought; and by his life he commended what by his words he taught. To his wife and family we offer our sympathy in the loss of this true man whom we with them honor and love."

LEON A. HARVEY, *Sec'y.*

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Sunday, September 30, was celebrated at the Unitarian church here as the eightieth birthday of Mrs. L. H. Stone, the remarkable woman who has done so much for education and for liberal thought in Michigan. Memorial services in honor of the dead are not uncommon. Here were held such services in honor of the living. The pastor, Miss Bartlett, preached on "The Permanence of Human Influence." There were short addresses delivered and letters read from friends abroad.

Lexington, Mass.—The Cambridge Association assembled at Rev. C. A. Staples's October 1 instructed the scribe to send a letter of condolence to the family of the recently deceased Rev. Grindall Reynolds, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, and to spread the same upon the records of the association. A vote was passed to express the thanks of the brethren for the long and faithful service of Rev. B. R. Bulkeley as their scribe, and their best wishes for his success and well-being in his new sphere of labor. Rev. Hilary Bygrave was elected to fill his place.

Madison, Wis.—Rev. W. D. Simonds, recently pastor of the Independent Congregational Church in Battle Creek, Mich., has accepted the call of the Unitarian church here, and begins his work at once.

Minneapolis, Minn.—At the Minnesota Conference of Unitarians held in the First Unitarian Church in Minneapolis the following resolutions were adopted:—

"*Resolved*, That this Conference learns with deepest regret of the death of Rev. Dr. Reynolds, for eleven years secretary of the American Unitarian Association, whose earnest work for the Unitarian cause has been productive of so much good in all our country, and that it desires to put on record its great appreciation of the fairness, the faithfulness, and generosity of his action in all the interests of the churches herein represented.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of this resolution be sent to *Unity*, the *Unitarian*, and the *Christian Register* for publication."

The conference, although only of two days' duration, was full of interest, and we hope productive of good. Sunday morning, in Rev. A. W. Gould's sermon on "The Future of Religion," was given the hopeful outlook and uplifting. Sunday evening gave added zest to the desire of co-operation in the liberal churches, the meeting itself giving evidence of the possibility in the fact of a platform meeting of a Unitarian conference being held by invitation of the pastor in a Universalist church. The closing words by that pastor, Rev. M. D. Shutter, were some of the strongest of the evening for the maintenance of harmony and helpfulness between the two bodies.

The sessions of Monday were truly conference meetings. The reports of the morning from ten churches and twelve missionaries showed how much work there is to be done, also the need of men, women, and money to do that work which is continually opening before us.

One afternoon session was devoted to Sunday-schools, and was made interesting by its informality, which brought out suggestions from many of those present.

The ladies of the First Unitarian Church were most generous in their hospitality, and made ministers and delegates feel entirely at home. Many voiced the sentiments of all when they said, "It is good to be here."

Only those attending a conference can know of the good things said and done. The reports, like this one, are only testimonies to the friends of the cause that we are earnestly working in our several ways for the uplifting of humanity.

H. G. PUTNAM,
Sec'y of Minn. Conference.

Montpelier, Vt.—Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and heterodox, high and low, rich and poor, crowded the vestry and parlors of the Church of the Messiah on Thursday evening, to congratulate Rev. and Mrs. J. Edward Wright upon the eighteenth anniversary of their marriage. The occasion also celebrated the rounding out of a quarter centennial of Mr. Wright's pastorate in Montpelier; and the people of the village, irrespective of rank or creed, improved the

opportunity to grasp the hand of the pastor and his estimable wife, and to bid them "God-speed" as they pass the portals of the second quarter of a century of their work. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johonnott assisted Mr. and Mrs. Wright in receiving, and introduced those who were not personally acquainted with them. Their duties were more honorary than laborious, however, as there were few in the great company whom Mr. Wright at least could not call by name. The vestry where the reception was held was very prettily trimmed; and in one of the parlors and on the stage a portion of the large and costly collection of foreign views gathered by Mrs. Wright during their stay abroad was shown, and was greatly admired. Nearly, if not quite, all the clergymen in town were present, with hundreds of others not members of that church or congregation. It was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, and one long to be remembered.

Oklahoma City, O.T.—From this-far-away frontier city there comes to us a bright and earnest little paper called *Our Mission*, which announces itself as "the coadjutor of All Souls' Unitarian Parish." It is full of clear and pointed reading matter, well calculated to make men think. We wish a hearty God-speed to Brother Rogers in his double work of pastor and editor in his promising new field.

Sacramento, Cal.—Rev. T. J. Horner has resigned the pastorate of the First Unitarian Society. At a meeting of the trustees, held September 24, the resignation was reluctantly accepted. Resolutions were adopted expressing appreciation of Mr. Horner's services to the church and to the liberal faith during the past two years, a deep sense of personal esteem and sympathy with him and his wife, and desiring for them both all prosperity and happiness in new fields of labor.

Salem, Mass.—The East Church rejoices in the erection of a new chapel in the rear of the church. Rev. E. D. Towle, the pastor of the East Church, is giving a series of popular talks on Sunday evenings on "Old Testament Subjects in the Light of Modern Thought."

—The Salem members of the Younger Ministers' Association invited the association to hold its annual meeting at the Barton Square Vestry on Monday, October 29.

—All our churches are beginning the season's work with good spirit.

Spokane, Wash.—Several new features of a missionary character have been introduced by the Spokane society that promise well for the spread of our gospel throughout our distinctive territory, Eastern Washington. The current sermons of the pastor are published in attractive pamphlet form, and are reaching many minds not within reach of the spoken word. Interested friends in outside towns are extending their circulation. Also, in addition to our Post-office Mission and "Church Door Pulpit," a neat cabinet containing Unitarian literature has been placed in the post-office lobby; and a large amount is being taken by those who need the enlightenment. Another enterprise that promises good results, indirectly, to our cause is a "Sunday vesper service" held each week at four o'clock in a central and prominent hall. The service is intended to continue only one hour, and consists of orchestral and vocal music, responsive Scripture, an elocutionary reading, and short address on some topic of religion or reform. The attendance has increased from the first. Last Sunday more than five hundred persons were present. These methods and activities have increased the interest and attendance at our regular church service.

Spokane, Wash.—Rev. A. G. Wilson, pastor of the Unitarian church, has begun a semi-monthly issue of his sermons in pamphlet form, to be continued for a part of the winter, and, if subscribers enough can be obtained to pay the expense, then to be continued permanently. Price five cents a copy. The subject of the first issue is, "The End of the World: When and How Jesus will come."

St. Louis, Mo.—The Church of the Messiah opened on September 9, after the usual vacation of two months. Two weeks later the pastor, Dr. Snyder, left the city to attend the Saratoga Conference, where, owing to illness at home and abroad, he was the sole representative of the church. During the month of September we lost an old and respected member of the church, Mrs. Noah Dean, whose faithful and quiet attendance will be missed this winter from the sewing meetings and other places where there was need of willing hands for the work.

On the 17th of October the Eliot Society will resume its regular meetings. The Sunday-school of the church has secured the efficient services of Rev. Mr. Porter as superintendent. It is exceedingly gratifying to have so able a man willing to take up this branch of the church work, which has devolved for several years upon the pastor. This, added to the regular work of the pulpit, has been felt to be more than just to Dr. Snyder.

The Mission Sunday and day school of this church is in a flourishing condition; and, with the return of our people from their different summer resorts, we look for renewed zeal in all the various branches of church work for the approaching winter.

Rev. Mr. Cheney from Memphis preached October 15 for us, and made an earnest appeal for the establishment of Unitarian churches throughout the South, and looks forward hopefully to the time when we shall worship in one catholic church for all men.

Wilmington, Del.—The *Morning News* of October 15 prints a sermon of Rev. A. T. Bowser on "The Church of the Future," based on the religion of Jesus.

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PRAYER.

A SERMON BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY, BOSTON (BRIGHTON), MASS.

"O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."

King Arthur, in bidding the long farewell to one of his knights, said:—

"But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?"

Thus speaks the poet.

In the same strain speaks the man of affairs. Gen. Armstrong, the founder of Hampton School for the colored race and the Indians, the soldier, the patriot, left among his private papers certain memoranda in which is this paragraph: "Prayer is the greatest power in the world. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant, yet has been the best thing I have ever done." These words came from a man who had a right to speak. He saw the world in strife, in battle, in peace, in prosperity. He was one of the world's workers, who made it better for having lived in it.

And shall we pray? Our fathers did pray. Perhaps they prayed too much. And now we, their sons, are at the far-off swing of the pendulum. But can we help praying, whether we call it prayer or not? The tombs of the ages past, the temples, and the books testify, all of them, to the upward groan of man. The beast falls, and tells no more of his story. Man falls; and his graves, with their tombs, tell of the depths of spiritual life in us. The very stones cry out. They seem to take up Cardinal Newman's well-known words:—

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on."

Can we help praying, if

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast"?

We must pray. But what in simple prose is prayer? Is it a power given to man by which he can induce God to change his laws? "Some years ago two ships sailed from Liverpool in the same direction and bound for the same destination; viz., the South Sea Islands. The one was secretly built for a pirate craft, and manned by pirates: the other was filled with missionaries. The one went on a voyage of pillage and murder; the other, on a mission of mercy, with tidings from Heaven. The pirates had constructed their vessel in the best possible manner. The missionary ship was an old merchantman, and in many points unseaworthy. As they neared the equator, a furious storm arose, in which the missionary ship went to pieces with the loss of all on board. The pirate vessel, however, proudly and bravely rode through the storm."

The missionaries did not pay due attention to the laws of sea and wind, to the strength of wood and iron. The pirates observed and obeyed these laws. The pirates rode the storm, the missionaries went down. It is

easy to imagine that in the midst of the the storm blasphemous oaths arose from one vessel, while prayers went up from the other. Neither prayers nor oaths counted for anything in the storm. Prayer, then, is not for the purpose of changing the laws of nature. It is folly for us to pray for rain or sunshine. As well pray for the sun to stand still or for the world to be all paradise! Prayer, then, is not to enable us to change the simplest law of God's worlds, but to put ourselves into the deepest harmony with those laws, in order to find them not restraints, but helps to living. Prayer works the change in us, so that we come to see sunshine and rain and the whole order of nature as the expression of a holy, just, and loving God. Not in God or his laws, but in us, is prayer to work its change.

Prayer is not the means by which we are to win favor with God, so that he may prosper us above our fellows. In a wonderfully true sense God is no respecter of persons: he sends his rain upon the just and upon the unjust. The pious man's crops, merely on account of his piety, will do no better than those of the impious man. Prayer will not change God's disposition toward you, for it is already and always love. Carlyle said of a man who was praying unctuously, "That man is asking for treacle, he will get brimstone." God will send him more what he needs than what he wants. Even the ancient Greek Plato could say, "The prayer of a fool is fraught with danger, and likely to end in the opposite of what he desires." And back of Plato an old Greek poet, whose name has been forgotten, but whose true prayer lives, thus prays: "King Jove, give us what is good, whether we pray for it or not; and ward off what is dangerous, even though we pray for it." Prayer is not in order to attain our selfish purposes. It is first to be free from selfishness.

Prayer is not beseeching, begging, vain repetitions of words, as if we were to be heard for our much speaking. John Ruskin, in real indignation at the many things we take for prayer, says, "God likes beggars as little as you do." We do not go with a bag on our backs, imploring God to fill it, because we cannot or will not fill it ourselves. We are not beggars at the gates of heaven. We are sons of the inner courts, so that whatever of praying we do is to be different from the whine and false humility of beggars. Nor can we expect the favor of Heaven by doing on earth the unpleasant thing The real prayer is not the nasty medicine that comes before the rewarding sweetmeat. If prayer is not itself pleasant, the deepest pleasure, the spontaneous and joyous cry of the soul or the spontaneous and terrible groan of a burdened life, it is not real. There are no vain, empty words to prayer. Real prayer fills all words to the overflow, no words are large enough for it.

Prayer is no act of fear, a means by which we are to escape dread pains hereafter. It is not inspired of fear, but of the very opposite feeling. We shall be glad enough if by and by, after we have crossed the line of death, there should fall upon our new vision the glories of a new world brighter and holier than this. But prayer is not in order to open those gates to us. Nor is it to shut the doors of the dread world everlastingly behind us. There is a deeper depth than even this to prayer. And what is it?

Prayer is communion, it is spiritual friendship. We eat to feed our bodies; we read and study to feed the minds. There is a soul hunger which these do not feed. The sunset and the landscape, the noon-day sky and the starry heavens, delight our eyes. But back of these we are conscious of something that speaks to us in quiet might. It speaks to something in us back of eyes and brain. It seems to us to be without bounds, and out of which all beauty and power come. It is the Infinite. We are drawn to it, we cannot speak to it with tongue or lips; and yet we speak. That is prayer. "Prayer," says a French Roman Catholic theologian, "is the movement of the soul from the finite to the Infinite." It is the soul conscious of its imperfections, its incomplete nature yearning for the fellowship and friendship of the God who is perfect. It is the moral life tending and aspiring toward something better and greater. It is the soul yielding to the charm of the supreme God. In prayer the soul opens its windows, in order that it may be flooded by the infinite light.

The soul is very conscious of a nature capable of holiness, purity, and spiritual

communion. It is conscious of a God of purity and holiness, with whom as friend with friend it can hold communion. It is conscious that friendships have moulding powers,—that friend makes friend like himself. In communion with God the soul becomes God-like. This is prayer. The meaning and purpose of creation, of all there is, is in order to this communion, this moulding, fashioning friendship. Thus prayer becomes the persistent effort of the whole mind of man toward the perfect life. And it utters itself in no desire for the change of God's laws, no desire for worldly gain or pleasure, no vain words or trembling supplications: it utters itself in the words, I would be like God.

Thus it becomes

"That mystery
Where God in man is one with man in God."

Allied to this, but still a step higher, prayer is the effort of the soul in sacrifice. When we get to real praying, get through the many wrappings to the heart of prayer, get at the essence of this communion of the finite with the Infinite, we find prayer an earnest strain on the part of the soul to lay itself on the altar of the high God as a gift to him. Its language is not, "Give me this," but "Let me become thine." In that great scene, Gethsemane, where for all the world prayer was forever defined, where prayer reached its fulness, the language is, "Thy will be done." There in that garden, by that man of sorrows, in his great act of submission, prayer was seen in all its power and reality. There the soul was taken to the highest altar of God, and in loving submission placed upon it. There is no thought there of changing God's law, no thought of self-gratification, no fear, no hope of reward: it is simply, What is God's will? It is the best, largest, and truest thing for the soul, even if it bring a cross.

In this act the soul says, Use me to express not my littleness, but thy greatness; not my weakness, but thy power; not my selfishness, but thy love. How little praying we do!

Thus, then, prayer from the time of Gethsemane is a new thing. Its object is spiritual, the transformation of the soul, the lifting of the soul in submission to the highest spiritual will, the kindling of the soul into a flame on the altar of its God. This is its object. How profound a one! but how different from much we call prayer!

But now how simple a thing does answering prayer become! Whatsoever ye ask in prayer cannot but be answered. It is not whatsoever ye ask shall be answered, but whatsoever ye ask *in prayer*. The man that prays for deep communion with God is answering his own prayer, for prayer is communion with God. He that asks for the divine likeness is being clothed with it, for communion with God is the way one becomes like God. He who in deep earnest prays, "Thy will be done," is answering for himself the *awful* prayer; for, if in earnest, God's will is more and more being done in him. Oh, are we in earnest? The laws of the world answer him, because they help him to come into harmony with his God. The world is flooded with answers to real prayer,—this spiritual transforming power.

Prayer brings not words or actions; but this spiritual attitude of the mind is not the senseless, undignified thing we sometimes imagine it to be,—a thing for children and those who have not thought. The very opposite: it becomes the greatest thing for the greatest minds in their greatest moments.

There is a dignity to prayer in the fact that the soul feels itself capable of communion with the infinite and spiritual Reality. There is profound confidence and trust in prayer; for it has reached that faith in God which sees in his laws the expressions of the highest and best, and sees in them the very means which are to work out a great conformity between God and man. In prayer there is a strengthening power; for in prayer the soul becomes conscious of its full powers, and learns then how to use them in the hours of deepest trial. Let Gethsemane testify to this. There is a purifying power to prayer, for in prayer one cannot pray for hurt or harm to others. He must pray for their good. He cannot pray for aught for his own soul but its holiness and purity. And in prayer there is an enlarging power. For in the submission of itself to the will of its God it becomes the means, to express not its own contracting selfishness, but God's infinite love. And it grows ever larger, the more it gives expression to this thing greater than itself.

There is a prophetic power to prayer. It tells of the great future of honor and glory when the soul has unfolded its powers. Prayer is the soul feebly trying its wings. By and by it shall soar like the eagle.

Of course we pray. We pray for our own souls and the souls of our friends. Of course we pray, or rather we stagger up to prayer. Of course we whisper prayers, we groan out prayers. And times do come when, in deep agony like the Master, we lie upon the ground, and cry aloud to God. Oh, our souls do utter themselves, do long for the infinite communion and divine likeness. They would at times even come to the high altar with the woful words, "Thy will be done." But there we falter, it is too much. But of even this faltering we can be cleansed.

Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean. Oh, speak the word! Thy servants shall be healed.

THE MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Sunshine and smile of winter drear,
White flower of love amid the snow,
Your presence bringeth summer here,
Whatever winds around us blow.
Our faces shine with hallowed joy,
The world puts on its state array.
For silver age and wishful boy
There's happiness on Christmas Day!

Our homes resound with merriment;
Divineness meets our common need;
With ours the angels' songs are blent,
Good will prevails, and kindly deed.
Men recognize love's power to bless,
They would fulfil its purpose clear,
They seek to spread pure happiness,—
To crown and grace the fading year!

They hear a voice across time's tide
That tells mankind of heaven above,
That maketh faith and hope confide,
Without a fear, in God's good love.
The child reclining in the arms
Of motherhood so pure and true
Is sheltered from the world's alarms.
So God must shelter me and you!

Our children bear the halo light
Of Christ's good thought and gentle way,
Like lilies born of summer bright,
They are his own on Christmas Day.
It is a pleasure then to live,
Because the world abides in good,
Each unto each doth blessing give,
In simple, sweet child brotherhood!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Whitman, Mass.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AS LITERATURE.

I desire in this article to call attention to the new light and fresh interest which are given to the Old Testament when it is looked upon, as the best Biblical critics today assure us it should be, as an anthology of the national literature of the Hebrews.

This literary view of these ancient records is, unfortunately, the view which for many centuries has been least often taken of it by the Church. In the popular faith the Old Testament has been looked upon as everything else but literature. It has been regarded as a magazine of dogmas; as a scientific treatise, making the investigations of geology and biology superfluous; as an infallible moral code, any one of whose precepts overruled all the instincts of mercy or the intuitions of conscience; as a heavenly double acrostic, every word filled with threefold significance, natural, spiritual, and celestial; in short, as a specimen of supernatural penmanship, all its parts equally authoritative and flawless. The result has been to give the Bible an artificial and formal air, to separate it from the living world of reality, to obscure and befog its natural excellences, and to fill it with uncalled for difficulties.

It is lamentable, indeed, to recall the many inconsistencies and incredibilities which the traditional view has needlessly raised up, transmuting lyric metaphors into scientific marvels, traditions of later days into contemporaneous records, romances into autobiographies, poetry into prose, parables into predictions, and love songs into mystic allegories.

When the Pentateuch is claimed to be throughout written by Moses himself, all the Psalms by David, and the whole Old Testament to have been so divinely inspired as to be infallible, with what plain contradictions and insoluble entanglements are we brought face to face? It is these especially that have drawn upon the Bible the jeers and ridicule of the unbelievers and the keen thrust of every sceptic. They have led to the "mistakes of Moses" being paraded up and down the land, and flouted and riddled with the most cutting wit and the bitterest of mockeries. And they have seduced the pious-minded, who were not altogether irra-

tional, to a further wrong to the Bible; viz., to the most desperate attempts to warp and twist the sacred texts so as, somehow, to reconcile the conflicting passages.

But, when we look upon the Old Testament as literature, we are no longer tempted to torture in this way the simple statements of these ancient writers. Our only ambition is to find out what they really meant. And we are not diverted from a consideration of their essential truth or nobleness, and put into an antagonistic, flaw-picking attitude by extravagant claims for them of a character that they themselves never pretended to possess. Give a young man, for example, the Book of Jonah to read as a part of God's infallible word, and how soon will his reason (naturally led to give a careful test to any such momentous claim) run against the snags of the whale and the gourd and the other marvels of the story, and the whole attention be fixed on these, either to ridicule and reject or to defend and explain them away! Meanwhile the real lesson of the book, the broad tolerance and forgivingness of spirit, the omnipresence and universal love of God, that it aimed to inculcate, is altogether neglected. But present the book simply as a piece of ancient literature, an old legend current among the Hebrews, or a parable invented to enforce a lesson, and how easily is all the supernatural part of the story seen to be only the imaginative framework and embellishment of its noble religious lesson, no more affronting common sense or diverting attention from the spiritual teaching involved than do the giants and marvels in "Pilgrim's Progress" prevent the reader of that from appropriating the similar moral lessons therein contained!

Again, to look upon the Old Testament as literature gives it a worth and an interest which it has failed to obtain under the traditional view. As a piece of divine penmanship, as a flawless fetich before which reason was devoutly to close its eyes, much of it was useless. Forbidden to criticise or discriminate, the only refuge was in ignoring altogether large parts of the Bible, and leaving their pages, after the first reading from cover to cover, which pious tradition demanded, henceforth unopened. For here was passage after passage, which we were assured was just as sacred and true as anything else, from which we could obtain no food for either the mind or the heart. Here were palpable antagonisms of statement, impossible to harmonize; badly joined seams where earlier documents were patched together; coarse traditions that in any other book would be suppressed as indelicate; ritualistic details and ceremonial formalities of a thoroughly puerile and impractical character, at least for our day and generation; barbarous revenges and imprecations, claiming the direct command or undoubted inspiration of the Divine. How many such blots as these burdened the sacred text! But, when we recognize the Old Testament as literature, all these things become not only interesting, but valuable. These clumsy sutures of the earlier documents are precious as fine gold and sweeter than the honeycomb to the Biblical critics. These palpable discrepancies of the accounts and the partisan or sectional bias disclosed by each are the precious seals identifying the different documents and authors; and the very scientific mistakes and moral imperfections that we find are the water-marks of date and country, the incontestable proofs of their antiquity; and even the very crudest fancies and most barbarous legends, wholly inadmissible to the witness-box of history, are welcomed as priceless relics of that primeval mythologic age in which all religion and history began, and are the best of evidence that the Jewish religion had the same natural origin as all other faiths. What can the Bible reader who accepts it all as one infallible Word of God do with such passages as that where Jehovah is said to "walk in the garden in the cool of the evening"; where the Elohim (using the polytheistic plural) say: "Let us make man"; "Behold, the man is become as one of us"? How is the pious believer in the infallibility of the Bible to explain the graven and molten images; the ephods and teraphim which as late as Samuel's time were a part of the equipment of a priest of Jehovah; the household idols which David kept in his house; the golden bulls worshipped down to Jeroboam's day; the relics of serpent-worship, in the brazen serpent which, as late as the reign of Hezekiah, was an object of worship among the Israelites; and the vestiges of devil-worship even, in the goat carried into the wilderness as a propitiation to the demon Azazel, disguised

in our version under the name of the scapegoat,—what, I say, on the traditional theory of the Old Testament, can be done with these survivals of old nature and beast worship left in its pages, except to pass over and forget them as quickly as possible? But, when the Old Testament is recognized as literature, they become the most significant footmarks of the slow upward progress of Hebrew faith, confirming the account, which anthropology and the history of religions in general have given, of the successive stages of man's spiritual pilgrimage.

And this leads us to notice the new vividness and human interest which the sacred record gains when its similarity of origin with other books is recognized.

There is a somewhat familiar but instructive story of a boy who, on receiving a letter from a young companion at Malta, speaking of his visit to the place of St. Paul's shipwreck, exclaimed, "Why, father, did that happen in this world?"

So to many a pious reader the incidents and characters of the Old Testament are never realized as actual occurrences and flesh-and-blood persons, but they always stand before the imagination, as the old painters distinguished their saints, with a halo of supernatural light about their head and the stiffness and unreality of so many wooden images in all their limbs.

But now, when we study these records as literature, we soon catch sight of a host of significant little hints showing that these old priests and prophets were men of like passions such as we are, and that the notable incidents in their careers had their springs in the social forces, political exigencies, or personal motives of an actual, breathing world.

Take the figure of David, as the man after God's own heart, and author of all the Psalms, as church tradition has presented him to us. Certainly, this is a most inconsistent and artificial figure. But the David whom the new criticism shows, the chief of a band of outlaws who by his military exploits rises to the throne, brave and generous toward his friends, but unrelenting and vindictive toward his foes, and unscrupulous in removing those who stood in his ambitious pathway,—a nature at war with itself, holding within him in constant struggle the typical virtues and vices of a society just passing over from barbarism to semi-civilization,—this David is an exceedingly natural and interesting character.

Or take the Book of Job. Looked at as an authoritative revelation in explanation of the misfortunes of the righteous, it is certainly very unsatisfactory. If we consider it as a direct revelation from God to explain the origin of evil and the calamities of the righteous, that explanation amounts substantially to this,—to refer them to the wiles of Satan and the capricious permission of the Almighty, before whose power man should be dumb; and it omits altogether from the answer the Christian solution of a future personal life for which this life is the training. Now, as the instruction of a divine revelation, this is terribly crude and disappointing.

But, looking at Job as literature, we have in it the most poignant depiction of a soul in agony; the most powerful presentation of the struggling forces of doubt, despair, indignant virtue, invincible faith in divine goodness, pathetic humility, and the self-abnegating devotedness that can cling to the Divine Hand even when all hope of personal happiness has vanished, that we have in any book, ancient or modern, East or West. We may discuss to the end of time whether there ever was an historic Job who lived in the land of Uz, or whether the book is a pure fiction; but, surely, we cannot doubt that this picture of Job on his ash-heap, surrounded by the friends who, pretending to comfort him, pierce his heart by their unjust suspicions, and, as the strong gusts of passion at their cruel impeachment of his innocency and his own unbearable agony sweep to and fro, pours out his heart in such scornful denials of personal transgression, such appeals to his divine Judge, such dread misgivings, now of God's justice, now of his own righteousness, and who at last finds peace in a childlike resignation to the divine will, however bitter,—surely, we cannot doubt that this wondrous representation of bitterest spiritual struggle came from a heart that had itself been in the deep waters, and had to tread the wine-press of grief alone. And, if we date its composition in the dark days of the eighth century, when the old faith of Israel in Jehovah's earthly rewards to his faithful servants was given such a wrench, when the

Northern kingdom had gone down in ruins, and the terrible invasions of the Assyrians swept over their land, like so many tornadoes, respecting neither just nor unjust, and poor King Hezekiah lived, as Renan vividly says, "like a bird on a twig," watching which way to fly the next minute,—then the social and political setting of the picture makes it not merely a personal experience, but a national experience and a national enigma that are thus movingly set before us.

Thus does the literary view of the Old Testament humanize it, and endow it with heightened power and influence over its readers. And, as it takes on a more graphic life, there comes with this, simultaneously, a disclosure of more defined individuality and an affluence of national genius, not before suspected. When the Old Testament is regarded as a single continuous Divine Oracle, the tendency, of course, is to overlook as much as possible all diversities of authorship or style, because all must be equally divine, equally perfect. But, when it is viewed as literature, the varied contents of this sacred collection of the national remains are hailed with pleasure, and it becomes quite astonishing how many-sided the Israelite genius was. There were not simply the recognized three or four kinds of books,—law, prophecy, history, and psalmody,—but almost every kind that any modern encyclopædia of English or German literature would exhibit: allegory in Jotham's parable; the drama in Job; satire in Ecclesiastes; an opera or cantata in Canticles; ethnographic tables of the revelations of nations; didactic poems, as in Proverbs; national lyrics, as in a dozen or more of the Psalms; primitive sagas and war-songs, as in the patriarchal legends and in the songs of Moses and Deborah; fragments of epics, as in the remnants of the Wars of Jehovah and the Book of Jashar; snatches of popular ditties, like the Song of the Well and the Sword Song of Lamech; historical romances, like Daniel and Esther; novels with a purpose, like Jonah; political polemics and orations, such as some of the prophetical writings may quite properly be called. Such is the remarkable variety in the contents of the Old Testament that we find in it, when viewed as literature.

Or look through the lens of Biblical criticism at writers of the same class, among whom we have heretofore supposed little diversity because all were in such a peculiar way the mouth-pieces of the divine inspiration. I mean the prophets. Notice how enigmatic and vaguely figurative are some of them; how confident and precise in their predictions, a second class; and how much shrewder and more nearly accurate in their forecasts, a third class. And it is by no means those who were most bold and self-assured in their predictions whom history has most confirmed.

What an interesting diversity of personal characteristics and literary style distinguishes them, as we follow down the stream of history! Notice the rustic figures of speech and pastoral simplicity of the first two,—Amos and Hosea,—a style straightforward, sententious, and pregnant with compressed feeling. In Micah, also, we have another "man of the people," terse and strong of utterance, denouncing in scathing terms the wrongs suffered by the poor of Israel at the hands of the rich and noble.

In Isaiah we meet with a genius of different type, familiar with the best society of the times and with international politics, possessed of a glowing wealth of imagination and vividness of illustration, clothed in a diction of dignified splendor and energetic elegance.

In Nahum and Habakkuk we have two more ardent spirits, pouring out their impassioned thoughts in the boldest of imagery. What dramatic power, especially, is there in that Pindaric Ode of Habakkuk's, as it has been called, where he looks forth from his watch-tower to see what the Lord will show him, and describes with such majesty of thought and diction the vision of the woes drawing nigh to his people!

As we come down to the times of the Babylonish captivity, we hear the deepened tragedy of Israel's fate reverberating in the melancholy cadences of its great writers: in the artless pathos of Jeremiah's voice so broken with patriotic tears; and in the sombre imagery and weird allegorical figures of Ezekiel (though often, it must be confessed, somewhat overloaded and bizarre). In the impassioned rhetoric of the second Isaiah in the heart-moving touches, picturesque imagery, and superbly effective personifications of this great unknown

prophet of the sixth century, the poetical genius of Israel reached its climax; and in the clear, logical, and dialectic treatment of his theme in Malachi,— going without any flourish right at the pith of the matter,— we see that the roll of the prophets is about to be closed, and that a simpler, more concise and lucid school of writing is about to succeed them.

And not only has the study of Biblical literature brought out the individualities of the different books of the Old Testament in instructive clearness, but within the envelope of what had been deemed the work of single authors it discovers a multiplicity of hands, and points out their personal characteristics in a most interesting manner. As the telescope and spectrum of the astronomer have resolved what seemed single stars into binary or ternary solar systems, so has the lens of Higher Criticism shown us Isaiah and Zechariah to be each a double star, and the Pentateuch of Moses to be a complex system of four or five, or perhaps even more, noble literary suns and planets. This complex composition and gradual growth, throughout six or seven centuries, of the first five books, not long ago ascribed to Moses alone as their author, is the most notable achievement of the Higher Criticism. It has endowed this part of the Old Testament, to the eager student of truth and to all spirits ambitious of disentangling knotty problems, with a fascination akin to that which the authorship of Junius had in the last century, or the decipherment of the Assyrian hieroglyphics has in our day. Renan has well compared the task, in its delicacy and difficulty, to the decipherment of the papyri of Herculaneum, whose pages were so imbedded and stuck together into calcined blocks that, though the letters might be visible, it was impossible to say to what page they respectively belonged. But, as the careful unrolling and patching together of these papyri by the classical scholars have introduced consistent order into these manuscripts, so have the patient comparisons and piecings-together of these Biblical documentary layers and fragments by Graf and Wellhausen, and especially by that prince of Biblical critics, Kuenen (whose recent death is such a loss to scholarship), succeeded in building up again the ancient medley of historical and legendary remains into an intelligible literary structure.

Church history tells us that in the second century an early predecessor of Dr. Robinson in the work of Gospel welding and tinkering mortised together, out of the four Gospels, a harmony of the life of Christ which he called the Diatessaron. Now, suppose this compilation had been so successful that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John had no longer been copied in their original and independent form, but had been entirely swallowed up by the new compilation, and the very memory of their separate existence been quite forgotten. Suppose that the new compilation had been baptized with the name "the books of Jesus," and that the Church should then have resisted as pious profanation the idea that any part of this patchwork calling itself the authentic history of Christ was written by any one except the man of Nazareth with his own hand! Then we should have a pretty fair parallel to the way that the students of the Pentateuch have been fettered, and the difficulties that they have had to contend with in analyzing the so-called Books of Moses. But, as no one to-day would think that the fourfold gospel narrative and its complex testimony would have gained either interest or historic value if it had been thus superseded by Tatian's single compilation, so no one ought to fail to see how much the Pentateuch really gains in attractiveness and power by this critical disinterment of the four or five separate writings that have been hitherto engulfed by it. It gives us that invaluable base line of measurement and parallax of position only to be had where two or more different points of view are found. It enables us to estimate better the refraction of the lines of historic fact produced by the sectional or political or ecclesiastic bias of the various writers. And it adds to the illustrious group of Hebrew authors four or five notable figures, who, though unnamed, possess most marked personal characteristics as well as local and partisan traits.

In the earliest of these, the second Elohist, we discover a writer of the tenth century, living in the neighborhood of Bethel or Shechem, who delighted in collecting the old folk-lore and patriarchal legends of his race, and who has given us a most charming

and ingenuous picture of the primitive ages of humanity. Piquant and naïve in style, marked by a certain infantile candor and rough sublimity, devotedly chronicling all the quaint myths and ethnographic genealogies and details that he heard of; with patriotic pride claiming for the ancestors of the Northern tribes ancient possession of all the good things of the country; quite ignorant of any law limiting sacrifices or altars to Jerusalem; betraying a scarcely veiled polytheism on every page,—this first collection of the Israelite legends, which became the nucleus round which the rest of the Bible formed itself, has well been compared by Renan to Homer, so fresh and sparkling is it with the morning dew of humanity's childhood. "This unknown writer," says Renan, with but little of any exaggeration (p. 177), "has created half the poetry of humanity. His stories are like a breath of the world's springtime; their freshness is only equalled by their crude grandeur; man, when these pages were written, still lived in a world of myths. Multitudes of Elohim filled the air, manifested by mysterious whispers, unknown noises and terrors which produced panic. Man had nocturnal struggles with them, out of which he emerged wounded. Elohim appeared in triple form, and his sons take unto them wives of the daughters of men. Morality is scarcely born; the mind of the Elohim is capricious, sometimes absurd; the world is very small, heaven is reached by a ladder, or, rather, a pyramid with steps; messengers constantly pass from earth to the empyrean. Dreams are celestial revelations, visions of God" (Renan, pp. 177–178, vol. ii.).

In the author of the second great stratum of the Pentateuch (or, perhaps more accurately, the Hexateuch; for the Book of Joshua is an integral part and close continuation of the first five books) we have also a man of the Northern kingdom, but of the ninth century, and of quite a different type of mind. His genius is less unsophisticated and sunny. He is a man of a sombre and austere temperament and more philosophic cast of mind, oppressed with the consciousness of the sin in the world and full of forebodings of the wrath of Jehovah; emphasizing the jealous nature and irresistible will of the *I Am*, greatest of all the gods; delighting in meditations and explanations of the origin of evil and in chronicling the woes that descend upon sinful humanity. Civilization to him is a path of decadence and demoralization; the thirst for knowledge is the root of all evil; social progress, a defiance of God's laws and loss of Paradise; the first city originated in murder and transgression. As a religious creator, he takes the first rank. He was the original Calvinist, the spiritual father of Jeremiah, Paul, Augustine, Mohammed, Jonathan Edwards, and all that ilk. As Renan well says, "The ceiling of the San Sistine Chapel, with its tremendous pictures of the awful divine Judge and the retributions of those who disobey his autocratic will, is the best illustration of this remarkable writer. Michael Angelo is the only artist who could interpret the Jahvist; for he is truly his brother in genius" (Renan, p. 302, vol. ii.).

In the author of the third great stratum we find a still different type of mind from either the preceding: a man of superior culture, employing a warm and persuasive eloquence; fond of stately periods; exhibiting a decidedly purer and higher tone, both ethically and religiously. The author of the patriarchal legends had, as we noticed, hardly got out of the shell of polytheism. The Jehovist was only in the stage of Monarcho-theism, revering Jehovah as the first among the gods. The Deuteronomist carries us on to the next stage,—not monotheism, but monolatry, in which, while the existence of other gods was still recognized, Jehovah was proclaimed the unique God, the sole object of worship, and thus did the world the inestimable service of providing the next higher step in the staircase of religion, from which the second Isaiah, Jesus, and Paul mounted to that of a true monotheism, in which Jehovah was not merely the only God to be worshipped, but the only God in existence, the One over all, in all, and through all.

It was in the seventh century, shortly before or else in the reign of Josiah, that the Deuteronomist wrote. For a long time it was thought that the next great contributor to this literary edifice added his notable fourth story, the priestly and legal part, either before or soon after Josiah's time. But, while there may have been many additions made at this time, the best critics, Graf, Kuenen, and Wellhausen, now put the date of this priestly reviser and the most

of the sacerdotal legislation, including also the noble proem, the Creation Ode of the first chapter, as late as the time of the Babylonish captivity,—the fifth century B.C. This accounts for the numerous reminiscences and readaptations of Assyrian legend that he has introduced and the absence of allusions to this priestly code in the prophets of the seventh and eighth centuries. This priestly reviser, sometimes called the first Elohist (because he usually speaks of the Divine only under the name of the Elohim down to the time when the revelation of God as Jahveh is made to Moses, in Exodus xii.), was a native of the south,—probably a resident in Jerusalem. He possessed scientific tastes; had a fondness for genealogies, a more precise style; aimed to inculcate moral lessons and preserve the memory of religious customs; exhibited a mind more reflective and exact; sympathized with the southern tribes of Judah and Benjamin; avoided as far as possible the anthropomorphism of the northern narrators; and exhibits both a higher morality and a purer theism. He has encumbered his narrative, nevertheless, with a most wearisome and formal mass of ceremonial details. He is the ardent devotee of ecclesiastical theocracy, and has not hesitated, in his enthusiasm, to map out a whole priestly Utopia, an imposing air castle of sacerdotal laws, customs, events, and institutions, constructed with such precise and realistic details that for ages it was held to have been a veritable part of Hebrew history and experience.

And this suggests a few words upon the great gain which our conception of Hebrew history and the course of its literary development has made by this critical reconstruction of the proper succession of its various books and documents. What a travesty of the literary and religious history of India should we make if we presented it in the following order: first, the ceremonial legislation of Manu; next, the Vedic songs and myths; third, the subtle, speculative Upanishads; and, lastly, the practical moral reforms and spiritual teachings! But it is just such a topsy-turvy picture of the course of Jewish faith and thought that the traditional view of the Old Testament has given us, putting its monotheism at the very beginning, supposing away back in the time of Moses a most minute and elaborate legislation and complicated, pedantic ritual system already full blown, and presenting this as succeeded by such an epoch of political and social chaos, such a period of crude morals and unregulated worship, and rude, almost savage legends as we find in Judges and Samuel, "when," as the record says, "every one did what was good in his own eyes."

The history of literature and the science of comparative religion show us, in all the great civilizations of Europe and Asia, the same law of literary development, from the childlike to the reflective, from the simple to the complex; and also the same course of religious evolution, first rude nature-worship and fetichism, then, advance through idolatry and polytheism toward theism and spiritual religion. First we have the diviner and the soothsayer and the bard, the childlike chanter of primitive war-songs and myths, next the prophet, and after him the priest. Now, the traditional theory reverses this, and puts at the dawn of Hebrew life and literature that elaborate sacerdotalism which everywhere else comes only in the evening of the national life. But, when we study the Old Testament as literature under the microscope of the Higher Criticism, the intellectual and spiritual evolution of the Hebrew genius becomes again a natural one, exhibiting the same normal succession as the national consciousness of India, Egypt, Persia, and Greece. Thus a new orderliness is given to the Old Testament, and with it a greater intelligibleness.

And in another way also does the literary view of the Bible give it a clearer comprehensibility; namely, by permitting us to use sources of illumination that on the traditional theory are at once ruled out. What new light is supplied for understanding the Genesis stories of the fall, the deluge, and the tower of Babel, when we can illustrate them by their Assyrian analogues, if not sources? How much more intelligible becomes the story of Samson, when we are free to recognize many of its distinctive features as derived from the primitive sun-myth, of which here we have a degraded survival, perhaps grafted upon some native legendary stock! And, especially, what an illumination is given to Solomon's Song of

Songs, which in our King James's version is so darkly obscured by the interpolated headings which refer it to a mystical marriage of Christ and the Church, when we accept it as a Pastoral Cantata, commemorating the fidelity of true love, unmoved by the blandishments of rank and luxury! Instead of its being a dialogue between two, we must suppose, as Ewald has shown in such a masterly manner, a chorus and at least three principal characters; namely, the Shulamite maiden, the shepherd lover to whom she has pledged her affection, and Solomon, the king, who, captivated with her beauty, has taken her from her native village to his magnificent palace, and who thinks that by the glittering prospect he opens before her, as his favorite, he may induce her to abandon her rustic home and betrothed husband. By her steadfast resistance to the king's solicitations the loyal maid, however, at last convinces Solomon of the hopelessness of his passion, and obtains permission to return to the shepherd lover whom she cannot forget; and at the close of the poem the faithful couple appear hand in hand, expressing in glowing strains the superiority of genuine affection, though in the humblest lot, over any union that riches or position may buy. This is a meaning that nobly vindicates the place which the Song of Songs has so strangely, but fortunately, retained in the sacred canon.

And this brings me to my final point, the increased value of the Old Testament,—the higher claim upon our admiration and our reverence that it gains when viewed as literature. All its natural beauties and excellences, of old so obscured by the artificial theories of its supernatural dictation, now emerge to delight us. What admirable character-painting is disclosed in the ingenious delineations of the three great patriarchs and their successors,—Joseph, Deborah, Samuel, Saul, David, and Elijah! How sharp, forceful, naïve, and pathetic are these memorable personalities, outlined often with such few but graphic strokes of the pen! Surely, nowhere else than in Shakspere himself can we find such a wonderful portrait gallery of figures, so diversified and full of breathing life, as we find in the patriarchal legends of Genesis and the historic sketches of Judges, Samuel, and Kings. Or, if we can disabuse ourselves of the inclination to look upon it as either science or revelation, and consider it only as poetry, what a splendid, inspiring Ode have we in that Psalm of Creation that makes the first chapter of the Bible memorable! How superb the lyric strains of many of the Psalms! What a vigorous and copious exposition of the grandeurs of nature are given by them, especially by that 103d Psalm, which, as Humboldt said, is "in itself an outline of the universe." What persuasive springs of consolation, what powerful ethical instruction, do the pages of the prophets furnish!

I know, of course, the many dark stains that mar the moral tone of the Old Testament, the grave inconsistencies of its spiritual teaching. When viewed as an infallible book, a web divinely woven, all of one cloth, these stains are fatal to its claims. But, when we look upon it as the spiritual history of a nation feeling its way to God, it has no superior. It possesses certainly that best of inspiration, the power of inspiring and uplifting its readers. Take Conway's "Sacred Analogy" or Max Müller's fuller "Sacred Books of the East," and compare them with the Bible, and the more thoroughly you know the literature of the rest of the world, the more sure will you be that, on the whole, with all its crudities and coarseness and vengefulness on its head, the Bible stands far above all other scriptures in purity and elevation of tone. Grant that the vestiges of polygamy, slavery, idolatry, witch-burning, bloody revenges, and religious persecutions may be imbedded here, like the scales of hideous dragons of the slime in a slab of the Saurian period. Yet they are but the marks of the outgrown shells, the off-cast skins which the spiritual genius of Israel successively sloughed off, and left behind it. They are but the lower rounds of that heavenly ladder which the religious consciousness of the Hebrews one after another trod beneath it, and rose above, as it struggled slowly to the recognition and proclamation of the purest religious truths known to antiquity. All these relics of a lower stage of thought and conduct but bear witness to the naturalness and progressiveness of the religious evolution. Nowhere else in all literature is there a more striking and valuable panorama of the development of the spiritual

consciousness of a nation. What pictures of spiritual heroism, standing undaunted against all odds; what wise counsels to youth; what moving and uplifting outpourings of devout thankfulness; what manly denunciations of wrong and injustice; what appealing strains of penitence and devout trust; what comfort to the bereaved and support for the tempted,—beam from these pages, as the morning stars when they sing together in their Maker's honor, and make the benediction of this book, in spite of all its flaws, unparalleled in the history of humanity! And this benediction shall be all the greater, and is but the more perennial, when those who profess to reverence its lustre shall no more "breathe on it, as they bow," but, freed from artificial tinsel and glamour, it shall shine forth in all its natural beauty, symmetry, and matchless worth. JAMES T. BIXBY.

New York.

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*WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.**

Nov. 3, 1794—Nov. 3, 1894.

Standing upon the hill overlooking the town of Plymouth, Mass., at the base of that noble monument erected by a people's gratitude to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims, one feels a sort of awe as he realizes that here, on this very spot, opened one of the great epochs in the history of the world. He sees before him the bay whose waters were once cut by the keel of the "Mayflower." Yonder is Clark's Island, where the Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath. There is the narrow spit of sand which separates the sheltered bay from

"Old ocean's gray and solitary waste"

beyond. Far away to the left, in the town of Duxbury, glistening in the sunlight, may be seen the monument erected to the memory of Miles Standish. Below and to the right are the quaint and curious houses of the old town, standing at all angles to the narrow and crooked streets, with hotels bearing the names of Samoset and Massasoit, famous Indians of the early days. Beyond the town and still to the right may be seen the old burying-ground hill, with its rude gravestones of slate,—leaning, straggling, and worn,—on which may still be deciphered the family names of many of those who came in the "Mayflower," and of those who founded here the first free commonwealth the world had ever seen; while below the brow of the hill, surrounded by a palisade and protected by a canopy of iron legs, lies the "immortal rock,"—immortal because pressed by the feet of the humble company of the "Mayflower,"—a rock made far more significant and sacred to mankind than that other ancient stone preserved in the royal abbey of Westminster, on which a hundred kings have been crowned!

Standing in these almost sacred precincts, in the midst of these historic surroundings, one is impressed with the character and history and almost imbibes the spirit of early New England.

We have assembled to-night to commemorate the one hundredth birthday of one who more than any man of his day, more than any man who survives him, reflected all that was best and noblest in the life and thought and character and manners of that early New England.

William Cullen Bryant sprang from pure New England stock both on his father's and mother's side. He had a strain of the blood of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins in his veins. From his earliest to his latest day his reticence, his reserve, his grave and serious manners, all bore the early New England stamp. His parents doubted whether they would be able to "raise him," he being physically a frail, but mentally a precocious child. His father who was a physician caused him to be plunged almost daily during the first year of his life into a cold mountain spring to tone up the system of the incipient hero, and prevent the abnormal development of his head, which was unusually large. Notwithstanding this heroic treatment, the boy grew and waxed strong. At twelve months of age he was able to walk. At sixteen months he knew all the letters of the alphabet. At three and a half years of age he commenced the good old New England habit of "going to meeting" with his parents. The family took their dinner with them, and listened each Sunday to two sermons each an hour long, and during the intermission between ate their dinner and were drilled in the

* A paper read at the Bryant Centennial Celebration, Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 3, 1894.

poetry or logic of the "Westminster Catechism." Often the boy was taken by his pious grandfather to a third service held at "early candle lighting" in the neighboring school-house. This was the usual New England drill, and was not lost upon young Bryant. At church the precocious and sensitive youth was often tickled or terrified by hearing sung that famous 105th Hymn of Watts's collection:—

"And are we wretches still alive?
And dare we still rebel?
'Tis wondrous, 'tis amazing grace,
That bears us up from Hell!"

At five years of age he knew several of Watts's hymns by heart, and mounting his chair, which he called his pulpit, would declaim them to his father's family and friends. At seven years of age he had read his Bible through. Before he was ten years of age he had paraphrased and changed into verse passages from Job and several of the Psalms. At twelve years of age he composed and recited poetical essays before teachers and pupils of the country schools. At fourteen he took a man's interest in politics and the political questions of the day, taking the side of the Federalists, the party of his father, and wrote for the newspapers in prose and verse, ridiculing the character and statesmanship of Jefferson. He especially condemned Jefferson's stupid Embargo, which destroyed the trade, the commerce, and the prosperity of his native New England. Thus early in his very childhood he showed or obtained a bias in favor of unrestricted commerce and trade, which was to become the earnest conviction of his later years. At seventeen years of age he arrived at intellectual maturity, and wrote the immortal "Thanatopsis," an event that marks the dawn of the Golden Age of American literature, an age including Prescott and Bancroft, Motley and Hildreth, Parkman and Green, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell,—a golden age closed a few days ago by the death of the brilliant, witty, genial, and incomparable Holmes, the last survivor of this illustrious band of New Englanders, of whom Bryant was the first.

The brilliant promise of Bryant, the boy, was amply fulfilled in Bryant, the man. He never had the advantages or disadvantages which wealth and powerful family influence bestow. He never graduated at any college. He never "studied" in "Germany." Although self-educated and self-instructed, he yet became a scholar of more than ordinary attainments. He was a thorough student of the English law. He was well versed in the physical sciences of his day. He spoke with correctness and some fluency several of the languages of modern Europe. He read Latin with ease, and was master of the noble language of Homer and Thucydides; but, better than all, Bryant was master of good old, solid, direct, idiomatic English, and believed that the language of Shakspere and Milton is, on the whole, the most powerful and most perfect instrument for the expression of human thought, whether in prose or verse, that man has ever possessed. He was an all-round scholar; for he was a student of nature, as well as a student of books.

"The hills
Rock ribbed and ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green,"—

all had their suggestion and instruction for him. He was reverent and humble in the presence of nature; for he heard the voice of God in the laughing brook, in the singing bird, in the whispering of the mindless wind as it swept through the branches of the trees in the lonely forest. All the phenomena of nature spoke in the language of poetry to Bryant. What a fine lesson he draws from the simple flight of the waterfowl as he watches it fly across the heavens, and disappear upon the distant horizon!

"Thou'rt gone. The abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart."

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

We can admire and honor Bryant as a poet, a scholar, and man of genius; but we shall admire and honor him far more when

we remember that he was the very embodiment of early New England conscience and courage. For nearly fifty years he was the editor and principal owner of a leading daily metropolitan newspaper, the New York *Evening Post;* and during that long period he did not allow his paper, which still possesses in a great measure the high character which he swerved upon it, to swerve one hair's-breadth from the course dictated by his conscience and sense of duty. He never toyed with economic fallacies. He never pandered to popular delusions. He never considered what course in politics or upon social or religious questions would bring popularity to his newspaper or a grist to his mill. He was indifferent to public clamor. He was fearless of opposition. What is true? What is just? What is right? These questions answered, no cajolery, no threats, no pecuniary interest, could move this worthy descendant of the Pilgrims from his course. Bryant's sense of public duty was as overmastering and characteristic as that of old Abraham Davenport, who, when thick darkness fell upon the land at mid-day, and the people, terror-stricken, believed that the end of the world was at hand, called out to the chairman of the Connecticut Assembly, of which he was a member: "Mr. Chairman, let the candles be brought in. If the end of the world has come, let God find us doing our appointed work and standing at the post of duty."

Notwithstanding the severe sternness of his character, Bryant possessed a kind and generous heart. He early championed the cause of the slave. He advocated the enfranchisement of women. Any cause designed to relieve the unfortunate or help the poor received his earnest support. He gave away the larger part of his income in charity. The downtrodden and oppressed of all lands were sure of his sympathy. He appreciated and loved the beautiful in art, and strove to bring its elevating influence within reach of all the people. In short, "whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were honest, whatsoever things were just, whatsoever things were pure, whatsoever things were lovely, whatsoever things were of good report,"—all these things William Cullen Bryant not only "thought about" in obedience to the injunction of the apostle, but he did infinitely more: he illustrated and exemplified them in his daily life.

The personal appearance of Bryant in his youth and early manhood was that of a typical New Englander. He was lank and thin, clean shaven. His long chin, sunken cheeks, and high forehead gave him a "long-favored" look; and he had a grave and serious expression of countenance. He had a large mouth, prominent nose, deep-set, sharp, and inquisitive eyes; and his large head was thickly covered with light brown hair, wavy and fine. Unlike the typical brother Jonathan, he was always neatly and tastefully dressed. In his old age Bryant presented an entirely different aspect. His great bald head, his flowing white beard and mustache, his face covered and creased by a thousand wrinkles, his deep-set eyes flaming from beneath a scraggy and Olympian brow, recalled to the observer the idea of a venerable patriarch or prophet of ancient times; and the imaginative scholar, as he saw him walking, self-absorbed, upon the streets of the city, or rambling over the hills of his early New England home, and recalled his translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey, may well have compared him to old Homer himself, wandering upon the shores of the Ægean Sea, and picturing for all time, in immortal verse, the heroes and gods of the antique world!

The domestic side of the character of Bryant is as sweet, gentle, and loving as its public side was uncompromising, serious, and stern. He married, when twenty-seven years of age, a beautiful country girl of a town adjoining his own native Cummington. No greater compliment can be paid to her than to say that she was in every way worthy of him. They passed together nearly fifty years of happy wedded life. Upon her death, about a dozen years before his own demise, the world seemed to lose much of its interest and joy for him. No day passed that he did not think and speak of his dear Frances. He tried to imagine her still at his side. His poem entitled "October, 1866," in memory of her, was one of the most touching and beautiful he ever wrote:—

"In what fair region dost thou now abide?
Hath God, in the transparent deeps of space,

Through which the planets in their journey glide,
Prepared for souls like thine a dwelling-place?

"May we not think that near us thou dost stand
With loving ministrations? for we know
Thy heart was never happy when thy hand
Was forced its tasks of mercy to forego!

"May'st thou not prompt with every coming day
The generous aim and act, and gently win
Our restless, wandering thoughts to turn away
From every treacherous path that leads to sin?"

Shakspere in the play of "Julius Cæsar" gives expression to one of the sublimest ideas in all literature when he "personifies" nature, and then tells how nature *stands up* to do honor to the ancient Brutus. No one but the imperial Shakspere could conceive or would dare use such a figure. We cannot say that all nature *stands up* to do honor to William Cullen Bryant, but we can say that in his just and noble character he will stand forth in the years to come luminously conspicuous among his fellows, an honor to nature, an honor to his country, and an honor to his race.

W. D. HARRIMAN.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A CHRISTMAS MELODY.

FAITH.

Faith is in the cradle,
  Hush! let us wait!
Soon these lids will open,—
  A glance that readeth fate.
When this child awaketh,
  Wondrous things shall be,—
What man's sense ne'er seeth
  The soul of man shall see;
And in this vision clear
Heaven shall seem near,
And God's light shining here.

HOPE.

Hope is in the cradle,
  And blue its infant eyes,
As if forsooth they borrowed
  Tint of the doming skies:
Ever they look upward,
  Ever they see the best,—
Vision of coming triumphs
  To calm the heart's unrest.
Hark! hear the child-voice say:
"To-morrow excelleth to-day,
So shall it be alway."

LOVE.

Love is in the cradle,
  Angels sing its birth:
The hour is charged with blessing
  For thee, O happy Earth!
Rise, child! and swing thy sceptre,
  Reign for God o'er men.
Bear all, dare all, and fail not
  Till Eden come again.
In thee, O gracious Love,
We see, as from above,
The Spirit like a dove.

EDWARD B. PAYNE.

Berkeley, Cal.

A POET OF "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT": FELICIA HEMANS.

II.

A delightful stay at Abbottsford was the main feature of a visit made by Mrs. Hemans to Scotland in the summer of 1829. We may imagine the pleasure with which she spent long mornings in rambling with Sir Walter Scott, listening to his rich store of local traditions. It is to his giving her a description he had had from a friend of the ecstasy with which the German soldiers, returning from the war of liberation, greeted the first glimpse of the Rhine, that we are indebted for her stirring lyric, "Rhine Song of the German Soldiers after Victory." It was set to music, for a solo and chorus. When visiting Newark Tower, a couple of tourists were seen hurrying off, when Sir Walter exclaimed, smiling, "Ah, Mrs. Hemans, they little know what two lions they are running away from!" While at Edinburgh she describes herself as not always able to escape from "the inconveniences of celebrity," and, in her blithe and charming letters, relates how, having gone to hear a famous preacher, "in discoursing upon the various excellences of that somewhat overrated insect, the ant, he exhorted his hearers to look upon 'that *gifted individual*,' and take pattern by her virtues!"

In June, 1830, she was the guest of Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and wrote: "In half an hour I felt myself as much at ease with him as I had been with Sir Walter Scott in half a day. I laughed to find myself saying, on the occasion of some little domestic occurrence, 'Mr. Wordsworth, how *could* you be so giddy?' He has, undeniably, a lurking love of mischief, and would not, I think,

be half so safely intrusted with the tied-up bag of winds as Mr. —— insisted that Dr. Channing might be." The idea of Wordsworth being secretly fond of mischief, and being "so giddy" about anything whatever, is, at least, a refreshing shock to some of us who have heard he had no sense of humor, but resembled Sydney Smith's typical Scotchman in requiring a surgical operation to enable his head to receive a joke. It is less pleasing to hear him asserting that he considered "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled," and which Mrs. Hemans said she thought had been overrated, to be "Trash! stuff! miserable inanity!" and so forth.

Even when she had exchanged the poet's house for lodgings in a quiet little cottage called the "Dove's Nest," near Ambleside, she complains that she "was actually found out here last night by a party of American travellers"; also that she has recently received a long letter from an American who, among other choice absurdities, declares that he "is about to send me a pair of Indian moccasins, with my 'illustrious name interwoven in the buckskin of which they are composed with wampum beads.' If I receive this precious gift before I return to Liverpool, I shall positively make my appearance *en squaw* the very first evening I come to —— street; and pray tell Dr. —— that, with these moccasins, and *a blanket to correspond*, I shall certainly be able to defy all the rigors of the ensuing winter." No wonder that the poetess "had often spoken playfully of making a collection of the whimsical letters with which she was assailed," or that she wrote, "The young ladies, as I feared, brought an album concealed in their shawls, and it was levelled at me like a pocket pistol before all was over." And again, "Is it not very strange, and hateful, and weariful, that, wherever I go, some odd old creature is sure to fall in love with me just out of spite?"

But, although, as her sister says, "she had that quick sense of the ludicrous which is the frequent concomitant of an intense perception of the beautiful," her jokes were always harmless, and she hated to give pain. The whole record of her pure and transparent nature shows her to have been one of the souls, always too rare among us, who have learned the golden truth in Wordsworth's lines,—

"Never to link our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Among her many literary friends, such as Miss Mitford, Mrs. Howitt, and Joanna Baillie, Miss Jewsbury filled a prominent place.* Full of talent which she did not live to mature, she won from Wordsworth the opinion that, "in one quality, quickness in the motions of the mind, she had, within the range of his acquaintance, no equal." She had been in correspondence with Mrs. Hemans, and in the late summer of 1828, shortly before her friend's departure from Wales, took a cottage near Rhyllon, St. Asaph, in order to become acquainted with the poetess in person. In her tale "The Three Histories" she draws her friend's portrait under the name of "Egeria," too long for quotation, and ending with, "I might describe and describe forever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria: she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings."

The likeness, engraved from a miniature, and prefixed to the first volume of Mr. Chorley's "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans," shows an exquisitely refined but spirited-looking woman, somewhat past thirty, with rich auburn hair, clustering in curls in the fashion of the day, large, intelligent eyes, delicately formed nose, and an expressive mouth. It has all the fascination we should look for from one so gifted, and we understand how the old Welsh gardener used to say, "Miss Felicia could *'tice* him to do anything." Highly intellectual, but not in the least tinged with sentimentality, the sight of this fair face makes our hearts bleed for the poetess's long struggle under the weight of her sorrows so bravely and silently borne. During the latter part of her life she wrote much for magazines, thankful to earn money toward defraying the expenses of educating the three boys still under her care. We do not hear

* Maria Jane Jewsbury, born in Manchester, who, after surmounting great obstacles in the way of ill-health, domestic cares, and insufficient mental cultivation, became known as a successful writer in prose and verse. She married Rev. Mr. Fletcher, accompanied him to India, and died of cholera the next year. Her sister, Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury, was celebrated as a novelist, some forty years ago.

whether Captain Hemans, to whom the two eldest had been sent in 1828, was able or willing to assist her in this. Small wonder that her health, never too strong, began to fail so soon. Like too many a child of genius, she seems to have lacked certain practical qualities, and the faculty of taking proper care of herself. She never could learn to be prudent. She was always too impulsive, and owned herself to be ill-fitted for city life and the conventionalities of society. She never ceased to pine after her wild Welsh mountains and seashore. Queen Mary of Scotland hardly grieved more at bidding adieu to the shores of France than did Mrs. Hemans at sailing away from the land of her youth, hiding her face in her cloak, and bidding her boys to tell her when the hills were out of sight. No wonder that Wavertree seemed like banishment!

In 1831 she removed to Dublin, still hoping for advantages for her sons, and attracted by the fact of her brother Major Browne being stationed in Ireland. The change, as might have been expected, proved hardly a happy one. It is true that, wherever she went, she made appreciative friends, and at Dublin received much kindness, especially from Archbishop Whately and his wife. But her long-tried health and spirits began to be permanently on the decline, though she never flagged in devotion to her duties or her chosen work. "I have now," she wrote, "passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind often connected with the passionate study of art in early life. Deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks.* Indeed, I believe deep sorrows, such as have been my lot through life, have not only a tendency to elevate, but, in some respects, to calm the spirit. At least, they so fill it as to prevent the intrusion of little fretting cares. I have an ample share of these, too; but they shall not fret me."

In the summer of 1834 she underwent a sharp attack of scarlet fever, caught at an inn whither she had gone for country air, and had been culpably kept in ignorance of the fact of the infection being in the house. On her return to Dublin, being advised to keep in the fresh air as much as possible she, one day in autumn, allowed herself to linger over a book, seated on a bench in the public garden, until encircled by the chill of a heavy fog. She hurried home; but the mischief was done, and from this time her last illness may be said to have begun. "She felt, as she often afterwards declared, a presentiment that from that moment her hours were numbered." Attacks of ague gradually passed into a severe and lingering form of dropsy. She suffered much, but never complained or lost her peacefulness of soul. In one of her intervals of comparative comfort she wrote her noblest lyric, "Despondency and Aspiration," also a series of sonnets called "Thoughts during Sickness." She projected a long work, "Recollections of a Poet's Childhood." It is gratifying to know that these months of illness were softened by the devotion of friends and relatives, and brightened by the unexpected kindness of Sir Robert Peel, who not only appointed her fourth son * to a clerkship in the Admiralty, but, with the utmost delicacy, made a most generous donation to the dying poetess, now unable to work. Her mind being relieved from pressing care, she began to indulge in visions of recovery. She felt that she had now gained her mental maturity, and longed to leave some one lofty work behind. "It has ever been one of my regrets," she wrote, "that the constant necessity of providing sums to meet the exigencies of the boys' education has obliged me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions. I have always, hitherto, written as if in the breathing-time of storms and billows." Her last poem was the "Sabbath Sonnet," written April 26; and on the evening of May 16, 1835, she passed quietly away, being only a few months over the age of forty-one.

* Mrs. Jameson declared that "the poetry of Mrs. Hemans could only have been written by a woman"; while Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, pronounced her to be "the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of."

* Her fifth and youngest son, Charles Isidore Hemans, the unfailing companion of her long last illness, became known as a writer upon the antiquities of Rome, where he resided for many years. It is said that he joined the Romish Church, and afterward quitted it. He published several volumes relating to archaeology, and died in 1871.

She was buried in a vault in St. Anne's Church, near the house where she died. On the tablet above her tomb, after her name and age, are inscribed the well-known sad, sweet lines from "The Siege of Valencia," which are sung as the dirge for the young daughter of Gonzalez, and which, like so many others she has written, in their tranquil and perfect simplicity come home to every heart.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die!"

She should have been laid among her own wild Welsh mountains, in the sound of the sea she so loved. Fresh air and flowers seem to belong to the tomb of one who, as she wrote, was wont to "dream of all things free." We remember in an English magazine, long ago, some musical verses on "the grave of Felicia Hemans," beginning:

"This her grave! Ah me, she should be sleeping
In some country churchyard far away."

The dreary vault in the Dublin church was not more painfully unsuited to one like her than were too many of her surroundings in this world. She always contended that fame alone could never satisfy a woman's heart. The aspirations of her poet-mind are always accompanied by the low undertone of sadness of the woman who, as a wife, had scarcely tasted happiness. It has grown to be the fashion to question her claim to a place in literature. She is thought too imaginative, too gentle, for this over-strenuous age; and so we find her neglected, or else underrated even by so large-minded and discriminating a critic as Stopford Brooke. We do not pretend to determine her precise rank among her contemporaries, nor venture to predict how long she will be remembered. But, while her national poems, her "Evening Prayer at a Girls' School," her "Graves of a Household," and many other touching or stirring 'vrics continue to be loved, and scarcely to read without tears, by numbers, who perhaps hardly care for her more ambitious works, oblivion will not become the fate of one who, as Tennyson said of Wordsworth, "uttered nothing base, and who was always aspiring, always loving" whatsoever things are of good report. In this age of realism she is blamed for being an idealist. Margaret Fuller speaks of one who was blamed for making young girls "want to see heroes." It was heroism in its highest forms that Felicia Hemans made her readers love. There is much concerning her whereon we have not space to dwell,—her versatility of mind, her quickness in study, her skill in music, in languages and translating, so that a gentleman, who in her youth had given her some instruction in Latin, "used to deplore that she was not a man, to have borne away the highest honors at college." Nor in this, our age of college-bred women, is it fair to blame her for the absence of pronounced interest in the woman's cause, and kindred subjects which in her own day were hardly thought of. In ours she would doubtless have uplifted her poet's voice on behalf of her sex in their upward progress as bravely and sweetly as she, two generations ago, devoted her gifts to glorifying the themes of love and home.

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

The sunny summer months are gone,
The autumn, too, is past;
The birds to milder climes have flown,
Cold blows the wintry blast.
The great trees sway their branches bare,
With melancholy sound.
The feathery flakes are in the air,
And white is all the ground.

But in the home a hearty cheer
On walls and faces glows.
The firelight dances red and clear,
And mocks at winter's snows.
And on the street, with nimble feet,
The children romp and play;
And laugh and shout are ringing out
To welcome Christmas Day.

Yes, hail! and welcome without end!
Thou Day that gave to earth
The rarest gift that heaven could send,
In Christ our Saviour's birth,
That through the centuries of years
Hast echoed still one song
Of peace and love from God above
To earth's swift pressing throng.

But thou'lt see many a care-worn face,
And many a tear-dimmed eye;
Thou'lt hear the moan of hearts left lone
And the pitiful children's cry.
For the world is heavy with many woes,
And sick with the pains of sin,
And never such need for the Christmas creed
Its way in the world to win.

Yes, welcome! and teach us, thou Christmas Guest,
The secret of realms on high;
Let this Christmas-tide in our souls abide,
A fountain of charity.
Henceforth, in the spirit of Mary's Son,
May we order our works and ways,
Till the kingdoms of earth and heaven are one,
And all days Christmas days.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Iowa City, Ia.

LITURGY AND PRIESTHOOD.

Senator George F. Hoar, in his opening address as president of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches at Saratoga, admirably stated the right of Unitarians to fellowship with the Church Universal, and eloquently expressed his conception of the true function of the Christian priesthood. The present importance of these subjects leads us to call the attention of our readers to the following extracts from the address, which did not appear in the condensed report published in the *Unitarian* for November.

Unitarians have a liturgy and a priesthood. Our liturgy is the liturgy in which the desire of humanity for worship has in all ages found expression.

The essential of the liturgy is the worship in the congregation of the unseen and eternal Ruler of the universe with prayer and song. All else is form and accident and convenience. We not only have these in common, with rare exceptions, with the whole Christian world, but they are older than Christianity itself. They are older than history. They are older than the day when Agamemnon, king of men, prayed to Jove with the Greek captains,

"With hands and voice advanced to heaven,"

or when Abraham called on God between Bethel and Hai.

That mysterious law by which, in a human assembly, every emotion is multiplied in each heart by sympathy with every other has led mankind to seek society in its cry to an unseen power for help, or its voice of thanksgiving or praise, from the beginning of time. And let us thank God that, with whatever else pertaining to religion the evil passions of men may have mingled, when the heart's worship has found musical utterance there has been no jangle or discord. When the Muses sang at ths court of Jove and Apollo touched the strings, when the harp of Jubal resounded, when Miriam raised her song of praise, when David touched the sacred lyre,

"When Zion's daughters poured their lays
With priests' and warriors' voice between,"

when the disciples sang the first Christian hymn at the last supper, when the soft voice of music broke upon the darkness of the catacombs, when its lofty tone filled the domes of ancient synagogues or sounded in cathedral arches, when the Covenanters' strain arose from the mossy hillside, when the Pilgrim sang on the deck of the "Mayflower," or broke the silence of the eternal forest with the anthem of the free,—it has been one song, one harmony, unbroken from the beginning, and shall continue one song, one harmony, unbroken until time shall be no more.

We also believe in a priesthood. We do not propose to submit ourselves to a confessional. We do not attribute any magic virtue to the laying on of hands. Nor do we believe that divine retributions can be averted by any exorcism from shaven lips, or that the traces of an evil life in the soul can be washed out by the sprinkling of a few drops of water, however pure, or by baptism in any blood, however innocent, in the hour of death. But none the less do we need an arm on which to lean, a voice to utter our own needs, an interpreter to us and to our children of the counsel of God in spiritual things. The time comes to all of us, to the strongest, to the most solitary, when the heart needs this consolation. Very tender histories can our pews tell of the comfort that has come to them from the pulpit. If anything on earth can aptly be called a consecration, the devotion of a pure and holy life to this office is consecration.

I beg leave to add, for myself, that I hold that metaphysical, philosophical, or

controversial discussions have no place, or very small place indeed, among the duties of the minister.

To re-enforce the sense of duty; to strengthen the will; to kindle the flame of religious affection; to turn the thoughts to whatever is pure, honest, lovely, and of good report; to make Sunday last through the week; to bring consolation in sorrow; to organize charity; to stimulate Christian activity; to summon youth to holy living and brave dying; to drive the clouds of spiritual darkness from the way of men and from the wayside; to bring the kingdom of God into this world; to bring life as well as immortality to light,—these are the functions of the Christian priesthood.

When you teach your baby to use his fingers, you do not begin with a lecture on the origin and insertion of the flexor and extensor muscles. The training of the athlete is not begun by removing all metaphysic doubt as to the possibility of motion. No profession, no liberal art, no sort of human activity, waits until the question is settled whether consciousness or reason be a trustworthy instrument for acquiring knowledge. We do not wait when the feast is spread, and we are seated at the table, even for a lecture on the chemistry of food, or to know exactly the particular function of the coats of the stomach. The stomach would prefer on such occasions to take off its coat, and go to work. So, to the leading of devoted, pure, and useful lives, in which it is the function of the clergy to be our instructor and guide, a comprehension or a study of the metaphysical and psychological questions which lie at the foundations of faith is not in the least essential. I do not think it is the function of the Christian minister to deal with these questions. There have been a few exceptions, illustrious exceptions,—Jonathan Edwards in early times, perhaps James Walker, and unquestionably James Martineau in recent times. But, as an almost universal rule, the man who is fitted for such discussions, or who has a taste for them, is unfitted by his mental constitution and by his taste for the office of a Christian minister.

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed."

Do not understand me for a moment as implying that the champions of Christianity or the champions of Unitarian Christianity have anything to fear from any foeman in this or any other field of intellectual combat. Tyndall, who had more than once broken a lance with him, on hearing somebody say that James Martineau was the foremost philosophical thinker of the day, answered, "He is the foremost philosophical thinker since Saint Paul."

But none the less for these exceptions I beg leave to say for myself to this assemblage of clergymen what, I believe, is the general opinion of the laity of our denomination and of all denominations,—that, in general, these metaphysical discussions in the pulpit, to use the pithy phrase of Solomon, which our Puritan ancestors so delighted to quote, are but the "crackling of thorns under a pot."

We want, when we go to church, not to hear a continuance of that discussion of

"Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,"

in which Milton leaves his fallen angels engaged in hell, and in which, if they are engaged still, it but serves them right. What we want to hear is counsel and inspiration in the ways of practical righteousness for our boys and girls and for ourselves. We want, when the temptation comes to us in the week-day, to have the lofty counsel which we heard on Sunday ringing in our ears. We want to hear, not of the things in which we differ from other Christians, but of the things in which we agree with other Christians. We want to go to the sermon in the same temper with which we open the hymn-book. We want the end of the sermon and the prayer and the last note of the hymn to be in accord.

Unitarianism does not consist of a statement of things in which we don't believe. Such a statement never saved a soul, and rarely makes a convert. Unitarianism is not made up of negations, doubts, denials, hesitations, uncertainties. It is positive faith and practical works. It does not consist, to any considerable extent, in the things in which we differ from other Christians, but is made up almost entirely of the things in which we agree with them. Al-

though the great body of Christian believers do not call themselves by our name, the great body of Christian believers believe what we believe, think what we think, love what we love, and seek what we seek. In the main, the things in which they differ from us are the non-essential, temporary, changeable, doubtful, and speculative. In general, the less that is said about them, the better. The more that is said about them, the slower they will be to disappear, The things in which we and they agree are permanent, vital, certain, unchangeable.

There are some errors that demand for their overthrow that we bring our whole forces against them, that we unlimber our heavy artillery, that we besiege them as we would a fortress.

These are errors of conduct or of morals. There are other errors that these processes seem to strengthen and perpetuate. The way to get rid of them is simply to think and talk of something else.

We have also a scheme of salvation. We believe that the sinner is to be saved by the influence of divine truth and by the salvation of the soul, not from the consequences of sin, but from sin. We believe that salvation is character, and not escape. I hold that this Unitarian doctrine, when not uttered in theological phrases, or as a challenge to controversial discussion, is, in general, the belief of intelligent Christendom to-day. It is to be noted that wherever in all our religious literature, sacred or profane, we find the most terrible assertion of the awful doctrine of a material punishment,—in Isaiah, in Dante, in Jonathan Edwards,—the condition of the redeemed soul is a condition of purity. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." The degrees of the Paradiso are degrees not so much of celestial joy as of celestial purity.

"The life of the new man," says Jonathan Edwards, "is a life of sincere and honest endeavor to be universally and increasingly holy. And this is one reason why he longs to be in heaven, that he may be perfectly holy. Love is a holy fire within him; and, like any other flame which is in a degree pent up, it will and does struggle for liberty, and this its struggling is a struggle for holiness."

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

[The wit and brilliancy of the great Autocrat causes us sometimes to forget that he could write with extraordinary tenderness. It would be difficult to find a more touching poem than the following among the writings of any poet.]

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
  No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;—
  Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
  And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
  To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
  Shall say that here a maiden lies
  In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
  Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
  That drinks the greenness from the ground,
  And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
  And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
  The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
  Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
  Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of Spring,
  That trills beneath the April sky,
  Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
  Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
  The crickets, sliding through the grass,
  Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
  Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
  In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
  So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
  Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this, A tender bud,
  That tried to blossom in the snow,
  Lies withered where the violets blow.

O. W. Holmes.

God is truth. To be true, to hate every form of falsehood, to live a brave, true, real life,— that is to love God. God is infinite; and to love the boundless, reaching on from grace to grace, adding charity to faith, and rising upward ever to see the ideal still above us, and to die with it unattained, aiming insatiably to be perfect even as the Father is perfect,—that is to love God.—*F. W. Robertson.*

BEAUTY: ITS RELATION TO LIFE AND TO RELIGION.

IV.

In the reactionary movement of the times toward beauty, the Protestant churches are borne along with irresistible force. Vast sums of money are expended on them to make them artistic within and without. The stained windows, tempering into mystic spell the radiance of the sun, the frescos, the pictures, the chants, the chorals and responses, are making their way back again. And why not? In the church, as I would have it, there should be sculpture and painting, fine music and flowers, to help make men religious and moral. From busts and pictures the faces of the wise and good should look upon the living, to rebuke them for the lower level of their life, to remind them that they "can make their lives sublime," to inspire them to renewed striving after ideal character. In their faces we see reflected the eternal soul of all beauty.

In a sermon of W. C. Gannett, I find this anecdote. A man, after silently gazing for a long time at John Brown's bust, exclaimed, "Well, he ought to have been hung!" "Why so?" some one asked in surprise. "Because he makes all the rest of us look so mean." Yes, the faces of the noble in picture or bust, or in real life, make us look mean. They make us seem mean to ourselves. And therein lies the inspiration of them. The Greeks and Romans understood well how to impress religious sentiment on the people through the forms of art. The effect of keeping before the public gaze their statues of Purity, the Vestal Virgins, and the like, could hardly be otherwise than good.

Nature first wooed man to investigate the secrets of her powers, and to ascertain her laws, by the beauty of her manifestations. So there are men and women drawn into the church through the spell some form of beauty exercises over them. They are hardly open to persuasion save through their sense of taste. It is wonderful how much religious emotion, how much sweet and purifying sentiment, radiate into human souls from a few flowers or strains of music. A simple rose or lily on the pulpit will sometimes excite a worshipful mood, deep with feelings of reverence, trust, and sympathy. I was pleased to learn that the late Jay Gould was passionately fond of flowers. If you would turn the churches into a greenhouse, you might attract such a man into it, and perhaps make him religious. To some who are deficient in the sense of the beautiful, this seems nonsense. Dr. Lyman Beecher used to say to Henry Ward, when he talked in such fashion, "It is all moonshine, my son." "Yes, and sunshine, too, father," replied Henry. Speaking of this matter in later years, the great Brooklyn preacher said, "I never had, under preaching, anything like such a personal feeling of holiness, or such a sense of nearness and overpowering presence of the other world brought to me, as through that principle of the soul which takes cognizance of fine, beautiful things, the sense of taste."

Let us, then, make more of art in public worship, and yet not make so much of it that the attention is distracted by an overprofusion of beauteous images. Worship that becomes a thing merely of eye and ear makes a shallow worshipper, without the clearness of thought or the real deepness of feeling that have as their end to get something done for man in this world. I would avoid, therefore, emphasizing too much the element of beauty and the sense of taste. The sense of taste is closely allied with the religious sense, but it is not necessarily religion. There are persons who have the most sensitive eye and ear for the beautiful. They know the fine points in a building, a picture, a piece of sculpture. Any violation of the harmonies in music they readily detect. Instinctively, they perceive the grace of form in literature. And yet they fall quite short of saving earnestness, either in religion or morals. Life is a matter of more than æsthetics. While it is sometimes the case that truth and goodness, to commend themselves, must come with beauty's credentials, yet there are such persons as Tennyson speaks of: "A glorious Devil, . . . that did love beauty only."

To push my thought no farther than I have already done would be to leave the reader in the outer court of beauty. I should leave out the heart of my intent if I had no word for beauty in a higher aspect than that which appeals to eye and ear. The beauty which should command our

worship is the beauty that serves the highest needs of the soul. Any work of art that falls short as an expression of moral and spiritual intent by so much falls short of excellence. In her clouds and stars, her seas and mountains, trees and flowers, nature is beautiful because she excites in man the sense of something more than all these, something organic, universal, and unchangeable in all the changing forms. The glory of the Lord shines in these things. And the true artist will give hint of that glory. His work will suggest a higher beauty which he aimed to express, and could not. The architecture, the sculpture, the painting, the music, which best stand the test of time's progress, and which are of most universal interest, speak of the soul of things. They give an uplift into some thought or emotion of spiritual drift. They quicken some aspiration after the ideal, express some universal truth of character and life, warm the heart with a noble sentiment of courage, of justice, hope, faith, love. The highest art is morally useful as well as beautiful. It expresses character and aspiration.

The highest beauty vouchsafed to us in this earth-world is one of human character. It is the phosphorescence and efflorescence of truth and goodness. Mere physical charms give us no permanent satisfaction. They are but the fleeting robes of beauty in which God clothes the spirit for a season. They are like the leaves of the tree: they fade and shrivel and fall away with years. The individual must have another beauty than this of the external, else the man or the woman will lose attraction for the nearest and dearest fellow-beings. The beauty of personality that retains the homage of men must strike from within.

Tennyson describes Maud in his poem of that name as

"But a cold and clear-cut face . . .
Perfectly beautiful, . . .

. . . . . .

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more."

This "dead perfection" of form spiritually expressionless, fit only to sit for soulless portraits, or be a model for the fashionable dressmaker, is not the beauty of the blessed immortals. Addison has described the truly beautiful woman that walks the queen of earth:—

"Heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine forever round thee.

. . . . . .

Life wanders up and down
Through all thy face, and lights up every charm."

Nobility of soul gives the animating grace of the Absolute Beauty. Without this, whatever the perfection of outward form, the enchantment will be dispelled. Truth and goodness are so vital to the universe that he who is centred in these has a transcendent beauty that attracts people in spite of the most ungainly form. Great qualities of mind and heart transfigure the person. They shine through, and hide the physical deformities of man. Demosthenes was not a pleasing figure, but moral passion put such celestial fire into face and speech that the Athenians were transported with patriotic sentiment. According to the outward standard Socrates seems to have carried one of the most homely faces among a people drunk with the love of physical beauty; and yet he had an irresistible attraction for good men of the widest diversity of taste and capacity. Why? His power lay in the beauty of wisdom and virtue.

Moses Mendelssohn, a famous German Jew, was very ill-made up, with his dwarfed figure, his humped back and stammering voice; but the charm of his personal character made his friends, and the beautiful maiden who married him, forget all his physical impediments.

Sir Philip Sidney, for three centuries the model of a courtly, true-hearted gentleman, figures in our imagination for physical graces; and yet we are told on good authority that he had a face "spoiled with pimples." So in time perhaps our descendants will be picturing Abraham Lincoln as a man beautiful even in form. It is because he had the higher beauty of a thoroughly genuine and large-hearted nature, a beauty that lighted up his angular face with the sunshine of kindly humor or the sweetest rays of a melancholy divinely profound. Whether we see or do not see persons, if we are impressed with goodness on their part, we idealize them on the side of beauty.

The little blind girl in one of our popular plays got at the heart of the matter. Prattling away to a lawyer, she exclaimed, "Oh, my uncle is so handsome!" "How do you know he is handsome?" asked the lawyer. "Because he's good. Ain't all good people handsome?"

And it is beauty of character, it is the beauty of wisdom and virtue, that shine round men with imperishable glory. What an inspiration and reflected light we get from a look into the faces of some of the sons and daughters of God! It was once my fortune to meet Ralph Waldo Emerson in his own native town of Concord. I shall never forget it. For I regard it as one of heaven's most priceless blessings vouchsafed to me on earth. This meeting was the year of his death. As I passed a few words with him, I gazed with reverent gratitude into his face. It had the flush of some of the autumn leaves in the woods made sacred with his footsteps. A benignant smile played over it like unto the last beams of the setting sun on the deeps of the ocean at rest. In that face was the harmony of one who is at peace with himself, and with the world of persons and things. In it shone divine strength and repose. The beauty of the New Testament words, "the peace of God that passeth understanding," was revealed to me as never before. I caught sight of the inner truthfulness of the story of Jesus' transfiguration in the eyes of the three disciples. As I recall this incident again, I feel like referring to the impression this white soul made upon the rugged, tempest-tossed Carlyle. Of his parting from him in England he said: "I saw him go up the hill: I didn't go with him to see him descend. I preferred to watch him mount, and vanish like an angel." In the presence of these heavenly spirits clad in earth forms, the question of Jesus comes with new force,—"Why sayest thou, Show us the Father?" Is not the Father shining through them? Is he not making himself visible to us in the faces and lives of men and women beautiful in his righteousness?

I have seen persons of meagre intellectual culture and of no marked physical beauty who seemed positively beautiful simply because they inspired a feeling of their native goodness. They had grown in intelligence and a winning grace through a practical life of benevolence and self-sacrifice. For a beautiful life reflects back on mind and body. A beautiful soul tends to mould the temple of its habitation in the likeness of beauty. There is nothing like pure thought, a mastery of appetite and passion, and active benevolence to preserve and enhance the charms of physical health itself. There are no cosmetics and drugs like these to put elasticity into the step, heaven in the eye, and to hang on the cheeks the jewel of a fascinating smile. There is much reason in Swedenborg's fancy that after death the face assumes the likeness of the ruling affection. The human form becomes more beautiful the more interiorly the individual had loved divine truths. It is substantially true here in this life that the face grows more beautiful the more beautiful grows the soul. So, of course, on the contrary, ugliness in the soul puts ugliness into the body. In face and form are registered all indulgence in anger, in envy, resentment, lust, all abuse of appetite and passion, all nourishment of selfishness in one's nature.

"For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Some persons seem what has been finely phrased "organized spirituality." Balzac has undertaken to give us an ideal type of this in the ethereal character of Seraphita. Their presence brings with it a sweet, impalpable atmosphere of influence. Wherever they go, they radiate grace and light and life. It is as if a beautiful maiden walked through a room with roses on her breast that exhale about her a rich perfume. The tone of their voice, the gleam of their eye, the smile of their face, the fleeting passage of their person, like a spotless white dove momentarily occupying our vision,—oh, what ineffable notes of spiritual harmony they sometimes strike in ourselves!

"Knowing not vice nor hunger's ways;
In girlhood's pure and wistful thought,
She passed me; but I caught
The glorious beauty of her face.
Beneath her garments perfume-fraught
She moved with such a splendid grace,
I knew a strain of music passed,—
Her buoyant stepping held me fast!"

In some sermon or other Prof. Swing commended the wisdom of John Ruskin in founding a large school prize of money for each girl who should graduate in the greatest beauty of character. I heartily join in the sentiment; for beauty of character is the transcendent beauty of this earth. It has the power of the universe behind it. Of all beauty this is the one of which we should be most enamoured. It is the beauty that wins a far more precious and lasting prize than that of John Ruskin, the prize of loyal human hearts and the preservative sanctities of the living God. It is the beauty that waxes ever more beautiful and attractive. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," faces wrinkle, eyes grow dim, voices crack with age, the charms of body drop away like forest leaves of autumn; but the beauty of the soul moulded in truth and goodness shines with the glory of the Eternal.

G. W. BUCKLEY.

Sturgis, Mich.

A BRYANT CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Among the various celebrations of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Cullen Bryant, one of much interest was held at Ann Arbor, Mich. The Unitarian church was crowded with university students, professors, and townspeople. A fine large picture of the great poet was on the platform, in view of the audience. Judge W. D. Harriman spoke of "Bryant, the Man"; Prof B. A. Hinsdale, of "Bryant, the Scholar, Journalist, and Orator"; Prof. I. N. Demmon on "Bryant's Place in American Literature"; and Prof. J. T. Sunderland, upon "Bryant as an Ethical and Religious Teacher." A poem on "The Centennial Birthday of Bryant" was read by Hon. L. D. Barbour of Detroit, a regent of the university. Another short poem was contributed to the occasion by Rev. J. P. Hutchinson of Ann Arbor, and a hymn by Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, N.Y. Letters were read from Mr. John Bryant of Princeton, Ill., the poet's brother; from Mr. Parke Godwin of New York, Bryant's son-in-law and long his editorial colleague; and from Rev. Theodore C. Williams, pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church, New York, of which Bryant was many years a member.

Mr. John Bryant's letter was of considerable length, and gave many interesting facts regarding his brother's earlier years and his personal habits and characteristics in later life that had never been in print. We should be glad to reproduce it, did not our space forbid.

A sentence from Mr. Godwin's letter gives so concise and admirable a characterization of Bryant that we must quote it. Said the writer: "Mr. Bryant was a man of genius, of consecration, and of courage. To his genius we owe the poems which have given us instruction and pleasure, to his conscience the patriot who saw in politics always a great ethical purpose, and to his courage the man who, fearless of opposition, pursued justice and truth in all the relations of life. But to us who knew him intimately he appears chiefly as the modest, gentle, and kindly friend."

From Mr. Hutchinson's poem we give a single stanza:—

"And we have been by Bryant richly blest,—
Bryant, who lived to see and sing and soar,
Who lives in all men's homage evermore,
The strong and gentle Wordsworth of the West."

A few lines must suffice from Regent Barbour's poem:—

"To him the springs were springs of life,
The groves were temples reared for praise;
The morning light was radiance from above;
The genial warmth of summer time
Was token of eternal love.
He breathed the vigor of the sun,
He bathed him in the starlight's gentleness;
From rippling rills
That trickled down the sides of hills
He drank in purity and love of peace.

Mature in youth and young in age,
His days were calm, his life serene;
No idle years
Gave cause for tears,
No grievous error brought him ruth;
The story that he lived was as a page
Writ down with graciousness and truth.

He served his country well,
Not in the battle's hell,
But with his pen,
That conquered hearts of men,
He pointed out the way
Where justice and where honor lay.
O saintly soul! to thee our thanks arise,
For such a life, so calm, so strong, so wise!
Oh, teach *us*, too, to strive
For earth's true gold, for heaven's highest prize."

Mr. Chadwick's "Hymn" we give entire:—

Thou mighty God, who didst of old
  The psalmist's wondrous song inspire,
Our hearts are glad that every age
  Is touched by thy immortal fire.

We bless thee for that radiant band
  Whose voices on our Western shore
Have made a music clear and sweet,
  Which men shall love forevermore.

Dear poet of the cheerful heart,
  How can our voices, choked with tears,
Lift up aright a song to him
  Whose cycle counts a hundred years?

He loved the vales, the woods, the streams,
  The mountains cheered his loftier mind;
The winds, their summits nurtured, found
  His soul as free and unconfined.

A deeper joy his song instilled
  For every flower that gems the sod,
He looked through Nature's trembling veil
  And saw the face of Nature's God.

Yet more the press of busy men
  Allured him than the forest's aisle,
And more the strife with social ill
  Than ever the blue heaven's smile.

Wherever Right her flag unfurled,
  And Justice showed a better way,
And Truth and Freedom spurned the night
  And hailed the burnished spears of day,—

There was his place, and there he made
  His voice a clarion ringing clear
To rouse the sleepers, wake the dead,
  And stay the faint with hope and cheer.

O Thou who in the crowded streets
  As in the leafy coverts dim
His song inspired, be thou with us
  As ever, in his day, with him.

That Nature's good our hearts may fill
  With holy peace, while still we move
With tireless feet on Duty's quest,
  And do the patient work of Love.

BRYANT, THE SCHOLAR, JOURNALIST, AND ORATOR.

In New England it was formerly the honored custom for every family of character and standing to send at least one son to college, if that end could by any means be accomplished. The choice in the Bryant family falling on William Cullen, he entered Williams College in October, 1810, just as he was closing his sixteenth year. He had studied at home and in the district school, besides which he had, according to the traditionary practice of fitting boys for college in the pastors' studies, taken lessons for several months of two clergymen of the vicinage. Dr. Bryant would have preferred to send his son to Cambridge, but rather took him to the young and feeble college in his own neighborhood, both because it was near by and because it was inexpensive. Williams at the time was a mere academy or high school, having a president, one professor, and two tutors,— a man for a class. The poet entered the Sophomore year; but before its close, having secured his father's consent, he obtained an honorable discharge, and went home with a view of preparing himself for the Junior year at Yale. Soon, however, his father communicated to him the unwelcome intelligence that, owing to poverty, he must abandon the idea of sending him to Yale, and of giving him a full college course. Accordingly, his seven months at Williams were his full measure of college study. This he always thought unfortunate; and he never ceased to regret that he had not been content to remain at Williams, thinking that his father would have been able to maintain him there until he obtained the bachelor's degree.

Early in the century scientific education, as we know it, had not dawned; but, even if it had risen full orbed, there is little reason to think that Bryant's mind would have taken that direction.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible form she speaks
A various language."

But she always spoke to Bryant in the language of poetry, and not the language of the museum or the laboratory. Had he been born a half-century later, he would still have been a disciple of Shakspere and Wordsworth rather than of Lyell, Hooker, and Darwin. His mental bent led him also to humanity, for he says expressly that the poets fostered in him the love of nature.

The young scholar was not discouraged by his disappointment, but zealously continued the work of mental cultivation. His English reading and studies took on a wide range, while he also managed to familiarize himself with the great languages and literatures of modern Europe, French, Spanish, Italian, and German.

But it is probable that mention of Bryant, the scholar, will suggest to most minds the

great work with which his old age was identified. He wrote late in life: "I remember well the delight with which we welcomed the translation of the Iliad by Pope, when it was brought into the house. I had met with passages from it before, and thought them the finest verses that ever were written. My brother and myself, in emulation of the ancient heroes, made for ourselves wooden shields, swords, and spears, and fashioned old hats in the shape of helmets, with plumes of tow, and in the barn, when nobody observed us, we fought the battles of the Greeks and Trojans over again." He took up the study of Greek in the family of one of his clerical tutors, and pursued it with great enthusiasm. "I was early at my task in the morning," he says, "and kept on until bedtime. At night I dreamed of Greek, and my first thought in the morning was of my lesson for the day. At the end of two calendar months I knew the Greek Testament from end to end, almost as if it had been English." His biographer says the greatest benefit that the poet derived from his college studies was his introduction to the Greek poets. The grandeur of their thoughts and the mould of their style found strongly kindred qualities in his own nature. "It was more than an introduction in his case," the biography continues: "it was the awakening of his mind to the peculiar spirit and art of those writers."

Mr. Bryant continued to cultivate Greek literature throughout his laborious life, and on the death of his wife, which occurred in 1865, when he had already passed his seventieth birthday, he formed the plan, as a means of overcoming his depression of mind, of translating the whole of Homer,—a plan which he lived to execute, the Iliad appearing in 1870, and the Odyssey in the year following. In the United States these translations were received with great applause. Scholars praised them highly for their faithfulness to the originals, the clearness of the limpid language, and the beauty of the versification. In England their reception was not equally favorable. This is not the place to discuss them, even if I were the man to undertake that task. It suffices to say that they are certainly remarkable translations for a man of Mr. Bryant's age and occupations to execute, and that they will remain a lasting monument of American scholarship and American letters. They will always be associated also with the tender interest of the pathetic circumstances out of which they grew.

It is not improbable that some persons would look to another quarter than his Homeric studies for the full proof of Mr. Bryant's scholarly attainments. Certainly, such studies, and even literature itself, was rather his avocation than vocation. As an infant, he had been dedicated to the profession of medicine, as his second name will to some suggest; but on his leaving college he fitted for and was admitted to the bar. The practice of the legal profession proved very distasteful and irksome to him, while he was strongly drawn to a literary career. He had begun to write verses — some of which, he says, were "utter nonsense—" in his ninth year; and at an early age he also made essays in prose composition. The author of "Thanatopsis" could hardly be a lawyer. Not unnaturally, therefore, he dropped the law, and for a time became a literary adventurer. Making his way to New York City, he formed in 1826 an editorial connection with the *Evening Post.* His relation was first a subordinate one; but it soon became controlling, and it continued to the end of his life. Mr. John Bigelow, long his editorial associate, said of him after his death, "I think it quite safe to say that for five days out of every week, during at least forty-two of his fifty-two years of editorial service, Mr. Bryant was at his editorial desk before eight o'clock in the morning, and left the impress of his character and genius in some form upon the columns of his journal." Of what other editor, living or dead, can as much be said? Mr. Bigelow also observed that there are two kinds of newspapers,—one kind that aims only to collect and publish news, and so to be the mere history or mirror of the day; another kind that seeks to instruct, to educate, to lead, and to form public opinion. Mr. Bryant belonged to the second class so unmistakably that it is hard, I own, to think of him in connection with the first one. We can no more imagine him as directing a great sensational journal, such a one as could readily be named, than we can imagine Washington presiding over such a saturnalia of spoils as has often been seen

at the National Capitol since 1829, on the inauguration of the President.

We have good reason for thinking that originally the editorship of a political journal was not altogether congenial to Bryant's temperament and taste. He wrote to his friend Dana, "I do not like politics any better than you do; but they get only my mornings, and you know politics and a belly-full are better than poetry and starvation." But this feeling appears soon to have worn off. At all events, he made the *Evening Post* an effective organ of his cherished views and opinions on all matters that he thought came within the domain of public journalism. Remarking upon the rigor and severity of his early editorial writing, Mr. Godwin says, When he was dead, men remembered his early poems and his late editorials.

From one point of view, it is sad to think of the poet as chained for so many years to the daily press, as expending his admirable powers of mind on the bank, the tariff, internal improvements, slavery, and the thousand questions of ephemeral interest that the journalist must make the subject of daily comment or discussion. It seems like harnessing Pegasus to the plough. But there is another and a juster view: these subjects have a great practical interest, society is deeply concerned in them, and it is extremely important that they shall be treated by able, scholarly, and high-minded men. Unfortunately, the tendency in the other direction is only too strong. And it is when one considers the great qualities that Mr. Bryant constantly brought to his journalistic duties that he is constrained to think the fifty-two volumes of the *Evening Post* that he edited a higher test of his mental character and cultivation than the translations of the Greek epics.

It is interesting to inquire what drew Mr. Bryant to the political party that he so long supported with such great zeal. What bound the author of "Thanatopsis" to the hero of New Orleans,—the one a child of sweetness and life, the other of storm and stress. It might seem that such a sensitive, shy, retiring, and austere spirit would rather have been drawn to the party which, it can hardly be doubted, embraced more of the cultivation and refinement of the country. The case is in no sense an isolated one. Very often men of classical mould and temper have been drawn to democracy. Milton was a Roundhead, and not a Cavalier. The solution in both these cases I conceive to be psychological, and not historical. It was the projection of an ideal of humanity into the stern world of reality that made Milton a republican, and Bryant a Democrat. Each poet chose the political party that he believed came nearest to representing his cherished conception of manhood, to the disregard of all else, whether rightly or wrongly we need not answer. But we must not mistake the significance of the fact,—men of the highest cultivation and of character severe to austerity allying themselves with the democracy rather than the aristocracy. Both examples are distinctly of the classical pattern. In both writers, too, we observe the two extremes of thought, represented in Milton by the sweet note of the "Hymn on the Nativity" and the harsh one of the "Apology," and in Bryant by the sweet note of "The Water-fowl" and the strident one of his severe editorials.

While in no sense an orator as the masters use the word, Mr. Bryant still served the public with his voice as well as with his pen. In his youth he delivered lectures on poetry and related subjects. In his age, he was much sought for as a speaker on commemorative and festive occasions. It fell to him to honor in public addresses many distinguished men, both Americans and foreigners. His commemorative discourses on Cooper, Irving, Halleck, and Verplanck, are valuable studies of biography, which hold a permanent place in our literature. Equally happy, if less expanded, are many of his occasional addresses, several of which were delivered at the dedication of statues and the unveiling of busts in Central Park. His last public words were spoken on such an occasion when he was in his eighty-fourth year. It was at the unveiling of the bust of the Italian patriot Mazzini, when he closed with an apostrophe that beautifully expresses the sentiment to which he had devoted his life: —

"Image of the illustrious champion of civil and religious liberty, cast in enduring bronze to typify the imperishable renown of thy original, remain for ages yet to come where we place thee, in this resort of millions: remain till the day shall dawn — far

distant though it may be — when the rights and duties of human brotherhood shall be acknowledged by all the races of mankind."

I shall venture to close this paper with an interesting and somewhat amusing incident which I take from a letter recently written by my friend Mr. H. M. James, of Tacoma, Wash. Mr. James, who is an alumnus of Williams College, here gives some particulars of the last college commencement at which the venerable poet appeared.

It was in 1876, two years before Mr. Bryant's death. He appeared very feeble, his great age having bowed him very perceptibly. The centennial exercises held during the year made this commencement a great occasion. Mr. Bryant was president of the alumni that year; and, though there were other distinguished men present, he was plainly the lion of the occasion. At the alumni dinner addresses were made by him, Dr. Hopkins, David Dudley Field, Cyrus W. Field, General Garfield, and some others of well-known fame.

Earlier in the day Dr. Hopkins was delivering before the alumni a centennial oration rehearsing the achievements of the last hundred years. The audience was one of rare quality, being composed almost wholly of graduates of the college; and the church was crowded. Mr. Bryant, as president of the alumni, sat in the pulpit while Dr. Hopkins was speaking. In the course of the address mention was made of the remarkable place in literature which had been achieved by Massachusetts men, and especial mention made of Mr. Bryant. The doctor stated in very terse form that Mr. Bryant in youth manifested all the maturity of age, and in his age retained all the vigor and elasticity of youth; that at seventeen he had written a poem which had become a classic, and at threescore and ten had made a translation of the Iliad more Homeric than Homer himself, "for, unlike Homer," he said, "Bryant never nods." The distinguished poet, being overcome somewhat with the heat and excitement of the day, and somewhat drowsy with listening to the extended address, at this very point dropped his head forward, having temporarily fallen asleep, and almost fell out of his chair, so that, although as a writer he was superior to Homer, on this occasion he did "nod."

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BRYANT'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

When the late Lord Coleridge visited this country a few years before his death, in addressing a body of students at Philadelphia he used the following language: "You may be surprised at the name I shall select from your American poets, when I tell you to learn Bryant. I do not say Longfellow, because, although he is a sweet and noble and delightful poet, he is not American. I mean that his poetry might just as well have been written in England or Italy or Germany or France as in America; but Mr. Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country, as well as noble, natural, and invigorating."

These words of the distinguished and cultivated English jurist raise the question as to the meaning of the term *American* when applied to our literature. The term is more or less indefinite, owing to the fact that, unlike all other great nationalities of the world that have produced a literature, we have no distinctively national language. The literary language of the United States is not different from the literary language of Great Britain and her colonies. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson writing in California or Samoa uses substantially the same speech as Mr. Henry James writing in London or Paris; and yet we count James American and Stevenson English,—and that, too, though "The Princess Casamassima" and "The Tragic Muse" depict phases of London life, while "The Silverado Squatters" and "The Wrecker" picture phases of American life. The rule seems to be that we shall class as *American* writers born and bred in this country or in some way identified with it by ties of citizenship. It thus appears that our literature is national only in a qualified sense when compared with the national literatures of other countries. Some of our writers are not readily distinguished from British authors by any essential feature, while others exhibit marked national traits. Bryant and Whittier, for example, are much more truly national than are Irving and Longfellow. To return to Lord Coleridge's words, "Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country"; and for this reason he is to be ranked as pre-eminently American.

Let us inquire, for a moment, what these national "characteristics" are of which Lord Coleridge speaks. He himself does not tell us what they are; nor is it easy to be specific in describing them, though we all doubtless feel that there is a basis, no matter how indefinable, for the distinction. Two or three features of Bryant's work that go to justify the distinction may, however, be stated with some definiteness.

1. The words of Washington Irving in describing the work of his countryman will assist us on the first of these. "Bryant's writings," says he, "transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shore of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in its vicissitudes." In other words, Bryant, in his poems of nature, which constitute so important a part of his works, seizes the characteristic features of the American landscape. The breath of the American woodland and hills and sky breathes through his poems as perceptibly as does the atmosphere of the Lake Country through the poems of Wordsworth or that of Ayrshire through the poems of Burns. The local coloring is as true in the work of the American as in that of the Englishman or of the Scotchman. They may sing of the forest and lake and stream and mountain; but their forests are not vast and solemn, nor their lakes or streams wild and nameless, nor do their mountains rise from a wide ocean of foliage. They do not tell us of

"Lone lakes; savannas where the bison roves;
Rocks rich with summer garlands; solemn streams;
Skies where the desert eagle wheels and screams;
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves."

Bryant's poetical imagery, then, is not a conventional imagery borrowed from books, and therefore artificial, but is drawn from the world about him, and is therefore fresh and natural. "The freshness of the early world" is here. By that touch, perfect, though seemingly unconscious, which marks genius, Bryant gave us what he saw. As George William Curtis expressed it, "What Nature said to him was plainly spoken and clearly heard and perfectly repeated."

2. Besides his fidelity to the American landscape, which gives such a pronounced flavor to his nature-poetry, we find him not less true to the spirit of American life and institutions. He is serious, but never gloomy. He believes in man. There is a note of hopefulness and triumph running through all his works. He looks forward, and not backward. If he sings of the past, it is to gather from it lessons of hope, and not of despair.

"Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears,—
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

"Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

"Thine for a space are they!
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!"

Compare "The Battlefield" and "The Ages" for the same note of triumph.

This spirit of serenity and of hope, and of faith in the moral order of the universe and in the ultimate destiny of man, is a marked characteristic of nearly all our great American writers, and of none of them is it more characteristic than of Bryant.

Among our poets Bryant holds a corresponding place in the order of time to that of Irving among our prose masters. It would be interesting to speculate as to the causes of the unbroken literary dearth in America during the first two centuries of our history. It is common to attribute this dearth to the newness of the country, and the absorbing occupations of the people in bread-winning. This fact, no doubt, explains it in part. We should also add to this the fact that literature during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had nowhere become entirely independent of the fostering influence of patronage,—an influence almost wholly wanting in America; but the chief cause is, doubtless, to be found

in the repressive atmosphere of the Puritan notions about morality and art. Shakspere was not reprinted in America till the year after Bryant's birth!

Mr. Richardson has enlarged upon the "Dawn of Imagination" in America at the beginning of this century. Speaking from the point of view of a historian of literature, he may be justified in the use of the term; but we must not understand that the absence of poetry with life in it during all those years was due to the fact that the cultivated men and women of the time lacked the faculty of imagination. The cause must not be sought in some unusual or strange lack of native endowment, but rather in the absence of a stimulating environment. As soon as favoring conditions arose, poets began to appear. Within a period of fifteen years were born Bryant (1794), Emerson (1803), Longfellow (1807), Whittier (1807), Poe (1809), and Holmes (1809). Lowell, whom we associate with this group, followed ten years later (1819). Bryant leads the list in time, and, like all pioneers in a great movement, has a certain distinction due to priority. Yet he owes less to this vantage-ground than is common; much less, for example, than Irving. His art is truer, because more spontaneous, than Irving's. No one would ever describe Bryant's sentiment as "literary."

Bryant has been called the American Wordsworth. The comparison is suggestive of much in common between the works of the two men. Both are self-contained, both lack humor and dramatic power, both have a somewhat narrow range of poetic gifts; and at the same time both bring us close to the Eternal in their meditations on Nature and on Man. There is more warmth in Wordsworth; he stirs us more deeply; we feel in him the greater personality. And yet we must not be misled by the comparison into supposing that Bryant was merely an echo of Wordsworth. That he was profoundly influenced by him there can be no doubt. We learn from his biographer that in 1810 Bryant's father brought to the home at Cummington a copy of the American reprint of the "Lyrical Ballads." The young Bryant, then in his sixteenth year, found in this little volume the voice of his own soul. He afterwards related to his friend, the elder Dana, how that "upon opening the book, a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart, and the face of nature, of a sudden, to change into a strange freshness and life." Two years later we find him writing "Thanatopsis," and shortly afterwards the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood." It would not be possible to resist the impression of Wordsworth's influence in these early poems, even if we had no external testimony to the fact. The "healing power" of the world of nature upon the sick and care-worn heart of man was a cardinal principle of Wordsworth's philosophy; and the frequency with which this doctrine appears in "Thanatopsis," the "Inscription," "Green River," and other early pieces, shows how deep a hold it had taken upon the heart of his young American disciple.

And yet, as I have already observed, Bryant must not be considered as a mere *echo* of Wordsworth. The analogy is better expressed by the word *child*. Though influenced by Wordsworth, he has yet a note of his own. What was said of his peculiarly American characteristics is in point here also. His sincerity saved him from becoming an imitator. Nature was never to him the familiar friend that she was to Wordsworth. Wordsworth loved Nature: Bryant *revered* her. (Compare the "Lines" written near Tintern Abbey with "A Forest Hymn.")

Bryant's distinction as a man of letters rests chiefly upon his poetry. Yet he did not live by the productions of his muse. His influence on his age was far wider than that exercised by his poetical works. Possessed of a singularly sane and temperate mind, he pursued the career of a useful, public citizen and patriot throughout a long and critical period of our history. Poetry meanwhile was the solace of his quiet and meditative hours, and it is by his poems that he will be longest remembered. The gift of verse was his, and of imagination, and of vision, and, above all, of sincerity. It is always perilous to prophesy, and nowhere is it more perilous than in matters of literary renown; but it is not possible for us to imagine a time when "Thanatopsis" and "The Waterfowl" and "The Past" and "A Forest Hymn" and "The Death of the Flowers" will cease to be read with admiration and delight. In them the human heart is brought face to face with the world of nature, and the most solemn and lofty

thoughts find expression in flawless verse. Simple, natural, and chaste, they have the most enduring qualities of art; and they cannot fail to uplift and charm and bless as long as there are human hearts to sorrow, to worship, and to aspire.

ISAAC N. DEMMON,
Professor of English Literature, University of Michigan.

THE THISTLE.

The man's prodigious vanities
Surpassed the ancient Pharisee's
Supremest notch.
He summed up in a single word
His benefits, and thanked the Lord
That made him *Scotch.*

A bitter controversialist,
His gall-dipped arrows never missed
Or foe, or friend.
He loved dispute, courted a schism,
And had the Shorter Catechism
At his tongue's end.

He, for the love of God, could hate
With a revenge insatiate,
And found deep peace
In thinking of the woes reserved
For those who from "the doctrine" swerved,
When time should cease.

Thus was he in his youth, untried:
To-day so is he typified,—
Though old and sere—
By that "burr blossom" keen, then bland,
The symbol of his native land,
The "thistle dear."

The thistle, bristling in the spring,
Unlovely, rough, and harsh, a thing
To shun and fear;
In summer, purple, passionate,
Hurting remorselessly as fate,
Holding none near.

But mark the flower when its race
Is closing, miracle of grace!
An aureole,
Self-luminous and sweet, behold
From out that tenement unfold
The thistle's soul.

E'en so my old-time worthy friend
Has stacked his guns, as near its end
Draws the sad strife.
Faith means no more theology;
Nor hope, self-love; and charity
Rules all his life.

His silver locks are like a crown
Of thorns changed into thistle-down.
A tender grace,
Like moonlight on a tranquil sea,
Whose storms have long since ceased to be,
Shines in his face.

CHARLOTTE LEECH.

BETTER KEEP ROB IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

My dear Mrs. Fairchilds,—I am aware that your husband is a busy man, so I address myself to you in this matter of Rob and our Sunday-school. Will you be so good as to read this, and talk it over with Mr. Fairchilds, and give what weight you candidly can to my statements? I do not want any false sentiment to enter into the solution of this matter. Neither do I wish you to do anything purely on the ground of pleasing me, your minister. I believe that good, strong reasons exist why Rob ought to continue in the Sunday-school. He is now seventeen years old, and has a feeling that his time is up, that he ought to graduate; and, as I understand it, you and Mr. Fairchilds somewhat sympathize with this notion of Rob's. But you waver; and I venture to put some facts before you.

I. If you take Rob out, you will do him a great injustice. He is on the verge of reaping the benefit of his previous studies: he is just about taking up subjects of discussion and thought that open out into deeply interesting talks. If he drops out now, the fruit is lost. Here are questions of social problems, of history, of theology, on which he can now bring to bear a great deal of knowledge. It would be a pity to deprive him of the last best part of all.

II. You must remember, my dear friend, that these things are not provided for anywhere else. Are you deceiving yourself by imagining that the public schools cover all the training Rob needs? Of course not. This you will see when you look into the matter. You and your husband have not the time or the equipment to take up these things at home. The Sunday-school is the only place where certain great moral and religious subjects are treated, unfolded, and taught. Just see how imperfectly prepared your son would be to go out into society, to pursue ordinary reading, to act intelligently and talk intelligently, if he ignored the final and completing part of Sunday-school life! There is more demand to-day for intelligent ideas as to Christianity, the Bible, Church History, etc., among people at large than ever. No one can read the last magazine profitably, or join the evening conversation creditably, without certain

knowledge and convictions. We are anxious to have our children know the growth of literature, to quote well, to enumerate kings and queens and epochs, and it is all good; but I have seen deplorable ignorance, shameful vacuity of mind, and mortifying experiences over primary neglect of training in religious subjects. Simply in justice to your son, to train him for the world, I urge you to continue him.

III. But there is a higher plea. That which you will always prize highest in him will be his character,—his strong convictions, his nobility of spirit. I am free to say that our Sunday-school offers great aid to the cultivation of moral earnestness, to the storing of a reserve power. I say "our Sunday-school," because we have schools quite different from those of your childhood. Rob will be able to speak freely, to bring his doubts and have them solved. His teacher is a frank, fine soul. He will be a friend, and there is no computing the influence which goes out from such a teacher to a pupil. I am sure that you want your son well grounded in certain fundamental truths, of conduct, and faith in man, and that he shall have some staying and upholding general conception of life, of its Creator, of destiny. You are anxious to see him obtain and follow ideals. I ask you frankly, Who can help him better than that teacher? Because Rob's mates are applying themselves earnestly to the same object gives a special force to the impressions. The session is brief, but the hot iron receives the moulding blows.

IV. Another reason. I see Rob at church much more frequently than heretofore. I suppose he has become interested in sermons and pulpit themes, as often occurs with maturing youth. The place for him to follow up the suggestions and thoughts which he cannot fail to entertain is the Sunday-school class. He can run out and complete the line of thought which the preacher only casually touched. He can get many a blind statement explained. He can bring his own ideas face to face with the minister's. Are you aware that this indicates two very important facts? (1) The serious, manly growth of your son's mind along an original path; and (2) true union of church and Sunday-school, of pastor and young people, of new and old? It is not enough that our young people share in work, formal organization, attendance, and the like. We ministers know full well that the lasting effective union of elements is when thoughts are interchanged, when great truths are held in common, when deathless convictions become the staple of the binding ties. A thirty-minute sermon suggests, but it cannot cement. It may start great thoughts, but the class comes in to carry them to a satisfactory destination.

V. I might enumerate many other reasons. Let me be content to add one more. You and your husband believe in our church. You clearly see that it stands for joy and help to yourself and for benefits to the community. Let me say that, when our young men and young women desert the Sunday-school, they cripple the cause: when they remain, they impart vigor and prosperity to all departments. I am not exaggerating. I am not appealing for myself. I refer to the actual support to the organization of the religious society which such identification gives. If Rob leaves that class, he will influence some others, the class will languish, he himself will be likely to lose that keen interest in church matters which he now has. You know he is posted on everything; he brings flowers for the pulpit; he helps at the library; I see him often, and have a word with him. He is in touch with our church life because he is in it. All this will be changed if he drops out. You will find his interest become general, not specific; and the injury by him and others of his age to the working forces of our church will be marked. Keep him in this current as long as you can, until maturity has brought him to higher offices and duties in the church. We cannot afford to do a single thing whereby the allegiance and activity of our young people are lessened. Just a word or two to Rob himself.

I. Demand that the sessions of your class be lively and bright. If they are not so, seek new methods to make them free of all formality and perfunctoriness.

II. Always get as many as possible of the class in every Sunday. Fulness adds dignity and interest to the exercises.

III. Do not pay attention to the absurd remark that the Sunday-school is for little children. Happily, it is for them, and for the oldest, too. I have known men and

women who never graduated from Sunday-school. It has scope for all, and we can make it what we will.

IV. If those of your age leave, then the younger ones will feel restless. The only way to make a school seem attractive and of consequence is for all ages to go on together.

V. If you stay, Tom Robinson and Henry Thomas will stay: if you go, they will go; and that means a bad break.

In this hasty way I have offered a few considerations. It is no slight matter. Young men can get along without Sunday-schools. I am not a special pleader. But I am confident that your son will be a gainer by remaining, and that you will never regret so deciding. Your friend and pastor,

EDWARD A. HORTON.

Boston, Mass.

CHRISTMAS.

Out of the midnight stars
Trembling with crystal spars,
In a far eastern clime,
Song came, one happy time,—
Song which was sweet and strong,
Meet for the centuries long,
Came to poor shepherd men
Guarding the lone sheep-pen.

Earth, heavy-hearted, heard,
Caught the far-echoing word,
Peace be to earth, good will!
Marvelled and heard, until
Sense of the meaning came,
Sense of earth's wrong and shame,
Yearning to learn the song
Which it had waited long

Slowly the chorus rose,
Good will to all,—not those
Alone who think as we.
Thought, for all men, is free!
Then tyrants learned to fear,
And motherhood grew dear,
Childhood became divine,
And home a tender shrine.

Shepherds on life's lone plain,
We watch the planets wane,
And hear, in distant wise,
A singing from the skies!
Slowly to Christ souls turn,
Slowly his song they learn,
The song whose melting might
Shall set all wrongs aright!

EURETTA A. HOYLES.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Do not pray for crutches, but for wings.—*Phillips Brooks.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SUNDAY.

Blessed are they that Mourn.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
  Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
  A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
  The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
  Are promises of happier years.

. . . . . .

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
  Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
  And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
  And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
  For all his children suffer here.

MONDAY.

A Forest Hymn.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me,—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses,—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms.
Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men
Who dreamed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink

And tremble and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

TUESDAY.

How to Live.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WEDNESDAY.

Communion with Nature.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

. . . . . .

THURSDAY.

Death.

When to the common rest that crowns our days,
Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
Or, full of years and ripe in wisdom, lays
Her silver temples in their last repose;
When o'er the buds of youth the death-wind blows,
And blights the fairest; when our bitter tears
Stream as the eyes of those that love us close,—
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years.

. . . . . .

Peace to the just man's memory! let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
His calm, benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but heaven, and in the book of fame
The glorious record of his virtues write
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.

FRIDAY.

A Lesson from the Sea.

The restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents; the fertile plain
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou, meanwhile, afar
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
Creator! thou dost teach the coral worm
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan. Thou bidd'st the fires,
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks,
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts

With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet airs
Ripple the living lakes that, fringed with flowers,
Are gathered in the hollows. Thou dost look
On thy creation, and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty; and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

SATURDAY.

A Hymn of the City.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty! — here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud,—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound,—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

Be not ashamed to be helped; for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault on a town. How, then, if, being lame, thou canst not mount up on the battlements alone, but with the help of another it is possible?— *Marcus Aurelius.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Many of our readers will have learned before this reaches them that the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association has chosen Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell, Mass., as secretary of the Association, to succeed Rev. Grindall Reynolds. Few men in the denomination are so widely or favorably known among our churches as Mr. Batchelor, and we doubt if the choice of any other to this responsible position would have met with so general approval. He has had long experience as a pastor, both in the East and the West. For many years he was secretary of the National Conference. At the recent meeting of the Conference in Saratoga he was chosen a member of the Council, and has since been made its chairman. He has been many years a member of the board of directors of the American Unitarian Association, which has given him a thorough understanding of the relations of the Association to the churches. So that he will be able to enter upon his duties with large experience and a full knowledge of the duties that will devolve upon him, as well as with the confidence of his constituency. We believe that we but voice the feelings of the readers of the *Unitarian*, generally, when we express our gratification with the choice that has been made, and assure Mr. Batchelor of the hearty co-operation and support of our churches.

A distinguished layman, who was not at Saratoga, writes us as follows regarding the action of the late National Conference: "To Unitarianism, and all liberal religion, it will give new life and weight and inspiration. It is an assurance of standing on great basic realities, and moving along spiritual lines. It is escape from shadowy and perilous uncertainty. It is as if a good ship, which had been strangely wandering about in search of some dim and nebulous no-man's-land, should all at once set its full sails, set out straight and true for an important port, so that all other ships might know its destination. New strength will come with this step. It will win for our body the respect of all honest men, of whatsoever religious name, or no name."

We are in receipt of additional information regarding the new liberal church organized in the north part of Chicago by Rev. T. G. Milsted and others. The society has already one hundred and fifty members. Martine's Hall on Hampden Court has been engaged as the home of the organization until the way opens to build. The first service was held on Sunday morning, October 21, Mr. Milsted preaching on "The Organization of the Early Christian Church." The name chosen for the society is "Independent Liberal." The purpose is to make the movement, in fullest sense possible, unsectarian. The members live, for the most part, in Lake View, or, at least north of the centre of Lincoln Park. Thus it is believed that the new society will have a clear field for itself, without encroaching upon the proper field of Unity Church. Mr. Milsted is very strong in his dislike of the ordinary kind of church, whose income is all consumed in the support of its minister and choir, with nothing left for philanthropy and outside good works. From the inception of this movement he insisted that the plan of it should be different. He was able to live without a salary from the church. He would therefore accept none. The members of the church, however, would be expected to give as freely as if they had a minister to support; but all the money raised in excess of the sum needed to cover actual running expenses would be devoted to the good of humanity. This is the plan upon which the new church sets out. Its future will be watched with interest. We believe there is room for a new liberal movement in this large, attractive, and growing section of the city; and we know of no one so well fitted to lead it to success as Mr. Milsted.

Further word comes from Chicago of a second liberal movement to be started in the region at the extreme south, mentioned by us last month, which has been called into prominence by the location there last year of the World's Fair, and the permanent location in the same neighborhood of the new University of Chicago. This section of the city is separated by two miles or so from any existing Unitarian church; and now, while everything there is plastic and formative, is clearly the time when a new society ought to be planted. We are glad to see that already Rev. W. W. Fenn, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, is moving in the matter. He has engaged a place of meeting (Masonic Hall, on 57th Street), and on the 18th of November he began there a series of services at four o'clock on Sunday afternoons. This is a step that can hardly fail to prove wise. We shall be surprised if this beginning now being made by Mr. Fenn does not, inside of ten years, grow into as strong and influential a society as we have in Chicago.

And now who will follow these two new movements at the north and the south by a similar one in the extreme west, where a third field of much promise waits to be entered? Let us have advances all along the line.

It is long since we have printed anything more valuable to students of the Bible than the able and brilliant paper of Dr. James T. Bixby in this number of the *Unitarian* on "The Old Testament as Literature." Perhaps no subject connected with religion is so prominently before the public to-day as that of the Higher Criticism of the Bible. It is plain that the battle between orthodoxy and liberal religion is to be largely fought out here. Every Unitarian, therefore, and every religious liberal, is bound to make himself intelligent upon this subject. This article of Dr. Bixby gives the meaning of the Higher Biblical Criticism, and its results as regards the Old Testament, in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. No reader of the *Unitarian* can afford to fail of giving it a careful perusal.

The *Christian Register* of November 8 contains a picture of the beautiful new Unitarian church at Ithaca, N.Y., the seat of Cornell University, and an account of the Unitarian situation there. Two or three years ago the old church was burned. In building again, it seemed best to the Ithaca people and to their most trusted advisers outside that a better, and therefore more expensive, lot should be purchased, and that a church should be erected somewhat commensurate with the importance of the place as the seat of a great and growing university. The society tried to be economical; but they were not able to build without

leaving upon themselves a debt of over $9,000, after raising in the home field all that was possible, and much more than they thought would be possible until they made the effort. In view of the importance of the work done by the church among the students, encouragement was given that help might be expected from the denomination. The church now appeals for such help to the extent of $4,000, promising that, if this small sum can be furnished promptly, it will manage the rest. The appeal is certainly a most worthy and important one, and ought to be met without delay. All accounts agree that our cause in Ithaca was never before in so prosperous a condition as it is now. It should not be crippled for want of a little help in its time of need.

A committee of American scholars, consisting of Prof. Toy of Harvard, Prof. Haupt of Johns Hopkins, President Schurman of Cornell, and others, have for some time past been arranging for yearly courses of lectures to be given in important educational centres in this country by prominent scholars of Europe and America, on the History of Religions. The first lecturer secured is Prof. Rhys Davids, the eminent student of Buddhism, who came over from England about November 1, and has been giving a series of lectures on the history and literature of Buddhism at Cornell University, repeating the same at the Lowell Institute, Boston, Brown University, the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, and three or four other places. It is hoped that Prof. Davids will be followed next year by Prof. Tiele of Leyden. This enterprise is one of great importance to both scholarship and religion, and we trust it will meet with such public favor and support as to make it a success. But it will be a great pity if the lectures are given only in the East. Why should they not be heard also in Cleveland, Ann Arbor, Chicago, and St. Louis?

A Life of Theodore Parker, written by Alfred Altherr of Basle, has just been published in Germany. The modern world has produced no nobler teacher of religion than Parker, and no teacher of a religion better adapted to modern needs or better qualified to regenerate human society. It is gratifying to see signs that his influence is steadily widening, and his religious views finding larger and larger acceptance in the world.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

I have been looking through that bright publication, the *Pilgrim Teacher* (Congregational House, Boston), to see what there might be in its columns of helpful suggestion to us in our Unitarian Sunday-school work. We cull the following:—

We are often discussing in our meetings Sunday-school concerts,—how many there shall be during the year. This is what the *Pilgrim Teacher* says: "How many concert services should be held during the year? The opinion of the majority of the members of the Boston Congregational Superintendents' Union was in favor of four,—Christmas, Easter, Children's Day and Harvest, Thanksgiving, or Anniversary. It takes considerable time to prepare these and prepare them well. And yet there were a few, a very few, who thought that they should be gotten up once a month. That would be to make the scholars think of concerts all the while instead of their Sunday-school lessons."

In another place we find reference to an experiment concerning Sunday-school socials, which, we believe, are very essential, when rightly conducted, to the prosperity of a Sunday-school. Our Unitarian workers ought to see to it that this feature is better carried out. "The teachers of the school at Ellsworth, Me., have arranged for four Sunday-school socials during the year. These are exclusively for the members of the school; and each one will be managed by three classes, and will have literary as well as social features. It is hoped by them to do something more than increase the feelings of good fellowship."

The question is often put: How can we interest the young people who are just growing a little too old for the Sunday-school, as they think? What is there for them to do? That question can be variously answered, according to the circumstances and need of each church and Sunday-school. But it seems at a suburb of Boston this question is answered in a very happy fashion: "The Central Church, Jamaica Plain, Mass., has a 'Young Men's Sunday Evening Club,' whose aim is to increase the interest and effectiveness of the evening service. It co operates with the pastor in planning each service, and with the choir-leader and organist in selecting

and providing appropriate vocal and instrumental music, besides attending to printing announcements. It sees to it that strangers and non-attendants are invited and made welcome and shown to good seats. A separate committee is appointed for each of these particulars. A Social Committee plans for such gatherings of the club as will help to knit its members more closely together. The president of the club is Mr. S. B. Capen, so widely known; and hence it may be inferred that that organization means business."

Of a more subsoiling and serious character is the matter with regard to our Congregationalist origin and polity. We Congregational Unitarians ought to see that our Sunday-school children are thoroughly taught the history, the principles, and the breadth of Congregationalism. It is a church government in which can be clustered all rituals, varying beliefs, and contrasted social conditions. In ideal it is all-comprehensive, giving the individual independence, yet binding him to others in a hearty co-operative zeal. Progress is one of our great watchwords in Congregationalism. This is what our Trinitarian publication says, and what it sets forth is as true of the Unitarian branch as of the Trinitarian: "In 'The Sunday-school Treasury' for 1895, announced last month, ten reasons are given for being a Congregationalist. Some people are Congregationalists because of their environment or because they were so brought up. If asked to state the principles of Congregationalism, they could not do so. Congregationalism stands for something. It is founded upon principles for which our Pilgrim Fathers were willing to suffer exile and even death. Those principles are still worthy of our devotion, and, when understood, are calculated to awaken it. Our young people should be instructed in them, to the end that they may be intelligently loyal to their own denomination, so that it will not be a matter of indifference to them, when they remove somewhere else, whether they join a Congregational church or some other.

"A knowledge of their principles will not make them sectarian, but denominational. It will not keep them out of any other church, if there happen to be no Congregational church, in the new place to which they may go, but will cause them to seek that church, even though it may be weak and unpromising, rather than another which offers more social advantages. And not only that: an understanding of those principles will make the young people more enthusiastic and devoted workers for the church, whether it be the church of their childhood or one far removed from it. The stars and stripes awaken the profoundest emotions, not merely because they are the flag of our country, but because they represent principles and a history which make one ready to shed his blood in their defence. It is that kind of allegiance which Congregational principles and history are calculated to evoke."

We hear of many new uses of electricity and the telegraph, but the following paragraph from Boston *Ideas* tells of the latest device: "The most unique Sunday-school in the world is on the line of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad, among the telegraphers. The regular lesson leaf is used, and all the questions and answers are given by wire."

The new Christmas Service, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, meets the recurrent want of the Sunday-schools who wish something that will both guide and inspire the observance of Christmas-tide. It contains five bright, easy carols, with appropriate responsive readings. Price five cents per copy or $4.00 per hundred.

The current leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus" in the one-topic graded system are now out for December, the subjects being: "Jesus begins his Work"; "Jesus preaches in Nazareth"; "Jesus healing the Sick"; Jesus and the Pharisees." The Intermediate are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Advanced by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. Price 50 cents per hundred.

The annual report of the Unitarian Sunday School Society is out in pamphlet form, and will be sent on application by person or mail, free of cost.

Every Other Sunday for December 16 will be a Christmas number, with several entertaining stories and also articles and illustrations appropriate to the season.

The Boston Sunday School Union held its second meeting for the season November 19, with the following rich programme: "Would the Introduction of an Abridged Bible be an Advantage?" "What are the Best Methods of Getting Children to Memorize?" Speaker, Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Concord, N.H. "What is the Higher Criticism?" Speaker, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Cambridge. "To What Extent should the Critical Method of Interpreting the Scriptures be used with Young Children?" Speaker, Rev. Ellery C. Butler, Quincy, Mass. Discussion opened by Rev. Albert Walkley.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

LOYALTY.

By Miss Nettie Stevens, of Chelmsford.

I have chosen for this evening the subject "Loyalty," a quality too often lost sight of by the present generation in their eager pursuit of knowledge, fame, and fortune,—loyalty to Church and State, to friends, kindred, associates, and to ourselves.

Loyalty to ourselves in no selfish sense,—for of him who has the most natural gifts or the most acquired knowledge and wisdom will most be required,—but such loyalty to our best selves as will help us to rise physically, morally, intellectually, and spiritually toward that lofty ideal of what we may be, of which we now and then catch glimpses in moments of deepest and most serious contemplation.

We call ourselves Unitarians, and are more or less loyal to our name and faith. We need, perhaps, to recall occasionally the fact that, as Unitarians, we stand for all that is noble, good, and true, all that tends to advance civilization, to make life better worth living, fuller of usefulness and true happiness; to feel, too, that we are not true Unitarians unless we bring our lives, as nearly as is in our power, into harmony with the highest ideals.

To us God's sunshine is so bright, all nature—whether flower, tree, starlit sky, or tiniest microscopical organism—tells us so plainly of the Love that rules the world, that we forget how dark is the cloud of theological superstition which hangs over the majority of the human race. It would be pleasanter to forget, were it not true that a knowledge of the creeds and dogmas of other sects leads us to prize more highly the light and freedom of the natural faith in which we have been reared. Only those who have come out from the stricter sects can fully comprehend, I suppose, the difference between those faiths which keep the windows of the soul closed and barred to new revelation and that which bids us, while guarding well the good that has come down to us from the past, throw wide open our souls' windows, and welcome every new truth as God-given.

The fact that so many of the greatest and best men and women of America have believed in Unitarianism should add to its value in our eyes. Is not the religion believed in by Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln; by Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell; by Calhoun, Sumner, and Curtis; by Hawthorne, Bancroft, and Motley; by Horace Mann and Agassiz; by Mary A. Livermore, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Julia Ward Howe; by Channing, Parker, and James Freeman Clarke; by Emerson, Holmes and Dr. Hale,—worthy of our loyalty and best effort?

Loyalty to our own church means regular attendance upon its services, an active interest in the welfare of the society and of its individual members, cordial welcome to all strangers, cheerful service and contribution to the various needs of the church, and, above all, our daily lives attuned to the doctrine of justice, truth, and love which we profess.

Loyalty to the Unitarian church at large implies a knowledge of its history, of the work it has done for the advancement of mankind; a knowledge of the lives of such of its great thinkers as Theodore Parker and Channing, James Martineau and Dr. Hale; acquaintance with the wise charitable enterprises which it maintains in our large cities; of the educational work it is doing in the South, in its Indian school in Montana, and in its school in Japan; of the light which the Post-office Mission is sending into the nooks and by-ways of the West and South. With a knowledge of the good our denomination is doing must come a desire to lend a hand.

If we are loyal to our church, we shall, as we go away from home for work or study, associate ourselves with the liberal church of the place where we are, interest ourselves in its life and work, and render what assistance we are able.

In deciding whether we are sufficiently loyal to our guild, we must remember that, whatever help our pastor and others may kindly give us, the guild is nevertheless *our* society; and its success, measured by the good it may accomplish for its members, for the church or the community, depends, or should depend, solely on the efforts of its members. Much has been done by the guild and the union connected with it; but the question for us is, Have we each and all done as much as we might do? Have we been as regular in attendance as possible, and always done our share toward making the services interesting and helpful?

To prepare one or two papers a year requires considerable thought and labor; but it is work which yields a large per cent. of profit, if faithfully done. The selection of an appropriate quotation for each meeting may involve the expenditure of some time; but, if the quotation is a good one, and especially if it be committed to memory, is the time wasted? Often, if the subject be borne in mind during the week, suitable quotations will be found with no special effort.

So far our guild work has been largely for ourselves. Would it not be well now for us to broaden our outlook, to select from the many fields of usefulness in which our churches and guilds are laboring the one which seems best suited to our powers, and

do something, be it ever so little, for others?

In closing, I cannot do better than repeat Shakspere's words:—

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Let us be true to the best that is in us, cultivate our talents unselfishly, take a broad view of life, set before ourselves a lofty ideal, and, though that ideal grow with our growth and advance steadily before us, as it surely will, pursue it faithfully to the end. Then *must* we be found loyal wherever our loyalty is due.

A union conference of the National Guild Alliance, the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, and the Unitarian Temperance Society will be held in Boston Tuesday and Wednesday, December 4 and 5. The opening meeting will be held in the Second Church, Copley Square, at 7.30 P.M., Tuesday, December 4. The speakers will be as follows: Rev. C. A. Dickinson, Berkeley Temple, "The Institutional Church"; Rev. G. L. Perin, Shawmut Avenue Universalist Church, "The Every-day Church"; Prof. Francis G. Peabody, Harvard University, "The Churches in their Relations to Social Problems."

The conference will meet in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, at 10 A.M. Wednesday, December 5. The programme will be as follows: devotional service; "Why the Open Church?" Rev. George W. Cooke, who will preside at all the meetings; "The Church in Relation to Social Problems," Rev. H. C. MacDougall, Marblehead; "How to conduct a Guild," Mr. Warren A. Rodman, Wellesley Hills; "Practical Work, and how to accomplish it," Mrs. Laura B. Martine, Dorchester; "Temperance for Children," Rev. C. R. Eliot, Boston; "The Work of the Temperance Society," Rev. George H. Hosmer, Dorchester; 12.30 P.M. the conference will take a recess; devotional service; "The Work of the Unity Club," Mr. E. C. Worcester, Hudson; "The Churches in Relation to Amusements," Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Brockton; "An Experiment in Guild Work," Rev. G. F. Wright, Lowell; "The Friendly Workers," Miss Lillian P. Richards, Boston; "How shall we make the Guild a Success?" Miss Kate L. Brown, Hyde Park.

The papers and addresses will be limited to about fifteen minutes in length. Time will be afforded, therefore, for questions, discussions, and reports from clubs and guilds. Those in attendance are invited to speak promptly and briefly, to report such of their experiences as may be of benefit to others, and to help in making the meetings a success.

All guilds, Unity Clubs, temperance societies, and other kindred organizations, of whatever name, are invited to send as many delegates as possible. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested to attend and participate.

We learn that the guild in Barre, Mass., is starting in with a conference and praise meeting, led in turn by the members, another member besides the leader opening a topic for discussion. This seems to have worked well so far.

The guild at Bolton, Mass., held its anniversary October 7, with appropriate exercises. This organization has been very helpful in the parish. We find the following subjects instanced among those considered this fall: "Black Beauty," "What Work the Guild shall do," "Florence Nightingale," "The History of our Church," "The World's Benefactors," "Dorothea Dix," "Thanksgiving Day in History."

The president of the National Guild Alliance went to Sheffield, Ill., to attend the State Conference, and address the meeting on the subject of guilds. He found there was a guild in the church there, which meets every week. It is now using Rev. A. W. Gould's "Beginnings" for its meetings, going over the early stories in the Bible.

In the Wellesley Hills (Mass.) society the young people have arranged for a course on reform movements and charities. Mr. Barrows speaks on "Prison Reform"; Dr. B. F. Trueblood, on "The American Peace Society"; Rev. E. A. Horton, on "What Kind of Education is the Most Important?"; Mr. Robert Treat Paine, on "The Associated Charities"; Mr. F. B. Fay, on "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children"; Mrs. Bernard Whitman, on "Lend a Hand."

We welcome to the list of guilds—and of course we wish it to join the Alliance — the Hale Union of Newton Centre, which is entering on the new year's work with vigor. It undertakes charity, besides conducting Sunday evening meetings. We notice that the Post-office Mission and Friendly Letter work have a share in its interest, while the City Poor Farm, Hospital, Seamen's Refuges, etc., will receive reading matter from this society.

The Open Church, a monthly paper published at East Lexington, Mass., takes the place of *Our Young People* in representing the cause of guilds, Unity Clubs, temperance societies, and kindred organizations. Rev. George W. Cooke is the editor. There is much of interest in the two numbers which have already appeared. We would urge the guilds to subscribe largely for this paper.

The work on the guild manual is reported as being "well toward completion. It will contain ten or twelve services, forms of organization, and about thirty hymns with music." We hope it may have a large use.

Will all interested please to note the new address of the president of the Alliance, B. R. Bulkeley, and send guild items to him, so that they may appear in the *Unitarian* guild column? The address is Unity Church, corner of Dearborn Avenue and Walton Place, Chicago. B. R. BULKELEY.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A union conference of guilds, Unity Clubs, and the Unitarian Temperance Society will be held on December 4 and December 5 in Boston.

An earnest invitation is extended to members of the Temperance Society as well as to the guilds and Unity Clubs, and to all persons interested in these organizations.

Guilds and Unity Clubs are urged to make temperance the subject of at least one meeting this winter. It is still a living issue, and is likely to be so for many a long year. It is especially important to understand the workings of some of the methods now in vogue for restricting the liquor traffic.

It is especially important to know about the Norwegian system, and to have an intelligent opinion as to the merits of the "Norwegian Bill" proposed for Massachusetts. We urge our young people's clubs to study this as well as other methods of combating the evils of intemperance.

The Women's Alliance have issued a leaflet containing suggestions for its study classes this winter.

It is called "Religion for Week-days," and a most excellent list of practical subjects is given in outline and with references. Among the others is Temperance, outlined as follows:—

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

What are the duties of church members toward the cause of temperance?

The duties of women?

The public schools and the Sunday-schools, have they responsibilities in this direction?

How may boys be protected against the dangers of intemperance?

The prohibition law; its practical working.

Temperance and abstinence.

Reform of the intemperate.

Preventive measures.

Illustrations from practical methods actually employed.

(Let members narrate incidents of methods which have been successful.)

See tracts of Unitarian Temperance Society; "Temperance Efforts and Temperance Methods," J. F. Clarke; and A. U. A. Tract, No. 61.

What Dr. E. Long Fox says (president of the British Medical Association):—

"When great influence is exercised by members of our profession in this question [temperance], with the full knowledge that they have how harmful alcohol is to vitality, how injurious to many organs of the body, and when that advice is tendered with the quiet, tender kindliness which shows that we have the best interests of the patient at heart, I do not think that any method of supporting the temperance cause will command more attention. I need not say that, great as this influence of our profession may be when exercised by a temperance medical man, the chance of turning an inebriate from the error of his ways is enhanced a thousand-fold if the speaker is a total abstainer himself. [Loud cheers.] What a noble thing it is for a young man just entering our profession to take up this form of self-denial, if self-denial it be, as one factor in his great mission of benefiting the human race! [Cheers.] Where should we be without this honorable ambition? Where would science be? Who of us would not give almost anything in the world to be able to give the world either a preventive or a cure for phthisis or cancer? Who amongst us seniors do not feel almost a kind of jealousy of our grandchildren because they will have opportunities of knowledge far beyond our wildest dreams? Would it not, therefore, be a grand thing for the young men entering our profession with all their scientific ambition, with all their enthusiasm for benefiting their generation, if they would take up this total abstinence from a drug which they know is not only interfering with the health and shortening the lives of more thousands of their fellow-creatures than tubercular disease or cancer combined [cheers], but is also hindering and hampering these northern nations of Europe in making greater advances in all good ways? Such a determination on the part of young men entering our profession is for no corruptible crown. The time is passing, it is true, when to be an abstainer is any bar to professional success because people will have nothing to do with teetotalers. We older men have fought the fight of that kind of difficulty; and our reward to-day is to know that the profession is really standing shoulder to shoulder against excess, and in the main we are honored by the profession for being what we are."

LITERARY NOTES.

A series of handbooks on the "History of Religions," edited by Prof. Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, is in preparation, and will be issued by Ginn & Co. The first volume of the series will be written by Prof. E. W. Hopkins of Bryn Mawr, on "The Religions of India."

"The Deeper Meanings." By Frederic A. Hinckley. Boston: George H. Ellis.—Four earnest sermons that will carry healing on their wings.

A "David Swing Memorial Volume," compiled by his daughter, Mrs. Starring, and consisting of the great preacher's corrected sermons, will soon be published by T. Neely, Chicago. It will be sold by subscription.

"Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love. Selections for Every Day in the Year from the Sermons and Writings of James Freeman Clarke." Boston: George H. Ellis. This little volume will surely prove to be an inspiring handbook of devotion to any serious reader. The selections are admirably made by Miss Lilian F. Clarke, and the book is attractively bound and finished.

Two sermons by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, on "The Humanity of Jesus" and "The Love we bear to Jesus," have been issued in pamphlet form, as a Christmas token, by Philip Green, London. Price one shilling. For those who love and honor Jesus, and desire to do something in connection with his birthday to make his spirit prevail, there could hardly be a more desirable Christmas gift.

The ninth and last volume of Prof. Huxley's Collected Essays is now offered to the public ($1.25, Appletons). Its title is "Evolution and Ethics, and Other Essays." It would be hard to find an equal number of volumes from any other writer containing such rich and varied scientific information, coupled with such clear strong thought, particularly thought bearing upon the subject of Evolution, as are found in these nine volumes.

The two books in Mr. West's "Life Series" which we noticed last month (Rev. Charles G. Ames's "As Natural as Life" and Mr. West's "In Love with Love") have just been issued in a very attractive holiday edition, with white covers and gilt lettering and edges. Price $1.00. Additional volumes in the series are promised from Rev. John W. Chadwick, Dr. E. L. Rexford, Dr. M. D. Shutter, Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. Frank O. Hall, and others.

"The Olive and the Pine" is the title of a volume of poems by Martha Perry Lowe, which has passed to a second edition (D. Lothrop Company, Boston, publishers). It is dedicated to the author's husband, Rev. Charles Lowe, who holds an honored place in the history of American Unitarianism. The poems, which are forty-four in number, are classified in three groups. "Part I., Spain"; "Part II., New England"; and "Part III., Miscellaneous Poems." The subjects are varied, and we are given many pleasant pictures of the Old World and the New. Especially are the poems inspired by scenes and experiences in Spain full of interest, seeming to transport one into the very midst of the indolence and the charm of a picturesque land and a half-dead civilization.

The death of the last of our great American poets draws attention anew to his writings. These writings are as varied as they are brilliant. Dr. Holmes's works are published complete in fifteen volumes, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Of the fifteen, the first twelve are prose, and the last three are poetry. Their titles are as follows: 1. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; 2. The Professor at the Breakfast Table; 3. The Poet at the Breakfast Table; 4. Over the Teacups; 5. Elsie Venner (a novel); 6. The Guardian Angel (a novel); 7. A Mortal Antipathy (a novel); 8. Pages from an Old Volume of Life; 9. Medical Essays; 10. Our Hundred Days in Europe; 11. John Lothrop Motley (a biography); 12. Ralph Waldo Emerson (a biography); 13, 14, and 15. Poems. Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and several of his poems are issued in finely illustrated editions. His publishers also issue a "Holmes Birthday Book" and a "Holmes Calendar Book."

A valuable help in Bible study has been prepared by Charles F. Kent, Ph.D., Instructor in Biblical Literature in the University of Chicago. It is called the "Students' Chronological Chart of Biblical History." It gives very clearly, yet in small compass, the dates of most of the important events of Jewish history, and of the history of those peoples contiguous to the Jews whose influence affected the Jewish people. To study the Bible with this chart before one makes the sequence of events and their historic setting much clearer than they would otherwise be. The dates are generally carefully fixed, and according to the chronology of the later and more reliable scholarship. The one fault of the chart is its omission to give dates of Bible books so far as known. The chart costs only twenty-five cents, and may be obtained from the Congregational Book Store, 175 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Rev. George W. Cooke has begun the publication of a small monthly paper called *The Open Church*, in the interest, as the paper says, "of practical religion"; or, to be more specific, for the purpose of advocating a church "open every day of the week," and engaged steadily in humane, philanthropic, and educational work, as well as in the activities of the ordinary church. Mr. Cooke very earnestly believes in what is coming to be called "the institutional church," or in churches carried on less for theological and more for humanitarian ends than the church of the past has been. It will be the aim of the new paper to help forward the growth of such churches. The subscription price is fifty cents a year. Orders may be sent to Mr. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Mich., wants to call the attention of the readers of the *Unitarian* to the lectures of Miss Lillian E. Hiller of Dunkirk, N.Y. Miss Hiller has lectured acceptably upon "Ibsen" and upon other subjects at a number of points in Michigan. She has a mind of unusual insight and sympathy with her author, and yet a discrimination which prevents her from unmeasured praise. The fact that Miss Hiller has been totally blind since a few weeks after her birth, and that she has gained her culture under this great disability, must excite the interest of all. Miss Hiller was for nearly three years a student in the Meadville Theological Seminary, and counts Prof. Freeman and other Meadville people among her warm friends and supporters. Miss Bartlett will be glad to correspond with any one desiring to make an engagement with Miss Hiller.

"Unitarian Belief, Old and New." By John White Chadwick. Boston: George H. Ellis.—A hearty welcome will greet this book. It is inscribed to "The Unitarian family on earth and in heaven, and especially to those men of force and genius who have been my teachers from my youth up, and to those friends of my society in Brooklyn who for thirty years have given me so freely of their trust and love." On the title-page stands the simple motto "From faith to faith." The table of contents runs as follows: Historical Introduction; The Doctrine of Man; Concerning God; The Bible; Christianity; Concerning Jesus; The Future Life; The Great Salvation; Loss and Gain. The chapters, with the exception of the first and last, are revised from lectures given in Brooklyn. The whole book, however, is of one piece, and rings with the strong vivid personality of the author. In summing up the loss and gain, Mr. Chadwick says: "If there is a word in the whole scope of moral and religious usage that has been enlarged and glorified by the process of the suns, it is the word 'Unitarian.' The name which stands for the doctrine of the Divine Unity is as good a name as can be fashioned by the human voice."

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Annual Meeting Suffolk Conference. Arlington Street Church, Thursday evening, December 13, 7.30 o'clock. Programme: Opening address, by the president, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. Business: general subject for consideration, "Applied Christianity." Speakers: Rev. John Cuckson, "The Duty of a Living Church to a Living Age"; George W. Stone, Esq., "The Value of Organization"; Rev. Edward A. Horton, "The Institutional Church"; Rev. Minot J. Savage, "The Making of Citizens." A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The past two months, since the opening of the university on October 1, have been busy and crowded months in the Unitarian church here. Old students to welcome back; a multitude of new students to get acquainted with, to assist in finding rooms, and to advise with; various receptions for the new students to arrange for; the Bible class work for the year to plan; the Unity Club work to arrange and get on foot; a year's work for the Young Men's Guild to lay out and launch; the same for the King's Daughters; the Sunday-school and the Saturday Sewing-school both to get well started for the season; the Ladies' Union work for the year — literary, social, and charitable — to plan and lay out; a series of social gatherings for the students to be arranged for, to run through the year,—part at the church and part at private houses,—so as to insure to the foreign students a real and helpful social life while here away from home and friends,—all this, besides the regular Sunday services and the ordinary parish work of each week, has filled the hands of minister, minister's wife and family, and other helpers about as full as hands are ever filled in this world. But the work is prosperous, and that makes it seem light.

The student attendance at the university this year approaches two thousand eight hundred, besides seven or eight hundred more in the high school (virtually a preparatory school for the university) and the School of Music. Of these the Unitarian church is attracting to its services, its Bible classes, its young people's organizations, etc., its full share, and more.

A pleasant event which occurred two weeks ago was the purchase by the Unity Club of a bust of Emerson, and the public presentation of the same to the church, with appropriate addresses by Mr. Robert Phillips, the president of the club, Prof. Pettee of the university, and Mr. Sidney H. Morse, the sculptor.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has recently been here, lecturing in the Unity Club course on Friday evening and preaching on Sunday evening. Her addresses were both wonderful in their power. The church was packed, and hundreds went away unable even to find standing-room.

—Mr. Sunderland has recently begun the publication of a series of monthly sermons, under the name of "A College Town Pulpit." The titles of the three sermons thus far issued are "The Soul's Cry for God," "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal," and "Sectarianism: Its Evils, Causes, and Cure." These sermons are already proving a great help in his work. Five hundred copies of one of the sermons were taken at the church door last Sunday evening. Several thousand have already been distributed, largely among the students, many of whom, after reading the sermons, send them home or away to friends. Thus they go as missionary seed all over the country. The Bryant Centennial Celebration held here on November 3 —an account of which is given on another page—was a great success.

Boston, Mass.—The Sunday evening services at the Parker Memorial, under the auspices of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, are proving very attractive. Dr. Hale and Mr. Savage have each preached to the largest congregation the hall would hold.

—The subjects treated and the speakers treating them in the Citizenship Class of the South Congregational Sunday-school, corner Exeter and Newbury Streets, are as follows: November 25, Mr. Benjamin Pettee, "The Law of Settlement"; December 2, Col. Henry Stone, "The Dependants of the State"; December 9, Mr. S. B. Pearmain, "The Stock Market"; December 16, Mr. W. L. Rutan, "City Government"; December 23, Mr. Charles H. Ames, "Fine Art in the Schools"; December 30, Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., "The Primaries"; January 7, Mr. Samuel H. Hubbard, "Industrial Education."

—At the Unitarian Club a very important subject was presented by Rev. Minot J. Savage, in the suggestion by a committee of the directors of the American Unitarian Association that there should be a new office created in the Association, to be called a financial secretaryship. Mr. Savage said: "We all know that Dr. Reynolds tried to do too much. As some one said to me, he was two men in one, representing both the business sense and the sentiment of American Unitarianism. Now, no one man can have strength equal to this double task. As one result of our deliberations, we selected with practical unanimity Rev. George Batchelor to be secretary. That you already know. But it seemed to us that there ought to be a financial secretary also, —a layman, we thought,—a man who should have it in his hands to organize the giving, organize the churches so that they should give more, present the business of this matter in a business way to business men. We thought that in this way the income of the American Unitarian Association might be doubled. And the board of directors, moreover, is almost unanimous in thinking that this is the wise thing to do.

"Now, we have a man in mind who is admirably fitted for this position,—an enthusiastic Unitarian, a man who is a successful business man, and who would have been an even more successful minister. But here is our dilemma. We do not want to ask this man to take this place, and then have the American Unitarian Association, at the annual meeting next May, refuse to indorse our action. We want your opinion here to-night. If that agrees with ours, we will mail circulars to all the life members, asking them their opinion; and thus we shall be able pretty accurately to get the sense of the Association before committing ourselves to definite action."

An informal vote was taken; and the meeting unanimously indorsed Mr. Savage's proposition.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Unity Church, under the joint pastorship of Miss Marion Murdock and Miss Florence Buck, is flourishing and happy. An excellent announcement card is issued monthly, and every department is shown to be full of activity.

Concord, N.H.—At the Unitarian church, Sunday, November 11, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Alfred R. Hussey of Cambridge, Mass., occupied the pulpit, and delivered an able sermon from the text, "I am the resurrection and the life." He held the closest attention of his audience throughout.

Mr. Hussey has nearly completed his course at the Harvard Divinity School, and will enter upon a career of great promise.

Des Moines, Ia—Mrs. Hunting (wife of the late Rev. S. S. Hunting, who established the Unitarian church here) has removed from Des Moines to Quincy, Mass., where she will make her home. Before her departure a farewell reception was given her by the Des Moines church. She has recently placed in the church parlors fine portraits of Charles Sumner and Bryant.

Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lectured at the Church of Our Father November 20, to a large and delighted audi-

ence, on "A Dream of To-morrow." The church is going forward with steady prosperity under the conscientious and able leadership of its pastor, Rev. Lee S. McCollester.

Geneva, Ill.—On October 21 Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley was ordained as pastor of the Unitarian church. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones preached the sermon; and the service was participated in by Rev. A. W. Gould, Rev. J. H. Acton, and Mr. T. H. Eddowes.

Grand Rapids, Mich.— Rev. Charles Fluhrer, D.D., has resigned his pastorate here after eighteen years of able service, to go to the church which Mr. Pullman has recently built at his early home in Albion, N.Y. Dr. Fluhrer will be greatly missed, not only in Grand Rapids, but in the State, where he has made himself widely known and influential. He leaves behind him a large and prosperous society and a very beautiful new church dedicated only a year or two ago.

Helena, Mont.—Rev. J. H. Crooker has been winning great favor among the Helena people by an address which he has recently made on "Our Capital *vs.* Corruption," in which he gave what seem to be strong reasons why the capital of the State should remain at Helena. The address was not only printed in the papers, but circulated widely in pamphlet form.

Iowa.—The Iowa Conference, at its recent meeting, appointed a committee of five to arrange for the publication of *Religion Old and New* (which the Davenport and Des Moines parishes now carry on by themselves) as a State paper. The question is asked: "Why cannot every parish in the State secure from one to three columns of local advertisements and contribute a like amount of local reading matter, and so have from one to three hundred copies of the paper each month, at a cost which can be met by the advertisements and subscriptions? This is really a rare chance to add a powerful factor to the working forces of the Church, and it should not be put by."

Kalamazoo, Mich.—The new church here is almost finished, and is to be dedicated the second week in December. The farewell service in the old church will be held on Sunday, the 9th, Rev. C. G. Howland, the former pastor, preaching. On Tuesday evening, the 11th, there will be a social dedication and house-warming, with a banquet for all the workingmen who have helped build the church, together with their wives and invited guests. On Wednesday evening will occur the dedication proper, with speeches by Mr. Jones and Dr. Hirsch of Chicago; Mr. Howland; Mr. Alcott of Elgin, Ill.; and Miss Murdock of Cleveland, Ohio. On Wednesday, through the day, and Thursday, day and evening, will be held the annual meeting of the Michigan Unitarian Conference. An interesting programme has been arranged. Besides the business of the conference, reports from churches, etc., there are to be papers, addresses, and discussions upon the following subjects among others: "The Sociological Church," "What should the People expect of the Minister?" "What should the Minister expect of the Church?" "The Importance of Business Methods in Church Work." Besides the Unitarian ministers of the State, it is expected that several leading Universalist ministers will be present, also Rabbi Grossman of Detroit, Prof. Albion Small, Rev. T. B. Forbush, and Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago, and others. A cordial and earnest invitation is extended to all the liberal churches in the State to send delegates.

Madison, Wis.—The work in the Unitarian church here under the leadership of the new pastor, Rev. W. D. Simonds, is waking up, and showing unwonted signs of vigor and prosperity. Mr. Simonds is a very able and attractive speaker, and his congregations are already large. He is now in the midst of a series of four morning sermons on "Great Questions in Religion, Morals, and Social Reform," and a series of six evening lectures on "American Institutions."

Michigan.—The annual meeting of the Michigan Unitarian Conference will be held in connection with the dedication of the new church in Kalamazoo, December 11–13. For further information see under "Kalamazoo."

New Haven, Conn.—We have received from a leading worker in the Unitarian movement carried on here by Rev. Henry C. Badger a very warm and earnest tribute to the beloved leader so suddenly cut down. The letter speaks of Mr. Badger's quickening influence in the Universalist society in whose house of worship he preached for a time, and the desire of that society that he should become their pastor, but more especially of his services held in Warner Hall, and the efforts made in connection with the same to organize a Unitarian society. His ability as a preacher, the depth of his spiritual insight, and the breadth and sweetness of his Christian spirit made a deep impression upon all who heard or came in contact with him. Among these his death is keenly felt. Will the movement that he started be carried on? It is believed that so promising a beginning should be continued.

New York, N.Y.—The first regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held Friday, November 2, at the Church of the Messiah, New York, Mrs. Hooper, the president, in the chair. After the reports of secretary and treasurer

the religious news report, giving an account of the Conference at Saratoga, was read by Mrs. Hale; and this was supplemented by a statement, by Mrs. Davis, of the work done by our denomination in Japan.

Mrs. Hooper then introduced Miss Charlotte Morrill of Brooklyn, who read a paper, witty as well as wise, on "The Moral Influence of the Press." She thought that, with its column after column reeking with vulgarity, crime, and disaster, it could but exert a most demoralizing influence on the community. It needs no prophet to answer the question, What will the harvest be? when such seed is sown in the mind of the people.

In closing, she denounced another feature of the press,—more of cultivated Boston than of cosmopolitan New York,—that of devoting a column to a little inane talk and a picture, and headed "The Woman's Corner." Why not devote the opposite corner to a few such articles as "Do Men know Men?" "Some Interesting Men, and What they are doing," "Electric Hair-dying," with the heading, "The Men's Corner"?

Mrs. Charles N. Chadwick then addressed the league on "The Influence of the Newspaper on Home Life." She did not wish to appear hostile to the press, recognizing, as she did, much that was worthy about it, still she was forced to protest against its low morality. The distinctive feature of home life to-day is its mentality. Once you reduce the mental standard, and you blunt the moral. The paper of to-day, furnishing, as it does, a vast amount of short, scrappy articles, gives its constant reader a disinclination to any continuous thought. She objected also to the vile illustrations so common. Often a scene is depicted which were better veiled. Then, again, others are an insult to our understanding. Has the mind no power of abstract conception?

But you say: "We must take the newspaper. We must have the news." So we must; and, some day, perhaps we shall. But in the mean time it rests with us women to select the best, the cleanest paper for the home.

This was followed by a paper by Mrs. A. Emerson Palmer on "The Religious Newspaper." She felt that the religious as well as the weekly newspapers were the refuge for mothers, and hoped that one could be found in every family.

Mrs. Palmer noted the progress made in religious papers during the past fifty years toward liberality, and then gave her opinion of the requirements of a truly valuable periodical of this class.

A short discussion followed, some in the audience feeling that the newspapers had been too severely arraigned, that we must discriminate in our reading. Mrs. Hooper made a few remarks; and, after a hymn and the Lord's Prayer, the meeting adjourned. ALICE P. JACKSON, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Oakland, Cal.— The First Unitarian Church publishes in its interesting weekly calendar the following platform:—

"Our church has no doctrinal test of fellowship. It seeks to gather all who desire to get good or to do good, upon the natural human basis of fraternal good will, religious aspiration, and independent thought. With it the life is more than the creed. It aims to liberate from the tyranny of hurtful dogma and sectarian exclusiveness,— to unite men upon their common religious needs rather than upon uniformity of their intellectual speculations. It desires to ennoble and enlarge the worshipper's conceptions of God, of the world, of man, of human duty, and of the life to come, so that, in an entirely reverent and teachable spirit, he may not fear the constant modifications which better educated thought is bringing into the religion of the time. It freely surrenders such dogmatic notions as prove to be inconsistent with those great fundamental verities of moral and physical science, on which alone the religion of the future can securely rest."

On October 31 a largely attended social gathering was held at Parish Hall, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance into the ministry of Rev. Charles W. Wendte. Addresses and congratulations were the features of the occasion.

Pittsfield, Mass.— All the various branches of Unity Church are now hard at work. The Guild of the Good Shepherd meets every Tuesday evening, and continues its study of last year,—"A Study of the Sects." The Lend a Hand Club meets every Wednesday at four o'clock. The Lend a Hand Reading Class (just organized) meets with our pastor every Wednesday at three o'clock, and devotes one hour to the study of James Freeman Clarke's "Self-culture." The Ladies' Society meets every Thursday afternoon in the church parlors; and its members are true to their name, "Unity Workers." The Sunday-school is using the one-topic graded course on the "Life of Jesus," which has greatly increased the interest of the parish in Sunday-school work. October 24 the Guild of the Good Shepherd celebrated its third anniversary by a reception to all the members and friends of the church. October 31 Rev. Watari Kitashima gave us an instructive stereopticon lecture on "Home Life in Japan." The mottoes of the Guild of the Good Shepherd and the Lend a Hand Club, both neatly framed, were recently given to the church, and now adorn the walls of our Sunday-school room. At the annual meeting of the Union for Home Work of Pittsfield our pastor, Rev. Carl G. Horst, was unanimously re-elected president for a third term. Mr. Horst is also clerk of the Pittsfield Ministers' Club.

Salem, Mass.—First Church: A pleasant vesper service was recently held. A thriving guild of young people is reported as meeting Sunday evenings for religious work. The religions before Christianity are studied this winter.

—East Church: Rev. Mr. Towle's "Talks to Beginners in Theology" are well attended on Sunday evenings. The chapel is nearly completed.

—North Church: The ladies of the Alliance welcomed members of sister Branches to a general meeting on November 15. Mrs. Fifield and Miss Waldo addressed the meeting. The ministers of our churches were present, and made remarks. A social tea followed the speaking.

—Barton Square: Rev. Mr. Manchester has held some praise meetings on Sunday evenings, at which he has spoken on "Loyalty to the Church," etc. The Barton Square Club has resumed its work, and is preparing several plays. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of this club is close at hand. A local paper says: "Twenty-five years ago this popular organization began its agreeable form of entertainments, and is one of the few clubs to keep pace with the times. Amateur theatricals, ever popular in society, receive a finish from this club born of no small amount of talent, close work, and attention to all details."

—The churches united in entertaining the Younger Ministers' Association, which held its annual meeting at the Barton Square vestry October 29. It was a very pleasant and profitable occasion.

Shelbyville, Ill.—Three years ago Rev. J. L. Douthit sold his paper, *Our Best Words*, which he had founded and conducted for a dozen years. He has just bought it back, and in company with his son will carry it on as formerly, endeavoring to make it even more than ever a power in the town, the county, and far beyond, for temperance, for good citizenship, and for Unitarian religion. For the present it will be issued monthly. Terms, 50 cents a year.

Sioux City, Ia.—An earnest and spirited meeting of the Iowa Unitarian Association was held with the Sioux City church November 9–11. Seventy-seven delegates were present. The Association had raised during the year, for missionary purposes, $900. At the close of the session $200 was raised to begin the work of the coming year. The reports from the churches of the State were generally encouraging. In Cherokee a new church was dedicated last June; in Perry a new church is now going up; in Anamosa we have a new society, added to the Association within the year. Resolutions, with loving tributes to the memory of Rev. S. S. Hunting, Rev. David Swing, and Rev. Grindall Reynolds, were passed. Rev. H. D. Stevens of Perry preached the conference sermon, which was a strong plea for "An Indigenous Faith." Rev. J. V. Blake of Chicago preached on the second evening. There were papers and addresses on "Socialism," "Progress," "Religion on the Plaisance," "The Finances of the Ideal Church," "The Worship of the Ideal Church," "The Church and Amusements," "The Religious Outlook," and two or three other subjects, by Rev. T. P. Byrnes of Humboldt, Mrs. Martha B. Johnston, Rev. Charles E. Perkins of Iowa City, Rev. Charles Graves of Anamosa, Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport, Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago, Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago, and others. A service in memory of Mr. Hunting was held on Thursday morning, with many tender and loving tributes.

South Natick, Mass.—During the summer vacation the Eliot Church Society was active in repairing the church building. New windows were put in of cathedral glass, the outside was painted a cheerful color, and, with other changes, makes the Sunday meeting-place attractive and satisfying. The year's work begins well,—good audiences, interesting Sunday-school, well-attended guild. A Literary Bible Study Class and the Unity Club keep the minister and the people active in good work and the church thoroughly alive.

The annual harvest concert was, as usual, a success; and the fair held by the Ladies' Society the last of October netted $160.

It is hoped by all that the winter's work in all departments will bring about noble results, and each year will enable Eliot Church to do more for our cause and the world.

Toledo, Ohio.—On a recent Sunday Rev. A. G. Jennings, pastor of the Church of Our Father, not being able to fill his pulpit on account of absence from home, Mrs. Jennings took his place, and preached with great acceptance.

Grace ever attendeth him that is duly thankful. Be, therefore, thankful for the least gift. So shalt thou be meet to receive greater. But that cannot be little which is given by the most high God.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

More and more am I unwilling to make my gratitude to Him what is commonly called "a thanksgiving for mercies," for any benefits or blessings that are peculiar to myself, or my friends, or, indeed, to any man. Instead of this I would have it to be gratitude for all that belongs to my life and being,—for joy and sorrow, for health and sickness, for success and disappointment, for virtue and for temptation, for life and death,—because I believe that all is meant for good.—*Orville Dewey.*

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CONTENTS.

Prayer . . . . . *Rev. Albert Walkley* 529
The Merry, Merry Christmas . . . *William Brunton* 532
The Old Testament as Literature . . *James T. Bixby* 532
William Cullen Bryant . . . . . *W. D. Harriman* 540
A Christmas Melody . . . . . *Edward B. Payne* 543
A Poet of "Sweetness and Light": Felicia Hemans, II. . . . . *Ursula Tannenforst* 545
The Coming of Christmas Day . . . *Charles E. Perkins* 546
Liturgy and Priesthood 547
Under the Violets . . *O. W. Holmes* 549
Beauty: Its Relation to Life and to Religion, IV. . . . *G. W. Buckley* 550
A Bryant Centennial Celebration . . 553
Bryant, the Scholar, Journalist, and Orator . . . . . *B. A. Hinsdale* 554
Bryant's Place in American Literature *Isaac N. Demmon* 557
The Thistle . . . . . *Charlotte Leech* 560
Better keep Rob in the Sunday-school *Edward A. Horton* 560
Christmas . . . . . *Euretta A. Hoyles* 562
One Upward Look Each Day 562
Editorial Notes 564
DEPARTMENTS:
Sunday-schools . *Edward A. Horton* 566
Guilds . . . . . *B. R. Bulkeley* 568
Temperance Notes 570
Literary Notes 571
NEWS FROM THE FIELD . . . 572

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PREFACE.

THE chapters of this book, with the exception of the first and last, were written for my Brooklyn congregation as a series of monthly lecture sermons during the season extending from November, 1893, to May, 1894. The interest which they awakened and the satisfaction which they gave have seemed to justify their publication, and I have thought that a book containing them might mark appropriately the conclusion of my thirtieth year with a people whose generous loyalty to me has been more beautiful than words can say. While none of the chapters is as good as I could wish, some of them, I know, are not so good as others, because of slacker health and spirits and more serious interruptions than the common run. But I have gone over them all with care, and tried to better what I could not radically change. In matters of pure fact I have sought to follow the most excellent authorities, verifying every particular of which I had any doubt, and yet, it may be, trusting too much a memory

that has generally served me well enough to deserve a generous confidence. It was unavoidable, from the nature of the subject, that the lines should often cross each other, and that there should be some repetition. But this defect has its advantages in the better recollection of my matter to which it may contribute in my readers' minds. One does not learn by once reading anything, but by many repetitions; and I have written for learners, not for those already well informed. Herein is my excuse for the further repetitions of my first chapter and my last. They are voluntary and deliberate, with a view to making a more definite impression. I must beg my readers not to be discouraged in the porch of each chapter from the second to the eighth, but to go on, hoping to find a better welcome farther in; for in each case I have written the concluding part, dealing with recent times, with much more heart and hope than the preceding. I dare not hope that my treatment of opinions more or less different from my own will in all cases be accepted by those holding such opinions as entirely fair; but I have meant to write "with malice towards none, with charity for all." It may be that

some of my Unitarian brethren will demur at my conception of Unitarian progress and my measure of its rate. In such estimates we are all of us more or less liable to what Emerson called "the subjective twinkle"; but I have never consciously allowed my wish to be the father of my thought. If there is one thing which I hope my book will do over and above all others, it is that it may furnish some correction of a very general impression in the Unitarian mind that Unitarianism is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." We make much of the changes which other creeds have undergone, and sometimes think and speak as if we had ourselves been mainly influential in bringing these changes about. Something we have done, no doubt; but in the mean time the same Time Spirit which has been at work on the other creeds has been at work upon ours also, and the changes it has undergone have not been less than theirs. But so much more unifying, in the long run, is intellectual liberty than dogma, prescription, and authority, that it may well be doubted whether any Protestant sect is so well agreed at present on the main lines of its belief and faith as "the unsectarian sect called Unitarians."

The first chapter was originally prepared as a lecture in a course on the different Churches of Christendom. It has been printed separately and in a book by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association; but, as printed here, it has been considerably changed. The concluding chapter was prepared as an address before the Middle States Conference, and was read at Meadville, Pa., June 12, 1894, in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the Meadville Theological School. Its tone would have been less critical, and more joyous and encouraging, if I could then have foreseen how we should be caught up at our Saratoga Conference into a sweet heaven of agreement as to the things commonly believed among us, and a common spirit of inclusive liberality.

If the scope and purpose of the book, considered as a whole, were those of Dr. J. H. Allen's 'Unitarian Movement since the Reformation' recently published, it would be absurd for me to put it forth. But they are very different; and I am glad that I can refer my readers to a book so rich and full and interesting in its presentation of the story of our historical development. I was much indebted to his

earlier works in the preparation of my lectures, and to his latest in their last revision. I must also express my indebtedness to Dr. Alexander Gordon for four admirable articles on Servetus and the Socini in the *Theological Review*, and add that they should be made more accessible than they are in the pages of an extinct periodical. What shall I say more, but, after the manner of many writers, in the words of the Maccabean annalist, "If I have done well and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto"?

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